

When, playing with thy vesture's tissu'd
 flow'rs,
 The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
 prick'd them into paper with a pin,
 And thou wast happier than myself the
 while,
 Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head,
 and smile)
 Could those few pleasant days again ap-
 pear,
 Might one wish bring them, would I wish
 them here?
 I would not trust my heart—the dear
 delight
 Seems so to be desir'd, perhaps I might.—
 But no—what here we call our life is such,
 So little to be lov'd, and thou so much,
 That I should ill requite thee to constrain
 Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's
 coast
 (The storms all weather'd and the ocean
 cross'd)
 Shoots into port at some well-haven'd
 isle,
 Where spices breathe, and brighter sea-
 sons smile,
 There sits quiescent on the floods, that
 show
 Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
 While airs impregnated with incense play
 Around her, fanning light her streamers
 gay ;
 So thou, with sails how swift ! hast reach'd
 the shore,
 "Where tempests never beat nor billows
 roar,"
 And thy lov'd consort on the dang'rous
 tide
 Of life long since has anchor'd by thy
 side.
 But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
 Always from port withheld, always dis-
 tress'd—
 Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-
 toss'd,
 Sails ripp'd, seams op'ning wide, and
 compass lost,
 And day by day some current's thwarting
 force
 Sets me more distant from a prosp'rous
 course.

Yet O the thought, that thou art safe, and
 he !
 That thought is joy, arrive what may to
 me.
 My boast is not, that I deduce my birth
 From loins enthron'd, and rulers of the
 earth,
 But higher far my proud pretensions
 rise—
 The son of parents pass'd into the skies.
 And now, farewell—Time unrevok'd has
 run
 His wonted course, yet what I wish'd is
 done,
 By contemplation's help, not sought in
 vain,
 I seem t' have liv'd my childhood o'er
 again ;
 To have renew'd the joys that once were
 mine,
 Without the sin of violating thine ;
 And, while the wings of Fancy still are
 free,
 And I can view this mimic show of thee,
 Time has but half succeeded in his
 theft—
 Thyself remov'd, thy pow'r to soothe me
 left.

FREE IN THE TRUTH.

HE is the freeman, whom the truth
 makes free,
 And all are slaves beside. There's not a
 chain,
 That hellish foes, confederate for his
 harm,
 Can wind around him, but he casts it off
 With as much ease as Samson his green
 withes.
 He looks abroad into the varied field
 Of nature, and, though poor, perhaps,
 compared
 With those whose mansions glitter in his
 sight,
 Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
 His are the mountains, and the valleys
 his,
 And the resplendent rivers. His to
 enjoy
 With a propriety that none can feel,
 But who, with filial confidence inspired,

Can lift to Heaven an unpresumptuous
eye,
And smiling say—"My Father made
them all."

THE PLAY-GROUND.

BE it a weakness, it deserves some
praise,
We love the play-place of our early days;
The scene is touching, and the heart is
stone
That feels not at that sight, and feels at
none.
The wall on which we tried our graving
skill,
The very name we carved subsisting still;
The bench on which we sat while deep
employ'd,
Though mangled, hack'd, and hew'd, not
yet destroy'd;
The little ones unbutton'd, glowing hot,
Playing our games, and on the very
spot;
As happy as we once, to kneel and draw
The chalky ring, and knuckle down at
taw;
To pitch the ball into the grounded hat,
Or drive it devious with a dexterous pat;
The pleasing spectacle at once excites
Such recollection of our own delights,
That, viewing it, we seem almost to ob-
tain
Our innocent sweet simple years again.

BOADICEA.

WHEN the British warrior queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath the spreading oak
Sat the Druid, hoary chief;
Every burning word he spoke
Full of rage, and full of grief.

"Princess! if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
Tis because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.

"Rome shall perish—write that word
In the blood that she has spilt;
Perish, hopeless and abhorr'd,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

"Rome, for empire far renown'd,
Tramples on a thousand states;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—
Hark! the Gaul is at her gates!

"Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier's name;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
Harmony the path to fame.

"Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Arm'd with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

"Regions Cæsar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway;
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they."

Such the bard's prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow;
Rush'd to battle, fought, and died;
Dying hurl'd them at the foe.

"Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heaven awards the vengeance due;
Empire is on us bestow'd,
Shame and ruin wait for you."

ALEXANDER SELKIRK.

I AM monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute;
From the centre all round to the sea
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
O Solitude, where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach ;
 I must finish my journey alone ;
 Never hear the sweet music of speech—
 I start at the sound of my own.
 The beasts that roam over the plain
 My form with indifference see ;
 They are so unacquainted with men,
 Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
 Divinely bestow'd upon man,
 O had I the wings of a dove,
 How soon would I taste you again !
 My sorrows I then might assuage
 In the ways of religion and truth ;
 Might learn from the wisdom of age,
 And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth.

Religion ! what treasure untold
 Resides in that heavenly word !
 More precious than silver and gold,
 Or all that this earth can afford.
 But the sound of the church-going bell
 These valleys and rocks never heard—
 Never sigh'd at the sound of a knell,
 Or smiled when a Sabbath appear'd.

Ye winds that have made me your sport,
 Convey to this desolate shore
 Some cordial endearing report
 Of a land I shall visit no more.
 My friends, do they now and then send
 A wish or a thought after me ?
 O tell me I yet have a friend,
 Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind !
 Compared with the speed of its flight,
 The tempest itself lags behind,
 And the swift-winged arrows of light.
 When I think of my own native land,
 In a moment I seem to be there ;
 But, alas ! recollection at hand
 Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest ;
 The beast is laid down in his lair ;
 Even here is a season of rest,
 And I to my cabin repair.
 There's mercy in every place ;
 And mercy, encouraging thought !
 Gives even affliction a grace,
 And reconciles man to his lot.

THE DOVES.

REAS'NING at every step he treads,
 Man yet mistakes his way,
 While meaner things, whom instinct
 leads,
 Are rarely known to stray.

One silent eve I wander'd late,
 And heard the voice of love ;
 The turtle thus address'd her mate,
 And sooth'd the list'ning dove :

Our mutual bond of faith and truth,
 No time shall disengage,
 Those blessings of our early youth,
 Shall cheer our latest age.

While innocence without disguise,
 And constancy sincere,
 Shall fill the circles of those eyes,
 And mine can read them there ;

Those ills that wait on all below,
 Shall ne'er be felt by me,
 Or gently felt, and only so,
 As being shared with thee.

When lightnings flash among the trees,
 Or kites are hov'ring near,
 I fear lest thee alone they seize,
 And know no other fear.

'Tis then I feel myself a wife,
 And press thy wedded side,
 Resolved an union form'd for life.
 Death never shall divide.

But oh ! if fickle and unchaste
 (Forgive a transient thought)
 Thou couldst become unkind at last,
 And scorn thy present lot,

No need of lightnings from on high,
 Or kites with cruel beak,
 Denied th' endearments of thine eye
 This widow'd heart would break.

Thus sang the sweet sequester'd bird,
 Soft as the passing wind,
 And I recorded what I heard,
 A lesson for mankind.

SELFISHNESS.

OH, if the selfish knew how much they
lost,
What would they not endeavour, not
endure,
To imitate as far as in them lay
Him who his wisdom and his power
employs
In making others happy?

[GEORGE CRABBE. 1754—1832.]

THE DYING SAILOR.

HE call'd his friend, and prefaced with a
sigh
A lover's message—"Thomas, I must
die:
Would I could see my Sally, and could
rest
My throbbing temples on her faithful
breast,
And gazing, go!—if not, this trifle
take,
And say, till death I wore it for her
sake;
Yes! I must die—blow on sweet breeze,
blow on!
Give me one look, before my life be gone,
Oh! give me that, and let me not
despair,
One last fond look—and now repeat the
prayer."

He had his wish, had more; I will not
paint
The lovers' meeting: she beheld him
faint,—
With tender fears, she took a nearer
view,
Her terrors doubling as her hopes with-
drew;
He tried to smile, and, half succeeding,
said,
'Yes! I must die;' and hope for ever
fled.

Still long she nursed him; tender
thoughts, meantime,

Were interchanged, and hopes and views
sublime.

To her he came to die, and every
day

She took some portion of the dread
away:

With him she pray'd, to him his Bible
read,

Soothed the faint heart, and held the
aching head;

She came with smiles the hour of pain to
cheer;

Apart, she sigh'd; alone, she shed the
tear;

Then, as if breaking from a cloud, she
gave

Fresh light, and gilt the prospect of the
grave.

One day he lighter seem'd, and they for-
got

The care, the dread, the anguish of their
lot;

They spoke with cheerfulness, and seem'd
to think,

Yet said not so—"perhaps he will not
sink:"

A sudden brightness in his look ap-
pear'd,

A sudden vigour in his voice was
heard;—

She had been reading in the book of
prayer,

And led him forth, and placed him in his
chair;

Lively he seem'd, and spoke of all he
knew,

The friendly many, and the favourite
few;

Nor one that day did he to mind
recall,

But she has treasured, and she loves
them all;

When in her way she meets them, they
appear

Peculiar people—death has made them
dear.

He named his friend, but then his hand
she prest,

And fondly whisper'd, "Thou must go to
rest;"

"I go," he said; but, as he spoke, she
found

His hand more cold, and fluttering was
the sound !
Then gazed affrighten'd ; but she caught
a last,
A dying look of love, and all was past !

[JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1771—1854.]

ASPIRATIONS OF YOUTH.

HIGHER, higher will we climb
Up the mount of glory,
That our names may live through time
In our country's story ;
Happy, when her welfare calls,
He who conquers, he who falls.

Deeper, deeper let us toil
In the mines of knowledge ;
Nature's wealth and Learning's spoil
Win from school and college ;
Delve we there for richer gems
Than the stars of diadems.

Onward, onward may we press
Through the path of duty ;
Virtue is true happiness,
Excellence true beauty ;
Minds are of celestial birth,
Make we then a heaven of earth.

Closer, closer let us knit
Hearts and hands together,
Where our fireside-comforts sit
In the wildest weather ;—
O, they wander wide who roam
For the joys of life from home !

HOME.

THERE is a land, of every land the
pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world
beside ;
Where brighter suns dispense serener
light,
And milder moons emparadise the night ;
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth :

The wandering mariner, whose eye ex-
plores

The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting
shores,

Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air ;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to
that pole ;

For in this land of Heaven's peculiar
grace,

The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and
pride,

While in his softened looks benignly
blend

The sire, the son, the husband, brother,
friend ;

Here woman reigns ; the mother, daugh-
ter, wife,

Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way
of life !

In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie ;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
Where shall that land, that spot of earth
be found !

Art thou a man ?—a patriot ?—look
around ;

O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps
roam,

That land thy country, and that spot thy
Home.

ICE-BLINK AND AURORA BOREALIS.

'TIS sunset : to the firmament serene
The Atlantic wave reflects a gorgeous
scene :

Broad in the cloudless west, a belt of gold
Girds the blue hemisphere ; above un-
roll'd

The keen clear air grows palpable to
sight,

Embodied in a flush of crimson light,
Through which the evening star, with
milder gleam,

Descends to meet her image in the stream.
 Far in the east, what spectacle unknown
 Allures the eye to gaze on it alone?
 —Amidst black rocks that lift on either
 hand
 Their countless peaks, and mark receding
 land;
 Amidst a tortuous labyrinth of seas,
 That shine around the arctic Cyclades;
 Amidst a coast of dreariest continent,
 In many a shapeless promontory rent;
 —O'er rocks, seas, islands, promontories
 spread,
 The Ice-Blink rears its undulated head,
 On which the sun, beyond th' horizon
 shrined,
 Hath left his richest garniture behind;
 Piled on a hundred arches, ridge by ridge,
 O'er fix'd and fluid strides the Alpine
 bridge,
 Whose blocks of sapphire seem to mortal
 eye
 Hewn from cerulean quarries of the sky;
 With glacier-battlements, that crowd the
 spheres,
 The slow creation of six thousand years,
 Amidst immensity it towers sublime,
 —Winter's eternal palace, built by Time:
 All human structures by his touch are
 borne
 Down to the dust;—mountains themselves
 are worn
 With his light footsteps; here forever
 grows,
 Amid the region of unmelting snows,
 A monument; where every flake that
 falls
 Gives adamantine firmness to the walls.
 The sun beholds no mirror in his race,
 That shews a brighter image of his face;
 The stars, in their nocturnal vigils, rest
 Like signal fires on its illumined crest;
 The gliding moon around the ramparts
 wheels,
 And all its magic lights and shades reveals;
 Beneath, the tide with idle fury raves
 To undermine it through a thousand
 caves;
 Rent from its roof, though thundering
 fragments oft
 Plunge to the gulph, immoveable aloft,
 From age to age, in air, o'er sea, on land,
 Its turrets helghten and its piers expand.

Midnight hath told his hour; the moon,
 yet young,
 Hangs in the argent west her bow un-
 strung;
 Larger and fairer, as her lustre fades,
 Sparkle the stars amidst the deepening
 shades;
 Jewels more rich than night's regalia gem
 The distant Ice-Blink's spangled diadem;
 Like a new morn from orient darkness,
 there
 Phosphoric splendours kindle in mid air,
 As though from heaven's self-opening
 portals came
 Legions of spirits in an orb of flame,
 —Flame, that from every point an arrow
 sends,
 Far as the concave firmament extends:
 Spun with the tissue of a million lines,
 Glistening like gossamer the welkin
 shines:
 The constellations in their pride look pale
 Through the quick trembling brilliance
 of that veil:
 Then suddenly converged, the meteors
 rush
 O'er the wide south; one deep vermilion
 blush
 O'erspreads Orion glaring on the flood,
 And rabid Sirius foams through fire and
 blood;
 Again the circuit of the pole they range,
 Motion and figure every moment change,
 Through all the colours of the rainbow
 run,
 Or blaze like wrecks of a dissolving sun;
 Wide ether burns with glory, conflict,
 flight,
 And the glad ocean dances in the light.

 RELIGION.

THROUGH shades and solitudes profound,
 The fainting traveller wends his way;
 Bewildering meteors glare around,
 And tempt his wandering feet astray.

Welcome, thrice welcome to his eye,
 The sudden moon's inspiring light,
 When forth she sallies through the sky,
 The guardian angel of the night.

Thus, mortals blind and weak below,
Pursue the phantom bliss in vain ;
The world's a wilderness of wo,
And life's a pilgrimage of pain !

Till mild Religion from above
Descends, a sweet engaging form,
The messenger of heavenly love,
The bow of promise 'mid the storm.

Ambition, pride, revenge, depart,
And folly flies her chastening rod ;
She makes the humble, contrite heart
A temple of the living God.

Beyond the narrow vale of time,
Where bright celestial ages roll,
To scenes eternal, scenes sublime,
She points the way and leads the soul.

At her approach, the grave appears
The gate of paradise restored ;
Her voice the watching cherub hears,
And drops his double flaming sword.

Baptized with her renewing fire,
May we the crown of glory gain ;
Rise when the hosts of heaven expire,
And reign with God, forever reign !

WINTER LIGHTNING.

THE flash at midnight !—'twas a light
That gave the blind a moment's sight,
Then sank in tenfold gloom ;
Loud, deep, and long, the thunder broke,
The deaf ear instantly awoke,
Then closed as in the tomb :
An angel might have passed my bed,
Sounded the trump of God, and fled.

So life appears ;—a sudden birth,
A glance revealing heaven and earth,
It *is*—and it is *not* !
So fame the poet's hope deceives,
Who sings for after time, and leaves
A name—to be forgot.
Life—is a lightning-flash of breath ;
Fame—but a thunder-clap at death.

LIFE.

LIFE is the transmigration of a soul
Through various bodies, various states of
being ;
New manners, passions, new pursuits in
each ;
In nothing, save in consciousness, the
same.
Infancy, adolescence, manhood, age,
Are alway moving onward, alway losing
Themselves in one another, lost at
length
Like undulations on the strand of death.

* * * * *

The child !—we know no more of happy
childhood,
Than happy childhood knows of wretched
eld ;
And all our dreams of its felicity
Are incoherent as its own crude visions :
We but begin to live from that fine
point
Which memory dwells on, with the morn-
ing star :
The earliest note we heard the cuckoo
sing,
Or the first daisy that we ever plucked ;
When thoughts themselves were stars, and
birds, and flowers,
Pure brilliance, simplest music, wild per-
fume.

* * * * *

Then, the grey Elder !—leaning on his
staff,
And bowed beneath a weight of years,
that steal
Upon him with the secrecy of sleep
(No snow falls lighter than the snow of
age.
None with such subtlety benumbs the
frame),
Till he forgets sensation, and lies down
Dead in the lap of his primeval mother.
She throws a shroud of turf and flowers
around him,
Then calls the worms, and bids them do
their office ;
—Man giveth up the ghost—and where
is he ?

[ROBERT BURNS. 1759—1796.]

ONE FOND KISS AND THEN
WE SEVER.

ONE fond kiss, and then we sever !
One farewell, and then for ever !
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge
thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,
While the star of Hope she leaves him ?
Me, no cheerful twinkle lights me ;
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Nothing could resist my Nancy :
But to see her was to love her ;
Love but her, and love for ever.

Had we never loved so kindly,
Had we never loved so blindly,
Never met or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee well, thou first and fairest !
Fare thee well, thou best and dearest !
Thine be every joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure !

One fond kiss, and then we sever !
One farewell, alas, for ever !
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge
thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND
CAN BLAW.

OF a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best :
There wild woods grow, and rivers row,
And mony a hill between ;
But, day and night, my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair :
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air :

There's not a bonnie flower that springs,
By fountain, shaw, or green ;
There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS THE
BEST.

To make a happy fire-side clime,
To weans and wife—
That's the true pathos, and sublime
Of human life.

VIRTUOUS LOVE IN HUMBLE
LIFE.

O HAPPY love ! where love like this is
found !
O heart-felt raptures ! bliss beyond
compare !
I've paced much this weary, mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this
declare—
"If Heav'n a draught of heav'nly plea-
sure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest
pair, [tale,
In other's arms breathe out the tender
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents
the ev'ning gale !"

THE PEASANT'S EVENING
PRAYER.

THE cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious
face, [wide ;
They, round the ingle, form a circle
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha'-Bible, ance his father's
pride :
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets* wearing thin an'
bare ;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion
glide,
He wales † a portion with judicious care ;
And "Let us worship God !" he says,
with solemn air.

* Grey locks.

† Chooses
I* 2

They chant their artless notes in simple
guise ;
They tune their hearts, by far the
noblest aim :
Perhaps "Dundee's" wild warbling mea-
sures rise,
Or plaintive "Martyrs," worthy of the
name ;
Or noble "Elgin" beets* the heav'nward
flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays :
Compar'd with these, Italian trills are
tame ;
The tickl'd ears no heart-felt raptures
raise ;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's
praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred
page,
How Abram was the friend of God on
high ;
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny ;
Or how the royal Bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's aveng-
ing ire ;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry ;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire ;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred
lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the
theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was
shed ;
How He, who bore in Heav'n the second
name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay His
head :
How His first followers and servants
sped ;
The precepts sage they wrote to many
a land :
How he, who lone in Patmos banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand ;
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pro-
nounced by Heav'n's command.

Then kneeling down, to Heav'n's Eternal
King,

* Beet—to add fuel.

The saint, the father, and the husband
prays :
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant
wing,"
That thus they all shall meet in future
days :
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter
tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear ;
While circling time moves round in an
eternal sphere.

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's
pride,
In all the pomp of method, and of art,
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart !
The Pow'r, incens'd, the pageant will
desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal
stole ;
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleas'd, the language of
the soul ;
And in His book of life the inmates poor
enrol.

A PRAYER FOR SCOTLAND.

O SCOTIA ! my dear, my native soil !
For whom my warmest wish to Heav'n
is sent !
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and
sweet content !
And, oh, may Heav'n their simple lives
prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and
vile !
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be
rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their
much-lov'd Isle.

