

Now thru the twined clouds the struggling beams  
Of bursting light their golden radiance throw  
With yellow light the distant landscape gleams  
And Iris hangs aloft her painted bow:

Fresh from the recent shower, a livelier glow  
Of richer verdure decks this forest glade,  
While thru the deepening mass of twilight shade  
From off the glimmering streams of ether flow.  
Soon too sad virgin thru the lovely tear  
Which with this page of thy long absent youth  
Shall smiles of kindling rapture break, for near  
An unseen witness of thy ceaseless truth  
He stands & brings the tortured heart relief  
As shaped with Loves warm rays each stormy cloud of grief.

Pye

*Written by Pye the Poet Laureate to George III at the desire of Hodges the painter  
to inscribe under a print engraved from a picture of his.  
The print was a landscape ....*

*(BOTTOM OF LETTER CUT OFF, REST IS MISSING)*

*(Pat's note: Henry James Pye, Poet Laureate. I have found a website that lists all  
his poems - but I couldn't find this one. I would love to see the painting by William  
Hodges that this poem describes.)*

Now thro' the surge stands the strong, in beams  
Of burning light. Low down each emerald throne,  
With yellow light the distant landscape gleams  
And Iris hangs aloft her painted bow:

Trish from the recent shower, a livid glow  
Of rainbow verdure decks the forest glade,  
While thro' the deepening maps of twilight shade  
Tow' off the glimmering streams of ether flows  
Soon Fed sad virgin thro' the lovely tear  
Which wets the page, of thy long absent youth  
Shall smiles of kindly rapture break, for near  
An unseen witness of thy ceaseless truth  
He stands, & bring the lost toward heart out in  
An chase with beams warm rays each

stormy cloud of  
grief.

Raye