

For the most loved are they,  
Of whom Fame speaks not with her  
clarion-voice  
In regal halls!—the shades o'erhang  
their way,  
The vale, with its deep fountains, is their  
choice,  
And gentle hearts rejoice  
Around their steps!—till silently they  
die,  
As a stream shrinks from summer's  
burning eye.

And the world knows not then,  
Not then, nor ever, what pure thoughts  
are fled!  
Yet these are they, that on the souls of  
men  
Come back, when night her folding veil  
hath spread,  
The long-remember'd dead!  
But not with thee might aught save glory  
dwell—  
—Fade, fade away, thou shore of Aspho-  
del!

THE TRAVELLER AT THE  
SOURCE OF THE NILE.

'N sunset's light o'er Afric thrown,  
A wanderer proudly stood  
Beside the well-spring, deep and lone,  
Of Egypt's awful flood;  
The cradle of that mighty birth,  
So long a hidden thing to earth.

He heard its life's first murmuring sound,  
A low mysterious tone;  
A music sought, but never found  
By kings and warriors gone;  
He listen'd—and his heart beat high—  
That was the song of victory!

The rapture of a conqueror's mood  
Rush'd burning through his frame,  
The depths of that green solitude  
Its torrents could not tame,  
Though stillness lay, with eve's last  
smile,  
Round those calm fountains of the Nile.

Night came with stars:—across hi  
soul  
There swept a sudden change,  
Even at the pilgrim's glorious goal,  
A shadow dark and strange,  
Breath'd from the thought, so swift  
to fall  
O'er triumph's hour—And is this all?

No more than this!—what seem'd it  
now  
First by that spring to stand?  
A thousand streams of lovelier flow  
Bathed his own mountain land!  
Whence, far o'er waste and ocean  
track,  
Their wild sweet voices call'd him  
back.

They call'd him back to many a glade,  
His childhood's haunt of play,  
Where brightly through the beechen  
shade  
Their waters glanced away;  
They call'd him, with their sounding  
waves,  
Back to his fathers' hills and graves.

But darkly mingling with the thought  
Of each familiar scene,  
Rose up a fearful vision, fraught  
With all that lay between;  
The Arab's lance, the desert's gloom,  
The whirling sands, the red simoom!

Where was the glow of power and  
pride?  
The spirit born to roam?  
His weary heart within him died  
With yearnings for his home;  
All vainly struggling to repress  
That gush of painful tenderness.

He wept—the stars of Afric's heaven  
Beheld his bursting tears,  
Even on that spot where fate has  
given  
The meed of toiling years.  
—Oh happiness! how far we flee  
Thine own sweet paths in search of  
thee!



## CASABIANCA.\*

THE boy stood on the burning deck,  
Whence all but him had fled ;  
The flame that lit the battle's wreck,  
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,  
As born to rule the storm ;  
A creature of heroic blood,  
A proud, though child-like form.

The flames roll'd on—he would not go,  
Without his father's word ;  
That father, faint in death below,  
His voice no longer heard.

He call'd aloud—" Say, father, say  
If yet my task is done ?"  
He knew not that the chieftain lay  
Unconscious of his son.

" Speak, father !" once again he cried,  
" If I may yet be gone !"  
—And but the booming shots replied,  
And fast the flames roll'd on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,  
And in his waving hair ;  
And look'd from that lone post of death,  
In still, yet brave despair :

And shouted but once more aloud,  
" My father ! must I stay ?"  
While o'er him fast, through sail and  
shroud  
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendour wild,  
They caught the flag on high,  
And stream'd above the gallant child,  
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound—  
The boy—oh ! where was he ?  
—Ask of the winds that far around  
With fragments strew'd the sea !

\* Young Casabianca, a boy about thirteen years old, son to the admiral of the Orient, remained at his post (in the battle of the Nile) after the ship had taken fire, and all the guns had been abandoned ; and perished in the explosion of the vessel, when the flames had reached the powder.

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,  
That well had borne their part—  
But the noblest thing that perish'd there,  
Was that young faithful heart.

## THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

WHAT hidest thou in thy treasure-caves  
and cells,  
Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious  
Main :  
—Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-  
coloured shells,  
Bright things which gleam unrecked of,  
and in vain.  
—Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy Sea !  
We ask not such from thee.

Yet more, the Depths have more ! What  
wealth untold  
Far down, and shining through their still-  
ness lies !  
Thou hast the starry gems, the burning  
gold,  
Won from ten thousand royal Argosies.  
—Sweep o'er thy spoils thou wild and  
wrathful Main !  
Earth claims not these again !

Yet more, the Depths have more ! Thy  
waves have rolled  
Above the cities of a world gone by !  
Sand hath filled up the palaces of old,  
Sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of revelry !  
—Dash o'er them, Ocean ! in thy scornful  
play—  
Man yields them to decay !

Yet more ! the Billows and the Depths  
have more !  
High hearts and brave are gathered to thy  
breast !  
They hear not now the booming waters  
roar,  
The battle-thunders will not break their  
rest :  
—Keep thy red gold and gems, thou  
stormy grave—  
Give back the true and brave !



Give back the lost and lovely! those for  
whom  
The place was kept at board and hearth  
so long,  
The prayer went up through midnight's  
breathless gloom,  
And the vain yearning woke 'midst festal  
song!  
Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers  
o'erthrown,—  
But all is not thine own!

To thee the love of woman hath gone  
down,  
Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble  
head,  
O'er youth's bright locks and beauty's  
flowery crown;  
—Yet must thou hear a voice—Restore  
the Dead!  
Earth shall reclaim her precious things  
from thee—  
Restore the Dead, thou Sea!

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#### THE VAUDOIS WIFE.

THY voice is in mine ear, beloved!  
Thy look is in my heart,  
Thy bosom is my resting-place,  
And yet I must depart.  
Earth on my soul is strong—too strong  
Too precious is its chain,  
All woven of thy love, dear friend,  
Yet vain—though mighty—vain:

Thou see'st mine eye grow dim, beloved!  
Thou see'st my life-blood flow,—  
Bow to the chastener silently,  
And calmly let me go!  
A little while between our hearts  
The shadowy gulf must lie,  
Yet have we for their communing  
Still, still Eternity!

Alas! thy tears are on my cheek,  
My spirit they detain;  
I know that from thine agony  
Is wrung that burning rain.  
Best, kindest, weep not;—make the pang,  
The bitter conflict, less—  
Oh! sad it is, and yet a joy,  
To feel thy love's excess!

But calm thee! Let the thought of death  
A solemn peace restore!  
The voice that must be silent soon  
Would speak to thee once more,  
That thou mayst bear its blessing on  
Through years of after life—  
A token of consoling love,  
Even from this hour of strife.

I bless thee for the noble heart,  
The tender, and the true,  
Where mine hath found the happiest rest  
That e'er fond woman's knew;  
I bless thee, faithful friend and guide,  
For my own, my treasured share,  
In the mournful secrets of thy soul,  
In thy sorrow, in thy prayer.

I bless thee for kind looks and words  
Showered on my path like dew,  
For all the love in those deep eyes,  
A gladness ever new!  
For the voice which ne'er to mine replied  
But in kindly tones of cheer;  
For every spring of happiness  
My soul hath tasted here!

I bless thee for the last rich boon  
Won from affection tried.  
The right to gaze on death with thee,  
To perish by thy side!  
And yet more for the glorious hope  
Even to these moments given—  
Did not thy spirit ever lift  
The trust of mine to Heaven!

Now, be thou strong! Oh, knew we not  
Our path must lead to this?  
A shadow and a trembling still  
Were mingled with our bliss!  
We plighted our young hearts when storms  
Were dark upon the sky,  
In full deep knowledge of their task,  
To suffer and to die!

Be strong! I leave the living voice  
Of this, my martyr'd blood,  
With the thousand echoes of the hills,  
With the torrent's foaming flood,—  
A spirit 'midst the caves to dwell,  
A token on the air,  
To rouse the valiant from repose,  
The fainting from despair.



Hear it, and bear thou on, my love!  
 Ay, joyously endure!  
 Our mountains must be altars yet,  
 Inviolate and pure;  
 There must our God be worshipp'd still,  
 With the worship of the free:  
 Farewell!—there's but *one* pang in death,  
 One only,—leaving thee!

~~~~~  
 COME HOME.

COME home.  
 Would I could send my spirit o'er the  
 deep,  
 Would I could wing it like a bird to  
 thee,  
 To commune with thy thoughts, to fill thy  
 sleep  
 With these unwearied words of melody,  
 Brother, come home.

Come home.  
 Come to the hearts that love thee, to the  
 eyes  
 That beam in brightness but to gladden  
 thine;  
 Come where fond thoughts like holiest  
 incense rise,  
 Where cherish'd Memory rears her  
 altar's shrine.  
 Brother, come home.

Come home.  
 Come to the hearth-stone of thy earlier  
 days,  
 Come to the ark, like the o'erwearied  
 dove,  
 Come with the sunlight of thy heart's  
 warm rays,  
 Come to the fire-side circle of thy love.  
 Brother, come home.

Come home.  
 It is not home without thee; the lone seat  
 Is still unclaim'd where thou wert wont  
 to be;  
 In every echo of returning feet  
 In vain we list for what should herald  
 thee.  
 Brother, come home.

Come home.  
 We've nursed for thee the sunny buds of  
 spring,  
 Watch'd every germ a full-blown  
 flow'ret rear,  
 Saw o'er their bloom the chilly winter  
 bring  
 Its icy garlands, and thou art not here.  
 Brother, come home.

Come home.  
 Would I could send my spirit o'er the  
 deep,  
 Would I could wing it like a bird to  
 thee,  
 To commune with thy thoughts, to fill thy  
 sleep  
 With these unwearied words of melody,  
 Brother, come home.

~~~~~  
 THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

THEY grew in beauty side by side,  
 They filled one home with glee,  
 Their graves are severed far and wide,  
 By mount, and stream, and sea.  
 The same fond mother bent at night  
 O'er each fair sleeping brow,  
 She had each folded flower in sight—  
 Where are those dreamers now?

One midst the forests of the West,  
 By a dark stream, is laid;  
 The Indian knows his place of rest  
 Far in the cedar shade.  
 The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one,  
 He lies where pearls lie deep,  
 He was the loved of all, yet none  
 O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are drest  
 Above the noble slain;  
 He wrapt his colours round his breast  
 On a blood-red field of Spain.  
 And one—o'er her the myrtle showers  
 Its leaves, by soft winds fanned;  
 She faded midst Italian flowers,  
 The last of that bright band.

And, parted thus, they rest—who played  
 Beneath the same green tree,  
 Whose voices mingled as they prayed  
 Around one parent knee!



They that with smiles lit up the hall,  
 And cheered with song the hearth,—  
 Alas for love, if thou wert all,  
 And nought beyond, oh earth!

[ROBERT SOUTHEY. 1774—1843.]

### LOVE.

THEY sin who tell love can die :  
 With life all other passions fly,  
 All others are but vanity.  
 In Heaven ambition cannot dwell,  
 Nor avarice in the vaults of Hell :  
 Earthly these passions, as of Earth,  
 They perish where they have their birth.  
 But Love is indestructible ;  
 Its holy flame for ever burneth,  
 From Heaven it came, to Heaven re-  
 turneth.  
 Too oft on Earth a troubled guest,  
 At times deceived, at times opprest ;  
 It here is tried and purified,  
 And hath in Heaven its perfect rest.  
 It soweth here with toil and care,  
 But the harvest-time of Love is there.  
 Oh ! when a mother meets on high  
 The babe she lost in infancy,  
 Hath she not then for pains and fears,  
 The day of woe, the anxious night,  
 For all her sorrow, all her tears,  
 An over-payment of delight ?

### THE LIBRARY.

My days among the dead are pass'd ;  
 Around me I behold,  
 Where'er these casual eyes are cast,  
 The mighty minds of old ;  
 My never-failing friends are they  
 With whom I converse night and day.  
 With them I take delight in weal,  
 And seek relief in woe ;  
 And while I understand and feel  
 How much to them I owe,  
 My cheeks have often been dedew'd  
 With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the dead : with them  
 I live in long past years,  
 Their virtues love, their faults condemn,  
 Partake their griefs and fears ;  
 And from their sober lessons find  
 Instruction with a humble mind.

My hopes are with the dead : anon  
 With them my place will be ;  
 And I with them shall travel on  
 Through all futurity ;  
 Yet leaving here a name, I trust,  
 Which will not perish in the dust.

### THE HOLLY TREE.

OH Reader ! hast thou ever stood to see  
 The Holly Tree ?  
 The eye that contemplates it well per-  
 ceives  
 Its glossy leaves,  
 Order'd by an Intelligence so wise,  
 As might confound the Atheist's sophis-  
 tries.

Below, a circling fence, its leaves are  
 seen  
 Wrinkled and keen ;  
 No grazing cattle through their prickly  
 round  
 Can reach to wound ;  
 But, as they grow where nothing is to  
 fear,  
 Smooth and unarm'd the pointless leaves  
 appear.

I love to view these things with curious  
 eyes,  
 And moralize ;  
 And in this wisdom of the Holly Tree  
 Can emblems see, [rhyme,  
 Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant  
 One which may profit in the after-time.

Thus, though abroad perchance I might  
 appear  
 Harsh and austere ; [trude,  
 To those, who on my leisure would in-  
 Reserved and rude ;—  
 Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be,  
 Like the high leaves upon the Holly  
 Tree.



And should my youth, as youth is apt I  
 know,  
 Some harshness show,  
 All vain asperities I day by day  
 Would wear away,  
 Till the smooth temper of my age should  
 be  
 Like the high leaves upon the Holly  
 Tree.

And as when all the summer trees are  
 seen  
 So bright and green,  
 The Holly leaves a sober hue display  
 Less bright than they ;  
 But when the bare and wintry woods we  
 see,  
 What then so cheerful as the Holly Tree?

So serious should my youth appear among  
 The thoughtless throng ;  
 So would I seem amid the young and gay  
 More grave than they ;  
 That in my age as cheerful I might be  
 As the green winter of the Holly Tree.

### THE SCENERY OF AMERICA.

*Madoc in Wales.*

THY summer woods  
 Are lovely, O my mother Isle! the  
 birch  
 Light bending on thy banks, thy elmy  
 vales,  
 Thy venerable oaks! But there, what  
 forms  
 Of beauty clothed the inlands and the  
 shore!  
 All these in stateliest growth, and mixed  
 with these  
 Dark spreading cedar, and the cypress  
 tall,  
 Its pointed summit waving to the wind  
 Like a long beacon flame; and loveliest  
 Amid a thousand strange and lovely  
 shapes,  
 The lofty palm, that with its nuts sup-  
 plied

Beverage and food; they edged the shore,  
 and crown'd  
 The far-off highland summits, their straight  
 stems  
 Bare without leaf or bough, erect and  
 smooth,  
 Their tresses nodding like a crested helm,  
 The plumage of the grove.

Will ye believe  
 The wonders of the ocean? how its shoals  
 Sprung from the wave, like flashing light,  
 took wing,  
 And, twinkling with a silver glitterance,  
 Flew through the air and sunshine? Yet  
 were these  
 To sight less wondrous than the tribe who  
 swam,  
 Following, like fowlers with uplifted eye,  
 Their falling quarry: language cannot  
 paint  
 Their splendid tints; though in blue  
 ocean seen,  
 Blue, darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,  
 In all its rich variety of shades,  
 Suffused with glowing gold.

Heaven, too, had there  
 Its wonders: from a deep black heavy  
 cloud,  
 What shall I say? A shoot, a trunk, an  
 arm,  
 Came down:—yea! like a demon's arm,  
 it seized  
 The waters, Ocean smoked beneath its  
 touch,  
 And rose like dust before the whirlwind's  
 force.  
 But we sail'd onward over tranquil seas,  
 Wasted by airs so exquisitely mild,  
 That even to breathe became an act of  
 will,  
 And sense, and pleasure. Not a cloud by  
 day  
 With purple islanded the dark-blue deep;  
 By night the quiet billows heaved and  
 glanced  
 Under the moon, that heavenly moon! so  
 bright,  
 That many a midnight have I paced the  
 deck,  
 Forgetful of the hours of due repose;  
 Yea, till the sun in his full majesty  
 Went forth, like God beholding his own  
 works.



## NIGHT IN THE DESERT.

*Thalaba.*

How beautiful is night !  
 A dewy freshness fills the silent  
 air ;  
 No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck,  
 nor stain,  
 Breaks the serene of heaven :  
 In full orb'd glory yonder moon  
 divine  
 Rolls through the dark blue depths :  
 Beneath her steady ray  
 The desert-circle spreads,  
 Like the round ocean, girdled with the  
 sky.  
 How beautiful is night !

## THE SOURCE OF THE GANGES.

*The Curse of Kehama.*

NONE hath seen its secret fountain ;  
 But on the top of Merû mountain,  
 Which rises o'er the hills of earth,  
 In light and clouds, it hath its mortal  
 birth.  
 Earth seems that pinnacle to rear  
 Sublime above this worldly sphere,  
 Its cradle, and its altar, and its throne ;  
 And there the new-born river lies  
 Outspread beneath its native skies,  
 As if it there would love to dwell  
 Alone and unapproachable.  
 Soon flowing forward, and resigned  
 To the will of the Creating Mind,  
 It springs at once, with sudden leap,  
 Down from the immeasurable steep ;  
 From rock to rock, with shivering force  
 rebounding,  
 The mighty cataract rushes : heaven  
 around,  
 Like thunder, with the incessant roar  
 resounding,  
 And Merû's summit shaking with the  
 sound.  
 Wide spreads the snowy foam, the spark-  
 ling spray  
 Dances aloft ; and ever there at  
 morning

The earliest sunbeams haste to wing  
 their way,  
 With rainbow wreaths the holy stream  
 adorning :  
 And duly the adoring moon at  
 night  
 Sheds her white glory there,  
 And in the watery air  
 Suspends her halo-crowns of silver light.