O Thou ! who pour'd the patriotic tide
That stream'd thro' Wallace's undaunted
heart ;
Who dar'd to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
(The patriot's God, peculiarly Thou art,

His friend, inspirer, guardian, and
reward !)
O never, never Scotia's realm desert ;
But still the patriot, and the patriot-
bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament
and guard !

~~~~~  
TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,  
ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE  
PLOUGH, IN APRIL, 1786.

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,  
Thou's met me in an evil hour ;  
For I maun crush amang the stoure  
Thy slender stem :  
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,  
Thou bonnie gem.

Alas ! it's no thy neebor sweet,  
The bonnie Lark, companion meet !  
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weat !  
Wi' spreckl'd breast,  
When upward-springing, blythe, to greet  
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north  
Upon thy early, humble birth ;  
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth  
Amid the storm,  
Scarce rear'd above the parent-earth  
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,  
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun  
shield,  
But thou, beneath the random bield \*  
O' clod, or stane,  
Adorns the histie † stibble-field,  
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,  
Thy snawy bosom sunward spread,  
Thou lifts thy unassuming head  
In humble guise ;  
But now the share uptears thy bed,  
And low thou lies !

\* Sheltr.

† Dry.

Such is the fate of artless Maid,  
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade !  
By love's simplicity betray'd,  
And guileless trust,  
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid  
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,  
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd !  
Unskilful he to note the card  
Of prudent lore,  
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,  
And whelm him o'er !

Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n,  
Who long with wants and woes has  
striv'n,  
By human pride or cunning driv'n  
To mis'ry's brink,  
Till, wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n,  
He, ruin'd, sink !

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,  
That fate is thine—no distant date ;  
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,  
Full on thy bloom,  
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,  
Shall be thy doom

~~~~~  
TO RUIN.

ALL hail ! inexorable lord !
At whose destruction-breathing word,
The mightiest empires fall !
Thy cruel, woe-delighted train,
The ministers of grief and pain,
A sullen welcome, all !
With stern-resolv'd, despairing eye,
I see each aimed dart ;
For one has cut my dearest tie,
And quivers in my heart.
Then low'ring, and pouring,
The storm no more I dread ;
Tho' thick'ning and black'ning
Round my devoted head.

And thou grim pow'r, by life abhorr'd,
While life a pleasure can afford,
Oh ! hear a wretch's pray'r !
No more I shrink appall'd, afraid ;
I court, I beg thy friendly aid,
To close this scene of care !

When shall my soul, in silent peace,
 Resign life's joyless day :
 My weary heart its throbbing cease,
 Cold mould'ring in the clay ?
 No fear more, no tear more,
 To stain my lifeless face,
 Enclasped, and grasped
 Within thy cold embrace !

~~~~~

### THE TRUE VALUE OF WEALTH.

To catch dame Fortune's golden smile,  
 Assiduous wait upon her ;  
 And gather gear by ev'ry wile  
 That's justify'd by honour ;  
 Not for to hide it in a hedge,  
 Nor for a train attendant ;  
 But for the glorious privilege  
 Of being independent.

~~~~~

ADDRESS TO EDINBURGH.

EDINA ! Scotia's darling seat !
 All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
 Where once beneath a monarch's feet
 Sat Legislation's sov'reign pow'rs !
 From marking wildly-scatter'd flow'rs,
 As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd,
 And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,
 I shelter in thy honour'd shade.

Here wealth still swells the golden tide,
 As busy Trade his labours plies ;
 There Architecture's noble pride
 Bids elegance and splendour rise ;
 Here Justice, from her native skies,
 High wields her balance and her rod ;
 There Learning, with his eagle eyes,
 Seeks Science in her coy abode.

Thy sons, Edina, social, kind,
 With open arms the stranger hail ;
 Their views enlarg'd, their lib'ral mind,
 Above the narrow, rural vale ;
 Attentive still to sorrow's wail,
 Or modest merit's silent claim :
 And never may their sources fail !
 And never envy blot their name !

Thy daughters bright thy walks adorn,
 Gay as the gilded summer sky,
 Sweet as the dewy milk-white thorn,
 Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy !
 Fair Burnet * strikes th' adoring eye,
 Heav'n's beauties on my fancy shine ;
 I see the Sire of Love on high,
 And own His work indeed divine !

There watching high the least alarms,
 Thy rough rude fortress gleams afar :
 Like some bold vet'ran, gray in arms,
 And mark'd with many a seamy
 scar : |
 The-pond'rous wall and massy bar,
 Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock,
 Have oft withstood assailing war,
 And oft repell'd th' invader's shock.

With awe-struck thought, and pitying
 tears,
 I view that noble, stately dome,
 Where Scotia's kings of other years,
 Fam'd heroes, had their royal home :
 Alas, how chang'd the times to come !
 Their royal name low in the dust !
 Their hapless race wild-wand'ring roam !
 Tho' rigid law cries out, 'twas just !

Wild beats my heart, to trace your
 steps,
 Whose ancestors, in days of yore,
 Thro' hostile ranks and ruin'd gaps
 Old Scotia's bloody lion bore :
 Ev'n I who sing in rustic lore,
 Haply my sires have left their shed,
 And fac'd grim danger's loudest roar,
 Bold-following where your fathers led !

Edina ! Scotia's darling seat !
 All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
 Where once beneath a monarch's feet
 Sat Legislation's sov'reign pow'rs !
 From marking wildly-scatter'd flow'rs,
 As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd,
 And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,
 I shelter in thy honour'd shade.

* Daughter of Lord Monboddo. Burns said there had not been anything like her in beauty, grace, and goodness, since Eve on the first day of her existence.

EVANESCENT PLEASURES.

Tam O'Shanter.

BUT pleasures are like poppies spread,
 You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
 Or like the snowfall in the river,
 A moment white—then melts for ever;
 Or like the borealis race,
 That flit ere you can point their place;
 Or like the rainbow's lovely form
 Evanishing amid the storm.

ON THE BIRTH OF A POSTHUMOUS CHILD, BORN IN PECULIAR CIRCUMSTANCES OF FAMILY DISTRESS.

SWEET floweret, pledge o' meikle love,
 And ward o' mony a prayer,
 What heart o' stane wad thou na move,
 Sae helpless, sweet, and fair.

November hirples * o'er the lea,
 Chill on thy lovely form;
 And gane, alas! the shelt'ring tree
 Should shield thee frae the storm.

May He, who gives the rain to pour,
 And wings the blast to blaw,
 Protect thee frae the driving show'r,
 The bitter frost and snaw.

May He, the friend of woe and want,
 Who heals life's various stounds, †
 Protect and guard the mother plant,
 And heal her cruel wounds.

But late she flourish'd, rooted fast,
 Fair on the summer morn:
 Now, feebly bends she in the blast,
 Unshelter'd and forlorn.

Blest be thy bloom, thou lovely gem
 Unscathed by ruffian hand!
 And from thee many a parent stem
 Arise to deck our land!

* Creeps.

† Heart-pangs.

TO A MOUSE,

ON TURNING HER UP IN HER NEST WITH THE PLOUGH IN NOVEMBER.

WEE, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie,
 O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
 Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
 Wi' bickering brattle! *
 I wad be laith † to rin an' chase thee,
 Wi' murdering pattle! ‡

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
 Has broken nature's social union,
 An' justifies that ill opinion,
 Which makes thee startle
 At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
 An' fellow mortal!

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve;
 What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
 A daimen-icker § in a thrave ||
 'S a sma' request:
 I'll get a blessin wi' the lave, ¶
 And never miss't.

Thy wee bit housie too, in ruin!
 Its silly wa's the winds are strewin!
 An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
 O' foggage green!
 An' bleak December's winds ensuin,
 Baith snell ** and keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
 An' weary winter comin fast,
 An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
 Thou thought to dwell,
 Till crash! the cruel coulter pass'd
 Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,
 Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!
 Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
 But house or hald,
 To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
 An' cranreuch †† cauld!

But, mousie, thou art no thy lane, ††
 In proving foresight may be vain:

* Hurry. † Loth. ‡ Plough staff. § Ear of corn. || Twenty-four sheaves. ¶ The rest.
 ** Biting. †† Hoar frost. †† Thysel' alone.

The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
 Gang aft a-gley,*
 An' leave us nought but grief and pain,
 For promised joy.

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me!
 The present only toucheth thee;
 But, och! I backward cast my e'e
 On prospects drear!
 An' forward, tho' I canna see,
 I guess an' fear.

LAMENT OF MARY, QUEEN OF
 SCOTS, ON THE APPROACH
 OF SPRING.

Now nature hangs her mantle green
 On every blooming tree,
 And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
 Out o'er the grassy lea:
 Now Phoebus cheers the crystal streams,
 And glads the azure skies;
 But nought can glad the weary wight
 That fast in durance lies.

Now lav'rocks wake the merry morn,
 Aloft on dewy wing;
 The merle, in his noontide bow'r,
 Makes woodland echoes ring;
 The mavis mild wi' many a note,
 Sings drowsy day to rest:
 In love and freedom they rejoice,
 Wi' care nor thrall opprest.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
 The primrose down the brae;
 The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
 And milk-white is the slae;
 The meanest hind in fair Scotland
 May rove their sweets amang;
 But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
 Maun lie in prison strang.

I was the Queen o' bonnie France,
 Where happy I hae been;
 Fu' lightly rase I in the morn,
 As blythe lay down at e'en:

* Wrong.

And I'm the sovereign of Scotland,
 And monie a traitor there;
 Yet here I lie in foreign bands,
 And never ending care.

My son! my son! may kinder stars
 Upon thy fortune shine;
 And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
 That ne'er wad blink on mine!
 God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
 Or turn their hearts to thee:
 And where thou meet'st thy mother's
 friend
 Remember him for me!

Oh! soon, to me, may summer suns
 Nae mair light up the morn!
 Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds
 Wave o'er the yellow corn!
 And in the narrow house o' death
 Let winter round me rave;
 And the next flowers that deck the spring
 Bloom on my peaceful grave!

THE BARD'S EPITAPH.

Is there a whim-inspired fool,
 Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
 Owre blate to seek, owre prood to snool,
 Let him draw near;
 And owre this grassy heap sing dool,
 And drap a tear.

Is there a Bard of rustic song,
 Who, noteless, steals the crowds among
 That weekly this area throng,
 O, pass not by!
 But, with a frater-feeling strong,
 Here, heave a sigh.

Is there a man whose judgment clear,
 Can others teach the course to steer,
 Yet runs, himself, life's mad career
 Wild as the wave;
 Here pause—and, thro' the starting tear,
 Survey this grave.

The poor Inhabitant below
 Was quick to learn, and wise to know,
 And keenly felt the friendly glow,
 And softer flame;
 But thoughtless follies laid him low,
 And stain'd his name!

Reader, attend—whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
In low pursuit ;
Know, prudent, cautious, *self-control*
Is wisdom's root.

~~~~~

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

THOU ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,  
That lov'st to greet the early morn,  
Again thou usher'st in the day  
My Mary from my soul was torn.  
O Mary! dear departed shade!  
Where is thy place of blissful rest?  
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?  
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his  
breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,  
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,  
Where by the winding Ayr we met,  
To live one day of parting love?  
Eternity will not efface  
Those records dear of transports past;  
Thy image at our last embrace;  
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,  
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning  
green;  
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,  
Twined amorous round the raptared  
scene.  
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,  
The birds sang love on ev'ry spray,—  
Till too, too soon, the glowing west  
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,  
And fondly broods with miser care!  
Time but th' impression deeper makes  
As streams their channels deeper  
wear.  
My Mary, dear departed shade!  
Where is thy place of blissful rest?  
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?  
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his  
breast?

BANNOCKBURN.

ROBERT BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY

SCOTS, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,  
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;  
Welcome to your gory bed,  
Or to victory!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;  
See the front o' battle lower:  
See approach proud Edward's pow'r—  
Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?  
Wha would fill a coward's grave?  
Wha sae base as be a slave?  
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's King and law  
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,  
Free-man stand, or free-man fa'?  
Let him on wi' me!

By Oppression's woes and pains!  
By your sons in servile chains!  
We will drain our dearest veins,  
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!  
Tyrants fall in every foe!  
Liberty's in every blow!  
Let us do, or die!

~~~~~

FOR A' THAT, AND A' THAT.

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward-slave, we pass him by,
And dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea stamp;
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden-grey, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man, for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that.
The honest man, tho' ne'er sae poor,
Is King o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
 Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
 Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a coof for a' that:
 For a' that, and a' that,
 His riband, star, and a' that,
 The man, of independent mind,
 He looks and laughs at a' that.

A king can mak a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, and a' that;
 But an honest man's aboon his might,
 Guid faith, he maunna fa' that!
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their dignities, and a' that,
 The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
 Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
 As come it will for a' that,
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
 May bear the gree, and a' that;
 For a' that, and a' that,
 It's coming yet, for a' that;
 That man to man, the world o'er,
 Shall brothers be for a' that.

~~~~~

#### THE SOLDIER.

FOR gold the merchant ploughs the main,  
 The farmer ploughs the manor;  
 But glory is the soldier's prize;  
 The soldier's wealth is honour:  
 The brave poor soldier ne'er despise,  
 Nor count him as a stranger,  
 Remember he's his country's stay  
 In day and hour o' danger.

~~~~~

O WERE MY LOVE YON LILAC FAIR.

O WERE my love yon lilac fair,
 Wi' purple blossoms to the spring;
 And I a bird to shelter there,
 When wearied on my little wing:

How I wad mourn, when it was torn
 By autumn wild, and winter rude!
 But I wad sing on wanton wing,
 When youthfu' May its bloom renew'd.

O gin my love were yon red rose
 That grows upon the castle wa',
 And I mysel' a drap o' dew,
 Into her bonnie breast to fa'!

