

An Acrostic

Just as the budding rose with fragrance sweet,
Ope its fair leaves to deck the scene around
Should youth and beauty mingle with delight—
Each scene of life in which they may be found.
Placed like the rose to meet the eager eye,
Here like that bloom admired and sought by all;
If rudely touched, the tender leaves will die
No hand can heal, no power redeem their fall.
O'er so by pleasure lured, the thoughtless gaze,
Delighted tread enmesh the uncertain road,
Each feeling of remorse is swept away,
Blind victims lost in folly, lost to God.
Oh! may the power omnipotent to aid,
Reach forth a hand thy youthful steps to guide,
And shield thee from misfortune's dismal wave
Here while you live, and may no ill betide.
Rude is the blast that breaks the tender stem
Untouched, the lovely rose might still have bloom'd
Still live in freshness, but like some rich gem
Sought and admired; is oft by avarice doom'd.
Eternal power, infinite God of might,
Let no dark page ere mark my daughters life
Loved may she live and quietly in thy sight.

Bluffton. 24th August - 1846