## AN EASTERN EVENING.

EVENING comes on : arising from the  
 stream,  
 Homeward the tall flamingo wings his  
 flight ;  
 And where he sails athwart the setting  
 beam,  
 His scarlet plumage glows with deeper  
 light.  
 The watchman, at the wished approach of  
 night,  
 Gladly forsakes the field, where he all  
 day,  
 To scare the winged plunderers from  
 their prey,  
 With shout and sling, on yonder clay-  
 built height,  
 Hath borne the sultry ray.  
 Hark ! at the Golden Palaces,  
 The Bramin strikes the hour.  
 For leagues and leagues around, the  
 brazen sound  
 Rolls through the stillness of departing  
 day,  
 Like thunder far away.

## THE SUBMARINE CITY.

SUCH was the talk they held upon their  
 way,  
 Of him to whose old city they were  
 bound ;  
 And now, upon their journey, many a  
 day  
 Had risen and closed, and many a week  
 gone round,



And many a realm and region had they  
 past,  
 When now the ancient towers appeared  
 at last.  
 Their golden summits, in the noon-day  
 light,  
 Shone o'er the dark green deep that  
 rolled between;  
 For domes, and pinnacles, and spires  
 were seen  
 Peering above the sea,—a mournful  
 sight!  
 Well might the sad beholder ween from  
 thence  
 What works of wonder the devouring  
 wave  
 Had swallowed there, when monuments  
 so brave  
 Bore record of their old magnificence.  
 And on the sandy shore, beside the  
 verge  
 Of ocean, here and there, a rock-hewn  
 fane  
 Resisted in its strength the surf and  
 surge  
 That on their deep foundations beat in  
 vain.  
 In solitude the ancient temples stood,  
 Once resonant with instrument and  
 song,  
 And solemn dance of festive multi-  
 tude;  
 Now as the weary ages pass along,  
 Hearing no voice save of the ocean  
 flood,  
 Which roars for ever on the restless  
 shores;  
 Or, visiting their solitary caves,  
 The lonely sound of winds, that moan  
 around  
 Accordant to the melancholy waves.  
 Wondering, he stood awhile to  
 gaze  
 Upon the works of elder days.  
 The brazen portals open stood,  
 Even as the fearful multitude  
 Had left them, when they fled  
 Before the rising flood.  
 High over-head, sublime,  
 The mighty gateway's storied roof was  
 spread,  
 Dwarfing the puny piles of younger  
 time.

With the deeds of days of yore  
 That ample roof was sculptured o'er,  
 And many a godlike form there met his  
 eye,  
 And many an emblem dark of mystery.  
 Through these wide portals oft had Baly  
 rode  
 Triumphant from his proud abode,  
 When, in his greatness, he bestrode  
 The Aullay, hugest of four-footed  
 kind,  
 The Aullay-horse, that in his force,  
 With elephantine trunk, could bind  
 And lift the elephant, and on the wind  
 Whirl him away, with sway and swing,  
 Even like a pebble from the practised  
 sling.

Those streets which never, since the days  
 of yore,  
 By human footstep had been visited;  
 Those streets which never more  
 A human foot shall tread,  
 Ladurlad trod. In sun-light, and sea-  
 green,  
 The thousand palaces were seen  
 Of that proud city whose superb  
 abodes  
 Seemed reared by giants for the im-  
 mortal gods.  
 How silent and how beautiful they  
 stand,  
 Like things of Nature! the eternal  
 rocks  
 Themselves not firmer. Neither hath  
 the sand  
 Drifted within their gates, and choaked  
 their doors,  
 Nor slime defiled their pavements and  
 their floors.  
 Did then the ocean wage  
 His war for love and envy, not in  
 rage,  
 O thou fair city, that he spares thee  
 thus?  
 Art thou Varounin's capital and  
 court,  
 Where all the sea-gods for delight  
 resort,  
 A place too godlike to be held  
 by us,  
 The poor degenerate children of the  
 earth?



So thought Ladurlad, as he looked  
 around,  
 Weening to hear the sound  
 Of Mermaid's shell, and song  
 Of choral throng from some imperial  
 hall,  
 Wherein the immortal powers, at  
 festival,  
 Their high carousals keep.  
 But all is silence dread,  
 Silence profound and dead,  
 The everlasting stillness of the deep.

Through many a solitary street,  
 And silent market-place, and lonely  
 square,  
 Aimed with the mighty curse, behold him  
 fare.  
 And now his feet attain that royal  
 fane  
 Where Baly held of old his awful  
 reign.  
 What once had been the garden spread  
 around,  
 Fair garden, once which wore perpetual  
 green,  
 Where all sweet flowers through all the  
 year were found,  
 And all fair fruits were through all sea-  
 sons seen ;  
 A place of Paradise, where each  
 device  
 Of emulous art with nature strove to  
 vie ;  
 And nature, on her part,  
 Called forth new powers wherewith to  
 vanquish art.  
 The Swerga-God himself, with en-  
 vious eye,  
 Surveyed those peerless gardens in  
 their prime ;  
 Nor ever did the Lord of Light,  
 Who circles Earth and Heaven upon  
 his way, [sight  
 Behold from eldest time a goodlier  
 than were the groves which Baly, in his  
 might,  
 Made for his chosen place of solace and  
 delight.

It was a Garden still beyond all  
 price,  
 Even yet it was a place of Para-  
 dise :—

For where the mighty Ocean could not  
 spare,  
 There had he, with his own creation,  
 Sought to repair his work of devasta-  
 tion.  
 And here were coral bowers,  
 And grots of madrepores, [eye  
 And banks of sponge, as soft and fair to  
 As e'er was mossy bed  
 Whereon the Wood-nymphs lay  
 Their languid limbs in summer's sultry  
 hours.  
 Here, too, were living flowers  
 Which, like a bud compacted,  
 Their purple cups contracted,  
 And now in open blossoms spread,  
 Stretched like green anthers many a seek-  
 ing head.  
 And aborets of jointed stone were  
 there,  
 And plants of fibres fine, as silkworm's  
 thread ; [hair  
 Yea, beautiful as Mermaid's golden  
 Upon the waves dispread :  
 Others that, like the broad bannana  
 growing,  
 Raised their long wrinkled leaves of  
 purple hue,  
 Like streamers wide out-flowing.  
 And whatso'er the depths of Ocean  
 hide [espied,  
 From human eyes, Ladurlad there  
 Trees of the deep, and shrubs and fruits  
 and flowers,  
 As fair as ours.  
 Wherewith the Sea-nymphs love their  
 locks to braid,  
 When to their father's hall, at  
 festival  
 Repairing, they, in emulous array,  
 Their charms display,  
 To grace the banquet, and the solemn  
 day.

THALABA'S HOME IN THE  
 DESERT.

*Thalaba.*

IT was the wisdom and the will  
 Heaven,  
 That, in a lonely tent, had cast  
 The lot of Thalaba.

L\*



There might his soul develope best  
 Its strengthening energies ;  
 There might he from the world  
 Keep his heart pure and uncontaminate,  
 Till at the written hour he should be  
 found  
 Fit servant of the Lord, without a spot.

Years of his youth, how rapidly ye fled  
 In that beloved solitude !  
 Is the morn fair, and doth the freshening  
 breeze  
 Flow with cool current o'er his cheek ?  
 Lo ! underneath the broad-leaved sycamore  
 With lids half-closed he lies,  
 Dreaming of days to come.  
 His dog beside him, in mute blandishment,  
 Now licks his listless hand ;  
 Now lifts an anxious and expectant eye,  
 Courting the wonted caress.

Or comes the father of the rains  
 From his caves in the uttermost west,  
 Comes he in darkness and storms ?  
 When the blast is loud,  
 When the waters fill  
 The traveller's tread in the sands,  
 When the pouring shower  
 Streams adown the roof,  
 When the door-curtain hangs in heavier  
 folds,  
 When the outstrained tent flags loosely,  
 Within there is the embers' cheerful glow,  
 The sound of the familiar voice,  
 The song that lightens toil, —  
 Domestic peace and comfort are within.  
 Under the common shelter, on dry sand,  
 The quiet camels ruminate their food ;  
 From Moath falls the lengthening cord,  
 As patiently the old man  
 Entwines the strong palm-fibres ; by the  
 hearth  
 The damsel shakes the coffee-grains,  
 That with warm fragrance fill the tent ;  
 And while, with dexterous fingers,  
 Thalaba  
 Shapes the green basket, haply at his  
 feet  
 Her favourite kidling gnaws the twig,  
 Forgi en plunderer, for Oneiza's sake !

Or when the winter torrent rolls  
 Down the deep-channelled rain-course  
 foamingly,  
 Dark with its mountain spoils,  
 With bare feet pressing the wet sand,  
 There wanders Thalaba,  
 The rushing flow, the flowing roar,  
 Filling his yielded faculties ;  
 A vague, a dizzy, a tumultuous joy.  
 Or lingers it a vernal brook  
 Gleaming o'er yellow sands ?  
 Beneath the lofty bank reclined,  
 With idle eye he views its little waves,  
 Quietly listening to the quiet flow ;  
 While, in the breathings of the stirring  
 gale,  
 The tall canes bend above.  
 Floating like streamers on the wind  
 Their lank uplifted leaves.

Nor rich, nor poor, was Moath ; God had  
 given [tent.  
 Enough, and blest him with a mind con-  
 No hoarded gold disquieted his dreams ;  
 But ever round his station he beheld  
 Camels that knew his voice,  
 And home-birds, grouping at Oneiza's  
 call,  
 And goats that, morn and eve,  
 Came with full udders to the damsel's  
 hand.  
 Dear child ! the tent beneath whose shade  
 they dwelt  
 It was her work ; and she had twined  
 His girdle's many hues ;  
 And he had seen his robe  
 Grow in Oneiza's loom.  
 How often, with a memory-mingled joy  
 Which made her mother live before his  
 sight,  
 He watched her nimble fingers thread the  
 wool ! [toiled,  
 Or at the hand-mill, when she knelt and  
 Toast the thin cake on spreading palm,  
 Or fixed it on the glowing oven's side  
 With bare wet arm, and safe dexterity.

'Tis the cool evening hour :  
 The tamarind from the dew  
 Sheathes its young fruit, yet green.  
 Before their tent the mat is spread,  
 The old man's awful voice  
 Intones the holy book.



What if beneath no lamp-illumined dome,  
Its marble walls bedecked with flourished  
truth,

Azure and gold adornment? sinks the  
word [voice,

With deeper influence from the Imam's  
Where in the day of congregation, crowds  
Perform the duty-task?

Their father is their priest,  
The stars of heaven their point of  
prayer,

And the blue firmament  
The glorious temple, where they feel  
The present deity!

Yet through the purple glow of eve  
Shines dimly the white moon.  
The slackened bow, the quiver, the long  
lance,

Rest on the pillar of the tent.  
Knitting light palm-leaves for her brother's  
brow,

The dark-eyed damsel sits;  
The old man tranquilly  
Up his curled pipe inhales  
The tranquillizing herb.

So listen they the reed of Thalaba,  
While his skilled fingers modulate  
The low, sweet, soothing, melancholy  
tones.

#### HOW THE WATER COMES DOWN AT LODORE.

HERE it comes sparkling,  
And there it lies darkling.  
Here smoking and frothing,  
Its tumult and wrath in,  
It hastens along conflicting strong;  
Now striking and raging,  
As if a war waging,  
Its caverns and rocks among.

Rising and leaping,  
Sinking and creeping,  
Swelling and flinging,  
Showering and springing  
Eddying and whisking,  
Spouting and frisking,  
Turning and twisting  
Around and around;  
Collecting, disjecting,  
With endless rebound;

Smiting and fighting,  
A sight to delight in,  
Confounding, astounding,  
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its  
sound.

Receding and speeding,  
And shocking and rocking,  
And darting and parting,  
And threading and spreading,  
And whizzing and hissing,  
And dripping and skipping,  
And brightening and whitening,  
And quivering and shivering,  
And hitting and splitting,  
And shining and twining,  
And rattling and battling,  
And shaking and quaking,  
And pouring and roaring,  
And waving and raving,  
And tossing and crossing,  
And flowing and growing  
And running and stunning,  
And hurrying and skurrying,  
And glittering and flittering,  
And gathering and feathering,  
And dinning and spinning,  
And foaming and roaming,  
And dropping and hopping,  
And working and jerking,  
And guggling and struggling,  
And heaving and cleaving,  
And thundering and floundering,  
And falling and crawling and sprawling,  
And driving and riving and striving,  
And sprinkling and twinkling and  
wrinkling,  
And sounding and bounding and  
rounding,  
And bubbling and troubling and  
doubling,  
Dividing and gliding and sliding,  
And grumbling and rumbling and  
tumbling,  
And clattering and battering and shat  
tering,  
And gleaming and streaming and steam-  
ing and beaming,  
And rushing and flushing and brushing  
and gushing,  
And flapping and rapping and clapping  
and slapping,  
And curling and whirling and purling  
and twirling,



Retreating and meeting and beating and sheeting,  
 Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,  
 Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,  
 Recoiling, turmoiling, and toiling and boiling,  
 And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,  
 And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing,  
 And so never ending but always descending,  
 Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending ;  
 All at once, and all o'er, with a mighty uproar,  
 And in this way the water comes down at Lodore.

#### THE MIRACLE OF THE ROSES.

THERE dwelt in Bethlehem a Jewish maid,  
 And Zillah was her name, so passing fair  
 That all Judea spake the virgin's praise.  
 He who had seen her eyes' dark radiance,  
 How it revealed her soul, and what a soul  
 Beamed in the mild effulgence, woe to him !  
 For not in solitude, for not in crowds,  
 Might he escape remembrance, nor avoid  
 Her imaged form which followed everywhere,  
 And filled the heart, and fixed the absent eye.  
 Alas for him ! her bosom owned no love  
 Save the strong ardour of religious zeal ;  
 For Zillah upon heaven had centred all  
 Her spirit's deep affections. So for her  
 Her tribe's men sighed in vain, yet revered  
 The obdurate virtue that destroy'd their hopes.

One man there was, a vain and wretched man,  
 Who saw, desired, despaired, and hated her ;

His sensual eye had gloated on her cheek  
 E'en till the flush of angry modesty  
 Gave it new charms, and made him gloat the more.  
 She loathed the man, for Hamuel's eye was bold,  
 And the strong workings of brute selfishness  
 Had moulded his broad features ; and she feared  
 The bitterness of wounded vanity  
 That with a fiendish hue would overcast  
 His faint and lying smile. Nor vain her fear,  
 For Hamuel vowed revenge, and laid a plot  
 Against her virgin fame. He spread abroad  
 Whispers that travel fast, and ill reports  
 That soon obtain belief ; how Zillah's eye,  
 When in the temple heavenward it was raised,  
 Did swim with rapturous zeal, but there were those  
 Who had beheld the enthusiast's melting glance  
 With other feelings filled :—that 'twas a task  
 Of easy sort to play the saint by day  
 Before the public eye, but that all eyes  
 Were closed at night ;—that Zillah's life was foul,  
 Yea, forfeit to the law.

Shame—shame to man,  
 That he should trust so easily the tongue  
 Which stabs another's fame ! The ill report  
 Was heard, repeated, and believed,—and soon,  
 For Hamuel by his well-schemed villany  
 Produced such semblances of guilt,—the maid  
 Was to the fire condemned !

Without the walls  
 There was a barren field ; a place abhorred,  
 For it was there where wretched criminals  
 Received their death ! and there they fixed the stake,



And piled the fuel round, which should  
 consume  
 The injured maid, abandoned, as it  
 seemed,  
 By God and man. The assembled  
 Bethlehemites  
 Beheld the scene, and when they saw the  
 maid  
 Bound to the stake, with what calm  
 holiness  
 She lifted up her patient looks to heaven,  
 They doubted of her guilt.—With other  
 thoughts  
 Stood Hamuel near the pile; him savage  
 joy  
 Led thitherward, but now within his  
 heart  
 Unwonted feelings stirred, and the first  
 pangs  
 Of wakening guilt, anticipant of hell!  
 The eye of Zillah as it glanced around  
 Fell on the slanderer once, and rested  
 there  
 A moment: like a dagger did it pierce,  
 And struck into his soul a cureless  
 wound.  
 Conscience! thou God within us! not in  
 the hour  
 Of triumph dost thou spare the guilty  
 wretch,  
 Not in the hour of infamy and death  
 Forsake the virtuous!—They draw near  
 the stake—  
 They bring the torch!—hold, hold your  
 erring hands!  
 Yet quench the rising flames!—they rise,  
 they spread!  
 They reach the suffering maid! O God,  
 protect  
 The innocent one!  
 They rose, they spread, they  
 raged;—  
 The breath of God went forth; the as-  
 cending fire  
 Beneath its influence bent, and all its  
 flames,  
 In one long lightning-flash concentrating,  
 Darted and blasted Hamuel—him alone!  
 Hark!—what a fearful scream the multi-  
 tude  
 Pour forth!—and yet more miracles! the  
 stake

Branches and buds, and spreading its  
 green leaves,  
 Embowers and canopies the innocent  
 maid  
 Who there stands glorified; and roses,  
 then  
 First seen on earth since Paradise was  
 lost,  
 Profusely blossom round her, white and  
 red,  
 In all their rich variety of hues;  
 And fragrance such as our first parents  
 breathed  
 In Eden, she inhales, vouchsafed to her  
 A presage sure of Paradise regained.