Oh! there beyond expression blest,
 I'd feast on beauty a' the night;
 Seal'd on her silk-saft faulds to rest,
 Till fley'd awa' by Phoebus' light.

~~~~~

#### A ROSE-BUD BY MY EARLY WALK.

A ROSE-BUD by my early walk,  
 Adown a corn-enclosed bawk,  
 Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,  
 All on a dewy morning.

Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled,  
 In a' its crimson glory spread,  
 And drooping rich the dewy head,  
 It scents the early morning.

Within the bush, her covert nest  
 A little linnet fondly prest,  
 The dew sat chilly on her breast  
 Sae early in the morning.

She soon shall see her tender brood,  
 The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,  
 Among the fresh green leaves bedew'd,  
 Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeany fair,  
 On trembling string, or vocal air,  
 Shall sweetly pay the tender care  
 That tents thy early morning.

So thou, sweet rose-bud, young and gay,  
 Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,  
 And bless the parent's evening ray  
 That watch'd thy early morning.

#### LOVE'S DESPAIR.

ALTHO' thou maun never be mine,  
 Altho' even hope is denied;  
 'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,  
 Than aught in the world beside—Jessy!

## MY AIN KIND DEARIE, O!

WHEN o'er the hill the eastern star  
Tells bughtin-time is near, my jo;  
And owsen frae the furrow'd field  
Return sae dowf and wearie, O!  
Down by the burn, where scented birks  
Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo,  
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,  
My ain kind dearie, O!

In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,  
I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie, O,  
If thro' that glen I gaed to thee,  
My ain kind dearie, O!  
Altho' the night were ne'er sae wild,  
And I were ne'er sae wearie, O,  
I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,  
My ain kind dearie, O!

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,  
To rouse the mountain deer, my jo,  
At noon the fisher seeks the glen,  
Along the burn to steer, my jo;  
Gie me the hour o' gloamin' grey,  
It maks my heart sae cheery, O,  
To meet thee on the lea-rig,  
My ain kind dearie, O!

---

 THE MUSE OF SCOTLAND TO  
ROBERT BURNS.

"ALL hail! my own inspired Bard!  
In me thy native Muse regard!  
Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard,  
Thus poorly low!  
I come to give thee such reward  
As we bestow.

"Know, the great Genius of this land  
Has many a light, aërial band,  
Who, all beneath his high command,  
Harmoniously,  
As Arts or Arms they understand,  
Their labours ply.

"They Scotia's Race among them share;  
Some fire the Soldier on to dare:  
Some rouse the Patriot up to bare  
Corruption's heart:  
Some teach the Bard, a darling care,  
The tuneful art.

"'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore,  
They, ardent, kindling spirits pour;  
Or, 'mid the venal Senate's roar,  
They, sightless, stand,  
To mend the honest Patriot-lore,  
And grace the hand.

"And when the Bard, or hoary Sage,  
Charm or instruct the future age,  
They bind the wild, Poetic rage  
In energy,  
Or point the inconclusive page  
Full on the eye.

"Hence, Fullarton, the brave and young  
Hence, Dempster's zeal-inspired tongue;  
Hence, sweet harmonious Beattie sung  
His 'Minstrel lays';  
Or tore, with noble ardour stung,  
The Sceptic's bays.

"To lower orders are assign'd  
The humbler ranks of human-kind,  
The rustic Bard, the laboring Hind,  
The Artisan:  
All chuse, as various they're inclined,  
The various man.

"When yellow waves the heavy grain,  
The threat'ning storm some, strongly  
rein;  
Some teach to meliorate the plain  
With tillage-skill;  
And some instruct the Shepherd-train,  
Blythe o'er the hill.

"Some hint the Lover's harmless wile;  
Some grace the Maiden's artless smile;  
Some soothe the Laborer's weary toil,  
For humble gains,  
And make his cottage-scenes beguile  
His cares and pains.

"Some, bounded to a district-space,  
Explore at large Man's infant race,  
To mark the embryotic trace  
Of rustic Bard;  
And careful note each op'ning grace,  
A guide and guard.

"Of these am I—Coila my name;  
And this district as mine I claim,  
Where once the Campbells, c  
fame,



Held ruling pow'r :  
I mark'd thy embryo-tuneful flame,  
Thy natal hour.

" With future hope, I oft would gaze,  
Fond, on thy little early ways,  
Thy rudely-caroll'd, chiming phrase,  
In uncouth rhymes,  
Fired at the simple, artless lays  
Of other times.

" I saw thee seek the sounding shore,  
Delighted with the dashing roar ;  
Or when the North his fleecy store  
Drove thro' the sky,  
I saw grim Nature's visage hoar,  
Struck thy young eye.

" Or when the deep green-mantled Earth  
Warm-cherish'd ev'ry floweret's birth,  
And joy and music pouring forth  
In ev'ry grove,  
I saw thee eye the general mirth  
With boundless love.

" When ripen'd fields, and azure skies,  
Call'd forth the Reaper's rustling noise,  
I saw thee leave their evening joys,  
And lonely stalk,  
To vent thy bosom's swelling rise  
In pensive walk.

" When youthful Love, warm-blushing  
strong,  
Keen-shivering shot thy nerves along,  
Those accents, grateful to thy tongue,  
Th' adored Name,  
I taught thee how to pour in song,  
To soothe thy flame.

" I saw thy pulse's maddening play,  
Wild send thee Pleasure's devious way,  
Misled by Fancy's meteor ray,  
By Passion driven ;  
But yet the light that led astray,  
Was light from Heaven.

" I taught thy manners-painting strains,  
The loves, the ways of simple swains,  
Till now, o'er all my wide domains  
Thy fame extends ;  
And some, the pride of Coila's plains,  
Become thy friends.

" Thou canst not learn, nor can I show,  
To paint with Thomson's landscape glow ;  
Or wake the bosom-melting throe,  
With Shenstone's art ;  
Or pour, with Gray, the moving flow  
Warm on the heart.

" Yet, all beneath th' univall'd rose,  
The lowly daisy sweetly blows ;  
Tho' large the forest's monarch throws  
His army shade,  
Yet green the juicy hawthorn grows,  
Adown the glade.

" Then never murmur nor repine ;  
Strive in thy humble sphere to shine ;  
And trust me, not Potosi's mine,  
Nor King's regard,  
Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine,  
A rustic Bard.

" To give my counsels all in one,—  
Thy tuneful flame still careful fan ;  
Preserve the dignity of Man,  
With Soul erect ;  
And trust, the Universal Plan  
Will all protect.

" And wear thou this"—she solemn said,  
And bound the Holly round my head :  
The polish'd leaves, and berries red,  
Did rustling play ;  
And, like a passing thought, she fled  
In light away.

[SAMUEL ROGERS. 1773—1855.]

### THE OLD ANCESTRAL MANSION.

*The Pleasures of Memory.*

MARK yon old mansion frowning  
through the trees,  
Whose hollow turret woos the whistling  
breeze.  
That casement, arch'd with ivy's brownest  
shade,  
First to these eyes the light of heaven  
conveyed.

The mouldering gateway strews the grass-grown court,  
 Once the calm scene of many a simple sport ;  
 When nature pleased, for life itself was new,  
 And the heart promised what the fancy drew.

See, through the fractured pediment reveal'd  
 Where moss inlays the rudely-sculptured shield,  
 The martin's old, hereditary nest.  
 Long may the ruin spare its hallowed guest !

As jars the hinge, what sullen echoes call !  
 Oh haste, unfold the hospitable hall !  
 That hall, where once, in antiquated state,  
 The chair of justice held the grave debate.

Now stained with dews, with cobwebs darkly hung,  
 Oft has its roof with peals of rapture rung ;  
 When round yon ample board, in due degree,  
 We sweetened every meal with social glee.  
 The heart's light laugh pursued the circling jest ;  
 And all was sunshine in each little breast.  
 'Twas here we chased the slipper by the sound ;  
 And turn'd the blindfold hero round and round.  
 'Twas here, at eve, we formed our fairy ring ;  
 And Fancy fluttered on her wildest wing.  
 Giants and genii chained each wondering ear ;  
 And orphan-sorrows drew the ready tear.  
 Oft with the babes we wandered in the wood,  
 Or viewed the forest-feats of Robin Hood :  
 Oft fancy-led, at midnight's fearful hour,  
 With startling step we scaled the lonely tower ;  
 O'er infant innocence to hang and weep,  
 Murdered by ruffian hands, when smiling in its sleep.

Ye household deities ! whose guardian eye  
 Mark'd each pure thought, ere registered on high ;  
 Still, still ye walk the consecrated ground,  
 And breathe the soul of Inspiration round.

As o'er the dusky furniture I bend,  
 Each chair awakes the feelings of a friend.  
 The storied arras, source of fond delight,  
 With old achievement charms the wilder'd sight ;  
 And still, with heraldry's rich hues imprest,  
 On the dim window glows the pictured crest.  
 The screen unfolds its many-coloured chart.  
 The clock still points its moral to the heart.  
 That faithful monitor 't was heaven to hear !  
 When soft it spoke a promised pleasure near :  
 And has its sober hand, its simple chime,  
 Forgot to trace the feathered feet of time ?  
 That massive beam, with curious carvings wrought,  
 Whence the caged linnnet soothed my pensive thought ;  
 Those muskets cased with venerable rust ;  
 Those once-loved forms, still breathing through their dust,  
 Still from the frame, in mould gigantic cast,  
 Starting to life—all whisper of the past !

As through the garden's desert paths I rove,  
 What fond illusions swarm in every grove !  
 How oft, when purple evening tinged the west,  
 We watched the emmet to her grainy nest ;  
 Welcomed the wild-bee home on weary wing,  
 Laden with sweets, the choicest of the spring !

How oft inscribed, with Friendship's  
votive rhyme,  
The bark now silvered by the touch of  
time ;  
Soared in the swing, half pleased and half  
afraid,  
Through sister elms that waved their  
summer shade ;  
Or strewn with crumbs yon root-inwoven  
seat,  
To lure the red-breast from his lone  
retreat !

#### THE SCHOOL-HOUSE.

THE school's lone porch, with reverend  
mosses gray,  
Just tells the pensive pilgrim where it lay.  
Mute is the bell that rung at peep of dawn,  
Quickening my truant-feet across the  
lawn ;  
Unheard the shout that rent the noontide  
air,  
When the slow dial gave a pause to care.  
Up springs, at every step, to claim a tear,  
Some little friendship form'd and cherish'd  
here !  
And not the lightest leaf, but trembling  
teems  
With golden visions and romantic dreams !

#### THE GIPSY ENCAMPMENT.

DOWN by yon hazel copse, at evening,  
blazed  
The Gipsy's faggot—there we stood and  
gazed ;  
Gazed on her sun-burnt face with silent  
awe,  
Her tatter'd mantle, and her hood of  
straw ;  
Her moving lips, her caldron brimming  
o'er ;  
The drowsy brood that on her back she  
bore ;  
Imps, in the barn with mousing owlet  
bred,  
From rifled roost at nightly revel fed ;  
Whose dark eyes flash'd through locks of  
blackest shade,  
When in the breeze the distant watch-dog  
bay'd ;

And heroes fled the Sibyl's mutter'd call,  
Whose elfin prowess scaled the orchard-  
wall.  
As o'er my palm the silver piece she  
drew,  
And traced the line of life with searching  
view,  
How throb'd my fluttering pulse with  
hopes and fears,  
To learn the colour of my future years !

#### THE BEGGARS.

AH, then, what honest triumph flush'd  
my breast !  
This truth once known—To bless is to be  
blest !  
We led the bending beggar on his way  
(Bare were his feet, his tresses silver-gray),  
Soothed the keen pangs his aged spirit  
felt,  
And on his tale with mute attention  
dwelt.  
As in his scrip we dropt our little store,  
And wept to think that little was no  
more,  
He breathed his prayer, "Long may such  
goodness live !"  
'Twas all he gave, 'twas all he had to  
give.  
Angels, when Mercy's mandate wing'd  
their flight,  
Had stopt to catch new rapture from the  
sight.

#### PARTING FROM HOME.

THE adventurous boy, that asks his  
little share,  
And hies from home, with many a gossip's  
prayer,  
Turns on the neighbouring hill, once  
more to see  
The dear abode of peace and privacy ;  
And as he turns, the thatch among the  
trees,  
The smoke's blue wreaths ascending with  
the breeze,  
The village common spotted white with  
sheep,  
The churchyard yews round which his  
fathers sleep ;

All rouse Reflection's sadly-pleasing train,  
And oft he looks and weeps, and looks  
again.

So, when the mild Tupia dared explore  
Arts yet untaught, and worlds unknown  
before,  
And, with the sons of Science, wooed the  
gale,  
That, rising, swelled their strange expanse  
of sail ;  
So, when he breathed his firm yet fond  
adieu,  
Borne from his leafy hut, his carved canoe,  
And all his soul best loved—such tears he  
shed,  
While each soft scene of summer-beauty  
fled.  
Long o'er the wave a wistful look he cast,  
Long watched the streaming signal from  
the mast ;  
Till twilight's dewy tints deceived his eye,  
And fairy forests fringed the evening sky.

So Scotia's Queen, as slowly dawned  
the day,  
Rose on her couch, and gazed her soul  
away.  
Her eyes had blessed the beacon's glim-  
mering height,  
That faintly tipt the feathery surge with  
light ;  
But now the morn with orient hues por-  
trayed  
Each castled cliff, and brown monastic  
shade :  
All touched the talisman's resistless spring,  
And lo, what busy tribes were instant on  
the wing !

#### AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

STILL must my partial pencil love to  
dwell  
On the home-prospects of my hermit cell ;  
The mossy pales that skirt the orchard-  
green,  
Here hid by shrub-wood, there by glimpses  
seen ;  
And the brown pathway, that, with care-  
less flow,  
Sinks, and is lost among the trees below.

Still must it trace (the flattering tints for-  
give)  
Each fleeting charm that bids the land-  
scape live.  
Oft o'er the mead, at pleasing distance,  
pass—  
Browsing the hedge by fits, the panniered  
ass ;  
The idling shepherd-boy, with rude de-  
light,  
Whistling his dog to mark the pebble's  
flight ;  
And in her kerchief blue the cottage-  
maid,  
With brimming pitcher from the shadowy  
glade.  
Far to the south a mountain vale retires,  
Rich in its groves, and glens, and village-  
spires ;  
Its upland lawns, and cliffs with foliage  
hung,  
Its wizard-stream, nor nameless nor un-  
sung :  
And through the various year, the various  
day,  
What scenes of glory burst, and melt  
away !

\* \* \* \* \*

When Christmas revels in a world of  
snow,  
And bids her berries blush, her carols  
flow ;  
His spangling shower when frost the  
wizard flings ;  
Or, borne in ether blue, on viewless  
wings,  
O'er the white pane his silvery foliage  
weaves,  
And gems with icicles the sheltering  
eaves ;  
—Thy muffled friend his nectarine-wall  
pursues,  
What time the sun the yellow crocus  
wooes,  
Screened from the arrowy North ; and  
duly hies  
To meet the morning-rumour as it flies,  
To nge the murmuring market-place,  
and view  
The motley groups that faithful Teniers  
drew.

When Spring bursts forth in blossoms  
 through the vale,  
 And her wild music triumphs on the gale,  
 Oft with my book I muse from stile to  
 stile ;  
 Oft in my porch the listless noon beguile,  
 Framing loose numbers, till declining day  
 Through the green trellis shoots a crimson  
 ray ;  
 Till the west-wind leads on the twilight  
 hours,  
 And shakes the fragrant bells of closing  
 flowers.

~~~~~  
 GINEVRA.

If ever you should come to Modena,
 (Where among other relics you may see
 Tassoni's bucket—but 'tis not the true
 one)
 Stop at a palace near the Reggio-gate,
 Dwelt in of old by one of the Orsini.
 Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,
 And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,
 Will long detain you—but, before you go,
 Enter the house—forget it not, I pray
 you—
 And look awhile upon a picture there.

'Tis of a lady in her earliest youth,
 The last of that illustrious family ;
 He, who observes it—ere he passes on,
 Gazes his fill, and comes and comes
 again,
 That he may call it up, when far away.

She sits, inclining forward as to speak,
 Her lips half-open, and her finger up,
 As though she said "Beware!" her vest
 of gold
 Broidered with flowers, and clasped from
 head to foot,
 An emerald-stone in every golden clasp ;
 And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,
 A coronet of pearls.

But then her face,
 So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
 The overflowings of an innocent heart—
 It haunts me still, though many a year
 has fled,
 Like some wild melody !

Alone it hangs
 Over a mouldering heir-loom, its compa-
 nion,
 An oaken-chest, half-eaten by the
 worm,
 But richly carved by Antony of Trent
 With scripture-stories from the Life of
 Christ.

She was an only child—her name
 Ginevra,
 The joy, the pride of an indulgent father ;
 And in her fifteenth year became a bride,
 Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,
 Her playmate from her birth, and her first
 love.

Just as she looks there in her bridal
 dress,
 She was all gentleness, all gaiety,
 Her pranks the favourite theme of every
 tongue.
 But now the day was come, the day, the
 hour ;
 Now, frowning, smiling for the hundredth
 time,
 The nurse, that ancient lady, preached
 decorum .
 And, in the lustre of her youth, she gave
 Her hand, with her heart in it, to Fran-
 cesco.

Great was the joy ; but at the nuptial
 feast,
 When all sat down, the bride herself was
 wanting.
 Nor was she to be found ! Her Father
 cried,
 "'Tis but to make a trial of our love !"
 And filled his glass to all ; but his hand
 shook,
 And soon from guest to guest the panic
 spread.
 'Twas but that instant she had left Fran-
 cesco,
 Laughing and looking back and flying
 still,
 Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger.
 But now, alas, she was not to be found
 Nor from that hour could anything be
 guessed,
 But that she was not !

Weary of his life,
 Francesca flew to Venice, and, embarking,
 Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
 Orsini lived—and long might you have
 seen
 An old man wandering as in quest of
 something,
 Something he could not find—he knew
 not what.
 When he was gone, the house remained
 awhile
 Silent and tenantless—then went to
 strangers.

Full fifty years were past, and all for-
 gotten,
 When on an idle day, a day of search
 'Mid the old lumber in the gallery,
 That mouldering chest was noticed ; and
 'twas said
 By one as young, as thoughtless as
 Ginevra,
 "Why not remove it from its lurking
 place?"
 'Twas done as soon as said ; but on the
 way
 It burst, it fell ; and lo, a skeleton,
 With here and there a pearl, an emerald-
 stone,
 A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold.
 All else had perished—save a wedding-
 ring,
 And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
 Engraven with a name, the name of both
 "Ginevra."

There then had she found a grave !
 Within that chest had she concealed her-
 self,
 Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the
 happy ;
 When a spring-lock, that lay in ambush
 there,
 Fastened her down for ever !

VENICE.

THERE is a glorious City in the Sea.
 The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,
 Ebbing and flowing, and the salt sea-weed
 Clings to the marble of her palaces.
 No track of men, no footsteps to and fro,

Lead to her gates. The path lies o'er
 the sea,
 Invisible ; and from the land we went,
 As to a floating city—steering in,
 And gliding up her streets as in a dream.
 So smoothly, silently—by many a dome
 Mosque-like, and many a stately portico,
 The statues ranged alone an azure sky ;
 By many a pile in more than eastern
 splendour,
 Of old the residence of merchant-kings ;
 The fronts of some, though time had
 shattered them,
 Still glowing with the richest hues of
 art,
 As though the wealth within them had
 run o'er.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

HER, by her smile, how soon the stranger
 knows ;
 How soon by his the glad discovery
 shows,
 As to her lips she lifts the lovely
 boy,
 What answering looks of sympathy and
 joy !
 He walks, he speaks. In many a broken
 word,
 His wants, his wishes, and his griefs are
 heard.
 And ever, ever to her lap he flies,
 When rosy sleep comes on with sweet
 surprise.
 Locked in her arms, his arms across her
 flung
 (That name most dear for ever on his
 tongue),
 As with soft accents round her neck he
 clings,
 And, cheek to cheek, her lulling song she
 sings :
 How blest to feel the beatings of his
 heart,
 Breathe his sweet breath, and bliss for
 bliss impart :
 Watch o'er his slumbers like the brood-
 ing dove,
 And, if she can, exhaust a mother's love

THE ANGEL TO COLUMBUS IN
HIS DREAM.

THE wind recalls thee ; its still voice
obey :
Millions await thy coming ; hence, away !
To thee blest tidings of great joy con-
signed,
Another nature and a new mankind !
The vain to dream, the wise to doubt
shall cease ;
Young men be glad, and old depart in
peace.
Hence ! though assembling in the field of
air,
Now, in a night of clouds, thy foes
prepare
To rock the globe with elemental wars,
And dash the floods of ocean to the stars ;
And bid the meek repine, the valiant
weep,
And thee restore thy secret to the deep.
Not then to leave thee ! to their ven-
geance cast
Thy heart their aliment, their dire repast !

* * * * *

To other eyes shall Mexico unfold
Her feathered tapestries and her roofs of
gold :
To other eyes, from distant cliffs descried,
Shall the Pacific roll his ample tide ;
There destined soon rich argosies to ride :
Chains thy reward ! beyond the Atlantic
wave,
Hung in thy chamber, buried in thy
grave !
Thy reverend form to time and grief a
prey ;
A phantom wandering in the light of
day !
What though thy grey hairs to the dust
descend,
Their scent shall track thee, track thee to
the end :
Thy sons reproached with their great
father's fame ;
And on his world inscribed another's
name !
That world a prison-house, full of sights
of woe,
Where groans burst forth, and tears in
torrents flow ;

Those gardens of the sun, sacred to
song,
By dogs of carnage, howling loud and
long,
Swept, till the voyager in the desert
air
Starts back to hear his altered accents
there !
Not thine the olive but the sword to
bring ;
Not peace but war ! yet from these shores
shall spring
Peace without end ; from these, with
blood defiled,
Spread the pure spirit of thy Master
mild !
Here in his train shall arts and arms
attend ;
Arts to adorn, and arms, but to defend.
Assembling here all nations shall be
blest ;
The sad be comforted ; the weary rest ;
Untouched shall drop the fetters from the
slave :
And He shall rule the world He died to
save.
Hence, and rejoice. Thy glorious
work is done ;
A spark is thrown that shall eclipse the
sun !
And, though bad men shall long thy
course pursue,
As erst the ravening brood o'er chaos
flew,
He whom I serve shall vindicate His
reign :
The spoiler spoiled of all ; the slayer
slain ;
The tyrant's self, oppressing and op-
prest,
'Mid gems and gold, unenvied and un-
blest :
While to the starry sphere thy name shall
rise
(Nor there unsung thy generous enter-
prise) ;
Thine in all hearts to dwell—by fame
enshrined
With those, the few, who live but for
mankind :
Thine, evermore, transcendant happiness !
World beyond world to visit and to
bless.

DEAR IS MY LITTLE NATIVE
VALE.

DEAR is my little native vale,
The ring-dove builds and murmurs
there ;
Close by my cot she tells her tale
To every passing villager ;
The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange-groves and myrtle-bowers,
That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
I charm the fairy-footed hours
With my loved lute's romantic sound ;
Or crowns of living laurel weave
For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,
The ballet danced in twilight glade,
The canzonet and roundelay
Sung in the silent greenwood shade :
These simple joys, that never fail,
Shall bind me to my native vale.

MELANCHOLY.

GO ! you may call it madness, folly—
You shall not chase my gloom away ;
There's such a charm in melancholy,
I would not if I could be gay.

Oh, if you knew the pensive pleasure
That fills my bosom when I sigh,
You would not rob me of a treasure
Monarchs are too poor to buy !

A WISH.

MINE be a cot beside the hill ;
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear ;
A willowy brook, that turns a mill,
With many a fall, shall linger near.

The swallow oft, beneath my thatch,
Shall twitter near her clay-built nest ;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the
dew ;
And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing,
In russet gown and apron blue.

The village church beneath the trees,
Where first our marriage-vows were
given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
And point with taper spire to heaven.

[JAMES HOGG, THE ETRICK SHEPHERD.
1770—1835.]

THE SKY-LARK.

BIRD of the wilderness,
Blythesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and
lea !
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
O to abide in the desert with thee !
Wild is thy lay and loud
Far in the downy cloud,
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying ?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the
day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away !
Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love
be !
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
O to abide in the desert with thee !

KILMENY'S VISIONS IN FAIRY
LAND.

SHE saw a sun on a summer sky,
And clouds of amber sailing by,

A lovely land beneath her lay,
 And that land had glens and mountains
 grey ;
 And that land had valleys and hoary
 piles,
 And merléd seas, and a thousand isles ;
 Its fields were speckled, its forests green,
 And its lakes were all of the dazzling
 sheen,
 Like magic mirrors, where slumbering
 lay
 The sun, and the sky, and the cloudlet
 grey

* * * * *

She saw the corn wave on the vale ;
 She saw the deer run down the dale ;
 She saw the plaid and the broad clay-
 more, [bore :
 And the brows that the badge of freedom
 And she thought she had seen the land
 before.

She saw a lady sit on a throne,
 The fairest that ever the sun shone on !
 A Lion licked her hand of milk,
 And she held him in a leash of silk ;
 And a leifu' maiden stood at her knee,
 With a silver wand and a melting e'e,
 Her sovereign shield, till love stole in,
 And poison'd all the fount within.

Then a gruff untoward bedeman came,
 And hundert the lion on his dame ;
 And the guardian maid, wi' the dauntless
 ee',
 She dropped a tear, and left her knee ;
 And she saw till the queen frae the lion
 fled,
 Till the bonniest flower of the world lay
 dead.

A coffin was set on a distant plain,
 And she saw the red blood fall like rain ;
 Then bonny Kilmeny's heart grew sair,
 And she turned away, and could look nae
 mair.

