

On reading the lines of the brandywine bard

Valley of depths: yes dread the Sound,
How shrink we at the thought profound;
Tis true within thy gloomy breast,
Must every feeling sink at last,
Still must the trembling bosom shrink,
Tottering on thy Unsettling brink,
Dread to hear the Mandate given,
That bids us meet the Will of Heaven;
Yet Sweet must be life's fleeting breath,
Smooth & sweetly too the brow of death,
If cease but bid our spirits rise,
To hail those portals in the Skies.

John G. Putton