## HISTORY.

THOU chronicle of crimes! I read no  
 more—  
 For I am one who willingly would love  
 His fellow kind. O gentle poesy,  
 Receive me from the court's polluted  
 scenes,  
 From dungeon horrors, from the fields of  
 war,  
 Receive me to your haunts,—that I may  
 nurse  
 My nature's better feelings, for my soul  
 Sickens at man's misdeeds!  
 I spake—when lo!  
 She stood before me in her majesty,  
 Clio, the strong-eyed muse. Upon her  
 brow  
 Sate a calm anger. Go—young man, she  
 cried,  
 Sligh among myrtle bowers, and let thy  
 soul  
 Effuse itself in strains so sorrowful sweet,  
 That love-sick maids may weep upon thy  
 page  
 In most delicious sorrow. Oh shame!  
 shame!  
 Was it for this I wakened thy young  
 mind?  
 Was it for this I made thy swelling heart  
 Throb at the deeds of Greece, and thy  
 boy's eye  
 So kindle when that glorious Spartan  
 died?  
 Boy! boy! deceive me not! what if the  
 tale



Of murdered millions strike a chilling pang,  
 What if Tiberius in his island stews,  
 And Philip at his beads, alike inspire  
 Strong anger and contempt; hast thou  
 not risen  
 With nobler feelings? with a deeper love  
 For freedom? Yes—most righteously thy  
 soul  
 Loathes the black history of human  
 crimes  
 And human misery! let that spirit fill  
 Thy song, and it shall teach thee, boy!  
 to raise  
 Strains such as Cato might have deigned  
 to hear,  
 As Sidney in his hall of bliss may love.

TO WILLIAM WORDSWORTH,  
 INQUIRING IF I WOULD LIVE OVER  
 MY YOUTH AGAIN.

Do I regret the past?  
 Would I again live o'er  
 The morning hours of life?  
 Nay, William, nay, not so!  
 In the warm joyaunce of the summer sun  
 I do not wish again  
 The changeful April day.  
 Nay, William, nay, not so!  
 Safe havened from the sea  
 I would not tempt again  
 The uncertain ocean's wrath.  
 Praise be to him who made me what I am,  
 Other I would not be.  
 Why is it pleasant then to sit and talk  
 Of days that are no more?  
 When in his own dear home  
 The traveller rests at last,  
 And tells how often in his wanderings  
 The thought of those far off  
 Has made his eyes o'erflow  
 With no unmanly tears;  
 Delighted, he recalls  
 Through what fair scenes his charmed  
 feet have trod.  
 But ever when he tells of perils past,  
 And troubles now no more,  
 His eyes most sparkle, and a readier joy  
 Flows rapid to his heart.

No, William, no, I would not live again  
 The morning hours of life;  
 I would not be again  
 The slave of hope and fear;  
 I would not learn again  
 The wisdom by experience hardly taught  
 To me the past presents  
 No object for regret;  
 To me the present gives  
 All cause for full content:—  
 The future,—it is now the cheerful noon,  
 And on the sunny-smiling fields I gaze  
 With eyes alive to joy;  
 When the dark night descends,  
 My weary lids I willingly shall close,  
 Again to wake in light.

TO A BEE.

THOU wert out betimes, thou busy busy  
 bee!  
 As abroad I took my early way,  
 Before the cow from her resting place  
 Had risen up and left her trace  
 On the meadow, with dew so gray,  
 I saw thee, thou busy busy bee.

Thou wert working late, thou busy busy  
 bee!  
 After the fall of the cistus flower,  
 When the primrose-tree blossom was  
 ready to burst,  
 I heard thee last, as I saw thee first;  
 In the silence of the evening hour,  
 I heard thee, thou busy busy bee.

Thou art a miser, thou busy busy bee!  
 Late and early at employ;  
 Still on thy golden stores intent,  
 Thy summer in heaping and hoarding  
 is spent,  
 What thy winter will never enjoy;  
 Wise lesson this for me, thou busy busy  
 bee!

Little dost thou think, thou busy busy  
 bee!  
 What is the end of thy toil.  
 When the latest flowers of the ivy are  
 gone  
 And all thy work for the year is done,  
 Thy master comes for the spoil.  
 Woe then for thee, thou busy busy bee!





THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM (SOUTHEY).

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,  
Who stood expectant by.—P. 297.







THE OLD MAN'S COMFORTS,  
AND HOW HE GAINED THEM.

YOU are old, Father William, the young  
man cried,  
The few locks that are left you are  
gray ;  
You are hale, Father William, a hearty  
old man,  
Now tell me the reason, I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father William  
replied,  
I remember'd that youth would fly fast,  
And abused not my health and my vigour  
at first,  
That I never might need them at last.

You are old, Father William, the young  
man cried,  
And pleasures with youth pass away,  
And yet you lament not the days that are  
gone,  
Now tell me the reason, I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father William  
replied,  
I remember'd that youth could not last ;  
I thought of the future, whatever I did,  
That I never might grieve for the past.

You are old, Father William, the young  
man cried,  
And life must be hastening away ;  
You are cheerful, and love to converse  
upon death !  
Now tell me the reason, I pray.