Then the gruff grim carle girmed amain,
 And they trampled him down, but he
 rose again ;
 And he baited the lion to deeds of weir,
 Till he lapped the blood to the kingdom
 dear ;
 And, weening his head was danger-preef,
 When crowned with the rose and the
 clover-leaf,

He gowled at the carle, and ased him
 away,
 To feed with the deer on the mountain
 grey.
 He gowled at the carle, and he gecked at
 heaven,
 But his mark was set, and his arles given.
 Kilmeny awhile her een withdrew ;
 She looked again, and the scene was new.
 She saw below her fair unfurled
 One half of all the glowing world,
 Where oceans rolled, and rivers ran,
 To bound the aims of sinful man.
 She saw a people, fierce and fell,
 Burst frae their bounds like fiends of hell ;
 There lilies grew, and the eagle flew,
 And she herked on her ravening crew,
 Till the cities and towers were wrapt in a
 blaze,
 And the thunder it roared o'er the land
 and the seas.
 The widows they wailed, and the red
 blood ran,
 And she threatened an end to the race of
 man :
 She never lened nor stood in awe,
 Till caught by the lion's deadly paw.
 Oh ! then the eagle swinked for life,
 And brainyelled up a mortal strife ;
 But flew she north, or flew she south,
 She met wi' the gowl of the lion's mouth.

KILMENY'S RETURN FROM FAIRY LAND.

WHEN seven lang years had come and
 fled :
 When grief was calm, and hope was
 dead ;
 When scarce was remembered Kilmeny's
 name,
 Late, late in a gloamin', Kilmeny cam
 hame !
 And ☉, her beauty was fair to see
 But still and steadfast was her e'e .
 Such beauty bard may never declare,
 For there was no pride nor passion there ;
 And the soft desire of maidens' een
 In that mild face could never be seen.
 Her seymar was the lily flower,
 And her cheek the moss-rose in the
 shower ;

And her voice like the distant melodie
That floats along the twilight sea.
But she loved to raik the lanely glen,
And keepit afar frae the haunts of men,
Her holy hymns unheard to sing,
To suck the flowers, and drink the spring.
But, wherever her peaceful form appeared,
The wild beasts of the hill were cheered :
The wolf played blythely round the field,
The lordly byson lowed and kneeled ;
The dun-deer wooed with manner bland,
And cowered aneath her lily hand.
And when at even the woodlands rung,
When hymns of other worlds she sung,
In ecstasy of sweet devotion,
O, then the glen was all in motion :
The wild beasts of the forest came ;
Broke from their bugths and faulds the
tame,
And goved around, charmed and amazed ;
Even the dull cattle crooned and gazed,
And murmured, and looked with anxious
pain
For something the mystery to explain.
The buzzard came with the throstle-cock,
The corby left her houf in the rock ;
The blackbird along wi' the eagle flew ;
The hind came tripping o'er the dew ;
The wolf and the kid their raik began,
And the tod, and the lamb, and the
leveret ran ;
The hawk and the hern atour them hung,
And the merl and the mavis forhooyed
their young ;
And all in a peaceful ring were hurled :
It was like an eve in a sinless world !

[MRS. BARBAULD. 1743—1825.]

LIFE.

LIFE ! we've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy
weather ;
'Tis hard to part when friends are
dear ;
Perhaps 't will cost a sigh, a tear ;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time,
Say not " Good Night," but in some
brighter clime
Bld me " Good morning."

DIRGE.

PURE spirit ! O where art thou now ?
O whisper to my soul !
O let some soothing thought of thee,
This bitter grief control !

'Tis not for thee the tears I shed,
Thy sufferings now are o'er ;
The sea is calm, the tempest past,
On that eternal shore.

No more the storms that wreck thy peace,
Shall tear that gentle breast ;
Nor Summer's rage, nor Winter's cold,
Thy poor, poor frame molest.

Thy peace is sealed, thy rest is sure,
My sorrows are to come ;
Awhile I weep and linger here,
Then follow to the tomb.

And is the awful veil withdrawn,
That shrouds from mortal eyes,
In deep impenetrable gloom,
The secrets of the skies ?

O, in some dream of visioned bliss,
Some trance of rapture, show
Where, on the bosom of thy God,
Thou rest'st from human woe !

Thence may thy pure devotion's flame
On me, on me descend ;
To me thy strong aspiring hopes,
Thy faith, thy fervours lend.

Let these my lonely path illumine,
And teach my weakened mind
To welcome all that's left of good,
To all that's lost resigned.

Farewell ! With honour, peace, and love,
Be thy dear memory blest !
Thou hast no tears for me to shed,
When I too am at rest.

ODE TO SPRING.

SWEET daughter of a rough and stormy
sire,
Hoar Winter's blooming child, delightful
Spring !

Whose unshorn locks with leaves
And swelling buds are crown'd ;

From the green islands of eternal youth,
(Crowned with fresh blooms, and ever-
springing shade)
Turn, hither turn thy step,
O thou, whose powerful voice,

More sweet than softest touch of Dorian
reed,
Or Lydian flute, can soothe the madding
winds,
And through the stormy deep
Breathe thy own tender calm.

Thee, best beloved! the virgin train
await, [rove
With songs, and festal rites, and joy to
Thy blooming wilds among,
And vales and downy lawns,

With untired feet ; and cull thy earliest
sweets [brow
To weave fresh garlands for the glowing
Of him, the favoured youth,
That prompts their whispered sigh.

Unlock thy copious stores ; those tender
showers
That drop their sweetness on the infant
buds,
And silent dews that swell
The milky ear's green stem,

And feed the flowering osier's early
shoots ;
And call those winds, which through the
whispering boughs
With warm and pleasant breath
Salute the blowing flowers.

Now let me sit beneath the whitening
thorn,
And mark thy spreading tints steal o'er
the dale,
And watch with patient eye
Thy fair unfolding charms.

O Nymph! approach, while yet the tem-
perate Sun,
With bashful forehead, through the cool
moist air

Throws his young maiden beams,
And with chaste kisses woos
The Earth's fair bosom ; while the
streaming veil
Of lucid clouds with kind and frequent
shade
Protects thy modest blooms
From his severer blaze.

Sweet is thy reign, but short : the red
dogstar
Shall scorch thy tresses ; and the mower's
scythe
Thy greens, thy flowerets all,
Remorseless shall destroy.

Reluctant shall I bid thee then farewell ;
For O ! not all that Autumn's lap con-
tains,
Nor Summer's ruddiest fruits,
Can aught for thee atone,

Fair Spring ! whose simplest promise
more delights,
Than all their largest wealth, and through
the heart
Each joy and new-born hope
With softest influence breathes.

[MRS. AMELIA OPIE. 1769—1853.]

GO, YOUTH BELOVED.

Go, youth beloved, in distant glades
New friends, new hopes, new joys
find,
Yet sometimes deign, 'midst fairer maids,
To think on her thou leav'st behind.
Thy love, thy fate, dear youth, to share,
Must never be my happy lot,
But thou mayst grant this humble prayer,
Forget me not, forget me not !

Yet should the thought of my distress
Too painful to thy feelings be,
Heed not the wish I now express,
Nor ever deign to think on me ;
But, oh, if grief thy steps attend,
If want, if sickness be thy lot,
And thou require a soothing friend ;
Forget me not, forget me not !

[JOHN HOME. 1724—1808.]

THE FOREST BY MIDNIGHT.

THIS is the place, the centre of the
grove ;
Here stands the oak, the monarch of the
wood.
How sweet and solemn is this midnight
scene !
The silver moon, unclouded, holds her
way,
Through skies where I could count each
little star.
The fanning west wind scarcely stirs the
leaves.
The river, rushing o'er its pebbled bed,
Imposes silence with a stilly sound.
In such a place as this, at such an hour,
If ancestry in aught can be believed,
Descending spirits have conversed with
man,
And told the secrets of the world un-
known.

[JOHN LOGAN. 1748—1788.]

ODE TO THE CUCKOO.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove !
Thou messenger of Spring !
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear ;
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year ?

Delightful visitant ! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy, wandering through the
wood
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, the new voice of Spring to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom
Thou fleest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird ! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear ;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No Winter in thy year !

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee !
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the Spring.

YARROW STREAM.

THY banks were bonnie, Yarrow stream,
When first on thee I met my lover ;
Thy banks how dreary, Yarrow stream,
When now thy waves his body cover !

For ever now, O Yarrow stream,
Thou art to me a stream of sorrow ;
For never on thy banks shall I
Behold my love—the flower of Yarrow !

He promised me a milk-white horse,
To bear me to his father's bowers ;
He promised me a little page,
To squire me to his father's towers.

He promised me a wedding-ring,
The wedding-day was fixed to-morrow ;
Now he is wedded to his grave,
Alas ! a watery grave in Yarrow !

Sweet were his words when last we met,
My passion as I freely told him ;
Clasp'd in his arms, I little thought
That I should never more behold him.

Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost—
It vanished with a shriek of sorrow ;
Thrice did the Water Wraith ascend,
And give a doleful groan through Yarrow !

His mother from the window looked,
With all the longing of a mother ;
His little sister, weeping, walked
The greenwood path to meet her brother.

They sought him east, they sought him
west,
They sought him all the forest thorough ;
They only saw the clouds of night—
They only heard the roar of Yarrow !

No longer from thy window look—
Thou hast no son, thou tender mother!
No longer walk, thou lovely maid—
Alas! thou hast no more a brother!

No longer seek him east or west,
No longer search the forest thorough,
For, murdered in the night so dark,
He lies a lifeless corpse in Yarrow!

The tears shall never leave my cheek,
No other youth shall be my marrow;
I'll seek thy body in the stream,
And there with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow!

The tear did never leave her cheek,
No other youth became her marrow;
She found his body in the stream,
And with him now she sleeps in Yarrow.

[ROBERT BLOOMFIELD. 1766—1823.]

THE BLIND CHILD.

WHERE'S the blind child, so admirably
fair,
With guileless dimples, and with flaxen
hair
That waves in every breeze? He's often
seen
Beside yon cottage wall, or on the green,
With others matched in spirit and in size,
Health on their cheeks and rapture in
their eyes.
That full expanse of voice to childhood
dear, [here:
Soul of their sports, is duly cherished
And hark, that laugh is his, that jovial cry;
He hears the ball and trundling hoop
brush by,
And runs the giddy course with all his
might,
A very child in everything but sight;
With circumscribed, but not abated
powers,
Play, the great object of his infant hours.
In many a game he takes a noisy part,
And shows the native gladness of his
heart;
But soon he hears, on pleasure all intent,
new suggestion and the quick assent;

The grove invites, delight fills every
breast—
To leap the ditch, and seek the downy
nest,
Away they start; leave balls and hoops
behind,
And one companion leave—the boy is
blind!
His fancy paints their distant paths so gay,
That childish fortitude awhile gives way:
He feels his dreadful loss; yet short the
pain,
Soon he resumes his cheerfulness again,
Pondering how best his moments to em-
ploy
He sings his little songs of nameless joy;
Creeps on the warm green turf for many
an hour,
And plucks by chance the white and
yellow flower;
Smoothing their stems while, resting on
his knees,
He binds a nosegay which he never sees;
Along the homeward path then feels his
way,
Lifting his brow against the shining day,
And with a playful rapture round his eyes,
Presents a sighing parent with the prize.

A SHEPHERD'S LIFE.

NEGLECTED now the early daisy lies;
Nor thou, pale primrose, bloom'st the
only prize;
Advancing Spring profusely spreads
abroad
Flowers of all hues, with sweetest fragrance
stored;
Where'er she treads, love gladdens every
plain,
Delight on tiptoe bears her lucid train;
Sweet hope with conscious brow before
her flies,
Anticipating wealth from Summer skies;
All nature feels her renovating sway;
The sheep-fed pasture, and the meadow
gay;
And trees, and shrubs, no longer budding
seen, [green;
Display the new-grown branch of lighter
On airy downs the shepherd idling lies,
And sees to-morrow in the marbled skies

Here, then, my soul, thy darling theme
pursue,
For every day was Giles a shepherd too.

Small was his charge: no wilds had
they to roam:
But bright inclosures circling round their
home. [thorn,
No yellow-blossomed furze, nor stubborn
The heath's rough produce, had their
fleeces torn:
Yet ever roving, ever seeking thee,
Enchanting spirit, dear variety!
O happy tenants, prisoners of a day!
Released to ease, to pleasure, and to play;
Indulged through every field by turns to
range,
And taste them all in one continual
change.
For though luxuriant their grassy food,
Sheep long confined but lothe the present
good;
Bleating around the homeward gate they
meet,
And starve, and pine, with plenty at their
feet.
Loosed from the winding lane, a joyful
throng,
See, o'er yon pasture, how they pour
along!
Giles round their boundaries takes his
usual stroll;
Sees every pass secured, and fences
whole;
High fences, proud to charm the gazing
eye,
Where many a nestling first essays to fly;
Where blows the woodbine, faintly
streaked with red,
And rests on every bough its tender head;
Round the young ash its twining branches
meet,
Or crown the hawthorn with its odours
sweet.

[JAMES GRAHAME. 1765—1811.]

THE WORSHIP OF GOD, IN THE
SOLITUDE OF THE WOODS.

It is not only in the sacred fane
That homage should be paid to the Most
High;

There is a temple, one not made with
hands—
The vaulted firmament: Far in the woods,
Almost beyond the sound of city chime,
At intervals heard through the breezeless
air;
When not the limberest leaf is seen to
move, [spray;
Save where the linnet lights upon the
When not a floweret bends its little stalk,
Save where the bee alights upon the
bloom;—
There, rapt in gratitude, in joy, and love,
The man of God will pass the Sabbath
noon;
Silence his praise; his disembodied
thoughts,
Loosed from the load of words, will high
ascend
Beyond the empyrean—
Nor yet less pleasing at the heavenly
throne,
The Sabbath-service of the shepherd-boy!
In some lone glen, where every sound
is lulled
To slumber, save the tinkling of the rill,
Or bleat of lamb, or hovering falcon's
cry, [son;
Stretched on the sward, he reads of Jesse's
Or sheds a tear o'er him to Egypt sold,
And wonders why he weeps; the volume
close,
With thyme-sprig laid between the leaves,
he sings
The sacred lays, his weekly lesson, conned
With meikle care beneath the lowly roof,
Where humble lore is learnt, where
humble worth
Pines unrewarded by a thankless state.
Thus reading, hymning, all alone, unseen,
The shepherd-boy the Sabbath holy keeps,
Till on the heights he marks the straggling
bands
Returning homeward from the house of
prayer.

[RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN. 1751—1816.]

HAD I A HEART FOR FALSE-
HOOD FRAMED.

HAD I a heart for falsehood framed,
I ne'er could injure you;

For though your tongue no promise
claimed,

Your charms would make me true :
To you no soul shall bear deceit,
No stranger offer wrong ;
But friends in all the aged you'll meet,
And lovers in the young.

For when they learn that you have blest
Another with your heart,
They'll bid aspiring passion rest,
And act a brother's part ;
Then, lady, dread not here deceit,
Nor fear to suffer wrong ;
For friends in all the aged you'll meet,
And lovers in the young.

~~~~~

### LOVE FOR LOVE.

I NE'ER could any lustre see  
In eyes that would not look on me ;  
I ne'er saw nectar on a lip,  
But where my own did hope to sip.  
Has the maid who seeks my heart  
Cheeks of rose, untouched by art ?  
I will own the colour true,  
When yielding blushes aid their hue.

Is her hand so soft and pure ?  
I must press it, to be sure ;  
Nor can I be certain then,  
Till it, grateful, press again.  
Must I, with attentive eye,  
Watch her heaving bosom sigh ?  
I will do so, when I see  
That heaving bosom sigh for me.

~~~~~

[ANONYMOUS. 1782.]

FAIR ROSALIND.

FAIR Rosalind in woful wise
Six hearts has bound in thrall ;
As yet she undetermined lies
Which she her spouse shall call.
Wretched, and only wretched he
To whom that lot shall fall ;
For if her heart aright I see,
She means to please them all.

[SIR CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS. 1774.]

DEAR BETTY.

DEAR Betty, come give me sweet kisses,
For sweeter no girl ever gave ;
But why, in the midst of our blisses,
Do you ask me how many I'd have ?
I'm not to be stinted in pleasure ;
Then prithee, dear Betty, be kind ;
For as I love *thee* beyond measure,
To numbers I'll not be confined.

Count the bees that on Hybla are
straying,
Count the flowers that enamel the
fields, [playing,
Count the flocks that on Tempe are
Or the grain that each Sicily yields ;
Count how many stars are in heaven,
Go reckon the sands on the shore ;
And when so many kisses you've given,
I still will be asking for more.

