

Poema

Sonnet
The Rainbow

Bow down in hope, in thanks, all ye who mourn;
 Whene'er that people arch of radiant hues,
 Surpassing earthly tints, — the loom subduces!
 Of nature's strife and tears 'tis heaven-born,
 To soothe the sad, the sinning, and forlorn;
 A lovely loving token to infuse
 The hope, the faith, that pow'r divine endues
 With latent good the woes by which we're torn —
 'Tis like a sweet repentance of the skies,
 To beckon all by sense of sin oppressed,
 Revealing harmony from tears and sighs!
 A pledge: — that deep implanted in the breast
 A hidden light may burn that never dies,
 But bursts thro' ^{cloud} {storms} in purest hues expressed.

A. A. Lovelace

SONNET THE RAINBOW

Bow down in hope, in thanks, all ye who mourn;—
Where'in that peerless arche of radiant hues
Surpassing earthly tints,—the storm subdues!
Of nature's strife and tears 'tis heaven-born,
To soothe the sad, the sinning, and forlorn;
A lovely loving token to infuse
The hope, the faith, that pow'r divine endures
With latent good the woes by which we're torn.—
'Tis like a sweet repentance of the skies,
To beckon all by sense of sin opprest,—
Revealing harmony from tears and sighs!
A pledge:—that deep implanted in the breast
A hidden light may burn that never dies,
But bursts thro' clouds in purest hues exprest!

Lovelace, A. A.
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