I am cheerful, young man, Father William  
replied ;  
Let the cause thy attention engage ;  
In the days of my youth I remember'd my  
God !  
And He hath not forgotten my age.

~~~~~  
THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

## I.

IT was a summer evening,  
Old Kaspar's work was done ;  
And he before his cottage door  
Was sitting in the sun,

And by him sported on the green  
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

## II.

She saw her brother Peterkin  
Roll something large and round,  
That he beside the rivulet,  
In playing there, had found ;  
He came to ask what he had found,  
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

## III.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,  
Who stood expectant by ;  
And then the old man shook his head,  
And with a natural sigh,  
'Tis some poor fellow's skull, said he,  
Who fell in the great victory.

## IV.

I find them in the garden, for  
There's many here about,  
And often when I go to plough,  
The ploughshare turns them out ;  
For many thousand men, said he,  
Were slain in the great victory.

## V.

Now tell us what 'twas all about,  
Young Peterkin he cries,  
And little Wilhelmine looks up  
With wonder-waiting eyes ;  
Now tell us all about the war,  
And what they kill'd each other for.

## VI.

It was the English, Kaspar cried,  
That put the French to rout ;  
But what they kill'd each other for,  
I could not well make out.  
But everybody said, quoth he,  
That 'twas a famous victory.

## VII.

My father lived at Blenheim then,  
Yon little stream hard by ;  
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,  
And he was forced to fly :  
So with his wife and child he fled,  
Nor had he where to rest his head.



## VIII.

With fire and sword the country round  
 Was wasted far and wide,  
 And many a childing mother then,  
 And new-born infant, died.  
 But things like that, you know, must be  
 At every famous victory.

## IX.

They say it was a shocking sight,  
 After the field was won,  
 For many thousand bodies here  
 Lay rotting in the sun ;  
 But things like that, you know, must be  
 After a famous victory.

## X.

Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,  
 And our good Prince Eugene.—  
 Why, 'twas a very wicked thing !  
 Said little Wilhelmine.—  
 Nay—nay—my little girl, quoth he,  
 It was a famous victory.

## XI.

And everybody praised the Duke  
 Who such a fight did win.—  
 But what good came of it at last ?  
 Quoth little Peterkin.—  
 Why that I cannot tell, said he,  
 But 'twas a famous victory.

## MERCIFUL INFLICTIONS.

*From Thalaba.*

REPINE not, O my son !  
 That Heaven hath chastened thee. Be-  
 hold this vine,  
 I found it a wild tree, whose wanton  
 strength  
 Hast swoln into irregular twigs  
 And bold excrescences,  
 And spent itself in leaves and little rings,  
 So in the flourish of its outwardness  
 Wasting the sap and strength  
 That should have given forth fruit ;  
 But when I pruned the tree,  
 Then it grew temperate in its vain expense  
 Of useless leaves, and knotted, as thou  
 seest,  
 Into these full, clear clusters, to repay  
 The hand that wisely wounded it.

Repine not, O my son !  
 In wisdom and in mercy Heaven inflicts,  
 Like a wise leech, its painful remedies.

THE VOYAGE OF THALAPA  
AND THE DAMSEL.

THEN did the damsel speak again,  
 "Wilt thou go on with me ?  
 The moon is bright, the sea is calm,  
 And I know well the ocean paths ;  
 Wilt thou go on with me?—  
 Deliverer! yes! thou dost not fear!  
 Thou wilt go on with me!"  
 "Sail on, sail on!" quoth Thalaba,  
 "Sail on, in Allah's name!"

The moon is bright, the sea is calm,  
 The little boat rides rapidly  
 Across the ocean waves ;  
 The line of moonlight on the deep  
 Still follows as they voyage on ;  
 The winds are motionless ;  
 The gentle waters gently part  
 In murmurs round the prow.  
 He looks above, he looks around,  
 The boundless heaven, the boundless sea.  
 The crescent moon, the little boat,  
 Nought else above, below.

The moon is sunk, a dusky grey  
 Spreads o'er the eastern sky,  
 The stars grow pale and paler ;—  
 Oh beautiful! the godlike sun  
 Is rising o'er the sea!  
 Without an oar, without a sail,  
 The little boat rides rapidly ;—  
 Is that a cloud that skirts the sea ?  
 There is no cloud in heaven !  
 And nearer now, and darker now—  
 It is—it is—the land !  
 For yonder are the rocks that rise  
 Dark in the reddening morn,  
 For loud around their hollow base  
 The surges rage and roar.

The little boat rides rapidly,  
 And now with shorter toss it heaves  
 Upon the heavier swell ;  
 And now so near, they see



The shelves and shadows of the cliff,  
And the low-lurking rocks,  
O'er whose black summits, hidden half,  
The shivering billows burst;—  
And nearer now they feel the breaker's  
spray.

Then spake the damsel, "Yonder is our  
path,

Beneath the cavern arch.  
Now is the ebb, and till the ocean-flow,  
We cannot over-ride the rocks.

Go thou, and on the shore  
Perform thy last ablutions, and with prayer  
Strengthen thy heart.—I too have need to  
pray."

She held the helm with steady hand  
Amid the stronger waves;  
Through surge and surf she drove,  
The adventurer leap'd to land.

[CAROLINE BOWLES—MRS. SOUTHEY.]

#### TO A DYING INFANT.

SLEEP, little baby, sleep!  
Not in thy cradle bed,  
Not on thy mother's breast  
Henceforth shall be thy rest,  
But with the quiet dead!

Yes! with the quiet dead,  
Baby, thy rest shall be!  
Oh! many a weary wight,  
Weary of life and light,  
Would fain lie down with thee.

Flee, little tender nursling!  
Flee to thy grassy nest;  
There the first flowers shall blow:  
The first pure flake of snow  
Shall fall upon thy breast.

Peace! peace! the little bosom  
Labours with shortening breath:—  
Peace! peace! that tremulous sigh  
Speaks his departure nigh!  
Those are the damps of death.

I've seen thee in thy beauty,  
A thing all health and glee;  
But never then wert thou  
So beautiful as now,  
Baby, thou seem'st to me!

Thine upturn'd eyes glazed over,  
Like harebells wet with dew;  
Already veiled and hid  
By the convulsed lid,  
Their pupils, darkly blue.

Thy little mouth half open—  
Thy soft lip quivering,  
As if like summer-air,  
Ruffling the rose-leaves, there,  
Thy soul was fluttering.

Mount up, immortal essence!  
Young spirit, haste, depart!—  
And is this death?—Dread thing!  
If such thy visiting,  
How beautiful thou art!

Oh! I could gaze for ever  
Upon thy waxen face;  
So passionless, so pure!  
The little shrine was sure,  
An angel's dwelling-place.

Thou weapest, childless Mother!  
Aye, weep—'twill ease thine heart;  
He was thy first-born son,  
Thy first, thine only one,  
'Tis hard from him to part.

'Tis hard to lay thy darling  
Deep in the damp cold earth,  
His empty crib to see,  
His silent nursery,  
Once gladsome with his mirth.

To meet again in slumber,  
His small mouth's rosy kiss;  
Then, waken'd with a start,  
By thine own throbbing heart,  
His twining arms to miss!

To feel (half conscious why)  
A dull, heart-sinking weight,  
Till memory on the soul  
Flashes the painful whole,  
That thou art desolate!

And then, to lie and weep,  
And think the live-long night  
(Feeding thine own distress  
With accurate greediness)  
Of every past delight;



Of all his winning ways,  
His pretty playful smiles,  
His joy at sight of thee,  
His tricks, his mimicry,  
And all his little wiles!

Oh! these are recollections  
Round mothers' hearts that cling,—  
That mingle with the tears  
And smiles of after years,  
With oft awakening.

But thou wilt then, fond Mother!  
In after years look back,  
(Time brings such wondrous easing),  
With sadness not unpleasing,  
E'en on this gloomy track.

Thou'lt say, "My first-born blessing  
It almost broke my heart,  
When thou wert forced to go!  
And yet for thee, I know,  
'Twas better to depart.

"God took thee in his mercy,  
A lamb, untask'd, untried.  
He fought the fight for thee,  
He won the victory,  
And thou art sanctified!

"I look around, and see  
The evil ways of men;  
And oh! beloved child!  
I'm more than reconciled  
To thy departure then.

"The little arms that clasp'd me,  
The innocent lips that press'd—  
Would they have been as pure  
'Till now, as when of yore  
I lull'd thee on my breast?

"Now, like a dew-drop shrined  
Within a crystal stone,  
Thou'rt safe in Heaven, my dove!  
Safe with the Source of Love,  
The Everlasting One!

"And when the hour arrives,  
From flesh that sets me free,  
Thy spirit may await,  
The first at Heaven's gate,  
To meet and welcome me!"

[CHARLES LAMB. 1775—1834.]

### THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

I HAVE had playmates, I have had com-  
panions,  
In my days of childhood, in my joyful  
school days,  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been  
carousing, [cronies,  
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces

I loved a love once, fairest among  
women;  
Closed are her doors on me, I must not  
see her—  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no  
man; [ruptly;—  
Like an ingrate I left my friend ab-  
Left him, to muse on the old familiar  
faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of  
my childhood;  
Earth seem'd a desert I was bound to  
traverse,  
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a  
brother,  
Why wert not thou born in my father's  
dwelling,  
So might we talk of the old familiar  
faces;—

How some they have died, and some they  
have left me,  
And some are taken from me; all are  
departed;  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

[EARL OF CARLISLE. 1802—1864.]

### ON VISITING THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

THERE'S nothing great or bright, thou  
glorious Fall!  
Thou mayst not to the fancy's sense re-  
call—



The thunder-riven cloud, the lightning's leap—  
 The stirring of the chambers of the deep—  
 Earth's emerald green, and many-tinted dyes—  
 The fleecy whiteness of the upper skies—  
 The tread of armies thickening as they come—  
 The boom of cannon, and the beat of drum—  
 The brow of beauty, and the form of grace—  
 The passion, and the prowess of our race—  
 The song of Homer in its loftiest hour—  
 The unresisted sweep of Roman power—  
 Britannia's trident on the azure sea—  
 America's young shout of Liberty!  
 Oh! may the wars that madden in thy deeps  
 There spend their rage, nor climb th' encircling steeps,  
 And till the conflict of thy surges cease,  
 The nations on thy banks repose in peace.

[EBENEZER ELLIOTT. 1781—1849.]

### THE WONDERS OF THE LANE.

STRONG climber of the mountain side,  
 Though thou the vale disdain,  
 Yet walk with me where hawthorns hide  
 The wonders of the lane.  
 High o'er the rushy springs of Don  
 The stormy gloom is roll'd;  
 The moorland hath not yet put on  
 His purple, green, and gold.  
 But here the titling\* spreads his wing,  
 Where dewy daisies gleam;  
 And here the sun-flower† of the spring  
 Burns bright in morning's beam.  
 To mountain winds the famish'd fox  
 Complains that Sol is slow,  
 O'er headlong steeps and gushing rocks  
 His royal robe to throw.  
 But here the lizard seeks the sun,  
 Here coils in light the snake;  
 And here the fire-tuft‡ hath begun  
 Its beauteous nest to make.

\* The Hedge Sparrow. † The Dandelion.  
 ‡ The Golden-Crested Wren.

Oh, then, while hums the earliest bee,  
 Where verdure fires the plain,  
 Walk thou with me, and stoop to see  
 The glories of the lane!  
 For, oh, I love these banks of rock,  
 This roof of sky and tree,  
 These tufts, where sleeps the gloaming  
 clock,  
 And wakes the earliest bee!  
 As spirits from eternal day  
 Look down on earth secure;  
 Gaze thou, and wonder, and survey  
 A world in miniature;  
 A world not scorn'd by Him who made  
 Even weakness by his might;  
 But solemn in his depth of shade,  
 And splendid in his light.  
 Light! not alone on clouds afar  
 O'er storm-loved mountains spread,  
 Or widely-teaching sun and star  
 Thy glorious thoughts are read;  
 Oh, no! thou art a wond'rous book,  
 To sky, and sea, and land—  
 A page on which the angels look,  
 Which insects understand!  
 And here, oh, Light! minutely fair,  
 Divinely plain and clear,  
 Like splinters of a crystal hair,  
 Thy bright small hand is here.  
 Yon drop-fed lake, six inches wide,  
 Is Huron, girt with wood;  
 'This driplet feeds Missouri's tide—  
 And that Niagara's flood.  
 What tidings from the Andes brings  
 Yon line of liquid light,  
 That down from heav'n in madness flings  
 The blind foam of its might?  
 Do I not hear his thunder roll—  
 The roar that ne'er is still?  
 'Tis mute as death!—but in my soul  
 It roars, and ever will.  
 What forests tall of tiniest moss  
 Clothe every little stone!  
 What pigmy oaks their foliage toss  
 O'er pigmy valleys lone! [ledge,  
 With shade o'er shade, from ledge to  
 Ambitious of the sky,  
 They feather o'er the steepest edge  
 Of mountains mushroom high.  
 Oh, God of marvels! who can tell  
 What myriad living things  
 On these grey stones unseen may dwell!  
 What nations with their kings!



I feel no shock, I hear no groan  
 While fate perchance o'erwhelms  
 Empires on this subverted stone—  
 A hundred ruin'd realms !  
 Lo ! in that dot, some mite, like me,  
 Impell'd by woe or whim,  
 May crawl, some atom cliffs to see—  
 A tiny world to him !  
 Lo ! while he pauses, and admires  
 The work of nature's might,  
 Spurn'd by my foot, his world expires,  
 And all to him is night !  
 Oh, God of terrors ! what are we ?—  
 Poor insects, spark'd with thought !  
 Thy whisper, Lord, a word from thee,  
 Could smite us into nought !  
 But shouldst thou wreck our father-land,  
 And mix it with the deep,  
 Safe in the hollow of thy hand  
 Thy little ones would sleep.

#### THE HAPPY LOT.

BLESS'D is the hearth where daughters  
 gird the fire,  
 And sons that shall be happier than their  
 sire,  
 Who sees them crowd around his evening  
 chair,  
 While love and hope inspire his wordless  
 prayer.  
 O from their home paternal may they go,  
 With little to unlearn, though much to  
 know !  
 Them, may no poison'd tongue, no evil  
 eye,  
 Curse for the virtues that refuse to die ;  
 The generous heart, the independent  
 mind,  
 Till truth, like falsehood, leaves a sting  
 behind !  
 May temperance crown their feast, and  
 friendship share !  
 May Pity come, Love's sister-spirit, there !  
 May they shun baseness as they shun the  
 grave !  
 May they be frugal, pious, humble,  
 brave !  
 Sweet peace be theirs—the moonlight of  
 the breast—  
 And occupation, and alternate rest ;

And dear to care and thought the usual  
 walk ;  
 Theirs be no flower that withers on the  
 stalk,  
 But roses cropp'd, that shall not bloom in  
 vain ;  
 And hope's bless'd sun, that sets to rise  
 again.  
 Be chaste their nuptial bed, their home  
 be sweet,  
 Their floor resound the tread of little  
 feet ;  
 Bless'd beyond fear and fate, if bless'd by  
 thee,  
 And heirs, O Love ! of thine Eternity.

#### LOVE STRONG IN DEATH.

WE watch'd him, while the moonlight,  
 Beneath the shadow'd hill,  
 Seem'd dreaming of good angels,  
 And all the woods were still.  
 The brother of two sisters  
 Drew painfully his breath :  
 A strange fear had come o'er him,  
 For love was strong in death.  
 The fire of fatal fever  
 Burn'd darkly on his cheek,  
 And often to his mother  
 He spoke, or tried to speak :  
 " I felt, as if from slumber  
 I never could awake :  
 Oh, Mother, give me something  
 To cherish for your sake !  
 A cold, dead weight is on me—  
 A heavy weight, like lead :  
 My hands and feet seem sinking  
 Quite through my little bed :  
 I am so tired, so weary—  
 With weariness I ache :  
 Oh, Mother, give me something  
 To cherish for your sake !  
 Some little token give me,  
 Which I may kiss in sleep—  
 To make me feel I'm near you,  
 And bless you though I weep.  
 My sisters say I'm better—  
 But, then, their heads they shake  
 Oh, Mother, give me something  
 To cherish for your sake !



Why can't I see the poplar,  
 The moonlit stream and hill,  
 Where, Fanny says, good angels  
 Dream, when the woods are still?  
 Why can't I see you, Mother?  
 I surely am awake:  
 Oh, haste! and give me something  
 To cherish for your sake!"  
 His little bosom heaves not;  
 The fire hath left his cheek:  
 The fine chord—is it broken?  
 The strong chord—could it break?  
 Ah, yes! the loving spirit  
 Hath wing'd his flight away:  
 A mother and two sisters  
 Look down on lifeless clay.

[JOHN WILSON. 1785—1844.]

#### THE EVENING CLOUD.

A CLOUD lay cradled near the setting  
 sun,  
 A gleam of crimson tinged its braided  
 snow:  
 Long had I watch'd the glory moving on  
 O'er the still radiance of the lake below.  
 'Tranquil its spirit seem'd, and floated  
 slow!  
 Even in its very motion there was rest:  
 While every breath of eve that chanced to  
 blow  
 Wafted the traveller to the beauteous  
 West.  
 Emblem, methought, of the departed  
 soul!  
 To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is  
 given;  
 And by the breath of mercy made to roll  
 Right onwards to the golden gates of  
 Heaven,  
 Where, to the eye of faith, it peaceful  
 lies,  
 And tells to man his glorious destinies.

#### THE MIDNIGHT OCEAN.

*The Isle of Palm.*

It is the midnight hour:—the beauteous  
 sea,  
 Calm as the cloudless heaven, the heaven  
 discloses,

While many a sparkling star, in quiet glee,  
 Far down within the watery sky reposes.  
 As if the Ocean's heart were stirr'd  
 With inward life, a sound is heard,  
 Like that of dreamer murmuring in his  
 sleep;  
 'Tis partly the billow, and partly the air,  
 That lies like a garment floating fair  
 Above the happy deep.  
 The sea, I ween, cannot be fann'd  
 By evening freshness from the land,  
 For the land it is far away;  
 But God hath will'd that the sky-born  
 breeze  
 In the centre of the loneliest seas  
 Should ever sport and play.  
 The mighty Moon she sits above,  
 Encircled with a zone of love,  
 A zone of dim and tender light  
 That makes her wakeful eye more bright:  
 She seems to shine with a sunny ray,  
 And the night looks like a mellow'd day!  
 The gracious Mistress of the Main  
 Hath now an undisturb'd reign,  
 And from her silent throne looks down,  
 As upon children of her own,  
 On the waves that lend their gentle breast  
 In gladness for her couch of rest!

#### MAGDALENE'S HYMN.

*The City of the Plague.*

THE air of death breathes through our  
 souls,  
 The dead all round us lie;  
 By day and night the death-bell tolls,  
 And says, "Prepare to die."

The face that in the morning sun  
 We thought so wond'rous fair,  
 Hath faded, ere his course was run,  
 Beneath its golden hair.

I see the old man in his grave,  
 With thin locks silvery-grey;  
 I see the child's bright tresses wave  
 In the cold breath of clay.

The loving ones we loved the best,  
 Like music all are gone!  
 And the wan moonlight bathes in rest  
 Their monumental stone.



But not when the death-prayer is said  
The life of life departs ;  
The body in the grave is laid,  
Its beauty in our hearts.

And holy midnight voices sweet  
Like fragrance fill the room,  
And happy ghosts with noiseless feet  
Come bright'ning from the tomb.

We know who sends the visions bright,  
From whose dear side they came !  
—We veil our eyes before thy light,  
We bless our Saviour's name !

This frame of dust, this feeble breath  
The Plague may soon destroy ;  
We think on Thee, and feel in death  
A deep and awful joy.

Dim is the light of vanish'd years  
In the glory yet to come ;  
O idle grief ! O foolish tears !  
When Jesus calls us home.

Like children for some bauble fair  
That weep themselves to rest ;  
We part with life—awake ! and there  
The jewel in our breast !

#### SACRED POETRY.

How beautiful is genius when combined  
With holiness ! Oh, how divinely sweet  
The tones of earthly harp, whose chords  
are touch'd

By the soft hand of Piety, and hung  
Upon Religion's shrine, there vibrating  
With solemn music in the ear of God.  
And must the Bard from sacred themes  
refrain ?

Sweet were the hymns in patriarchal  
days,  
That, kneeling in the silence of his tent,  
Or on some moonlit hill, the shepherd  
pour'd  
Unto his heavenly Father. Strains sur-  
vive

Erst chanted to the lyre of Israel,  
More touching far than ever poet breathed  
Amid the Grecian isles, or later times  
Have heard in Albion, land of every lay.

Why therefore are ye silent, ye who know  
The trance of adoration, and behold  
Upon your bended knees the throne of  
Heaven,  
And Him who sits thereon ? Believe it  
not,  
That Poetry, in purer days the nurse,  
Yea, parent oft of blissful piety,  
Should silent keep from service of her  
God,  
Nor with her summons, loud but silver-  
toned,  
Startle the guilty dreamer from his sleep,  
Bidding him gaze with rapture or with  
dread  
On regions where the sky forever lies  
Bright as the sun himself, and trembling  
all  
With ravishing music, or where darkness  
broods  
O'er ghastly shapes, and sounds not to be  
borne.

#### THE THREE SEASONS OF LOVE.

WITH laughter swimming in thine eye,  
That told youth's heartfelt revelry ;  
And motion changeful as the wing  
Of swallow waken'd by the spring ;  
With accents blithe as voice of May,  
Chanting glad Nature's roundelay ;  
Circled by joy, like planet bright,  
That smiles 'mid wreaths of dewy light,  
Thy image such, in former time,  
When thou, just entering on thy prime,  
And woman's sense in thee combined  
Gently with childhood's simplest mind,  
First taught'st my sighing soul to move  
With hope towards the heaven of love !

Now years have given my Mary's face  
A thoughtful and a quiet grace ;  
Though happy still, yet chance distress  
Hath left a pensive loveliness ;  
Fancy hath tamed her fairy gleams,  
And thy heart broods o'er home-born  
dreams !

Thy smiles, slow-kindling now and mild,  
Shower blessings on a darling child ;  
Thy motion slow, and soft thy tread,  
As if round thy hush'd infant's bed !



And when thou speak'st, thy melting tone,  
That tells thy heart is all my own,  
Sounds sweeter from the lapse of years,  
With the wife's love, the mother's fears!

By thy glad youth and tranquil prime  
Assured, I smile at hoary time;  
For thou art doom'd in age to know,  
The calm that wisdom steals from woe;  
The holy pride of high intent,  
The glory of a life well spent.  
When, earth's affections nearly o'er,  
With Peace behind and Faith before,  
Thou render'st up again to God,  
Untarnish'd by its frail abode,  
Thy lustrous soul; then harp and hymn,  
From bands of sister seraphim,  
Asleep will lay thee, till thine eye  
Open in Immortality.

[HORACE SMITH. 1779—1849.]

#### ADDRESS TO THE MUMMY IN BELZONI'S EXHIBITION.

AND thou hast walked about (how strange  
a story!)  
In Thebes's street three thousand years  
ago, [glory,  
When the Memnonium was in all its  
And time had not begun to overthrow  
Those temples, palaces, and piles  
stupendous,  
Of which the very ruins are tremendous!

Speak! for thou long enough hast acted  
dumby;  
Thou hast a tongue, come, let us hear  
its tune;  
Thou'rt standing on thy legs above ground,  
mummy!  
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon.  
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied  
creatures,  
But with thy bones and flesh, and limbs  
and features.

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst re-  
collect— [fame?  
To whom we should assign the Sphinx's  
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect  
Of either Pyramid that bears his name?

Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer?  
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by  
Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a mason, and forbidden  
By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade—  
Then say, what secret melody was hidden  
In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise  
played?

Perhaps thou wert a Priest—if so, my  
struggles  
Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its  
juggles.

Perchance that very hand, now pinioned  
flat, [to glass;  
Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass  
Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat,  
Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido  
pass,  
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,  
A torch at the great Temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when  
armed,  
Has any Roman soldier mauled and  
knuckled,  
For thou wert dead, and buried, and  
embalmed  
Ere Romulus and Remus had been  
suckled:  
Antiquity appears to have begun  
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou couldst develop, if that withered  
tongue  
Might tell us what those sightless orbs  
have seen,  
How the world looked when it was fresh  
and young, [green;  
And the great deluge still had left it  
Or was it then so old, that history's pages  
Contained no record of its early ages?

Still silent, incommunicative elf!  
Art sworn to secrecy? then keep thy  
vows;  
But pr'ythee tell us something of thyself,  
Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house;  
Since in the world of spirits thou hast  
slumbered,  
What hast thou seen—what strange  
adventures numbered?



Since first thy form was in this box extended,  
 We have, above ground, seen some strange mutations;  
 The Roman empire has begun and ended,  
 New worlds have risen—we have lost old nations,  
 And countless kings have into dust been humbled,  
 Whilst not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,  
 When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,  
 Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,  
 O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,  
 And shook the pyramids with fear and wonder,  
 When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?  
 If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,  
 The nature of thy private life unfold:  
 A heart has throbb'd beneath that leathern breast,  
 And tears adown that dusky cheek have roll'd;  
 Have children climbed those knees and kissed that face?  
 What was thy name and station, age and race?

Statue of flesh—immortal of the dead!  
 Imperishable type of evanescence!  
 Posthumous man, who quit'st thy narrow bed,  
 And standest undecayed within our presence,  
 Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment morning,  
 When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning.  
 Why should this worthless tegument endure,  
 If its undying guest be lost for ever?  
 Oh, let us keep the soul embalmed and pure  
 In living virtue, that, when both must [sever,  
 Although corruption may our frame consume,  
 The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom.

[ALLAN CUNNINGHAM. 1785—1842.]

### THE SUN RISES BRIGHT IN FRANCE.

THE sun rises bright in France,  
 And fair sets he;  
 But he has tint the blythe blink he had  
 In my ain countree.

O it's nae my ain ruin  
 That saddens aye my e'e,  
 But the dear Marie I left ahin',  
 Wi' sweet bairnies thre.

My lanely hearth burn'd bonnie,  
 An' smiled my ain Marie;  
 I've left a' my heart behin'  
 In my ain countree.

The bud comes back to summer,  
 And the blossom to the bee;  
 But I'll win back—O never,  
 To my ain countree.

O I am leal to high Heaven,  
 Where soon I hope to be,  
 An' there I'll meet ye a' soon  
 Frae my ain countree!

### A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,  
 A wind that follows fast,  
 And fills the white and rustling sail,  
 And bends the gallant mast,  
 And bends the gallant mast, my boys,  
 While, like the eagle free,  
 Away the good ship flies, and leaves  
 Old England on the lee.

Oh, for a soft and gentle wind!  
 I heard a fair one cry;  
 But give to me the swelling breeze,  
 And white waves heaving high.  
 The white waves heaving high, my lads,  
 The good ship tight and free,—  
 The world of waters is our home,  
 And merry men are we.



## THE MAIDEN'S DREAM.

SHE slept, and there was visioned in her sleep  
 A hill: above its summit sang the lark—  
 She strove to climb it: ocean wide and deep  
 Gaped for her feet, where swam a sable bark,  
 Mann'd with dread shapes, whose aspects,  
 Doure and dark,  
 Mocked God's bright image; huge and grim they grew—  
 Quenched all the lights of heaven, save one small spark,  
 Then seized her—laughing to the bark they drew  
 Her shuddering, shrieking—ocean kindled as they flew.

And she was carried to a castle bright.  
 A voice said, "Sibyl, here's thy blithe bridegroom!"  
 She shrieked—she prayed;—at once the bridal light  
 Was quenched, and changed to midnight's funeral gloom.  
 She saw swords flash, and many a dancing plume  
 Roll on before her; while around her fell  
 Increase of darkness, like the hour of doom;  
 She felt herself as chained by charm and spell.  
 Lo! one to win her came she knew and loved right well.

Right through the darkness down to ocean-flood  
 He bore her now: the deep and troubled sea  
 Rolled red before her like a surge of blood,  
 And wet her feet: she felt it touch her knee—  
 She started—waking from her terrors, she  
 Let through the room the midnight's dewy air—  
 The gentle air, so odorous, fresh, and free,  
 Her bosom cooled: she spread her palms and there  
 Knelt humble, and to God confessed herself in prayer.

"God of my Fathers! thou who didst upraise  
 Their hearts and touched them with heroic fire,  
 And madest their deeds the subject of high praise—  
 Their daughter's beauty charm the poet's lyre—  
 Confirm me in the right—my mind inspire  
 With godliness and grace and virtuous might,  
 To win this maiden-venture, heavenly sire!  
 Chase darkness from me, let me live in light,  
 And take those visions dread from thy weak servant's sight."

Even while she prayed, her spirit waxed more meek.  
 'Mid snow-white sheets her whiter limbs she threw;  
 A moon-beam came, and on her glowing cheek  
 Dropt bright, as proud of her diviner hue.  
 Sweet sleep its golden mantle o'er her threw,  
 And there she lay as innocent and mild  
 As unfledged dove or daisy born in dew.  
 Fair dreams descending chased off visions wild;  
 She stretched in sleep her hand, and on the shadows smiled.

## SABBATH MORNING.

DEAR is the hallow'd morn to me,  
 When village bells awake the day;  
 And, by their sacred minstrelsy,  
 Call me from earthly cares away.

And dear to me the winged hour,  
 Spent in thy hallow'd courts, O Lord!  
 To feel devotion's soothing power,  
 And catch the manna of thy word.

And dear to me the loud Amen,  
 Which echoes through the blest abode,  
 Which swells and sinks, and swells again.  
 Dies on the walls, but lives to God.



And dear the rustic harmony,  
Sung with the pomp of village art ;  
That holy, heavenly melody,  
The music of a thankful heart.

In secret I have often pray'd,  
And still the anxious tear would fall ;  
But on thy sacred altar laid,  
The fire descends, and dries them all.

Oft when the world, with iron hands,  
Has bound me in its six-days' chain,  
This bursts them, like the strong man's  
bands,  
And lets my spirit loose again.

Then dear to me the Sabbath morn ;  
The village bells, the shepherd's voice ;  
These oft have found my heart forlorn,  
And always bid that heart rejoice.

Go, man of pleasure, strike thy lyre,  
Of broken Sabbaths sing the charms ;  
Ours be the prophet's car of fire,  
That bears us to a Father's arms.

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### THOU HAST SWORN BY THY GOD.

THOU hast sworn by thy God, my Jeanie,  
By that pretty white han' o' thine,  
And by all the lowing stars in heaven,  
That thou wad aye be mine ;  
And I hae sworn by my God, my Jeanie,  
And by that kind heart o' thine,  
By a' the stars sown thick o'er heaven,  
That thou shalt aye be mine.

Then foul fa' the hands that wad loose  
sic bands,  
An' the heart that wad part sic love ;  
But there's nae hand can loose my band,  
But the finger o' God above.  
Though the wee wee cot maun be my  
bield,  
And my claithing e'er so mean,  
I wad la me up rich i' the faulds o' luve,  
Heaven's armfu' o' my Jean.

Her white arm wad be a pillow for me  
Far safer than the down ;

And love wad winnow owre us his kind  
kind wings,  
And sweetly I'd sleep, an' soun'.  
Come here to me, thou lass o' my luve,  
Come here, and kneel wi' me,  
The morn is fu' o' the presence o' my  
God,  
And I canna pray but thee.

The morn-wind is sweet 'mang the beds  
o' new flowers,  
The wee birds sing kindlie an' hie,  
Our gude-man leans owre his kale-yard  
dyke,  
And a blythe auld bodie is he.  
The Beuk maun be taen when the carle  
comes hame,  
Wi' the holie psalmodie,  
And thou maun speak o' me to thy God,  
And I will speak o' thee.