To a heart full of love let me hold thee,
A heart that, dear Betty, is thine ;
In my arms I'll for ever enfold thee,
And curl round thy neck like a vine.
What joy can be greater than this is ?
My life on thy lips shall be spent ;
But those who can number their kisses,
Will always with few be content.

~~~~~

[HENRY KIRKE WHITE. 1785—1806.]

### CHILDHOOD.

PICTURED in memory's mellowing glass  
how sweet  
Our infant days, our infant joys to greet ;  
To roam in fancy in each cherished scene,  
The village churchyard, and the village  
green. [glade,  
The woodland walk remote, the greenwood  
The mossy seat beneath the hawthorn's  
shade,  
The whitewashed cottage, where the wood-  
bine grew,  
And all the favourite haunts our childhood  
knew !  
How sweet, while all the evil shuns the  
gaze,  
To view the unclouded skies of former  
days !

Beloved age of innocence and smiles,  
 When each winged hour some new delight  
 beguiles,  
 When the gay heart, to life's sweet day-  
 spring true,  
 Still finds some insect pleasure to pursue.  
 Blest Childhood, hail!—Thee simply will  
 I sing,  
 And from myself the artless picture bring;  
 These long-lost scenes to me the past  
 restore,  
 Each humble friend, each *pleasure*, now  
 no more,  
 And every stump familiar to my sight,  
 Recalls some fond idea of delight.

This shrubby knoll was once my favourite  
 seat;  
 Here did I love at evening to retreat,  
 And muse alone, till in the vault of night,  
 Hesper, aspiring, show'd his golden light.  
 Here once again, remote from human  
 noise,  
 I sit me down to think of former joys;  
 Pause on each scene, each treasured scene,  
 once more,  
 And once again each infant walk explore,  
 While as each grove and lawn I recognise,  
 My melted soul suffuses in my eyes.

#### THE EVENING WALK OF YOUTHFUL FRIENDS.

AT evening too, how pleasing was our  
 walk,  
 Endeared by Friendship's unrestrained  
 talk, [way,  
 When to the upland heights we bent our  
 To view the last beam of departing day;  
 How calm was all around! no playful  
 breeze  
 Sighed 'mid the wavy foliage of the trees,  
 But all was still, save when, with drowsy  
 song,  
 The grey-fly wound his sullen horn along;  
 And save when heard in soft, yet merry  
 glee,  
 The distant church-bells' mellow har-  
 mony;  
 The silver mirror of the lucid brook,  
 That 'mid the tufted broom its still course  
 took;

The rugged arch, that clasped its silent  
 tides,  
 With moss and rank weeds hanging down  
 its sides:  
 The craggy rock, that jutted on the sight;  
 The shrieking bat, that took its heavy  
 flight;  
 All, all was pregnant with divine delight.  
 We loved to watch the swallow swimming  
 high,  
 In the bright azure of the vaulted sky;  
 Or gaze upon the clouds, whose coloured  
 pride  
 Was scattered thinly o'er the welkin wide,  
 And tinged with such variety of shade,  
 To the charmed soul sublimest thoughts  
 conveyed.  
 In these what forms romantic did we  
 trace,  
 While fancy led us o'er the realms of  
 space!  
 Now we espied the thunderer in his car,  
 Leading the embattled seraphim to war,  
 Then stately towers descried, sublimely  
 high,  
 In Gothic grandeur frowning on the sky—  
 Or saw, wide stretching o'er the azure  
 height,  
 A ridge of glaciers in mural white,  
 Hugely terrific.—But those times are o'er,  
 And the fond scene can charm mine eyes  
 no more;  
 For thou art gone, and I am left below,  
 Alone to struggle through this world of  
 woe.

#### THE DAME-SCHOOL.

HERE first I entered, though with toil and  
 pain,  
 The low vestibule of learning's fane:  
 Entered with pain, yet soon I found the  
 way,  
 Though sometimes toilsome, many a sweet  
 display.  
 Much did I grieve, on that ill-fated morn,  
 When I was first to school reluctant  
 borne;  
 Severe I thought the dame, though oft  
 she tried  
 To soothe my swelling spirits when I  
 sighed;



And oft, when harshly she reprov'd, I  
wept,  
To my lone corner brokenhearted crept,  
And thought of tender home, where anger  
never kept.

But soon inured to alphabetic toils,  
Alert I met the dame with jocund smiles;  
First at the form, my task for ever true,  
A little favourite rapidly I grew:  
And oft she stroked my head with fond  
delight,  
Held me a pattern to the dunce's sight;  
And as she gave my diligence its praise,  
Talked of the honours of my future days.

NIGHT.

BEHOLD the world  
Rests, and her tired inhabitants have  
paused  
From trouble and turmoil. The widow  
now  
Has ceased to weep, and her twin orphans  
lie  
Locked in each arm, partakers of her rest.  
The man of sorrow has forgot his woes;  
The outcast that his head is shelterless,  
His griefs unshared.—The mother tends  
no more  
Her daughter's dying slumbers, but, sur-  
prised  
With heaviness, and sunk upon her couch,  
Dreams of her bridals. Even the hectic,  
lulled  
On Death's lean arm to rest, in visions  
wrapt,  
Crowning with hope's bland wreath his  
shuddering nurse,  
Poor victim! smiles.—Silence and deep  
repose  
Reign o'er the nations; and the warning  
voice  
Of nature utters audibly within  
The general moral:—tells us that repose,  
Deathlike as this, but of far longer span,  
Is coming on us—that the weary crowds  
Who now enjoy a temporary calm,  
Shall soon taste lasting quiet, wrapt  
around  
With grave-clothes; and their aching,  
restless heads

Mouldering in holes and corners un-  
observed,  
Till the last trump shall break their sullen  
sleep.

THE FUTILITY OF FAME.

WHERE are the heroes of the ages past?  
Where the brave chieftains, where the  
mighty ones  
Who flourished in the infancy of days?  
All to the grave gone down. On their  
fallen fame  
Exulting, mocking at the pride of man,  
Sits grim *Forgetfulness*.—The warrior's  
arm  
Lies nerveless on the pillow of its shame;  
Hushed is his stormy voice, and quenched  
the blaze  
Of his red eye-ball.—Yesterday his name  
Was mighty on the earth.—To-day—'tis  
what?  
The meteor of the night of distant years,  
That flashed unnoticed, save by wrinkled  
eld,  
Musing at midnight upon prophecies,  
Who at her lonely lattice saw the gleam  
Point to the mist-poised shroud, then  
quietly  
Closed her pale lips, and locked the  
secret up  
Safe in the charnel's treasures.  
O how weak  
Is mortal man! how trifling—how con-  
fined  
His scope of vision. Puffed with con-  
fidence,  
His phrase grows big with immortality,  
And he, poor insect of a summer's day,  
Dreams of eternal honours to his name;  
Of endless glory and perennial bays.  
He idly reasons of eternity,  
As of the train of ages,—when, alas!  
Ten thousand thousand of his centuries  
Are, in comparison a little point,  
Too trivial for accout.—O it is  
strange,  
'Tis passing strange, to mark his fallacies;  
Behold him proudly view some pompous  
pile,  
Whose high dome swells to emulate the  
skies,

And smile and say, my name shall live  
 with this  
 'Till Time shall be no more; while at  
 his feet,  
 Yea, at his very feet the crumbling  
 dust  
 Of the fallen fabric of the other day,  
 Preaches the solemn lesson—he *should*  
 know,  
 That time must conquer; that the loudest  
 blast  
 That ever filled Renown's obstreperous  
 trump,  
 Fades in the lapse of ages, and expires.  
 Who lies inhumed in the terrific gloom  
 Of the gigantic pyramid? or who  
 Reared its huge walls? Oblivion laughs  
 and says,  
 The prey is mine.—They sleep, and never  
 more  
 Their names shall strike upon the ear of  
 man,  
 Their memory burst its fetters.

### THE CITIES OF THE PAST.

WHERE is *Rome*?  
 She lives but in the tale of other  
 times;  
 Her proud pavilions are the hermit's  
 home;  
 And her long colonnades, her public  
 walks,  
 Now faintly echo to the pilgrim's feet  
 Who comes to muse to solitude, and  
 trace,  
 Through the rank moss revealed, her  
 honoured dust.  
 But not to Rome alone has fate con-  
 fined  
 The doom of ruin; cities number-  
 less,  
 Tyre, Sidon, Carthage, Babylon, and  
 Troy,  
 And rich Phoenicia—they are blotted  
 out,  
 Half-razed from memory, and their very  
 name  
 And being in dispute.

### A THOUSAND YEARS HENCE.

WHERE now is Britain?—Where her  
 laurelled names,  
 Her palaces and halls? Dashed in the  
 dust.  
 Some second Vandal hath reduced her  
 pride,  
 And with one big recoil hath thrown her  
 back  
 To primitive barbarity.—Again,  
 Through her depopulated vales, the  
 scream  
 Of bloody superstition hollow rings,  
 And the scared native to the tempest  
 howls  
 The yell of deprecation. O'er her marts,  
 Her crowded ports, broods Silence; and  
 the cry  
 Of the low curlew, and the pensive dash  
 Of distant billows, breaks alone the void.  
 Even as the savage sits upon the stone  
 That marks where stood her capitol, and  
 hears  
 The bittern booming in the weeds, he  
 shrinks  
 From the dismaying solitude.—Her bards  
 Sing in a language that hath perished;  
 And their wild harps, suspended o'er  
 their graves,  
 Sigh to the desert winds a dying strain.  
 Meanwhile the arts, in second infancy,  
 Rise in some distant clime, and then per-  
 chance  
 Some bold adventurer, filled with golden  
 dreams,  
 Steering his bark through trackless  
 solitudes,  
 Where, to his wandering thoughts, no  
 daring prow  
 Hath ever ploughed before,—espies the  
 cliffs  
 Of fallen Albion.—To the land unknown  
 He journeys joyful; and perhaps descries  
 Some vestige of her ancient stateliness;  
 Then he, with vain conjecture, fills his  
 mind  
 Of the unheard of race, which had arrived  
 At science in that solitary nook,  
 Far from the civil world: and sagely  
 sighs  
 And moralizes on the state of man.

## THE PAST ETERNITY.

OH it is fearful, on the midnight couch,  
 When the rude rushing winds forget to  
     rave,  
 And the pale moon, that through the  
     casement high  
 Surveys the sleepless muser, stamps the  
     hour  
 Of utter silence, it is fearful then  
 To steer the mind, in deadly solitude,  
 Up the vague stream of probability :  
 To wind the mighty secrets of *the past*,  
 And turn the key of time !—Oh who can  
     strive  
 To comprehend the vast, the awful truth,  
 Of the *eternity that hath gone by*,  
 And not recoil from the dismaying sense  
 Of human impotence ? The life of man  
 Is summed in birth-days and in sepulchres ;  
 But the Eternal God had no beginning ;  
 He hath no end. Time had been with  
     him  
 For *everlasting*, ere the dædal world  
 Rose from the gulf in loveliness.—Like  
     him  
 It knew no source, like him 'twas un-  
     create.  
 What is it then ? The past Eternity !  
 We comprehend a *future* without end ;  
 We feel it possible that even yon sun  
 May roll for ever ; but we shrink amazed—  
 We stand aghast, when we reflect that  
     Time  
 Knew no commencement.—That heap  
     age on age,  
 And million upon million, without end,  
 And we shall never span the void of days  
 That were, and are not but in retrospect.  
 The Past is an unfathomable depth,  
 Beyond the span of thought ; 'tis an  
     elapse  
 Which hath no mensuration, but hath  
     been  
 For ever and for ever.

## THE FUTURE ETERNITY.

Now look on man  
 Myriads of ages hence. — Hath time  
     elapsed ?  
 Is he not standing in the self-same place

Where once we stood ?—The same Eter-  
     nity  
 Hath gone before him, and is yet to  
     come :  
 His *past* is not of longer span than ours,  
 Though myriads of ages intervened ;  
 For who can add to what has neither  
     sum,  
 Nor bound, nor source, nor estimate, nor  
     end ?  
 Oh, who can compass the Almighty  
     mind ?  
 Who can unlock the secrets of the High ?  
 In speculations of an altitude  
 Sublime as this, our reason stands confest  
 Foolish, and insignificant, and mean.  
 Who can apply the futile argument  
 Of finite beings to infinity ?  
 He might as well compress the universe  
 Into the hollow compass of a gourd,  
 Scooped out by human art ; or bid the  
     whale  
 Drink up the sea it swims in.—Can the  
     less  
 Contain the greater ? or the dark obscure  
 Infold the glories of meridian day ?  
 What does philosophy impart to man  
 But undiscovered wonders ?—Let her  
     soar  
 Even to her proudest heights,—to where  
     she caught  
 The soul of Newton and of Socrates,  
 She but extends the scope of wild amaze  
 And admiration. All her lessons end  
 In wider views of God's unfathomed  
     depths.

MAN'S LITTLENESS IN PRE-  
SENCE OF THE STARS.

THOU, proud man, look upon yon starry  
     vault,  
 Survey the countless gems which richly  
     stud  
 The night's imperial chariot ;—Telescopes  
 Will show the myriads more, innumerable  
 As the sea-sand ;—each of those little  
     lamps  
 Is the great source of light, the central  
     sun  
 Round which some other mighty sister-  
     hood

Of planets travel,—every planet stocked  
 With living beings impotent as thee.  
 Now, proud man—now, where is thy  
 greatness fled?  
 What art thou in the scale of universe?  
 Less, less than nothing!

~~~~~

IRRESISTIBLE TIME.

REAR thou aloft thy standard.—Spirit,
 rear
 Thy flag on high!—Invincible, and
 throned
 In unparticipated might. Behold
 Earth's proudest boast, beneath thy silent
 sway,
 Sweep headlong to destruction, thou the
 while,
 Unmoved and heedless, thou dost hear
 the rush
 Of mighty generations, as they pass
 To the broad gulf of ruin, and dost stamp
 Thy signet on them, and they rise no
 more.
 Who shall contend with Time—un-
 vanquished Time,
 The conqueror of conquerors, and lord
 Of desolation?—Lo! the shadows fly,
 The hours and days, and years and cen-
 turies,
 They fly, they fly, and nations rise and
 fall.
 The young are old, the old are in their
 graves.
 Heardst thou that shout? It rent the
 vaulted skies;
 It was the voice of people,—mighty
 crowds,—
 Again! 'tis hushed—Time speaks, and
 all is hushed;
 In the vast multitude now reigns alone
 Unruffled solitude. They all are still;
 All—yea, the whole—the incalculable
 mass,
 Still as the ground that clasps their cold
 remains.

Rear thou aloft thy standard.—Spirit, rear
 Thy flag on high; and glory in thy
 strength.
 But do thou know, the season yet shall
 come,

When from its base thine adamantine
 throne
 Shall tumble; when thine arm shall cease
 to strike,
 Thy voice forget its petrifying power;
 When saints shall shout, and *Time shall*
be no more.
 Yea, He doth come—the mighty champion
 comes,
 Whose potent spear shall give thee thy
 death-wound,
 Shall crush the conqueror of conquerors,
 And desolate stern desolation's lord.
 Lo! where He cometh! the Messiah
 comes!
 The King! the Comforter! the Christ!
 —He comes
 To burst the bonds of death, and over-
 turn
 The power of Time.

~~~~~

SONNET TO MY MOTHER.

AND canst thou, Mother, for a moment  
 think  
 That we, thy children, when old age  
 shall shed  
 Its blanching honours on thy weary  
 head,  
 Could from our best of duties ever  
 shrink?  
 Sooner the sun from his high sphere  
 should sink  
 Than we, ungrateful, leave thee in that  
 day,  
 To pine in solitude thy life away,  
 Or shun thee, tottering on the grave's  
 cold brink.  
 Banish the thought!—where'er our steps  
 may roam,  
 O'er smiling plains, or wastes without  
 a tree,  
 Still will fond memory point our hearts  
 to thee,  
 And paint the pleasures of thy peaceful  
 home;  
 While duty bids us all thy griefs as-  
 suage,  
 And smooth the pillow of thy sinking  
 age.

## SECLUSION.

SWEET to the gay of heart is Summer's  
 smile,  
 Sweet the wild music of the laughing  
 Spring;  
 But ah! my soul far other scenes beguile,  
 Where gloomy storms their sullen  
 shadows fling.  
 Is it for me to strike the Idalian string—  
 Raise the soft music of the warbling  
 wire,  
 While in my ears the howls of furies ring,  
 And melancholy wastes the vital fire?  
 Away with thoughts like these. To some  
 lone cave  
 Where howls the shrill blast, and where  
 sweeps the wave,  
 Direct my steps; there, in the lonely  
 drear,  
 I'll sit remote from worldly noise, and  
 muse  
 Till through my soul shall Peace her  
 balm infuse,  
 And whisper sounds of comfort in mine  
 ear.

## THE POET.

QUICK o'er the wintry waste dart fiery  
 shafts—  
 Bleak blows the blast—now howls—  
 then faintly dies—  
 And oft upon its awful wings it wafts  
 The dying wanderer's distant, feeble  
 cries.  
 Now, when athwart the gloom gaunt  
 horror stalks,  
 And midnight hags their damned vigils  
 hold,  
 The pensive poet 'mid the wild waste  
 walks,  
 And ponders on the ill's life's paths un-  
 fold.  
 Mindless of dangers hovering round, he  
 goes,  
 Insensible to every outward ill;  
 Yet oft his bosom heaves with rending  
 throes,  
 And oft big tears adown his worn  
 cheek's trill.  
 Ah! 'tis the anguish of a mental sore,  
 Which gnaws his heart and bids him  
 hope no more.

## TO CONTEMPLATION.

COME, pensive sage, who lovest to dwell  
 In some retired Lapponian cell,  
 Where far from noise, and riot rude,  
 Resides sequestered solitude.  
 Come, and o'er my longing soul  
 Throw thy dark and russet stole,  
 And open to my duteous eyes  
 The volume of thy mysteries.

I will meet thee on the hill,  
 Where, with printless footstep still,  
 The morning in her buskin grey  
 Springs upon her eastern way;  
 While the frolic zephyrs stir,  
 Playing with the gossamer,  
 And, on ruder pinions borne,  
 Shake the dew-drops from the thorn.  
 There, as o'er the fields we pass,  
 Brushing with hasty feet the grass,  
 We will startle from her nest,  
 The lively lark with speckled breast,  
 And hear the floating clouds among  
 Her gale-transported matin song,  
 Or on the upland stile embowered,  
 With fragrant hawthorn snowy flowered,  
 Will sauntering sit, and listen still,  
 To the herdsman's oaten quill,  
 Wafted from the plain below;  
 Or the heifer's frequent low;  
 Or the milkmaid in the grove,  
 Singing of one that died for love.  
 Or when the noontide heats oppress,  
 We will seek the dark recess,  
 Where, in the embowered translucent  
 stream,  
 The cattle shun the sultry beam,  
 And o'er us, on the marge reclined,  
 The drowsy fly her horn shall wind,  
 While echo, from her ancient oak,  
 Shall answer to the woodman's stroke,  
 Or the little peasant's song,  
 Wandering lone the glens among,  
 His artless lip with berries dyed,  
 And feet through ragged shoes descried.

But, oh, when evening's virgin queen  
 Sits on her fringed throne serene,  
 And mingling whispers rising near,  
 Steal on the still reposing ear;  
 While distant brooks decaying round,  
 Augment the mixed dissolving sound,

And the zephyr flitting by,  
 Whispers mystic harmony,  
 We will seek the woody lane,  
 By the hamlet, on the plain,  
 Where the weary rustic nigh,  
 Shall whistle his wild melody,  
 And the croaking wicket oft  
 Shall echo from the neighbouring croft ;  
 And as we trace the green path lone,  
 With moss and rank weeds overgrown,  
 We will muse on pensive lore,  
 Till the full soul brimming o'er,  
 Shall in our upturned eyes appear,  
 Embodied in a quivering tear ;  
 Or else, serenely silent, sit  
 By the brawling rivulet,  
 Which on its calm unruffled breast,  
 Rears the old mossy arch impressed,  
 That clasps its secret stream of glass ;  
 Half hid in shrubs and waving grass,  
 The wood-nymph's lone secure retreat,  
 Unpressed by fawn or sylvan's feet,  
 We'll watch in Eve's ethereal braid,  
 The rich vermilion slowly fade ;  
 Or catch, faint twinkling from afar,  
 The first glimpse of the eastern star,  
 Fair vesper, mildest lamp of light,  
 That heralds in imperial night :  
 Meanwhile, upon our wondering ear,  
 Shall rise, though low, yet sweetly clear,  
 The distant sounds of pastoral lute,  
 Invoking soft the sober suit  
 Of dimmest darkness—fitting well  
 With love, or sorrow's pensive spell,  
 (So erst did music's silver tone,  
 Wake slumbering chaos on his throne ;)  
 And haply, then, with sudden swell,  
 Shall roar the distant curfew bell,  
 While in the castle's mouldering tower,  
 The hooting owl is heard to pour  
 Her melancholy song, and scare  
 Dull silence brooding in the air.  
 Meanwhile her dusk and slumbering  
 car,  
 Black-suited night drives on from far,  
 And Cynthia's 'merging from her rear,  
 Arrests the waxing darkness drear,  
 And summons to her silent call  
 Sweeping in their airy pall,  
 The unshrived ghosts, in fairy trance,  
 To join her moonshine morrice-dance ;  
 While around the mystic ring,  
 The shadowy shapes elastic spring.

Then with a passing shriek they fly,  
 Wrapt in mists along the sky,  
 And oft are by the shepherd seen,  
 In his lone night-watch on the green.

Then, hermit, let us turn our feet,  
 To the low Abbey's still retreat,  
 Embowered in the distant glen,  
 Far from the haunts of busy men,  
 Where, as we sit upon the tomb,  
 The glow-worm's light may gild the  
 gloom,  
 And show to fancy's saddest eye,  
 Where some lost hero's ashes lie.  
 And oh, as through the mouldering arch,  
 With ivy filled and weeping larch,  
 The night gale whispers sadly clear,  
 Speaking dear things to fancy's ear,  
 We'll hold communion with the shade,  
 Of some deep-wailing ruined maid—  
 Or call the ghost of Spenser down,  
 To tell of woe and fortune's frown ;  
 And bid us cast the eye of hope,  
 Beyond this bad world's narrow scope.

Or if these joys to us denied,  
 To linger by the forest's side,  
 Or in the meadow or the wood,  
 Or by the lone romantic flood,  
 Let us in the busy town,  
 When sleep's dull streams the people  
 drown,  
 Far from drowsy pillows flee,  
 And turn the church's massy key ;  
 Then, as through the painted glass,  
 The moon's pale beams obscurely pass,  
 And darkly on the trophied wall,  
 Her faint ambiguous shadows fall ;  
 Let us, while the faint winds wail,  
 Through the long reluctant aisle,  
 As we pace with reverence meet,  
 Count the echoings of our feet ;  
 While from the tombs, with confessed  
 breath,  
 Distinct responds the voice of death.  
 If thou, mild sage, wilt condescend,  
 Thus on my footsteps to attend,  
 To thee my lonely lamp shall burn,  
 By fallen Genius' sainted urn !  
 As o'er the scroll of Time I pour,  
 And sagely spell of ancient lore.  
 Till I can rightly guess of all  
 That Plato could to memory ca  
 K \*

And scan the formless views of things,  
Or with old Egypt's fettered kings,  
Arrange the mystic trains that shine  
In night's high philosophic mine ;  
And to thy name shall e'er belong  
The honours of undying song.

~~~~~  
ODE TO THOUGHT.
WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT.

I.

HENCE away, vindictive Thought !
Thy pictures are of pain ;
The visions through thy dark eye
caught,
They with no gentle charms are
fraught,
So prithee back again.
I would not weep,
I wish to sleep,
Then why, thou busy foe, with me thy
vigils keep ?

II.

