

L I N E S

ON THE OPENING OF A SPRING CAMPAIGN.

SPRING ! thy impatient bloom restrain !
Nor wake so soon thy genial power ;
For deeds of death must hail thy reign,
And clouds of fate around thee lower :....

In vain thy balmy breath to me
Scents with its sweets the evening gale ;
In vain the violet's charms I see,
On fondly mark thy primrose pale :

To me thy softest zephyrs breathe
Of sorrow's soul-disparting tone ;
To me thy most attractive wreath
Seems tinged with human blood alone.

Arrest thy steps, thou source of love,
Thou genial friend of joy and life !
Let not thy smile propitious prove
To works of carnage, scenes of strife :

Bid winter all his frowns recall,
And back his icy footsteps trace ;
Again the soil in frost enthral,
And check the war-fiend's murderous chase.

Fond, fruitless prayer ! Thy hand divine
The smiling season on must lead ;
And still at war's ensanguined shrine
Must bid unnumbered victims bleed.