~~~~~

### BONNIE LADY ANN.

THERE'S kames o' honey 'tween my luve's  
lips,  
An' gowd amang her hair ;  
Her breasts are lapt in a holie veil,  
Nae mortal een keek there.  
What lips dare kiss, or what hand dare  
touch,  
Or what arm o' luve dare span  
The honey lips, the creamy loof,  
Or the waist o' Lady Ann ?  
She kisses the lips o' her bonnie red rose,  
Wat wi' the blobs o' dew ;  
But nae gentle lip nor simple lip  
Maun touch her Ladie mou' ;  
But a broidered belt wi' a buckle o' gowd  
Her jimpy waist maun span ;  
O she's an armfu' fit for heaven,  
My bonnie Lady Ann !  
Her bower casement is latticed wi'  
flowers,  
Tied up wi' silver thread,  
An' comely she sits in the midst,  
Men's longing een to feed.  
She waves the ringlets frae her cheeks,  
Wi' her milky milky han',  
An' her cheeks seem touched wi' the  
finger o' God ;  
My bonnie Lady Ann !



The morning cloud is tassel'd wi' gowd,  
 Like my luve's brolder'd cap,  
 An' on the mantle which my luve wears  
 Are monie a gowden drap.  
 Her bonnie ee bree's a holie arch,  
 Cast by no earthly han',  
 An' the breath o' God's atween the lips  
 O' my bonnie Lady Ann!

I am her father's gardener lad,  
 And poor poor is my fa';  
 My auld mither gets my wee wee fee,  
 Wi' fatherless bairnies twa.  
 My Lady comes, my Lady goes  
 Wi' a fu' an' kindly han'; [luve,  
 O the blessing o' God maun mix wi' my  
 An' fa' on Lady Ann!

~~~~~

SHE'S GONE TO DWELL IN  
 HEAVEN.

SHE's gone to dwell in heaven, my lassie,  
 She's gone to dwell in heaven:  
 Ye're owre pure, quo' the voice o' God,  
 For dwelling out o' heaven!

O what'll she do in heaven, my lassie?  
 O what'll she do in heaven?  
 She'll mix her ain thoughts wi' angels'  
 sangs,  
 An' make them mair meet for heaven.

She was beloved by a', my lassie,  
 She was beloved by a';  
 But an angel fell in love wi' her,  
 An' took her frae us a'.

Low there thou lies, my lassie,  
 Low there thou lies;  
 A bonnier form ne'er went to the yird,  
 Nor frae it will arise!

Fu' soon I'll follow thee, my lassie,  
 Fu' soon I'll follow thee;  
 Thou left me nought to covet ahn',  
 But took gudeness' itself wi' thee.

I looked on thy death-cold face, my  
 lassie,  
 I looked on thy death-cold face:  
 Thou seemed a lily new cut i' the bud,  
 An' fading in its place.

I looked on thy death-shut eye, my lassie,  
 I looked on thy death-shut eye;  
 An' a lovelier light in the brow of heaven  
 Fell time shall ne'er destroy.

Thy lips were ruddy and calm, my lassie,  
 Thy lips were ruddy and calm;  
 But gone was the holy breath o' heaven  
 To sing the evening psalm.

There's naught but dust now mine, lassie,  
 There's naught but dust now mine;  
 My soul's wi' thee i' the cauld, cauld grave,  
 An' why should I stay behin'?

~~~~~

[HARTLEY COLERIDGE. 1796—1849.]

SHE IS NOT FAIR.

SHE is not fair to outward view,  
 As many maidens be;  
 Her loveliness I never knew  
 Until she smiled on me.  
 Oh, then I saw her eye was bright,  
 A well of love, a spring of light.

But now her looks are coy and cold—  
 To mine they ne'er reply;  
 And yet I cease not to behold  
 The love-light in her eye:  
 Her very frowns are sweeter far  
 Than smiles of other maidens are.

~~~~~

THE FIRST MAN.

WHAT was't awakened first the untried  
 ear  
 Of that sole man who was all human  
 kind?  
 Was it the gladsome welcome of the  
 wind,  
 Stirring the leaves that never yet were  
 sere?  
 The four mellifluous streams which flowed  
 so near,  
 Their lulling murmurs all in one com-  
 bined?  
 The note of bird unnamed? The startled  
 hind  
 Bursting the brake,—in wonder, not in  
 fear  
 Of her new lord? Or did the holy ground



Send forth mysterious melody to greet  
The gracious pressure of immaculate feet?  
Did viewless seraphs rustle all around,  
Making sweet music out of air as sweet?  
Or his own voice awake him with its  
sound?

[BERNARD BARTON. 1784—1849.]

#### TO THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

FAIR flower, that shunn'st the glare of  
day,  
Yet lov'st to open, meekly bold,  
To evening's hues of sober grey  
Thy cup of paly gold;—

Be thine the offering owing long  
To thee, and to this pensive hour  
Of one brief tributary song,  
Though transient as thy flower.

I love to watch at silent eve,  
Thy scattered blossoms' lonely light,  
And have my inmost heart receive  
The influence of that sight.

I love at such an hour to mark  
Their beauty greet the night-breeze  
chill,  
And shine, mid shadows gathering dark,  
The garden's glory still.

For such, 'tis sweet to think the while,  
When cares and griefs the breast in-  
vade,  
Is friendship's animating smile  
In sorrow's dark'ning shade.

Thus it bursts forth, like thy pale cup  
Glist'ning amid its dewy tears,  
And bears the sinking spirit up  
Amid its chilling fears.

But still more animating far,  
If meek Religion's eye may trace,  
Even in thy glimm'ring earth-born star,  
The holier hope of Grace.

The hope—that as thy beauteous bloom  
Expands to glad the close of day,  
So through the shadows of the tomb  
May break forth Mercy's ray.

[JOANNA BAILLIE. 1762—1851.]

#### THE CHOUGH AND CROW.

THE Chough and Crow to roost are gone—  
The owl sits on the tree—  
The hush'd winds wail with feeble moan,  
Like infant charity.  
The wild fire dances o'er the fen—  
The red star sheds its ray;  
Uprouse ye then, my merry men,  
It is our op'ning day.

Both child and nurse are fast asleep,  
And clos'd is ev'ry flower;  
And winking tapers faintly peep,  
High from my lady's bower.  
Bewilder'd hind with shorten'd ken,  
Shrink on their murky way:  
Uprouse ye then, my merry men,  
It is our op'ning day.

Nor board, nor garner own we now,  
Nor roof, nor latched door,  
Nor kind mate bound by holy vow  
To bless a good man's store.  
Noon lulls us in a gloomy den,  
And night is grown our day:  
Uprouse ye then, my merry men,  
And use it as we may.

#### THE HIGHLAND SHEPHERD.

THE gowan glitters on the sward,  
The lavrock's in the sky,  
And Colley in my plaid keeps ward,  
And time is passing by.  
Oh, no! sad and slow!  
I hear no welcome sound,  
The shadow of our trysting bush,  
It wears so slowly round.

My sheep bells tinkle frae the west,  
My lambs are bleating near;  
But still the sound that I lo'e best,  
Alack! I canna hear.  
Oh, no! sad and slow!  
The shadow lingers still,  
And like a lanely ghaist I stand,  
And croon upon the hill.

I hear below the water roar,  
The mill wi' clacking din,



And Luckey scolding frae her door,  
To bring the bairnies in.  
Oh, no! sad and slow!  
These are nae sounds for me,  
The shadow of our trysting bush,  
It creeps sae drearily.

I coft yestreen, frae Chapman Tam,  
A snood of bonny blue,  
And promised when our trysting cam',  
To tie it round her brow!  
Oh, no! sad and slow!  
The time it winna pass:  
The shadow of that weary thorn  
Is tether'd on the grass.

O, now I see her on the way,  
She's past the witches' knowe,  
She's climbing up the brownie's brae;  
My heart is in a lowe.  
Oh, no! 'tis not so!  
'Tis glamrie I ha'e seen!  
The shadow of that hawthorn bush  
Will move nae mair till e'en.

[THE REV. GEORGE CROLY. 1780—1860.]

#### DOMESTIC LOVE.

O! LOVE of loves!—to thy white hand  
is given  
Of earthly happiness the golden key.  
Thine are the joyous hours of winter's  
even,  
When the babes cling around their  
father's knee;  
And thine the voice, that, on the mid-  
night sea,  
Melts the rude mariner with thoughts  
of home, [to see.  
Peopling the gloom with all he longs  
Spirit! I've built a shrine; and thou  
hast come  
And on its altar closed—forever closed  
thy plume.

#### CUPID CARRYING PROVISIONS.

THERE was once a gentle time  
When the world was in its prime;  
And every day was holiday,  
And every month was lovely May.

Cupid then had but to go  
With his purple wings and bow;  
And in blossomed vale and grove  
Every shepherd knelt to love.

Then a rosy, dimpled cheek,  
And a blue eye, fond and meek;  
And a ringlet-wreathen brow,  
Like hyacinths on a bed of snow;  
And a low voice, silver sweet,  
From a lip without deceit;  
Only those the hearts could move  
Of the simple swains to love.

But that time is gone and past,  
Can the summer always last?  
And the swains are wiser grown,  
And the heart is turned to stone,  
And the maiden's rose may wither,  
Cupid's fled, no man knows whither.  
But another Cupid's come,  
With a brow of care and gloom:  
Fixed upon the earthly mould,  
Thinking of the sullen gold;  
In his hand the bow no more,  
At his back the household store,  
That the bridal gold must buy:  
Useless now the smile and sigh:  
But he wears the pinion still,  
Flying at the sight of ill.

Oh, for the old true-love time,  
When the world was in its prime!

[W. SMYTH. 1766—1849.]

#### THE SOLDIER.

WHAT dreaming drone was ever blest,  
By thinking of the morrow?  
To-day be mine—I leave the rest  
To all the fools of sorrow;  
Give me the mind that mocks at care,  
The heart, its own defender;  
The spirits that are light as air,  
And never beat surrender.

On comes the foe—to arms—to arms—  
We meet—'tis death or glory;  
'Tis victory in all her charms,  
Or fame in Britain's story;



Dear native land ! thy fortunes frown,  
And ruffians would enslave thee ;  
Thou land of honour and renown,  
Who would not die to save thee ?

'Tis you, 'tis I, that meets the ball ;  
And me it better pleases  
In battle with the brave to fall,  
Than die of cold diseases ;  
Than drivel on in elbow-chair  
With saws and tales unheeded,  
A tottering thing of aches and care,  
Nor longer loved nor needed.

But thou—dark is thy flowing hair,  
Thy eye with fire is streaming,  
And o'er thy cheek, thy looks, thine air,  
Health sits in triumph beaming ;  
Then, brother soldier, fill the wine,  
Fill high the wine to beauty ;  
I love, friendship, honour, all are thine,  
Thy country and thy duty.

[WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES. 1762—1850.]

#### THE CLIFF.

As slow I climb the cliff's ascending side,  
Much musing on the track of terror  
past,  
When o'er the dark wave rode the  
howling blast,  
Pleased I look back, and view the tran-  
quil tide  
That laves the pebbled shores ; and now  
the beam  
Of evening smiles on the grey battle-  
ment,  
And yon forsaken tow'r that time has  
rent :  
The lifted oar far off with silver gleam  
Is touched, and the hushed billows seem  
to sleep.  
Soothed by the scene e'en thus on sor-  
row's breast  
A kindred stillness steals, and bids her  
rest ;  
Whilst sad airs stilly sigh along the deep,  
Like melodies that mourn upon the lyre,  
Waked by the breeze, and as they mourn,  
expire.

#### BAMBOROUGH CASTLE.

YE holy tow'rs that shade the wave-worn  
steep,  
Long may ye rear your aged brows  
sublime, [time  
Though hurrying silent by, relentless  
Assail you, and the wintry whirlwind  
sweep.  
For, far from blazing grandeur's crowded  
halls,  
Here Charity has fixed her chosen seat ;  
Oft listening tearful when the wild  
winds beat  
With hollow bodings round your ancient  
walls ;  
And Pity, at the dark and stormy hour  
Of midnight, when the moon is hid on  
high,  
Keeps her lone watch upon the topmost  
tow'r,  
And turns her ear to each expiring cry,  
Blest if her aid some fainting wretch  
might save,  
And snatch him cold and speechless from  
the grave.

#### EVENING.

EVENING, as slow thy placid shades  
descend,  
Veiling with gentlest touch the land-  
scape still,  
The lonely battlement, and farthest hill  
And wood—I think of those that have no  
friend :  
Who now perhaps by melancholy led,  
From the broad blaze of day, where  
pleasure flaunts,  
Retiring, wander mid thy lonely haunts  
Unseen, and mark the tints that o'er thy  
bed  
Hang lovely ; oft to musing Fancy's eye  
Presenting fairy vales, where the tired  
mind  
Might rest, beyond the murmurs or  
mankind,  
Nor hear the hourly moans of misery.  
Ah ! beauteous views, that Hope's fair  
gleams the while  
Should smile like you, and perish as they  
smile !



## DOVER CLIFFS.

ON these white cliffs, that calm above the  
flood  
Uplift their shadowy heads, and at their  
feet  
Scarce hear the surge that has for ages  
beat,  
Sure many a lonely wanderer has stood ;  
And while the distant murmur met his  
ear,  
And o'er the distant billows the still eve  
Sailed slow, has thought of all his heart  
must leave  
To-morrow ; of the friends he loved  
most dear ;  
Of social scenes from which he wept to  
part.  
But if, like me, he knew how fruitless  
all  
The thoughts that would full fain the  
past recall ;  
Soon would he quell the risings of his  
heart,  
And brave the wild winds and unhearing  
tide,  
The world his country, and his God his  
guide.

## ON THE RHINE.

'TWAS morn, and beauteous on the moun-  
tain's brow  
(Hung with the blushes of the bending  
vine)  
Streamed the blue light, when on the  
sparkling Rhine  
We bounded, and the white waves round  
the prow  
In murmurs parted ; varying as we go,  
Lo ! the woods open and the rocks  
retire ;  
Some convent's ancient walls, or glisten-  
ing spire  
Mid the bright landscape's tract, unfold-  
ing slow.  
Here dark with furrowed aspect, like  
despair,  
Hangs the bleak cliff, there on the  
woodland's side  
The shadowy sunshine pours its stream-  
ing tide ;

Whilst Hope, enchanted with a scene so  
fair,  
Would wish to linger many a summer's  
day,  
Nor heeds how fast the prospect winds  
away.

## WRITTEN AT OSTEND.

How sweet the tuneful bells responsive  
peal !  
As when, at opening morn, the fragrant  
breeze  
Breathes on the trembling sense of wan  
disease,  
So piercing to my heart their force I feel !  
And hark ! with lessening cadence now  
they fall,  
And now along the white and level  
tide  
They fling their melancholy music  
wide,  
Bidding me many a tender thought recall  
Of summer days, and those delightful  
years,  
When by my native streams, in life's  
fair prime,  
The mournful magic of their mingling  
chime  
First waked my wondering childhood  
into tears ;  
But seeming now, when all those days  
are o'er,  
The sounds of joy, once heard and heard  
no more.

## TO TIME.

O TIME, who knowest a lenient hand to  
lay,  
Softest on sorrow's wounds, and slowly  
thence  
(Lulling to sad repose the weary sense)  
The faint pang stealest unperceived away :  
On thee I rest my only hopes at last ;  
And think when thou hast dried the  
bitter tear,  
That flows in vain o'er all my soul held  
dear,  
I may look back on many a sorrow past,  
And greet life's peaceful evening with a  
smile—



As some lone bird, at day's departing  
hour,  
Sings in the sunshine of the transient  
Forgetful, though its wings be wet the  
while.

But ah! what ills must that poor heart  
endure,  
Who hopes from thee, and thee alone, a  
cure.

[REV. J. BLANCO WHITE. 1775—1841.]

### NIGHT AND DEATH.

MYSTERIOUS Night! when our first parent  
knew

Thee from report divine, and heard thy  
name,  
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,  
This glorious canopy of light and blue?  
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,  
Bathed in the rays of the great setting  
flame,  
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,  
And lo! creation widened in man's  
view.

Who could have thought such darkness  
lay concealed

Within thy beams, O sun! or who  
could find,  
Whilst fly, and leaf, and insect stood re-  
vealed,

That to such countless orbs thou mad'st  
us blind!  
Why do we then shun Death with anxious  
strife?

If light can thus deceive, wherefore not  
life?

[WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. 1770—1850.]

### LUCY GRAY; OR SOLITUDE.

OF I had heard of Lucy Gray;  
And, when I crossed the wild,  
I chanced to see at break of day,  
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade, Lucy knew;  
She dwelt on a wide moor,  
—The sweetest thing that ever grew  
Beside a human door!

You yet may spy the fawn at play  
The hare upon the green;  
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray  
Will never more be seen.

“To-night will be a stormy night—  
You to the town must go;  
And take a lantern, child, to light  
Your mother through the snow.”

“That, father, will I gladly do!  
'Tis scarcely afternoon—  
The minster-clock has just struck two,  
And yonder is the moon.”

At this the father raised his hook  
And snapped a fagot band;  
He plied his work;—and Lucy took  
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe:  
With many a wanton stroke  
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,  
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time:  
She wandered up and down:  
And many a hill did Lucy climb;  
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night,  
Went shouting far and wide;  
But there was neither sound nor sight  
To serve them for a guide.

At daybreak on a hill they stood  
That overlooked the moor;  
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,  
A furlong from the door.

And, turning homeward, now they cried,  
“In heaven we all shall meet!”  
—When in the snow the mother spied  
The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downward from the steep hill's edge  
They tracked the footmarks small;  
And through the broken hawthorn hedge  
And by the long stone wall:

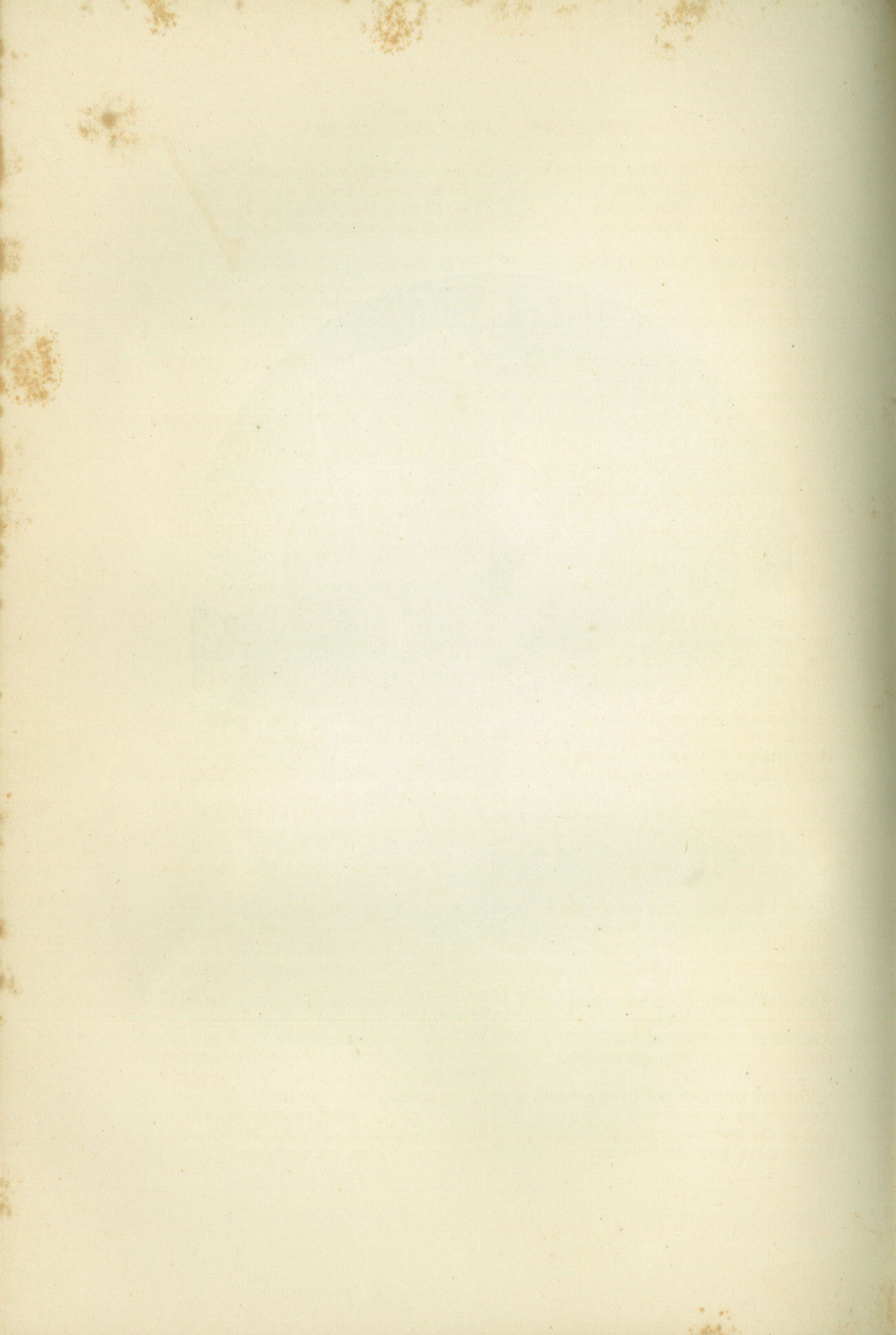
And then an open field they crossed:  
The marks were still the same;  
They tracked them on, nor ever lost;  
And to the bridge they came.





LUCY GRAY (WORDSWORTH).  
They followed from the snowy bank  
The footmarks, one by one.—P. 315.







They followed from the snowy bank  
The footmarks, one by one,  
Into the middle of the plank ;  
And further there were none !

—Yet some maintain that to this day  
She is a living child ;  
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray  
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,  
And never looks behind ;  
And sings a solitary song  
That whistles in the wind.

