Poema
The Rainbow

Bow DOWN in hope, in thanks, all ye the naym;
Where'er the heaved arch of radiant beam
Shedding earthly lustre, the storm subsides;
If nature's pulse and heart are heaven-born,
To see the red, the rising, and to know:
A lovely lesson taken to revere.

The hope, the faith, that pure divine essence
With latent god the ever by which we're to go;
'To keep a sweet repose of the skies,
To broken all by sense of sin affected—
Preventing harmony from tear and sight!

A pledge— that hope implanted in the breast,
A hidden light may burn that never dies;
But break the storm (storm) in thickest leader


A. H. Lovecraft
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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