Why dost o'er bed and couch recline ?
Is this thy new delight ?
Pale visitant, it is not thine
To keep thy sentry through the mine,
The dark vault of the night :
'Tis thine to die,
While o'er the eye,
The dews of slumber press, and waking
sorrows fly.

III.

Go thou and bide with him who
guides
His bark through lonely seas ;
And as, reclining on his helm,
Sadly he marks the starry realm,
To him thou mayst bring ease ;
But thou to me
Art misery,
So prithee, prithee plume thy wings and
from my pillow flee.

IV.

And Memory, pray what art thou ?
Art thou of pleasure born ?
Does bliss untainted from thee flow ?
The rose that gems thy pensive brow,

Is it without a thorn ?
With all thy smiles,
And witching wiles,
Yet not unfrequent bitterness thy mourn-
ful sway defiles.

V.

The drowsy night-watch has forgoi
To call the solemn hour ;
Lulled by the winds he slumbers
deep,
While I in vain, capricious sleep,
Invoke thy tardy power ;
And restless lie,
With unclosed eye,
And count the tedious hours as slow they
minute by.

~~~~~  
TO A TAPER.

'TIS midnight.—On the globe dead  
slumber sits,  
And all is silence—in the hour of sleep ;  
Save when the hollow gust, that swells  
by fits,  
In the dark wood roars fearfully and  
deep.  
I wake alone to listen and to weep,  
To watch, my taper, thy pale beacon  
burn ;  
And, as still memory does her vigils keep,  
To think of days that never can return.  
By thy pale ray I raise my languid head,  
My eye surveys the solitary gloom ;  
And the sad meaning tear, unmixed with  
dread,  
Tells thou dost light me to the silent  
tomb.  
Like thee I wane ;—like thine my life's  
last ray  
Will fade in loneliness, unwept, away.

~~~~~  
DESPONDENCY.

YES, 'twill be over soon.—This sickly
dream
Of life will vanish from my feverish
brain ;
And death my wearied spirit will redeem
From this wild region of unvaried pain.

Yon brook will glide as softly as before,—
 Yon landscape smile,—yon golden har-
 vest grow,—
 Yon sprightly lark on mounting wing will
 soar,
 When Henry's name is heard no more
 below.
 I sigh when all my youthful friends caress,
 They laugh in health, and future evils
 brave;
 Them shall a wife and smiling children
 bless,
 While I am mouldering in my silent
 grave.
 God of the just,—Thou gavest the bitter
 cup;
 I bow to thy behest, and drink it up.

~~~~~

### TO CONSUMPTION.

GENTLY, most gently, on thy victim's  
 head,  
 Consumption, lay thine hand!—let me  
 decay,  
 Like the expiring lamp, unseen, away,  
 And softly go to slumber with the dead.  
 And if 'tis true what holy men have said,  
 That strains angelic oft foretell the day  
 Of death, to those good men who fall  
 thy prey,  
 O let the aerial music round my bed,  
 Dissolving sad in dying symphony,  
 Whisper the solemn warning in mine  
 ear;  
 That I may bid my weeping friends  
 good-bye,  
 Ere I depart upon my journey drear:  
 And smiling faintly on the painful past,  
 Compose my decent head, and breathe  
 my last.

~~~~~

THE WINTER TRAVELLER.

GOD help thee, Traveller, on thy journey
 far;
 The wind is bitter keen,—the snow
 o'erlays [ways,
 The hidden pits, and dangerous hollow
 And darkness will involve thee.—No kind
 star
 To-night will guide thee, Traveller,—and
 the war

Of winds and elements on thy head
 will break,
 And in thy agonizing ear the shriek,
 Of spirits howling on their stormy car,
 Will often ring appalling—I portend
 A dismal night—and on my wakeful
 bed
 Thoughts, Traveller, of thee, will fill
 my head,
 And him, who rides where wind and waves
 contend,
 And strives, rude cradled on the seas, to
 guide
 His lonely bark through the tempestuous
 tide.

~~~~~

“I AM PLEASED, AND YET I'M  
 SAD.”

#### I.

WHEN twilight steals along the ground,  
 And all the bells are ringing round,  
 One, two, three, four, and five;  
 I at my study window sit,  
 And wrapt in many a musing fit,  
 To bliss am all alive.

#### II.

But though impressions calm and sweet,  
 Thrill round my heart a holy heat,  
 And I am inly glad;  
 The tear-drop stands in either eye,  
 And yet I cannot tell thee why,  
 I am pleased, and yet I'm sad.

#### III.

The silvery rack that flies away,  
 Like mortal life or pleasure's ray,  
 Does that disturb my breast?  
 Nay what have I, a studious man,  
 To do with life's unstable plan,  
 Or pleasure's fading vest?

#### IV.

Is it that here I must not stop,  
 But o'er yon blue hills' woody top,  
 Must bend my lonely way?  
 Now, surely no, for give but me  
 My own fire-side, and I shall be  
 At home where'er I stray.



## V.

Then is it that yon steeple there,  
 With music sweet shall fill the air,  
     When thou no more canst hear?  
 Oh no! oh no! for then forgiven,  
 I shall be with my God in Heaven,  
     Released from every fear.

## VI.

Then whence it is I cannot tell,  
 But there is some mysterious spell  
     That holds me when I'm glad;  
 And so the tear-drop fills my eye,  
 When yet in truth I know not why,  
     Or wherefore I am sad.

~~~~~  
 SOLITUDE.

It is not that my lot is low,
 That bids this silent tear to flow;
 It is not grief that bids me moan,
 It is that I am all alone.

In woods and glens I love to roam,
 When the tired hedger hies him home;
 Or by the woodland pool to rest,
 When pale the star looks on its breast.

Yet when the silent evening sighs,
 With hallowed airs and symphonies,
 My spirit takes another tone,
 And sighs that it is all alone.

The autumn leaf is sere and dead,
 It floats upon the water's bed;
 I would not be a leaf, to die
 Without recording sorrow's sigh!

The woods and winds, with sudden
 wail,
 Tell all the same unvaried tale;
 I've none to smile when I am free,
 And when I sigh, to sigh with me.

Yet in my dreams a form I view,
 That thinks on me and loves me too;
 I start, and when the vision's flown,
 I weep that I am all alone.

ODE TO THE HARVEST MOON.

MOON of harvest, herald mild
 Of plenty, rustic labour's child,
 Hail! oh hail! I greet thy beam,
 As soft it trembles o'er the stream,
 And gilds the straw-thatched hamlet
 wide,
 Where innocence and peace reside;
 'Tis thou that glad'st with joy the rustic
 throng,
 Promptest the tripping dance, th' exhilarating
 song.

Moon of harvest, I do love
 O'er the uplands now to rove,
 While thy modest ray serene
 Gilds the wide surrounding scene;
 And to watch thee riding high
 In the blue vault of the sky,
 Where no thin vapour intercepts thy
 ray,
 But in unclouded majesty thou walkest on
 thy way.

Pleasing 'tis, O modest moon!
 Now the night is at her noon,
 'Neath thy sway to musing lie,
 While around the zephyrs sigh,
 Fanning soft the sun-tanned wheat,
 Ripened by the summer's heat;
 Picturing all the rustic's joy
 When boundless plenty greets his
 eye,

 And thinking soon,
 Oh, modest moon!
 How many a female eye will roam
 Along the road,
 To see the load,
 The last dear load of harvest home.

Storms and tempests, floods and
 rains,
 Stern despoilers of the plains,
 Hence away, the season flee,
 Foes to light-heart jollity;
 May no winds careering high,
 Drive the clouds along the sky;
 But may all nature smile with aspect
 boon,
 When in the heavens thou show'st thy
 face, oh, Harvest Moon!

'Neath yon lowly roof he lies,
The husbandman, with sleep-sealed
eyes ;
He dreams of crowded barns, and
round
The yard he hears the flail re-
sound ;
Oh ! may no hurricane destroy
His visionary views of joy :
God of the winds ! oh, hear his humble
prayer,
And while the moon of harvest shines,
thy blustering whirlwind spare.

Sons of luxury, to you
Leave I sleep's dull power to woo :
Press ye still the downy bed,
While feverish dreams surround your
head ;
I will seek the woodland glade,
Penetrate the thickest shade,
Wrapt in contemplation's dreams,
Musing high on holy themes,
While on the gale
Shall softly sail
The nightingale's enchanting tune,
And oft my eyes
Shall grateful rise
To thee, the modest Harvest Moon !

~~~~~

THE SHIPWRECKED SOLITARY'S  
SONG.

TO THE NIGHT.

THOU, spirit of the spangled night !  
I woo thee from the watch-tower high,  
Where thou dost sit to guide the bark  
Of lonely mariner.

The winds are whistling o'er the  
wolds,  
The distant main is moaning low ;  
Come, let us sit and weave a song—  
A melancholy song !

Sweet is the scented gale of morn,  
And sweet the noontide's fervid beam,  
But sweeter far the solemn calm  
That marks thy mournful reign.

I've passed here many a lonely year,  
And never human voice have heard :  
I've passed here many a lonely year  
A solitary man.

And I have lingered in the shade,  
From sultry noon's hot beam. And I  
Have knelt before my wicker door,  
To sing my evening song.

And I have hailed the grey morn high,  
On the blue mountain's misty brow,  
And tried to tune my little reed  
To hymns of harmony.

But never could I tune my reed,  
At morn, or noon, or eve, so sweet  
As when upon the ocean shore  
I hailed thy star-beam mild.

The day-spring brings not joy to me,  
The moon it whispers not of peace ;  
But oh ! when darkness robes the heavens,  
My woes are mixed with joy.

And then I talk, and often think  
Aërial voices answer me ;  
And oh ! I am not then alone—  
A solitary man.

And when the blustering winter winds  
Howl in the woods that clothe my  
cave,  
I lay me on my lonely mat,  
And pleasant are my dreams.

And Fancy gives me back my wife ;  
And Fancy gives me back my child ;  
She gives me back my little home,  
And all its placid joys.

Then hateful is the morning hour,  
That calls me from the dream of bliss,  
To find myself still lone, and hear  
The same dull sounds again.

The deep-toned winds, the moaning  
sea,  
The whispering of the boding trees,  
The brook's eternal flow, and oft  
The Condor's hollow scream.

## CLIFTON GROVE.

Lo! in the west, fast fades the lingering  
light,  
And day's last vestige takes its silent  
flight.  
No more is heard the woodman's measured  
stroke  
Which, with the dawn, from yonder dingle  
broke ;  
No more, hoarse clamouring o'er the up-  
lifted head,  
The crows, assembling, seek their wind-  
rock'd bed.  
Stilled is the village hum—the woodland  
sounds  
Have ceased to echo o'er the dewy  
grounds,  
And general silence reigns, save when  
below,  
The murmuring Trent is scarcely heard  
to flow ;  
And save when, swung by 'nighted rustic  
late,  
Oft, on its hinge, rebounds the jarring  
gate :  
Or, when the sheep bell, in the distant  
vale,  
Breathes its wild music on the downy  
gale.

Now, when the rustic wears the social  
smile,  
Released from day and its attendant toil,  
And draws his household round their  
evening fire,  
And tells the oft-told tales that never  
tire :  
Or, where the town's blue turrets dimly  
rise,  
And manufacture taints the ambient  
skies,  
The pale mechanic leaves the labouring  
loom,  
The air-pent hold, the pestilential room,  
And rushes out, impatient to begin  
The stated course of customary sin :  
Now, now, my solitary way I bend  
Where solemn groves in awful state im-  
pend,  
And cliffs, that boldly rise above the  
plain,  
Bespeak, blest Clifton! thy sublime do-  
main.

Here, lonely wandering o'er the sylvar  
bower,  
I come to pass the meditative hour ;  
To bid awhile the strife of passion cease,  
And woo the calms of solitude and peace.  
And oh! thou sacred power, who rear'st  
on high  
Thy leafy throne where waving poplars  
sigh !  
Genius of woodland shades! whose mild  
control  
Steals with resistless witchery to the  
soul,  
Come with thy wonted ardour and in-  
spire  
My glowing bosom with thy hallowed  
fire.  
And thou, too, Fancy! from thy starry  
sphere,  
Where to the hymning orbs thou lend'st  
thine ear,  
Do thou descend, and bless my ravished  
sight,  
Veiled in soft visions of serene delight.  
At thy command the gale that passes by  
Bears in its whispers mystic harmony.  
Thou wav'st thy wand, and lo! what  
forms appear !  
On the dark cloud what giant shapes  
career !  
The ghosts of Ossian skim the misty vale,  
And hosts of Sylphids on the moon-beam  
sail.

~~~~~

IN THE MORNING BEFORE
DAYBREAK.

YE many-twinkling stars, who yet do
hold
Your brilliant places in the sable vault
Of night's dominions!—Planets, and cen-
tral orbs
Of other systems!—big as the burning
sun,
Which lights this nether globe,—yet to
our eye,
Small as the glow-worm's lamp!—To you
I raise
My lowly orisons, while all bewildered,
My vision strays o'er your ethereal hosts ;
Too vast, too boundless, for our narrow
mind,

Warped with low prejudices, to unfold,
And sagely comprehend. Thence higher
soaring,
Through ye, I raise my solemn thoughts
to him!

The mighty founder of this wondrous
maze,

The great Creator! Him! who now
sublime

Wrapt in the solitary amplitude
Of boundless space, above the rolling
spheres

Sits on his silent throne, and meditates.

The angelic hosts in their inferior Heaven,
Hymn to their golden harps his praise
sublime,

Repeating loud, "The Lord our God is
great,"

In varied harmonies.—The glorious sounds
Roll o'er the air serene—The Æolian
spheres,

Harping along their viewless boundaries,
Catch the full note, and cry, "The Lord
is great,"

Responding to the Seraphim.—O'er all,
From orb to orb, to the remotest verge
Of the created world, the sound is borne
Till the whole universe is full of HIM.

Oh! 'tis this heavenly harmony which
now

In fancy strikes upon my listening ear,
And thrills my inmost soul. It bids me
smile

On the vain world, and all its bustling
cares,
And gives a shadowy glimpse of future
bliss.

Oh! what is man, when at ambition's
height,

What even are kings, when balanced in
the scale

Of these stupendous worlds! Almighty
God!

Thou, the dread author of these wondrous
works!

Say, canst thou cast on me, poor passing
worm,

One look of kind benevolence?—Thou
canst:

For thou art full of universal love,

And in thy boundless goodness wilt im-
part

Thy beams as well to me, as to the proud,
The pageant insects, of a glittering hour.

Oh! when reflecting on these truths
sublime,

How insignificant do all the joys,
The gauds, and honours of the world
appear!

How vain ambition! Why has my wake-
ful lamp

Outwatched the slow-paced night?—Why
on the page,

The schoolman's laboured page, have I
employed

The hours devoted by the world to rest,
And needful to recruit exhausted nature?

Say, can the voice of narrow Fame repay
The loss of health? or can the hope of
glory,

Send a new throb into my languid heart,
Cool, even now, my feverish, aching
brow,

Relume the fires of this deep-sunken eye,
Or paint new colours on this pallid cheek?

Say, foolish one—can that unbodied Fame,
For which thou barterest health and hap-
piness,

Say, can it soothe the slumbers of the
grave?

Give a new zest to bliss? or chase the
pangs

Of everlasting punishment condign?

Alas! how vain are mortal man's desires!
How fruitless his pursuits! Eternal God!

Guide thou my footsteps in the way of
truth,

And oh! assist me so to live on earth,

That I may die in peace, and claim a
place

In thy high dwelling.—All but this is
folly,

The vain illusions of deceitful life.

TO THE HERB ROSEMARY.

SWEET scented flower! who 'rt wont to
bloom

On January's front severe,

And o'er the wintry desert rear

To waft thy waste perfume !
 Come, thou shalt form my nosegay
 now,
 And I will bind thee round my brow ;
 And as I twine the mournful wreath,
 I'll weave a melancholy song :
 And sweet the strain shall be and long,
 The melody of death.

Come, funeral flower ! who lov'st to
 dwell
 With the pale corpse in lonely tomb,
 And throw across the desert gloom
 A sweet decaying smell.
 Come, press my lips, and lie with me
 Beneath the lowly alder tree,
 And we will sleep a pleasant sleep,
 And not a care shall dare intrude,
 To break the marble solitude
 So peaceful and so deep.

And hark ! the wind-god, as he flies,
 Moans hollow in the forest trees,
 And sailing on the gusty breeze,
 Mysterious music dies.
 Sweet flower ! that requiem wild is
 mine,
 It warns me to the lonely shrine,
 The cold turf altar of the dead ;
 My grave shall be in yon lone spot,
 Where as I lie, by all forgot,
 A dying fragrance thou wilt o'er my
 ashes shed.

ODE TO DISAPPOINTMENT.

COME, Disappointment, come !
 Not in thy terrors clad ;
 Come in thy meekest, saddest guise ;
 Thy chastening rod but terrifies
 The restless and the bad.
 But I recline
 Beneath thy shrine,
 And round my brow resigned, thy peace-
 ful cypress twine.

Though Fancy flies away
 Before thy hollow tread,
 Yet Meditation, in her cell,
 Hears, with faint eye, the lingering
 knell,

That tells her hopes are dead ;
 And though the tear
 By chance appear,
 Yet she can smile, and say, " My all was
 not laid here."

Come, Disappointment, come !
 Though from Hope's summit hurled,
 Still, rigid Nurse, thou art forgiven,
 For thou severe wert send from heaven
 To wean me from the world :
 To turn my eye
 From vanity,
 And point to scenes of bliss that never,
 never die.

What is this passing scene ?
 A peevish April day !
 A little sun—a little rain,
 And then night sweeps along the plain,
 And all things fade away.
 Man (soon discussed)
 Yields up his trust,
 And all his hopes and fears lie with him
 in the dust.

O, what is beauty's power ?
 It flourishes and dies ;
 Will the cold earth its silence break,
 To tell how soft, how smooth a cheek
 Beneath its surface lies ?
 Mute, mute is all
 O'er Beauty's fall ;
 Her praise resounds no more when
 mantled in her pall.

The most beloved on earth,
 Not long survives to-day ;
 So music past is obsolete,
 And yet 'twas sweet, 'twas passing
 sweet,
 But now 'tis gone away.
 Thus does the shade
 In memory fade,
 When in forsaken tomb the form beloved
 is laid.

Then since this world is vain,
 And volatile, and fleet,
 Why should I lay up earthly joys,
 Where dust corrupts, and moth destroys,
 And cares and sorrows eat ?

Why fly from ill
With anxious skill,
When soon this hand will freeze, this
throbbing heart be still?

Come, Disappointment, come!
Thou art not stern to me;
Sad mistress! I own thy sway,
A votary sad in early day,
To thee I bend my knee:
From sun to sun
My race will run,
I only bow, and say, "My God, thy will
be done!"

~~~~~

TO AN EARLY PRIMROSE.

MILD offspring of a dark and sullen sire!  
Whose modest form, so delicately fine,  
Was nursed in whirling storms,  
And cradled in the winds.

Thee, when young Spring first questioned  
Winter's sway,  
And dared the sturdy blusterer to the  
fight,  
Thee on this bank he threw  
To mark his victory.

In this low vale, the promise of the year,  
Serene, thou openest to the nipping gale,  
Unnoticed and alone,  
Thy tender elegance.

So virtue blooms, brought forth amid the  
storms  
Of chill adversity; in some lone walk  
Of life she rears her head,  
Obscure and unobserved;  
While every bleaching breeze that on her  
blows  
Chastens her spotless purity of breast,  
And hardens her to bear  
Serene the ills of life.

~~~~~

CONCLUDING STANZAS OF THE
CHRISTIAD.

THUS far have I pursued my solemn
theme,
With self-rewarding toil; thus far
have sung

Of godlike deeds, far loftier than be
seem
The lyre which I in early days have
strung;
And now my spirit's faint, and I have
hung
The shell, that solaced me in saddest
hour,
On the dark cypress! and the strings
which rung
With Jesus' praise, their harpings now
are o'er,
Or, when the breeze comes by, moan, and
are heard no more.