~~~~~

WE ARE SEVEN.

A SIMPLE child  
That lightly draws its breath,  
And feels its life in every limb,  
What should it know of death ?

I met a little cottage girl :  
She was eight years old, she said ;  
Her hair was thick with many a curl  
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,  
And she was wildly clad ;  
Her eyes were fair, and very fair ;  
—Her beauty made me glad.

“ Sisters and brothers, little maid,  
How many may you be ? ”  
“ How many ? Seven in all, ” she said,  
And wondering looked at me.

“ And where are they ? I pray you tell ”  
She answered, “ Seven are we ;  
And two of us at Conway dwell,  
And two are gone to sea.

“ Two of us in the churchyard lie,  
My sister and my brother ;  
And, in the churchyard cottage, I  
Dwell near them with my mother. ”

“ You say that two at Conway dwell,  
And two are gone to sea,  
Yet ye are seven !—I pray you tell,  
Sweet maid, how this may be. ”

Then did the little maid reply,  
“ Seven boys and girls are we ;  
Two of us in the churchyard lie,  
Beneath the churchyard tree. ”

“ You run about, my little maid,  
Your limbs they are alive ;  
If two are in the churchyard laid,  
Then ye are only five. ”

“ Their graves are green, they may be  
seen, ”  
The little maid replied,  
“ Twelve steps or more from my mother's  
door,  
And they are side by side.

“ My stockings there I often knit,  
My kerchief there I hem ;  
And there upon the ground I sit—  
I sit and sing to them.

“ And often after sunset, Sir,  
When it is light and fair,  
I take my little porringer,  
And eat my supper there.

“ The first that died was little Jane ;  
In bed she moaning lay,  
Till God released her of her pain :  
And then she went away.

“ So in the churchyard she was laid ;  
And all the summer dry,  
Together round her grave we played,  
My brother John and I.

“ And when the ground was white with  
snow,  
And I could run and slide,  
My brother John was forced to go,  
And he lies by her side. ”

“ How many are you, then, ” said I,  
“ If they two are in heaven ? ”  
The little maiden did reply,  
“ O master ! we are seven. ”

“ But they are dead : those two are dead  
Their spirits are in heaven ! ”  
'Twas throwing words away : for still  
The little maid would have her will,  
And said, “ Nay, we are seven ! ”



## LUCY.

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways  
Beside the springs of Dove,  
A maid whom there were none to praise,  
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone  
Half hidden from the eye!  
Fair as a star, when only one  
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know  
When Lucy ceased to be;  
But she is in her grave, and, oh,  
The difference to me!

\* \* \* \* \*

I travelled among unknown men,  
In lands beyond the sea;  
Nor, England! did I know till then  
What love I bore to thee.

'Tis past, that melancholy dream!  
Nor will I quit thy shore  
A second time; for still I seem  
To love thee more and more.

Among thy mountains did I feel  
The joy of my desire;  
And she I cherished turned her wheel  
Beside an English fire.

Thy mornings showed, thy nights concealed  
The bowers where Lucy played;  
And thine is too the last green field  
That Lucy's eyes surveyed.

## RUTH.

WHEN Ruth was left half-desolate,  
Her father took another mate;  
And Ruth, not seven years old,  
A slighted child, at her own will  
Went wandering over dale and hill,  
In thoughtless freedom bold.

And she had made a pipe of straw,  
And from that oaten pipe could draw  
All sounds of winds and floods;  
Had built a bower upon the green,  
As if she from her birth had been  
An infant of the woods.

Beneath her father's roof, alone  
She seemed to live; her thoughts her  
own;  
Herself her own delight:  
Pleased with herself, nor sad, nor gay,  
She passed her time; and in this way  
Grew up to woman's height.

There came a youth from Georgia's  
shore,—  
A military casque he wore  
With splendid feathers dressed;  
He brought them from the Cherokees,  
The feathers nodded in the breeze,  
And made a gallant crest.

From Indian blood you deem him sprung:  
Ah! no, he spake the English tongue  
And bore a soldier's name;  
And, when America was free  
From battle and from jeopardy,  
He 'cross the ocean came.

With hues of genius on his cheek,  
In finest tones the youth could speak.  
—While he was yet a boy,  
The moon, the glory of the sun,  
And streams that murmur as they run,  
Had been his dearest joy.

He was a lovely youth! I guess  
The panther in the wilderness  
Was not so fair as he;  
And, when he chose to sport and play,  
No dolphin ever was so gay  
Upon the tropic sea.

Among the Indians he had fought;  
And with him many tales he brought  
Of pleasure and of fear;  
Such tales as, told to any maid  
By such a youth, in the green shade,  
Were perilous to hear.

He told of girls, a happy rout!  
Who quit their fold with dance and shout  
Their pleasant Indian town,  
To gather strawberries all day long;  
Returning with a choral song  
When daylight is gone down.

He spake of plants divine and st  
That every hour their b



Ten thousand lovely hues !  
 With budding, fading, faded flowers,  
 They stand the wonder of the bowers,  
 From morn to evening dews.

He told of the magnolia, spread  
 High as a cloud, high over-head !  
 The cypress and her spire,  
 —Of flowers that with one scarlet gleam  
 Cover a hundred leagues, and seem  
 To set the hills on fire.

The youth of green savannahs spake,  
 And many an endless, endless lake,  
 With all its fairy crowds  
 Of islands, that together lie  
 As quietly as spots of sky  
 Among the evening clouds.

And then he said, "How sweet it were  
 A fisher or a hunter there,  
 A gardener in the shade,  
 Still wandering with an easy mind  
 To build a household fire, and find  
 A home in every glade !

"What days and what sweet years ! Ah  
 me !  
 Our life were life indeed, with thee  
 So passed in quiet bliss,  
 And all the while," said he, "to know  
 That we were in a world of woe,  
 On such an earth as this !"

And then he sometimes interwove  
 Dear thoughts about a father's love ;  
 "For there," said he, "are spun  
 Arcund the heart such tender ties,  
 That our own children to our eyes  
 Are dearer than the sun.

"Sweet Ruth ! and could you go with  
 me  
 My helpmate in the woods to be,  
 Our shed at night to rear ;  
 Or run, my own adopted bride,  
 A sylvan huntress at my side,  
 And drive the flying deer !"

~~~~~  
 TO THE SMALL CELANDINE.

PANSIES, lilies, kingcups, daisies,  
 Let them live upon their praises ;

Long as there's a sun that sets,  
 Primroses will have their glory ;  
 Long as there are violets,  
 They will have a place in story :  
 There's a flower that shall be mine,  
 'Tis the little Celandine.

Eyes of some men travel far  
 For the finding of a star ;  
 Up and down the heavens they go,  
 Men that keep a mighty rout !  
 I'm as great as they, I trow,  
 Since the day I found thee out,  
 Little flower !—I'll make a stir  
 Like a great astronomer.

Modest, yet withal an elf  
 Bold, and lavish of thyself ;  
 Since we needs must first have met  
 I have seen thee, high and low,  
 Thirty years or more, and yet  
 'Twas a face I did not know ;  
 Thou hast now, go where I may,  
 Fifty greetings in a day.

Ere a leaf is on a bush,  
 In the time before the thrush  
 Has a thought about its nest,  
 Thou wilt come with half a call,  
 Spreading out thy glossy breast  
 Like a careless prodigal ;  
 Telling tales about the sun,  
 When we've little warmth, or none

Poets, vain men in their mood !  
 Travel with the multitude ;  
 Never heed them ; I aver  
 That they all are wanton wooers.  
 But the thrifty cottager,  
 Who stirs little out of doors,  
 Joys to spy thee near her home :  
 Spring is coming—thou art come !

Comfort have thou of thy merit,  
 Kindly, unassuming spirit !  
 Careless of thy neighbourhood,  
 Thou dost show thy pleasant face  
 On the moor, and in the wood,  
 In the lane—there's not a place,  
 Howsoever mean it be,  
 But 'tis good enough for thee.



Ill befall the yellow flowers,  
Children of the flaring hours !  
Buttercups that will be seen,  
Whether we will see or no ;  
Others, too, of lofty mien ;  
They have done as worldlings do,  
Taken praise that should be thine,  
Little, humble Celandine !

Prophet of delight and mirth,  
Scorned and slighted upon earth ;  
Herald of a mighty band,  
Of a joyous train ensuing,  
Singing at my heart's command,  
In the lanes my thoughts pursuing  
I will sing, as doth behove,  
Hymns in praise of what I love !

~~~~~  
TO A SKY-LARK.

Up with me ! up with me, into the clouds !  
For thy song, Lark, is strong ;  
Up with me, up with me, into the clouds !  
Singing, singing,  
With all the heavens about thee ringing.  
Lift me, guide me till I find  
That spot which seems so to thy mind !  
I have walked through wildernesses  
dreary,  
And to-day my heart is weary ;  
Had I now the wings of a fairy,  
Up to thee would I fly.  
There is madness about thee, and joy  
divine  
In that song of thine ;  
Up with me, up with me, high and high,  
To thy banqueting-place in the sky !  
Joyous as morning,  
Thou art laughing and scorning ;  
Thou hast a nest, for thy love and thy rest :  
And, though little troubled with sloth,  
Drunken Lark ! thou wouldst be loth  
To be such a traveller as I.  
Happy, happy liver !  
With a soul as strong as a mountain  
river,  
Pouring out praise to th' Almighty Giver,  
Joy and jollity be with us both !  
Hearing thee, or else some other,  
As merry a brother,  
I on the earth will go plodding on,  
By myself, cheerfully, till the day is done.

YEW-TREES.

THERE is a yew-tree, pride of Lorton  
Vale,  
Which to this day stands single, in the  
midst  
Of its own darkness, as it stood of  
yore,  
Not loth to furnish weapons for the  
bands  
Of Umfraville or Percy, ere they marched  
To Scotland's heaths ; or those that crossed  
the sea  
And drew their sounding bows at Azin-  
cour,  
Perhaps at earlier Crecy, or Poitiers.  
Of vast circumference and gloom pro-  
found  
This solitary tree !—a living thing  
Produced too slowly ever to decay ;  
Of form and aspect too magnificent  
To be destroyed. But worthier still of  
note  
Are those fraternal four of Borrowdale,  
Joined in one solemn and capacious grove ;  
Huge trunks !—and each particular trunk  
a growth  
Of intertwined fibres serpentine  
Up-coiling, and inveterately convolved,—  
Nor uninformed with phantasy, and  
looks  
That threaten the profane ; a pillared  
shade,  
Upon whose grassless floor of red-brown  
hue,  
By sheddings from the pining umbrage  
tinged  
Perennially—beneath whose sable roof  
Of boughs, as if for festal purpose,  
decked  
With unrejoicing berries, ghostly shapes  
May meet at noontide—Fear and trem-  
bling Hope,  
Silence and Foresight—Death the skele-  
ton  
And Time the shadow,—there to cele-  
brate,  
As in a natural temple scattered o'er  
With altars undisturbed of mossy stone,  
United worship ; or in mute repose  
To lie, and listen to the mountain flood  
Murmuring from Glaramara's inno-  
caves.



