

# Sonnet 91: On the fleet streams, the Sun, that late arose

By Anna Seward

On the fleet streams, the Sun, that late arose,  
In amber radiance plays; the tall young grass  
No foot hath bruised; clear morning, as I pass,  
Breathes the pure gale, that on the blossom blows;  
And, as with gold yon green hill's summit glows,  
The lake inlays the vale with molten glass:  
Now is the year's soft youth, yet one, alas!  
Cheers not as it was wont; impending woes  
Weigh on my heart; the joys, that once were mine,  
Spring leads not back; and those that yet remain  
Fade while she blooms. Each hour more lovely shine  
Her crystal beams, and feed her floral train,  
But oh with pale, and warring fires, decline  
Those eyes, whose light my filial hopes sustain.