And must the harp of Judah sleep
again?
Shall I no more reanimate the lay?
Oh! Thou who visitest the sons of men,
Thou who dost listen when the
humble pray,
One little space prolong my mournful
day!
One little lapse suspend thy last decree!
I am a youthful traveller in the way,
And this slight boon would consecrate
to thee,
Ere I with Death shake hands, and smile
that I am free!

~~~~~

SONNET TO THE RIVER TRENT.

WRITTEN ON RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

ONCE more, O Trent! along thy pebbly  
marge  
A pensive invalid, reduced and pale,  
From the close sick-room newly let at  
large,  
Woos to his wan-worn cheek the  
pleasant gale.  
O! to his ear how musical the tale  
Which fills with joy the throstle's  
little throat:  
And all the sounds which on the  
fresh breeze sail,  
How wildly novel on his senses  
float!  
It was on this that many a sleepless  
night,  
As lone, he watched the taper's sickly  
gleam

And at his casement heard, with wild  
affright,  
The owl's dull wing and melancholy  
scream,  
On this he thought, this, this his sole  
desire,  
Thus once again to hear the warbling  
woodland choir.

~~~~~  
SONNET.

GIVE me a cottage on some Cambrian wild,
Where, far from cities, I may spend my
days,
And, by the beauties of the scene be-
guiled,
May pity man's pursuits, and shun his
ways.
While on the rock I mark the browsing
goat,
List to the mountain-torrent's distant
noise,
Or the hoarse bittern's solitary note,
I shall not want the world's delusive
joys:
But with my little scrip, my book, my
lyre,
Shall think my lot complete, nor covet
more;
And when, with time, shall wane the
vital fire,
I'll raise my pillow on the desert shore,
And lay me down to rest, where the wild
wave
Shall make sweet music o'er my lonely
grave.

~~~~~  
[CHARLES DIBDIN. 1745—1814.]

IF 'TIS LOVE TO WISH YOU  
NEAR.

If 'tis love to wish you near,  
To tremble when the wind I hear,  
Because at sea you floating rove;  
If of you to dream at night,  
To languish when you're out of sight,—  
If this be loving, then I love.

If, when you're gone, to count each hour,  
To ask of every tender power

That you may kind and faithful prove  
If void of falsehood and deceit,  
I feel a pleasure when we meet,—  
If this be loving, then I love.

To wish your fortune to partake,  
Determined never to forsake,  
Though low in poverty we strove;  
If, so that me your wife you'd call,  
I offer you my little all,—  
If this be loving, then I love.

~~~~~  
POOR JACK.

Go, patter to lubbers and swabs, do you
see,
'Bout danger, and fear, and the like;
A tight-water boat and good sea-room
give me,
And it a'nt to a little I'll strike.
Though the tempest top-gallant mast
smack smooth should smite,
And shiver each splinter of wood,
Clear the deck, stow the yards, and bouse
every thing tight,
And under reefed foresail we'll scud:
Avast! nor don't think me a milksop so
soft,
To be taken for trifles aback;
For they say there's a providence sits up
aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack!

I heard our good chaplain palaver one day
About souls, heaven, mercy, and such;
And, my timbers! what lingo he'd coil
and belay;
Why, 'twas just all as one as High
Dutch;
For he said how a sparrow can't founder,
d'ye see,
Without orders that come down below;
And a many fine things that proved clearly
to me
That providence takes us in tow:
For, says he, do you mind me, let storms
e'er so oft
Take the top-sails of sailors aback,
There's a sweet little cherub that sits up
aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack!

I said to our Poll—for, d'ye see, she
would cry—

When last we weighed anchor for sea,
What argufies snivelling and piping your
eye?

Why, what a damned fool you must be!
Can't you see, the world's wide, and
there's room for us all,

Both for seamen and lubbers ashore?
And if to old Davy I should go, friend
Poll,

You never will hear of me more.
What then? All's a hazard: come, don't
be so soft:

Perhaps I may laughing come back;
For, d'ye see, there's a cherub sits smiling
aloft,

To keep watch for the life of poor Jack!

D'ye mind me, a sailor should be every
inch

All as one as a piece of the ship,
And with her brave the world, not offering
to flinch,

From the moment the anchor's a-trip.
As for me, in all weathers, all times,
sides and ends,

Nought's a trouble from a duty that
springs,

For my heart is my Poll's, and my rhino's
my friend's,

And as for my life, 'tis the king's.
Even when my time comes, ne'er believe
me so soft,

As for grief to be taken aback,
For the same little cherub that sits up
aloft

Will look out a good berth for poor
Jack!

BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW.

BLOW high, blow low, let tempests tear,
The main-mast by the board;

My heart, with thoughts of thee, my dear,
And love well stored,

Shall brave all danger, scorn all fear,
The roaring winds, the raging sea,

In hopes on shore
To be once more

Safe moored with thee!

Aloft while mountains high we go,
The whistling winds that scud along,
And surges roaring from below,
Shall my signal be,
To think on thee;

And this shall be my song:

Blow high, blow low, &c.

And on that night when all the crew
The memory of their former lives
O'er flowing cans of flip renew,
And drink their sweethearts and their
wives,

I'll heave a sigh, and think on thee;

And as the ship rolls on the sea,
The burden of my song shall be—

Blow high, blow low, &c.

LOVELY NAN.

SWEET is the ship that under sail
Spreads her white bosom to the gale;
Sweet, oh! sweet's the flowing can;
Sweet to poise the labouring oar,
That tugs us to our native shore,
When the boatswain pipes the barge to
man;
Sweet sailing with a favouring breeze;
But, oh! much sweeter than all these,
Is Jack's delight—his lovely Nan.

The needle, faithful to the north,
To shew of constancy the worth,
A curious lesson teaches man;
The needle, time may rust—a squall
Capsize the binnacle and all,
Let seamanship do all it can;
My love in worth shall higher rise:
Nor time shall rust, nor squalls capsize
My faith and truth to lovely Nan.

When in the bilboes I was penned
For serving of a worthless friend,
And every creature from me ran;
No ship performing quarantine
Was ever so deserted seen;
None hailed me—woman, child, or
man:
But though false friendship's sails were
furl'd,
Though cut adrift by all the world,
I'd all the world in lovely Nan.

I love my duty, love my friend,
 Love truth and merit to defend,
 To moan their loss who hazard ran;
 I love to take an honest part,
 Love beauty with a spotless heart,
 By manners love to shew the man;
 To sail through life by honour's breeze:—
 'Twas all along of loving these
 First made me doat on lovely Nan.

~~~~~

### TOM BOWLING.

HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom  
 Bowling,  
 The darling of our crew;  
 No more he'll hear the tempest howling,  
 For Death has broach'd him to.  
 His form was of the manliest beauty,  
 His heart was kind and soft;  
 Faithful below he did his duty,  
 But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,  
 His virtues were so rare;  
 His friends were many and true-hearted,  
 His Poll was kind and fair:  
 And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly;  
 Ah, many's the time and oft!  
 But mirth is turned to melancholy,  
 For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,  
 When He, who all commands,  
 Shall give, to call life's crew together,  
 The word to pipe all hands.  
 Thus Death, who kings and tars dis-  
 patches,  
 In vain Tom's life has doffed;  
 For though his body's under hatches,  
 His soul is gone aloft.

~~~~~

TRUE COURAGE.

WHY, what's that to you, if my eyes I'm
 a wiping?
 A tear is a pleasure, d'ye see, in its
 way;
 'Tis nonsense for trifles, I own, to be
 piping;
 But they that ha'n't pity, why I pities
 they.

Says the captain, says he (I shall never
 forget it),
 "If of courage you'd know, lads, the
 true from the sham;
 'Tis a furious lion in battle, so let it;
 But, duty appeased, 'tis in mercy a
 lamb."

There was bustling Bob Bounce, for the
 old one not caring,—
 Helter-skelter, to work, pelt away, cut
 and drive;
 Swearing he, for his part, had no notion
 of sparing,
 And as for a foe, why he'd eat him
 alive.

But when that he found an old prisoner
 he'd wounded,
 That once saved his life as near drown-
 ing he swam,
 The lion was tamed, and, with pity con-
 founded,
 He cried over him just all as one as a
 lamb.

That my friend Jack or Tom I should
 rescue from danger,
 Or lay my life down for each lad in the
 mess,
 Is nothing at all,—'tis the poor wounded
 stranger,
 And the poorer the more I shall
 succour distress:

For however their duty bold tars may
 delight in,
 And peril defy, as a bugbear, a flam,
 Though the lion may feel surly pleasure
 in fighting,
 He'll feel more by compassion when
 turned to a lamb.

The heart and the eyes, you see, feel the
 same motion,
 And if both shed their drops 'tis all to
 the same end;
 And thus 'tis that every tight lad of the
 ocean
 Sheds his blood for his country, his
 tears for his friend.

If my maxim's disease, 'tis disease I shall
die on,—
You may snigger and titter, I don't
care a damn!
In me let the foe feel the paw of a lion,
But the battle once ended, the heart of
a lamb.

THE SAILOR'S JOURNAL.

'Twas post meridian, half-past four,
By signal I from Nancy parted;
At six she lingered on the shore,
With uplift hands and broken-hearted.
At seven, while taughtening the forestay,
I saw her faint, or else 'twas fancy;
At eight we all got under way,
And bade a long adieu to Nancy!

Night came, and now eight bells had
rung,
While careless sailors, ever cheery,
On the mid watch so jovial sung,
With tempers labour cannot weary.
I, little to their mirth inclined,
While tender thoughts rushed on my
fancy,
And my warm sighs increased the
wind,
Looked on the moon, and thought of
Nancy!

And now arrived that jovial night
When every true-bred tar carouses;
When o'er the grog, all hands delight
To toast their sweethearts and their
spouses.
Round went the can, the jest, the glee,
While tender wishes filled each fancy;
And when, in turn, it came to me,
I heaved a sigh, and toasted Nancy:

Next morn a storm came on at four,
At six the elements in motion
Plunged me and three poor sailors more
Headlong within the foaming ocean.
Poor wretches! they soon found their
graves;
For me—it may be only fancy,—
But Love seemed to forbid the waves
To snatch me from the arms of Nancy!

Scarce the foul hurricane was cleared,
Scarce winds and waves had ceased to
rattle,
When a bold enemy appeared,
And, dauntless, we prepared for battle.
And now, while some loved friend or
wife
Like lightning rushed on every fancy,
To Providence I trusted life,
Put up a prayer, and thought of Nancy!

At last,—'twas in the month of May,—
The crew, it being lovely weather,
At three A.M. discovered day,
And England's chalky cliffs together.
At seven up Channel how we bore,
While hopes and fears rushed on my
fancy;
At twelve I gaily jumped ashore,
And to my throbbing heart pressed
Nancy!

[THOMAS DIBDIN. 1771—1841.]

LOVE AND GLORY.

YOUNG Henry was as brave a youth
As ever graced a martial story;
And Jane was fair as lovely truth:
She sighed for Love, and he for Glory

With her his faith he meant to plight,
And told her many a gallant story;
Till war, their coming joys to blight,
Called him away from Love to Glory.

Young Henry met the foe with pride;
Jane followed, fought!—ah, hapless
story!—
In man's attire, by Henry's side,
She died for Love, and he for Glory.

ALL'S WELL.

DESERTED by the waning moon,
When skies proclaim night's cheerless
noon,
On tower, or fort, or tented ground,
The sentry walks his lonely round;
And should a footstep haply stray
Where caution marks the guarded way;

"Who goes there? Stranger, quickly tell."

"A friend" — "The word." "Good night;" "All's well."

Or sailing on the midnight deep,
When weary messmates soundly sleep,
The careful watch patrols the deck,
To guard the ship from foes or wreck:
And while his thoughts oft homewards veer,

Some friendly voice salutes his ear—
"What cheer? Brother, quickly tell."
"Above"—"Below." "Good night;"
"All's well."

THE MAD LOVER'S SONG.

OH, take me to your arms, my love,
For keen the wind doth blow!
Oh, take me to your arms, my love,
For bitter is my woe!
She hears me not, she cares not,
Nor will she list to me;
And here I lie in misery
Beneath the willow-tree.

I once had gold and silver;
I thought them without end;
I once had gold and silver;
I thought I had a friend.
My wealth is lost, my friend is false,
My love is stolen from me;
And here I lie in misery
Beneath the willow-tree.

[ANONYMOUS. 1780.]

HEAVING OF THE LEAD.

FOR England when with favouring gale
Our gallant ship up Channel steered,
And, scudding under easy sail,
The high blue western land appeared;
To heave the lead the seaman sprung,
And to the pilot cheerly sung,
"By the deep—nine!"

And bearing up to gain the port,
Some well-known object kept in view;
An abbey-tower, the harbour-fort,
Or beacon to the vessel true;

While oft the lead the seaman flung,
And to the pilot cheerly sung,
"By the mark—seven!"

And as the much-loved shore we near,
With transport we behold the roof
Where dwelt a friend or partner dear,
Of faith and love a matchless proof.
The lead once more the seaman flung,
And to the watchful pilot sung,
"Quarter less—five!"

Now to her berth the ship draws nigh:
We shorten sail—she feels the tide—
"Stand clear the cable," is the cry—
The anchor's gone; we safely ride.
The watch is set, and through the night
We hear the seaman with delight
Proclaim—"All's well!"

[THOMAS HAYNES BAYLEY. 1797—1839.]

OH, NO! WE NEVER MENTION HIM.

OH, no! we never mention him, his
name is never heard;
My lips are now forbid to speak that
once familiar word:
From sport to sport they hurry me, to
banish my regret;
And when they win a smile from me,
they think that I forget.

They bid me seek in change of scene the
charms that others see;
But were I in a foreign land, they'd find
no change in me.

'Tis true that I behold no more the valley
where we met,
I do not see the hawthorn-tree; but how
can I forget?

For oh! there are so many things recall
the past to me,—

The breeze upon the sunny hills, the
billows of the sea;

The rosy tint that decks the sky before
the sun is set;—

Ay, every leaf I look upon forbids me to
forget.

They tell me he is happy now, the gayest
of the gay ;
They hint that he forgets me too,—but I
heed not what they say :
Perhaps like me he struggles with each
feeling of regret ;
But if he loves as I have loved, he never
can forget.

~~~~~

### HARK! THE CONVENT-BELLS ARE RINGING.

HARK! the convent-bells are ring-  
ing,  
And the nuns are sweetly singing ;  
Holy Virgin, hear our prayer !  
See the novice comes to sever  
Every worldly tie for ever ;  
Take, oh, take her to your care !  
Still radiant gems are shining,  
Her jet-black locks entwining ;  
And her robes around her flowing  
With many tints are glowing,  
But all earthly rays are dim.  
Splendours brighter  
Now invite her,  
While thus we chant our vesper-hymn.

Now the lovely maid is kneeling,  
With uplifted eyes appealing ;  
Holy Virgin, hear our prayer !  
See the abbess, bending o'er her,  
Breathes the sacred vow before her ;  
Take, oh, take her to your care !  
Her form no more possesses  
Those dark luxuriant tresses.  
The solemn words are spoken,  
Each earthly tie is broken,  
And all earthly joys are dim.  
Splendours brighter  
Now invite her,  
While thus we chant our vesper-hymn.

~~~~~

ISLE OF BEAUTY, FARE THEE WELL.

SHADES of ev'ning close not o'er us,
Leave our lonely bark awhile ;
Morn, alas ! will not restore us
Yonder dim and distant isle.

Still my fancy can discover
Sunny spots where friends may dwell ;
Darker shadows round us hover,—
Isle of Beauty, fare thee well !

'Tis the hour when happy faces
Smile around the taper's light ;
Who will fill our vacant places ?
Who will sing our songs to-night ?
Through the mist that floats above us
Faintly sounds the vesper-bell,
Like a voice from those who love us,
Breathing fondly, Fare thee well !