## TO THE CUCKOO.

O BLITHE new-comer ! I have heard,  
I hear thee and rejoice :  
O Cuckoo ! shall I call thee bird,  
Or but a wandering voice ?

While I am lying on the grass,  
Thy loud note smites my ear !  
From hill to hill it seems to pass,  
At once far off and near !

I hear thee babbling to the vale  
Of sunshine and of flowers ;  
And unto me thou bring'st a tale  
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the spring !  
Even yet thou art to me  
No bird, but an invisible thing,  
A voice, a mystery.

The same whom in my school-boy days  
I listened to ; that cry  
Which made me look a thousand ways  
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove  
Through woods and on the green ;  
And thou wert still a hope, a love ;  
Still longed for, never seen !

And I can listen to thee yet ;  
Can lie upon the plain  
And listen, till I do beget  
That golden time again.

O blessed bird ! the earth we pace  
Again appears to be  
An unsubstantial, fairy place,  
That is fit home for thee !

## A MEMORY.

THREE years she grew in sun and shower,  
Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower  
On earth was never sown :  
This child I to myself will take :  
She shall be mine, and I will make  
A lady of my own.

"Myself will to my darling be  
Both law and impulse ; and with me  
The girl, in rock and plain,  
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower  
Shall feel an overseeing power  
To kindle or restrain.

"She shall be sportive as the fawn,  
That wild with glee across the lawn  
Or up the mountain springs ;  
And hers shall be the breathing balm,  
And hers the silence and the calm  
Of mute insensate things.

"The floating clouds their state shall lend  
To her ; for her the willow bend ;  
Nor shall she fail to see  
E'en in the motions of the storm  
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form  
By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear  
To her ; and she shall lean her ear  
In many a secret place  
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,  
And beauty born of murmuring sound  
Shall pass into her face.

"And vital feelings of delight  
Shall rear her form to stately height,  
Her virgin bosom swell ;  
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give  
While she and I together live  
Here in this happy dell."

Thus Nature spake. The work was  
done—

How soon my Lucy's race was run !  
She died, and left to me  
This heath, this calm and quiet scene ;  
The memory of what has been,  
And never more will be.

## A TRUE WOMAN.

SHE was a phantom of delight  
When first she gleamed upon my sight ;  
A lovely apparition, sent  
To be a moment's ornament ;  
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,  
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair ;  
But all things else about her drawn  
From May-time and the cheertful dawn



A dancing shape, an image gay,  
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,  
A spirit, yet a woman too !  
Her household motions light and free,  
And steps of virgin liberty ;  
A countenance in which did meet  
Sweet records, promises as sweet ;  
A creature not too bright or good  
For human nature's daily food,  
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,  
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and  
smiles.

And now I see with eye serene  
The very pulse of the machine ;  
A being breathing thoughtful breath,  
A traveller betwixt life and death ;  
The reason firm, the temperate will,  
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill ;  
A perfect woman, nobly planned,  
To warn, to comfort, and command ;  
And yet a spirit still, and bright  
With something of an angel light.

~~~~~  
TO A HIGHLAND GIRL.  
(AT INVERSNAIL, LOCH LOMOND.)

SWEET Highland Girl, a very shower  
Of beauty is thy earthly dower !  
Twice seven consenting years have shed  
Their utmost bounty on thy head ;  
And these grey rocks ; this household  
lawn ;  
These trees, a veil just half withdrawn ;  
This fall of water, that doth make  
A murmur near the silent lake ;  
This little bay, a quiet road,  
That holds in shelter thy abode ;  
In truth together ye do seem  
Like something fashioned in a dream ;  
Such forms as from their covert peep  
When earthly cares are laid asleep !  
Yet, dream and vision as thou art,  
I bless thee with a human heart !  
God shield thee to thy latest years !  
I neither know thee nor thy peers ;  
And yet my eyes are filled with tears.

With earnest feeling I shall pray  
For thee when I am far away ;

For never saw I mien, or face,  
In which more plainly I could trace  
Benignity and home-bred sense  
Ripening in perfect innocence.  
Here, scattered like a random seed,  
Remote from men, thou dost not need  
The embarrassed look of shy distress,  
And maidenly shamefacedness ;  
Thou wearest upon thy forehead clear  
The freedom of a mountaineer,  
A face with gladness overspread !  
Sweet looks, by human kindness bred !  
And seemliness complete, that sways  
Thy courtesies, about thee plays ;  
With no restraint, but such as springs  
From quick and eager visitings  
Of thoughts, that lie beyond the reach  
Of thy few words of English speech ;  
A bondage sweetly brooked, a strife  
That gives thy gestures grace and life !  
So have I, not unmoved in mind,  
Seen birds of tempest-loving kind,  
Thus beating up against the wind.

What hand but would a garland cull  
For thee, who art so beautiful ?  
O happy pleasure ! here to dwell  
Beside thee in some heathy dell ;  
Adopt your homely ways and dress  
A shepherd, thou a shepherdess !  
But I could frame a wish for thee  
More like a grave reality :  
Thou art to me but as a wave  
Of the wild sea ; and I would have  
Some claim upon thee, if I could,  
Though but of common neighbourhood.  
What joy to hear thee, and to see !  
Thy elder brother I would be,  
Thy father, anything to thee !  
Now thanks to Heaven ! that of its grace  
Hath led me to this lonely place.  
Joy have I had ; and going hence  
I bear away my recompense.  
In spots like these it is we prize  
Our memory, feel that she hath eyes ;  
Then, why should I be loth to stir ?  
I feel this place was made for her ;  
To give new pleasure like the past,  
Continued long as life shall last.  
Nor am I loth, though pleased at heart,  
Sweet Highland Girl ! from thee to part ;  
For I, methinks, till I grow old,  
As fair before me shall behold.



As I do now, the cabin small,  
The lake, the bay, the waterfall;  
And thee, the spirit of them all!

YARROW UNVISITED. 1803.

FROM Stirling Castle we had seen  
The mazy Forth unravelled;  
Had trod the banks of Clyde and Tay,  
And with the Tweed had travelled;  
And, when we came to Clovenford,  
Then said my "winsome Marrow,"  
"Whate'er betide, we'll turn aside,  
And see the Braes of Yarrow."

"Let Yarrow folk, frae Selkirk town,  
Who have been buying, selling,  
Go back to Yarrow, 'tis their own,  
Each maiden to her dwelling!  
On Yarrow's banks let herons feed,  
Hares couch, and rabbits burrow!  
But we will downwards with the Tweed,  
Nor turn aside to Yarrow."

"There's Galla Water, Leader Haughs,  
Both lying right before us;  
And Dryburgh, where with chiming Tweed  
The lintwhites sing in chorus;  
There's pleasant Teviotdale, a land  
Made blithe with plough and harrow:  
Why throw away a needful day  
To go in search of Yarrow?"

"What's Yarrow but a river bare,  
That glides the dark hills under?  
There are a thousand such elsewhere  
As worthy of your wonder."  
—Strange words they seemed of slight  
and scorn;  
My true love sighed for sorrow;  
And looked me in the face, to think  
I thus could speak of Yarrow!

"Oh! green," said I, "are Yarrow's  
holms,  
And sweet is Yarrow flowing!  
Fair hangs the the apple frae the rock,  
But we will leave it growing.  
O'er hilly path, and open strath,  
We'll wander Scotland thorough;  
But, though so near, we will not turn  
Into the dale of Yarrow."

"Let beeves and home-bred kine partake  
The sweets of Burn-mill meadow;  
The swan on still Saint Mary's Lake  
Float double, swan and shadow!  
We will not see them; will not go  
To-day, nor yet to-morrow;  
Enough if in our hearts we know  
There's such a place as Yarrow."

"Be Yarrow stream unseen, unknown!  
It must, or we shall rue it:  
We have a vision of our own;  
Ah! why should we undo it?  
The treasured dreams of times long past,  
We'll keep them, winsome Marrow!  
For when we're there, although 'tis fair,  
'Twill be another Yarrow!"

"If care with freezing years should come,  
And wandering seem but folly,—  
Should we be loth to stir from home,  
And yet be melancholy;  
Should life be dull, and spirits low,  
'Twill soothe us in our sorrow  
That earth has something yet to show,  
The bonny holms of Yarrow!"

YARROW VISITED.

SEPTEMBER, 1814.

AND is this Yarrow?—*this* the stream  
Of which my fancy cherished  
So faithfully, a waking dream?  
An image that hath perished!  
O that some minstrel's harp were near,  
To utter notes of gladness,  
And chase this silence from the air,  
That fills my heart with sadness!

Yet why?—a silvery current flows  
With uncontrolled meanderings;  
Nor have these eyes by greener hills  
Been soothed, in all my wanderings.  
And, through her depths, Saint Mary's  
Lake  
Is visibly delighted;  
For not a feature of those hills  
Is in the mirror slighted.

A blue sky bends o'er Yarrow Vale,  
Save where that pearly whiteness



Is round the rising sun diffused,  
 A tender hazy brightness ;  
 Mild dawn of promise ! that excludes  
 All profitless dejection ;  
 Though not unwilling here to admit  
 A pensive recollection.

Where was it that the famous flower  
 Of Yarrow Vale lay bleeding ?  
 His bed perchance was yon smooth mound  
 On which the herd is feeding :  
 And haply from this crystal pool,  
 Now peaceful as the morning,  
 The water-wraith ascended thrice,  
 And gave his doleful warning.

Delicious is the lay that sings  
 The haunts of happy lovers,  
 The path that leads them to the grove,  
 The leafy grove that covers :  
 And pity sanctifies the verse  
 That paints, by strength of sorrow,  
 The unconquerable strength of love ;  
 Bear witness, rueful Yarrow !

But thou, that didst appear so fair  
 To fond imagination,  
 Dost rival in the light of day  
 Her delicate creation :  
 Meek loveliness is round thee spread,  
 A softness still and holy ;  
 The grace of forest charms decayed,  
 And pastoral melancholy.

That region left, the vale unfolds  
 Rich groves of lofty stature,  
 With Yarrow winding through the pomp  
 Of cultivated nature ;  
 And, rising from those lofty groves,  
 Behold a ruin hoary !  
 The shattered front of Newark's towers,  
 Renowned in border story.

Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom,  
 For sportive youth to stray in ;  
 For manhood to enjoy his strength ;  
 And age to wear away in !  
 Yon cottage seems a bower of bliss,  
 It promises protection  
 To studious ease, and generous cares,  
 And every chaste affection !

How sweet on this autumnal day,  
 The wild wood's fruits to gather,  
 And on my true love's forehead plant  
 A crest of blooming heather !  
 And what if I enwreathed my own !  
 'Twere no offence to reason ;  
 The sober hills thus deck their brows  
 To meet the wintry season.

I see—but not by sight alone,  
 Loved Yarrow, have I won thee ;  
 A ray of fancy still survives—  
 Her sunshine plays upon thee !  
 Thy ever youthful waters keep  
 A course of lively pleasure ;  
 And gladsome notes my lips can breathe  
 Accordant to the measure.

The vapours linger round the heights,  
 They melt—and soon must vanish ;  
 One hour is theirs, no more is mine—  
 Sad thought ! which I would banish,  
 But that I know, where'er I go,  
 Thy genuine image, Yarrow !  
 Will dwell with me—to heighten joy,  
 And cheer my mind in sorrow.

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#### A POET'S EPITAPH.

ART thou a statesman, in the van  
 Of public business trained and bred ?  
 —First learn to love one living man !  
 Then mayst thou think upon the dead.

A lawyer art thou ?—draw not nigh ;  
 Go, carry to some other place  
 The hardness of thy coward eye,  
 The falsehood of thy sallow face.

Art thou a man of purple cheer,  
 A rosy man, right plump to see ?  
 Approach ; yet, doctor, not too near ;  
 This grave no cushion is for thee.

Art thou a man of gallant pride,  
 A soldier, and no man of chaff ?  
 Welcome !—but lay thy sword aside,  
 And lean upon a peasant's staff.

Physician art thou ? One, all eyes,  
 Philosopher ! a fingering slave,



One that would peep and botanize  
Upon his mother's grave?

Wrapt closely in thy sensual fleece,  
O turn aside,—and take, I pray,  
That he below may rest in peace,  
That abject thing, thy soul, away.

—A moralist perchance appears;  
Led, Heaven knows how, to this poor sod;  
And he has neither eyes nor ears;  
Himself his world, and his own God;

One to whose smooth-rubbed soul can  
cling,  
Nor form, nor feeling, great nor small;  
A reasoning, self-sufficing thing,  
An intellectual all in all!

Shut close the door, press down the latch;  
Sleep in thy intellectual crust;  
Nor lose ten tickings of thy watch  
Near this unprofitable dust.

But who is he with modest looks,  
And clad in homely russet brown?  
He murmurs near the running brooks  
A music sweeter than their own.

He is retired as noontide dew  
Or fountain in a noon-day grove;  
And you must love him, ere to you  
He will seem worthy of your love.

The outward shows of sky and earth,  
Of hill and valley, he has viewed;  
And impulses of deeper birth  
Have come to him in solitude.

In common things that round us lie  
Some random truths he can impart,  
—The harvest of a quiet eye  
That broods and sleeps on his own heart.

But he is weak, both man and boy,  
Hath been an idler in the land:  
Contented if he might enjoy  
The things which others understand.

—Come hither in thy hour of strength;  
Come, weak as is a breaking wave!  
Here stretch thy body at full length,  
Or build thy house upon this grave.

## PERSONAL TALK.

## I.

I AM not one who much or oft delight  
To season my fireside with personal  
talk,—  
Of friends who live within an easy walk,  
Or neighbours daily, weekly, in my sight:  
And, for my chance acquaintance, ladies  
bright,  
Sons, mothers, maidens withering on the  
stalk;  
These all wear out of me, like forms with  
chalk  
Painted on rich men's floors for one feast-  
night.  
Better than such discourse doth silence  
long,  
Long, barren silence, square with my  
desire;  
To sit without emotion, hope, or aim,  
In the loved presence of my cottage fire,  
And listen to the flapping of the flame,  
Or kettle, whispering its faint undersong.

## II.

“Yet life,” you say, “is life; we have  
seen and see,  
And with a living pleasure we describe;  
And fits of sprightly malice do but bribe  
The languid mind into activity.  
Sound sense, and love itself, and mirth  
and glee,  
Are fostered by the comment and the  
gibe.”  
E'en be it so; yet still, among your tribe,  
Our daily world's true worldlings, rank  
not me!  
Children are blest, and powerful; their  
world lies  
More justly balanced; partly at their feet  
And part far from them: sweetest melo-  
dies  
Are those that are by distance made more  
sweet.  
Whose mind is but the mind of his own  
eyes,  
He is a slave—the meanest we can meet!

## III.

Wings have we—and as far as we can go,  
We may find pleasure: wilderness and  
wood,



Blank ocean and mere sky, support that  
 mood  
 Which, with the lofty, sanctifies the low ;  
 Dreams, books, are each a world ; and  
 books, we know,  
 Are a substantial world, both pure and  
 good :  
 Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh  
 and blood,  
 Our pastime and our happiness will grow.  
 There do I find a never-failing store  
 Of personal themes, and such as I love  
 best ;  
 Matter wherein right voluble I am ;  
 Two will I mention, dearer than the rest :  
 The gentle lady married to the Moor ;  
 And heavenly Una, with her milk-white  
 lamb.

## IV.

Nor can I not believe but that hereby  
 Great gains are mine ; for thus I live  
 remote  
 From evil-speaking ; rancour, never  
 sought,  
 Comes to me not ; malignant truth or lie.  
 Hence have I genial seasons, hence have I  
 Smooth passions, smooth discourse, and  
 joyous thought :  
 And thus, from day to day, my little boat  
 Rocks in its harbour, lodging peaceably.  
 Blessings be with them—and eternal praise,  
 Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler  
 cares,  
 The poets—who on earth have made us  
 heirs [lays !  
 Of truth and pure delight by heavenly  
 Oh ! might my name be numbered among  
 theirs,  
 Then gladly would I end my mortal days.

## ODE TO DUTY.

STERN daughter of the voice of God !  
 O Duty ! if that name thou love  
 Who art a light to guide, a rod  
 To check the erring, and reprove ;  
 Thou who art victory and law  
 When empty terrors overawe ;  
 From vain temptations dost set free ;  
 And calm'st the weary strife of frail hu-  
 manity !

There are who ask not if thine eye  
 Be on them ; who, in love and truth,  
 Where no misgiving is, rely  
 Upon the genial sense of youth :  
 Glad hearts ! without reproach or blot ;  
 Who do thy work, and know it not :  
 May joy be theirs while life shall last !  
 And thou, if they should totter, teach  
 them to stand fast !

Serene will be our days and bright,  
 And happy will our nature be,  
 When love is an unerring light,  
 And joy its own security.  
 And blest are they who in the main  
 This faith, even now, do entertain :  
 Live in the spirit of this creed ;  
 Yet find that other strength, according to  
 their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried ;  
 No sport of every random gust,  
 Yet being to myself a guide,  
 Too blindly have reposed my trust ;  
 Full oft, when in my heart was heard  
 Thy timely mandate, I deferred  
 The task imposed, from day to day ;  
 But thee I now would serve more strictly,  
 if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,  
 Or strong compunction in me wrought,  
 I supplicate for thy control ;  
 But in the quietness of thought ;  
 Me this unchartered freedom tires ;  
 I feel the weight of chance desires :  
 My hopes no more must change their  
 name,  
 I long for a repose which ever is the same.

Stern lawgiver ! yet thou dost wear  
 The Godhead's most benignant grace ;  
 Nor know we anything so fair  
 As is the smile upon thy face ;  
 Flowers laugh before thee on their beds ;  
 And fragrance in thy footing treads ;  
 Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong  
 And the most ancient heavens, through  
 thee, are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful power !  
 I call thee : I myself commend  
 Unto thy guidance from this hour ;  
 Oh ! let my weakness have an end !



Give unto me, made lowly wise,  
The spirit of self-sacrifice;  
The confidence of reason give;  
And, in the light of truth, thy bondman  
let me live!