When the waves are round me breaking,
As I pace the deck alone,
And my eye is vainly seeking
Some green leaf to rest upon ;
When on that dear land I ponder,
Where my old companions dwell,
Absence makes the heart grow fonder—
Isle of Beauty, fare thee well !

~~~~~

### THE FIRST GREY HAIR.

THE matron at her mirror, with her  
hand upon her brow,  
Sits gazing on her lovely face—ay, lovely  
even now :  
Why doth she lean upon her hand with  
such a look of care ?  
Why steals that tear across her cheek ?—  
She sees her first grey hair.

Time from her form hath ta'en away but  
little of its grace ;  
His touch of thought hath dignified the  
beauty of her face ;  
Yet she might mingle in the dance where  
maidens gaily trip,  
So bright is still her hazel eye, so beauti-  
ful her lip.

The faded form is often mark'd by sorrow  
more than years ;  
The wrinkle on the cheek may be the  
course of secret tears ;  
The mournful lip may murmur of a love  
it ne'er confest,  
And the dimness of the eye betray a  
heart that cannot rest.

But she hath been a happy wife ;—the  
lover of her youth  
May proudly claim the smile that pays  
the trial of his truth ;  
A sense of slight—of loneliness—hath  
never banish'd sleep ;  
Her life hath been a cloudless one ;—  
then, wherefore doth she weep ?

She look'd upon her raven locks ;—what  
thoughts did they recall ?  
Oh ! not of nights when they were  
deck'd for banquet or for ball ;—  
They brought back thoughts of early  
youth, e'er she had learnt to check,  
With artificial wreaths, the curls that  
sport'd o'er her neck.

She seem'd to feel her mother's hand  
pass lightly through her hair,  
And draw it from her brow, to leave a  
kiss of kindness there ;  
She seem'd to view her father's smile,  
and feel the playful touch  
That sometimes feign'd to steal away the  
curls she prized so much.

And now she sees her first grey hair ! oh,  
deem it not a crime  
For her to weep—when she beholds the  
first footmark of Time !  
She knows that, one by one, those mute  
mementos will increase,  
And steal youth, beauty, strength away,  
till life itself shall cease.

'Tis not the tear of vanity for beauty on  
the wane—  
Yet though the blossom may not sigh to  
bud, and bloom again,  
It cannot but remember with a feeling of  
regret,  
The Spring for ever gone—the Summer  
sun so nearly set.

Ah, Lady ! heed the monitor ! Thy  
mirror tells the truth,  
Assume the matron's folded veil, resign  
the wreath of youth ;  
Go !—bind it on thy daughter's brow, in  
her thou'lt still look fair ;  
'Twere well would all learn wisdom who  
behold the first grey hair !

[WILLIAM ROSCOE. 1753—1831.]

ON PARTING WITH HIS BOOKS.

As one, who, destined from his friends to  
part,  
Regrets his loss, but hopes again, ere-  
while,  
To share their converse and enjoy their  
smile,  
And tempers, as he may, afflictions dart ;  
Thus, lov'd associates ! chiefs of elder  
art !  
Teachers of wisdom ! who could once  
beguile  
My tedious hours, and lighten every toil,  
I now resign you—nor with fainting heart.  
For, pass a few short years, or days, or  
hours,  
And happier seasons may their dawn un-  
fold,  
And all your sacred fellowship restore ;  
When, freed from earth, unlimited its  
powers.  
Mind shall with mind direct communion  
hold,  
And kindred spirits meet to part no more.

[HERBERT KNOWLES. 1798—1827.]

LINES WRITTEN IN RICHMOND  
CHURCHYARD, YORKSHIRE.

“ It is good for us to be here ; if thou wilt, let  
us make here three tabernacles ; one for thee,  
and one for Moses, and one for Elias.”—Matt.  
xvii. 4.

METHINKS it is good to be here ;  
If thou wilt, let us build—but for whom ?  
Nor Elias nor Moses appear,  
But the shadows of eve that encompass  
the gloom,  
The abode of the dead and the place of  
the tomb.

Shall we build to Ambition ? oh, no !  
Affrighted, he shrinketh away ;  
For, see ! they would pin him below,  
In a small narrow cave, and, begirt with  
cold clay,  
To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a  
prey.

To Beauty? ah, no!—she forgets  
The charms which she wielded before—  
Nor knows the foul worm that he  
frets  
The skin which but yesterday fools could  
adore,  
For the smoothness it held, or the tint  
which it wore.

Shall we build to the purple of Pride—  
The trappings which dizen the proud?  
Alas! they are all laid aside;  
And here's neither dress nor adornment  
allow'd,  
But the long winding-sheet and the fringe  
of the shroud.

To Riches? alas! 'tis in vain;  
Who hid, in their turn have been hid:  
The treasures are squandered again;  
And here in the grave are all metals  
forbid,  
But the tinsel that shines on the dark  
coffin-lid.

To the pleasures which Mirth can  
afford—  
The revel, the laugh, and the jeer?  
Ah! here is a plentiful board!  
But the guests are all mute as their pitiful  
cheer,  
And none but the worm is a reveller here.

Shall we build to Affection and Love?  
Ah, no! they have wither'd and died,  
Or fled with the spirit above;  
Friends, brothers, and sisters, are laid  
side by side,  
Yet none have saluted, and none have  
replied.

Unto Sorrow?—The dead cannot  
grieve;  
Not a sob, not a sigh meets mine ear,  
Which compassion itself could re-  
lieve!  
Ah! sweetly they slumber, nor hope,  
love, nor fear—  
Peace, peace is the watchward, the only  
one here!

Unto Death, to whom monarchs must  
bow?

Ah, no! for his empire is known,  
And here there are trophies enow!  
Beneath—the cold dead, and around—  
the dark stone,  
Are the signs of a Sceptre that none may  
disown!

The first tabernacle to Hope we will  
build,  
And look for the sleepers around us to  
rise;  
The second to Faith, which ensures  
it fulfilled;  
And the third to the Lamb of the great  
sacrifice,  
Who bequeath'd us them both when he  
rose to the skies.

[REV. CHARLES WOLFE. 1791—1823.]

#### THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral  
note,  
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;  
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot  
O'er the grave where our hero we  
buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,  
The sods with our bayonets turning;  
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,  
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,  
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound  
him;  
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,  
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,  
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;  
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that  
was dead,  
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollowed his narrow  
bed,  
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,

That the foe and the stranger would tread  
o'er his head,  
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's  
gone,  
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—  
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep  
on  
In the grave where a Briton has laid  
him.

But half our heavy task was done,  
When the clock struck the hour for  
retiring;  
And we heard the distant and random gun  
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,  
From the field of his fame fresh and  
gory;  
We carved not a line, and we raised not  
a stone—  
But we left him alone with his glory.

[THOMAS PRINGLE. 1834.]

#### PLEASANT TEVIOTDALE.

O GENTLE wind, ('tis thus she sings,)  
That blowest to the west,  
Oh, couldst thou waft me on thy wings  
To the land that I love best,  
How swiftly o'er the ocean foam  
Like a sea-bird I would sail,  
And lead my loved one blithely home,  
To pleasant Teviotdale!

From spicy groves of Malabar  
Thou greet'st me, fragrant breeze,  
What time the bright-eyed evening star  
Gleams o'er the orange trees;  
Thou com'st to whisper of the rose,  
And love-sick nightingale—  
But my heart is where the hawthorn  
grows,  
In pleasant Teviotdale!

Oh that I were by Teviot side,  
As, when in Springwood bowers,  
I bounded, in my virgin pride,  
Like fawn among the flowers:

When the beauty of the budding trees,  
And the cuckoo's vernal tale,  
Awoke the young heart's ecstasies,  
In pleasant Teviotdale!

Oh that I were where blue-bells grow  
On Roxburgh's ferny lea!  
Where gowans glent and corn-flowers  
blow  
Beneath the trysting tree;  
Where blooms the birk upon the hill,  
And the wild rose down the vale,  
And the primrose peeps by every rill,  
In pleasant Teviotdale.

Oh that I were where Cheviot-fells  
Rise o'er the uplands grey,  
Where moors are bright with heather  
bells,  
And broom waves o'er each brae;  
Where larks are singing in the sky,  
And milkmaids o'er the pail,  
And shepherd swains pipe merrily,  
In pleasant Teviotdale!

Oh! listen to my lay, kind love—  
Say, when shall we return  
Again to rove by Maxwell grove,  
And the links of Wooden-burn?  
Nay, plight thy vow unto me now,  
Or my sinking heart will fail—  
When I gaze upon thy pallid brow,  
Far, far from Teviotdale!

Oh haste aboard! the favouring wind  
Blows briskly from the shore;  
Leave India's dear-bought dross behind  
To such as prize it more:  
Ah! what can India's lacs of gold  
To withered hearts avail?  
Then haste thee, love, ere hope wax cold,  
And hie to Teviotdale.

[FELICIA HEMANS. 1793—1835.]

#### THE VOICE OF SPRING.

I COME, I come! ye have called me long,  
I come o'er the mountains with light and  
song; [earth,  
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening  
By the winds which tell of the violet's  
birth

By the primrose stars in the shadowy  
grass,  
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the South, and the  
chestnut-flowers  
By thousands have burst from the forest-  
bowers :  
And the ancient graves, and the fallen  
fanés,  
Are veiled with wreaths on Italian plains.  
—But it is not for me, in my hour of  
bloom,  
To speak of the ruin or the tomb !

I have passed o'er the hills of the stormy  
North,  
And the larch has hung all his tassels  
forth,  
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,  
And the rein-deer bounds through the  
pasture free,  
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,  
And the moss looks bright where my step  
has been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a  
gentle sigh,  
And called out each voice of the deep-  
blue sky,  
From the night-bird's lay through the  
starry time,  
In the groves of the soft Hesperian  
clime,  
To the swan's wild note by the Iceland  
lakes,  
When the dark fir-bough into verdure  
breaks.

From the streams and founts I have  
loosed the chain ;  
They are sweeping on to the silvery  
main,  
They are flashing down from the moun-  
tain-brows,  
They are flinging spray on the forest-  
boughs,  
They are bursting fresh from their sparry  
caves,  
And the earth resounds with the joy of  
waves.

Come forth, O ye children of gladness,  
come !

Where the violets lie may now be your  
home.

Ye of the rose-cheek and dew-bright eye,  
And the bounding footstep, to meet me  
fly,

With the lyre, and the wreath, and the  
joyous lay,

Come forth to the sunshine,—I may not  
stay.

Away from the dwellings of care-worn  
men,

The waters are sparkling in wood and  
glen ;

Away from the chamber and dusky  
hearth,

The young leaves are dancing in breezy  
mirth,

Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood  
strains,

And Youth is abroad in my green do-  
mains.

#### THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

THE breaking waves dash'd high  
On a stern and rock-bound coast ;  
And the woods, against a stormy sky,  
Their giant branches toss'd ;

And the heavy night hung dark,  
The hills and waters o'er,  
When a band of exiles moor'd their bark  
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,  
They, the true-hearted, came ;—  
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,  
And the trumpet that sings of fame ;—

Not as the flying come,  
In silence, and in fear ;—  
They shook the depths of the desert's  
gloom  
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang :  
Till the stars heard, and the sea ;  
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods  
rang  
To the anthem of the free.



The ocean-eagle soar'd  
 From his nest, by the white wave's  
 foam,  
 And the rocking pines of the forest  
 roar'd :—  
 Such was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair  
 Amidst that pilgrim band :  
 Why had they come to wither there,  
 Away from their childhood's land ?

There was woman's fearless eye,  
 Lit by her deep love's truth ;  
 There was manhood's brow serenely  
 high,  
 And the fiery heart of youth

What sought they thus afar ?  
 Bright jewels of the mine ?  
 The wealth of seas ? the spoils of  
 war ?—  
 No—'twas a faith's pure shrine.

Yes, call that holy ground,—  
 Which first their brave feet trod !  
 They have left unstain'd what there they  
 found—  
 Freedom to worship God !

#### THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

THE stately homes of England,  
 How beautiful they stand,  
 Amidst their tall ancestral trees,  
 O'er all the pleasant land !  
 The deer across their greensward bound  
 Through shade and sunny gleam,  
 And the swan glides past them with the  
 sound  
 Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry homes of England—  
 Around their hearths by night,  
 What gladsome looks of household love  
 Meet in the ruddy light !  
 There woman's voice flows forth in  
 song,  
 Or childhood's tale is told ;  
 Or lips move tunefully along  
 Some glorious page of old.

The blessed homes of England,  
 How softly on their bowers,  
 Is laid the holy quietness  
 That breathes from Sabbath hours !  
 Solemn, yet sweet, the church bells  
 chime  
 Floats through their woods at morn,  
 All other sounds in that still time  
 Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage homes of England  
 By thousands on her plains,  
 They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,  
 And round the hamlet fanes.  
 Through glowing orchards forth they  
 peep,  
 Each from its nook of leaves,  
 And fearless there the lowly sleep,  
 As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free fair homes of England,  
 Long, long, in hut and hall,  
 May hearts of native proof be reared  
 To guard each hallowed wall.  
 And green for ever be the groves,  
 And bright the flowery sod,  
 Where first the child's glad spirit loves  
 Its country and its God.

#### THE VOICES OF HOME.

##### *The Forest Sanctuary.*

THE voices of my home !—I hear them  
 still !  
 They have been with me through the  
 dreamy night—  
 The blessed household voices, wont to  
 fill  
 My heart's clear depths with unalloy'd  
 delight !  
 I hear them still, unchanged :—though  
 some from earth  
 Are music parted, and the tones of  
 mirth—  
 Wild, silvery tones, that rang through  
 days more bright !  
 Have died in others,—yet to me they  
 come,  
 Singing of boyhood back—the voices of  
 my home !

They call me through this hush of  
woods reposing,  
In the gray stillness of the summer  
morn ;  
They wander by when heavy flowers  
are closing,  
And thoughts grow deep, and winds  
and stars are born ;  
Even as a fount's remember'd gushings  
burst  
On the parch'd traveller in his hour of  
thirst,  
E'en thus they haunt me with sweet  
sounds, till worn [say—  
By quenchless longings, to my soul I  
O for the dove's swift wings, that I might  
flee away,—

And find mine ark!—yet whither?—I  
must bear  
A yearning heart within me to the  
grave. [air—  
I am of those o'er whom a breath of  
Just darkening in its course the lake's  
bright wave,  
And sighing through the feathery canes  
—hath power  
To call up shadows, in the silent hour,  
From the dim past, as from a wizard's  
cave!—  
So must it be!—These skies above me  
spread,  
Are they my own soft skies?—ye rest not  
here, my dead!

#### A FATHER READING THE BIBLE.

'Twas early day, and sunlight stream'd  
Soft through a quiet room,  
That hush'd, but not forsaken, seem'd  
Still, but with nought of gloom.  
For there, serene in happy age,  
Whose hope is from above,  
A father communed with the page  
Of Heaven's recorded love.

Pure fell the beam, and meekly bright,  
On his gray holy hair,  
And touched the page with tenderest  
light,  
As if its shrine were there!

But oh! that patriarch's aspect shone  
With something lovelier far—  
A radiance all the spirit's own,  
Caught not from sun or star.

Some word of life e'en then had met  
His calm benignant eye ;  
Some ancient promise, breathing yet  
Of immortality !  
Some martyr's prayer, wherein the glow  
Of quenchless faith survives :  
While every feature said—"I know  
That my Redeemer lives!"

And silent stood his children by,  
Hushing their very breath,  
Before the solemn sanctity  
Of thoughts o'ersweeping death.  
Silent—yet did not each young breast  
With love and reverence melt?  
Oh! blest be those fair girls, and blest  
That home where God is felt!

#### THE CHILD'S FIRST GRIEF.

"OH! call my brother back to me!  
I cannot play alone ;  
The summer comes with flower and bee—  
Where is my brother gone?"

"The butterfly is glancing bright  
Across the sunbeam's track ;  
I care not now to chase its flight—  
Oh! call my brother back!"

"The flowers run wild—the flowers we  
sow'd  
Around our garden tree ;  
Our vine is drooping with its load—  
Oh! call him back to me!"

"He could not hear thy voice, fair child,  
He may not come to thee ;  
The face that once like spring-time  
smiled,  
On earth no more thou'lt see.

"A rose's brief bright life of joy,  
Such unto him was given ;  
Go—thou must play alone, my boy!  
Thy brother is in heaven!"

“ And has he left his birds and flowers,  
And must I call in vain?  
And, through the long, long summer  
hours,  
Will he not come again?

“ And by the brook, and in the glade,  
Are all our wanderings o'er?  
Oh, while my brother with me play'd,  
Would I had loved him more!”

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EVENING RECOLLECTIONS OF THE EXILE.

The Forest Sanctuary.

I SEE a star—eve's firstborn!—in whose
train
Past scenes, woods, looks, come back.
The arrowy spire
Of the lone cypress, as of wood-girt
fane,
Rests dark and still amidst a heaven of
fire;
The pine gives forth its odours, and the
lake
Gleams like one ruby, and the soft
winds wake,
Till every string of nature's solemn
lyre
Is touch'd to answer; its most secret
tone
Drawn from each tree, for each hath
whispers all its own.

And hark! another murmur on the
air,
Not of the hidden rills, nor quivering
shades!
—That is the cataract's, which the
breezes bear,
Filling the leafy twilight of the glades
With hollow surge-like sounds, as from
the bed
Of the blue mournful seas, that keep
the dead:
But they are far!—the low sun here
pervades
Dim forest-arches, bathing with red gold
Their stems, till each is made a marvel to
behold.

Gorgeous, yet full of gloom!—In such
an hour,
The vesper-melody of dying bells
Wanders through Spain, from each gray
convent's tower
O'er shining rivers pour'd, and olive-
dells,
By every peasant heard, and muleteer,
And hamlet, round my home:—and I
am here,
Living again through all my life's fare-
wells,
In these vast woods, where farewell
ne'er was spoken,
And sole I lift to Heaven a sad heart—
yet unbroken!

In such an hour are told the hermit's
beads;
With the white sail the seaman's hymn
floats by:
Peace be with all! whate'er their vary-
ing creeds,
With all that send up holy thoughts or
high!
Come to me, boy!—by Guadalquivir's
vines,
By every stream of Spain, as day de-
clines, [sky.
Man's prayers are mingled in the rosy
—We, too, will pray; nor yet unheard,
my child!
Of Him whose voice we hear at eve amidst
the wild.

At eve?—oh!—through all hours!—
from dark dreams oft
Awakening, I look forth, and learn the
might
Of solitude, while thou art breathing
soft,
And low, my loved one! on the breast
of night:
I look forth on the stars—the shadowy
sleep
Of forests—and the lake, whose gloomy
deep
Sends up red sparkles to the fire-flies'
light.
A lonely world!—ev'n fearful to man's
thought,
But for His presence felt, whom here my
soul hath sought.

THE SONGS OF OUR FATHERS.

SING them upon the sunny hills,
 When days are long and bright,
 And the blue gleam of shining rills
 Is loveliest to the sight.
 Sing them along the misty moor,
 Where ancient hunters roved,
 And swell them through the torrent's
 roar—
 The songs our fathers loved!

The songs their souls rejoiced to hear
 When harps were in the hall,
 And each proud note made lance and
 spear
 Thrill on the banner'd wall:
 The songs that through our valleys green,
 Sent on from age to age,
 Like his own river's voice, have been
 The peasant's heritage.

The reaper sings them when the vale
 Is fill'd with plummy sheaves;
 The woodman, by the starlight pale
 Cheer'd homeward through the leaves:
 And unto them the glancing oars
 A joyous measure keep,
 Where the dark rocks that crest our shores
 Dash back the foaming deep.

So let it be!—a light they shed
 O'er each old fount and grove;
 A memory of the gentle dead,
 A spell of lingering love:
 Murmuring the names of mighty men,
 They bid our streams roll on,
 And link high thoughts to every glen
 Where valiant deeds were done.

Teach them your children round the
 hearth,
 When evening-fires burn clear,
 And in the fields of harvest mirth,
 And on the hills of deer!
 So shall each unforgotten word,
 When far those loved ones roam,
 Call back the hearts that once it stirr'd,
 To childhood's holy home.

The green woods of their native land
 Shall whisper in the strain,
 The voices of their household band
 Shall sweetly speak again:

The heathery heights in vision rise
 Where like the stag they roved—
 Sing to your sons those melodies,
 The songs your fathers loved.

ELYSIUM.

FAIR wert thou, in the dreams
 Of elder time, thou land of glorious
 flowers,
 And summer-winds, and low-toned silvery
 streams,
 Dim with the shadows of thy laurel-
 bowers!
 Where, as they pass'd, bright hours
 Left no faint sense of parting, such as
 clings
 To earthly love, and joy in loveliest things!

Fair wert thou, with the light
 On thy blue hills and sleepy waters cast,
 From purple skies ne'er deepening into
 night,
 Yet soft, as if each moment were their
 last
 Of glory, fading fast
 Along the mountains!—but thy golden
 day
 Was not as those that warn us of decay.

And ever, through thy shades,
 A swell of deep Eolian sound went by,
 From fountain-voices in their secret glades,
 And low reed-whispers, making sweet
 reply
 To summer's breezy sigh!
 And young leaves trembling to the wind's
 light breath,
 Which ne'er had touch'd them with a
 hue of death!

And the transparent sky
 Rung as a dome, all thrilling to the strain
 Of harps that, 'midst the woods, made
 harmony
 Solemn and sweet; yet troubling not the
 brain
 With dreams and yearnings vain,
 And dim remembrances, that still draw
 birth
 From the bewildering music of the earth.

And who, with silent tread,
 Moved o'er the plains of waving Asphodel?
 Who, call'd and sever'd from the count-
 less dead,
 Amidst the shadowy Amaranth-bowers
 might dwell,
 And listen to the swell
 Of those majestic hymn-notes, and inhale
 The spirit wandering in th' immortal gale?

They of the sword, whose praise,
 With the bright wine at nation's feasts,
 went round!
 They of the lyre, whose unforgotten lays
 On the morn's wing had sent their mighty
 sound,
 And in all regions found
 Their echoes 'midst the mountains!—and
 become
 In man's deep heart, as voices of his
 home!

They of the daring thought!
 Daring and powerful, yet to dust allied;
 Whose flight through stars, and seas, and
 depths had sought
 The soul's far birth-place—but without a
 guide!

Sages and seers, who died,
 And left the world their high mysterious
 dreams,
 Born, 'midst the olive-woods by Grecian
 streams.

But they, of whose abode
 'Midst her green valleys earth retain'd no
 trace,
 Save a flower springing from their burial-
 sod,
 A shade of sadness on some kindred face,
 A void and silent place
 In some sweet home; thou hadst no
 wreaths for these,
 Thou sunny land! with all thy deathless
 trees!

The peasant, at his door
 Might sink to die, when vintage-feasts
 were spread,
 And songs on every wind! From thy
 bright shore
 No lovelier vision floated round his head,
 Thou wert for nobler dead!

He heard the bounding steps which
 round him fell,
 And sigh'd to bid the festal sun farewell!

The slave, whose very tears
 Were a forbidden luxury, and whose
 breast
 Shut up the woes and burning thoughts
 of years,
 As in the ashes of an urn compress'd;
 —He might not be thy guest!
 No gentle breathings from thy distant
 sky
 Came o'er his path, and whisper'd
 “Liberty!”

Calm, on its leaf-strewn bier,
 Unlike a gift of nature to decay,
 Too rose-like still, too beautiful, too dear,
 The child at rest before its mother lay;
 E'en so to pass away,
 With its bright smile!—Elysium! what
 wert thou,
 To her, who wept o'er that young slum-
 berer's brow?

Thou hadst no home, green land!
 For the fair creature from her bosom
 gone,
 With life's first flowers just opening in
 her hand,
 And all the lovely thoughts and dreams
 unknown,
 Which in its clear eye shone
 Like the spring's wakening!—but that
 light was past—
 —Where went the dew-drop, swept
 before the blast?

Not where thy soft winds play'd,
 Not where thy waters lay in glassy
 sleep!—
 Fade, with thy bowers, thou land of
 visions, fade!
 From thee no voice came o'er the gloomy
 deep,
 And bade man cease to weep!
 Fade, with the amaranth-plain, the
 myrtle-grove,
 Which could not yield one hope to
 sorrowing love!