~~~~~

THE USES AND BEAUTIES OF  
THE SONNET.

NUNS fret not at their convent's narrow  
room;  
And hermits are contented with their cells;  
And students with their pensive citadels;  
Maids at the wheel, the weaver at his  
loom,  
Sit blithe and happy; bees that soar for  
bloom,  
High as the highest peak of Furness Fells,  
Will murmur by the hour in foxglove  
bells:  
In truth, the prison, unto which we doom  
Ourselves, no prison is: and hence to me,  
In sundry moods, 'twas pastime to be  
bound  
Within the Sonnet's scanty plot of ground:  
Pleased if some souls (for such there needs  
must be)  
Who have felt the weight of too much  
liberty,  
Should find short solace there, as I have  
found.

~~~~~

UPON THE SIGHT OF A BEAU-  
TIFUL PICTURE.

PRAISED be the art whose subtle power  
could stay  
Yon cloud, and fix it in that glorious  
shape;  
Nor would permit the thin smoke to  
escape,  
Nor those bright sunbeams to forsake the  
day;  
Which stopped that band of travellers on  
their way  
Ere they were lost within the shady wood;  
And showed the bark upon the glassy flood  
For ever anchored in her sheltering bay.  
Soul-soothing art! which morning, noon-  
tide, even,  
Do serve with all their changeful pageantry!

Thou, with ambition modest yet sublime,  
Here, for the sight of mortal man, hast  
given  
To one brief moment, caught from fleeting  
time,  
The appropriate calm of blest eternity.

~~~~~

TWILIGHT.

HAIL Twilight, sovereign of one peaceful  
hour!  
Not dull art thou as undiscerning Night;  
But studious only to remove from sight  
Day's mutable distinctions. Ancient  
power!  
Thus did the waters gleam, the mountains  
lower  
To the rude Briton, when, in wolf-skin  
vest  
Here roving wild, he laid him down to  
rest  
On the bare rock, or through a leafy  
bower  
Looked ere his eyes were closed. By him  
was seen  
The selfsame vision which we now behold,  
At thy meek bidding, shadowy power,  
brought forth;  
These mighty barriers, and the gulf  
between;  
The floods,—the stars; a spectacle as old  
As the beginning of the heavens and earth!

~~~~~

WOODLAND WALKS.

How sweet it is, when mother Fancy  
rocks  
The wayward brain, to saunter through a  
wood!  
An old place, full of many a lovely brood,  
Tall trees, green arbours, and ground  
flowers in flocks;  
And wild rose tiptoe upon hawthorn  
stocks,  
Like to a bonny lass, who plays her pranks  
At wakes and fairs with wandering  
mountebanks,—  
When she stands cresting the clown's  
head, and mocks



*Admiral*

The crowd beneath her. Verily I think,  
Such place to me is sometimes like a  
dream  
Or map of the whole world: thoughts,  
link by link,  
Enter through ears and eyesight, with  
such gleam  
Of all things, that at last in fear I shrink,  
And leap at once from the delicious  
stream.

~~~~~

THE SHIP.

*interestingly  
admiral*

WHERE lies the land to which yon ship  
must go?  
Festively she puts forth in trim array;  
As vigorous as a lark at break of day:  
Is she for tropic suns, or polar snow?  
What boots the inquiry? Neither friend  
nor foe  
She cares for; let her travel where she  
may,  
She finds familiar names, a beaten way  
Ever before her, and a wind to blow.  
Yet still I ask, what haven is her mark?  
And, almost as it was when ships were  
rare,  
(From time to time, like pilgrims, here  
and there  
Crossing the waters) doubt, and something  
dark,  
Of the old sea some reverential fear,  
Is with me at thy farewell, joyous bark!

~~~~~

TO SLEEP.

I.

A FLOCK of sheep that leisurely pass by,  
One after one; the sound of rain, and  
bees  
Murmuring; the fall of rivers, winds and  
seas,  
Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and  
pure sky;  
I've thought of all by turns; and still I  
lie  
Sleepless; and soon the small birds'  
melodies  
Must hear, first uttered from my orchard  
trees;  
And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry.

Even thus last night, and two nights  
more, I lay,  
And could not win thee, Sleep! by any  
stealth:  
So do not let me wear to-night away:  
Without thee what is all the morning's  
wealth?  
Come, blessed barrier betwixt day and  
day,  
Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous  
health!

II.

Fond words have oft been spoken to  
thee, Sleep!  
And thou hast had thy store of tenderest  
names;  
The very sweetest words that fancy  
frames  
When thankfulness of heart is strong and  
deep!  
Dear bosom child we call thee, that dost  
steep  
In rich reward all suffering; balm that  
tames  
All anguish; saint that evil thoughts and  
aims  
Takest away, and into souls dost creep,  
Like to a breeze from heaven. Shall I  
alone—  
I, surely not a man ungently made—  
Call thee worst tyrant by which flesh is  
crossed?  
Perverse, self-willed to own and to dis-  
own,  
Mere slave of them who never for thee  
prayed,  
Still last to come where thou art wanted  
most!

~~~~~

THE WORLD.

THE world is too much with us; late and  
soon,  
Getting and spending, we lay waste our  
powers:  
Little we see in Nature that is ours;  
We have given our hearts away, a sordid  
boon!  
This sea that bares her bosom to the  
moon;



The winds that will be howling at all  
hours  
And are up-gathered now like sleeping  
flowers ;  
For this, for everything, we are out of  
tune ; [be  
It moves us not. Great God ! I'd rather  
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn ;  
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,  
Have glimpses that would make me less  
forlorn,  
Have sight of Proteus coming from the  
sea,  
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed  
horn.

# WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

EARTH has not anything to show more  
fair :  
Dull would he be of soul who could pass  
by  
A sight so touching in its majesty :  
This city now doth like a garment wear  
The beauty of the morning ; silent, bare,  
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and  
temples lie  
Open unto the fields and to the sky,  
All bright and glittering in the smokeless  
air.  
Never did sun more beautifully steep  
In his first splendour valley, rock, or  
hill ;  
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !  
The river glideth at his own sweet will :  
Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;  
And all that mighty heart is lying still !

PELION AND OSSA.

PELION and Ossa flourish side by side,  
Together in immortal books enrolled ;  
His ancient dower Olympus hath not  
sold ;  
And that inspiring hill, which " did  
divide  
Into two ample horns his forehead wide,"  
Shines with poetic radiance as of old ;  
While not an English mountain we be-  
hold  
By the celestial muses glorified.

Yet round our sea-girt shore they rise in  
crowds :  
What was the great Parnassus' self to  
thee,  
Mount Skiddaw ? In his natural sove-  
reignty  
Our British hill is fairer far ; he shrouds  
His double-fronted head in higher clouds,  
And pours forth streams more sweet than  
Castalay.

THE BROOK. #

BROOK ! whose society the poet seeks  
Intent his wasted spirits to renew ;  
And whom the curious painter doth  
pursue  
Through rocky passes, among flowery  
creeks,  
And tracks thee dancing down thy water-  
breaks ;  
If I some type of thee did wish to view,  
Thee,—and not thee thyself, I would not  
do  
Like Grecian artists, give thee human  
cheeks,  
Channels for tears ; no Naiad shouldst  
thou be,  
Have neither limbs, feet, feathers, joints,  
nor hairs ;  
It seems the eternal soul is clothed in  
thee  
With purer robes than those of flesh and  
blood,  
And hath bestowed on thee a better  
good—  
Unwearied joy, and life without its cares.

EVENING. #

IT is a beauteous evening, calm and free ;  
The holy time is quiet as a nun  
Breathless with adoration ; the broad sun  
Is sinking down in its tranquillity ;  
The gentleness of heaven is on the sea :  
Listen ! the mighty being is awake,  
And doth with his eternal motion make  
A sound like thunder everlastingly.  
Dear child ! dear girl ! that walkest with  
me here,  
If thou appear'st untouched by solemn  
thought,



Thy nature therefore is not less divine :  
 Thou liest "in Abraham's bosom" all  
 the year ;  
 And worshipping at the temple's inner  
 shrine,  
 God being with thee when we know it  
 not.

~~~~~  
 BUONAPARTE.

I GRIEVED for Buonaparte, with a vain  
 And an unthinking grief ! for, who aspires  
 To genuine greatness but from just de-  
 sires,  
 And knowledge such as he could never  
 gain ?  
 'Tis not in battles that from youth we  
 train  
 The governor who must be wise and  
 good,  
 And temper with the sternness of the  
 brain  
 Thoughts motherly and meek as woman-  
 hood.  
 Wisdom doth live with children round  
 her knees,  
 Books, leisure, perfect freedom, and the  
 talk  
 Man holds with week-day man in the  
 hourly walk  
 Of the mind's business : these are the  
 degrees  
 By which true sway doth mount ; this is  
 the stalk  
 True power doth grow on ; and her rights  
 are these.

~~~~~  
 ON THE EXTINCTION OF THE  
 VENETIAN REPUBLIC.

ONCE did she hold the gorgeous East in  
 fee ;  
 And was the safeguard of the West : the  
 worth  
 Of Venice did not fall below her birth—  
 Venice, the eldest child of Liberty !  
 She was a maiden city, bright and free ;  
 No guile seduced, no force could violate ;  
 And, when she took unto herself a mate,  
 She must espouse the everlasting sea.  
 And what if she had seen those glories  
 fade,

Those titles vanish, and that strength  
 decay ;  
 Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid  
 When her long life hath reached its final  
 day :  
 Men are we, and must grieve when even  
 the shade  
 Of that which once was great is passed  
 away.

~~~~~  
 TO TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE

TOUSSAINT, the most unhappy man of  
 men !  
 Whether the all-cheering sun be free to  
 shed  
 His beams around thee, or thou rest thy  
 head  
 Pillowed in some dark dungeon's noisome  
 den—  
 O miserable chieftain ! where and when  
 Wilt thou find patience ? Yet die not ;  
 do thou  
 Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow :  
 Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,  
 Live, and take comfort. Thou hast left  
 behind  
 Powers that will work for thee : air,  
 earth, and skies ;  
 There's not a breathing of the common  
 wind  
 That will forget thee ; thou hast great  
 allies ;  
 Thy friends are exultations, agonies,  
 And love, and man's unconquerable  
 mind.

~~~~~  
 FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

SEPTEMBER, 1802.

INLAND, within a hollow vale, I stood ;  
 And saw, while sea was calm and air  
 was clear,  
 The coast of France—the coast of France  
 how near !  
 Drawn almost into frightful neighbour-  
 hood.  
 I shrunk, for verily the barrier flood  
 Was like a lake, or river bright and fair,  
 A span of waters ; yet what power is  
 there !



What mightiness for evil and for good !  
 Even so doth God protect us if we be  
 Virtuous and wise. Winds blow, and  
 waters roll,  
 Strength to the brave, and power, and  
 deity,  
 Yet in themselves are nothing ! One  
 decree  
 Spake laws to them, and said that by the  
 soul  
 Only the nations shall be great and free.

~~~~~

ON THE SUBJUGATION OF  
 SWITZERLAND.

Two voices are there—one is of the sea,  
 One of the mountains—each a mighty  
 voice :  
 In both from age to age, thou didst  
 rejoice,  
 They were thy chosen music, Liberty !  
 There came a tyrant, and with holy glee  
 Thou fought'st against him ; but hast  
 vainly striven ;  
 Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art  
 driven,  
 Where not a torrent murmurs heard by  
 thee.  
 Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been  
 bereft :  
 Then cleave, O cleave to that which still  
 is left ;  
 For, high-souled maid, what sorrow  
 would it be  
 That mountain floods should thunder as  
 before,  
 And ocean bellow from his rocky shore,  
 And neither awful voice be heard by  
 thee !

~~~~~

MILTON : 1802.

MILTON ! thou shouldst be living at this  
 hour :  
 England hath need of thee : she is a fen  
 Of stagnant waters : altar, sword, and  
 pen,  
 Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and  
 bower,  
 Have forfeited their ancient English  
 dower

Of inward happiness. We are selfish  
 men :  
 Oh ! raise us up, return to us again ;  
 And give us manners, virtue, freedom,  
 power.  
 Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart :  
 Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like  
 the sea ;  
 Pure as the naked heavens, majestic,  
 free ;  
 So didst thou travel on life's common  
 way,  
 In cheerful godliness ; and yet thy heart  
 The lowliest duties on itself did lay.

~~~~~

GREAT MEN.

GREAT men have been among us ; hands  
 that penned  
 And tongues that uttered wisdom, better  
 none :  
 The later Sydney, Marvel, Harington,  
 Young Vane and others, who called  
 Milton friend.  
 These moralists could act and compre-  
 hend :  
 They knew how genuine glory was put  
 on ;  
 Taught us how rightfully a nation shone  
 In splendour : what strength was, that  
 would not bend  
 But in magnanimous meekness. France,  
 'tis strange,  
 Hath brought forth no such souls as we  
 had then.  
 Perpetual emptiness ! unceasing change !  
 No single volume paramount, no code,  
 No master spirit, no determined road ;  
 But equally a want of books and men !

~~~~~

TO THOMAS CLARKSON,

ON THE FINAL PASSING OF THE BILL  
 FOR THE ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE  
 TRADE, MARCH, 1807.

CLARKSON ! it was an obstinate hill to  
 climb :  
 How toilsome, nay, how dire it was, by  
 thee  
 Is known--by none, perhaps, so feelingly ;



But thou, who, starting in thy fervent  
prime,  
Didst first lead forth this pilgrimage  
sublime,  
Hast heard the constant voice its charge  
repeat,  
Which, out of thy young heart's oracular  
seat,  
First roused thee, O true yoke-fellow of  
Time.  
With unabating effort, see, the palm  
Is won, and by all nations shall be worn!  
The bloody writing is for ever torn,  
And thou henceforth shalt have a good  
man's calm,  
A great man's happiness; thy zeal shall  
find  
Repose at length, firm friend of human  
kind!

---

#### UNIVERSALITY.

O'ER the wide earth, on mountain and on  
plain,  
Dwells in the affections and the soul of  
man  
A godhead, like the universal Pan,  
But more exalted, with a brighter train.  
And shall his bounty be dispensed in  
vain,  
Showered equally on city and on field,  
And neither hope nor steadfast promise  
yield  
In these usurping times of fear and pain?  
Such doom awaits us. Nay, forbid it,  
Heaven!  
We know the arduous strife, the eternal  
laws  
To which the triumph of all good is given,  
High sacrifice, and labour without pause,  
Even to the death: else wherefore should  
the eye  
Of man converse with immortality?

---

#### HONOUR.

SAY, what is Honour? 'Tis the finest  
sense  
Of justice which the human mind can  
frame,  
Intent each lurking frailty to disclaim,

And guard the way of life from all offence  
Suffered or done. When lawless violence  
A kingdom doth assault, and in the scale  
Of perilous war her weightiest armies fail,  
Honour is hopeful elevation—whence  
Glory—and Triumph. Yet with politic  
skill  
Endangered states may yield to terms  
unjust,  
Stoop their proud heads—but not unto  
the dust,  
A foe's most favourite purpose to fulfil!  
Happy occasions oft by self-mistrust  
Are forfeited; but infamy doth kill.

---

#### THE TRUE MAN.

AVAUNT all specious pliancy of mind  
In men of low degree, all smooth pre-  
tence!  
I better like a blunt indifference  
And self-respecting slowness, disinclined  
To win me at first sight:—and be there  
joined  
Patience and temperance with this high  
reserve,—  
Honour that knows the path and will not  
swerve;  
Affections, which, if put to proof, are  
kind;  
And piety towards God.—Such men of  
old  
Were England's native growth; and,  
throughout Spain,  
Forests of such do at this day remain;  
Then for that country let our hopes be  
bold;  
For matched with these shall policy prove  
vain,  
Her arts, her strength, her iron, and her  
gold.

---

#### GEORGE III.

NOVEMBER, 1813.

Now that all hearts are glad, all faces  
bright,  
Our aged Sovereign sits to the ebb and  
flow  
Of states and kingdoms, to their joy or  
woe,



Insensible; he sits deprived of sight,  
 And lamentably wrapped in twofold night,  
 Whom no weak hopes deceived; whose  
 mind ensued,  
 Through perilous war, with regal fortitude,  
 Peace that should claim respect from lawless might.  
 Dread King of kings, vouchsafe a ray  
 divine  
 To his forlorn condition! let thy grace  
 Upon his inner soul in mercy shine;  
 Permit his heart to kindle, and embrace  
 (Though were it only for a moment's  
 space)  
 The triumphs of this hour; for they are  
 THINE!

---

THE MOUNTAIN TOP.

NOVEMBER 1, 1815.

How clear, how keen, how marvellously  
 bright  
 The effluence from yon mountain's distant  
 head,  
 Which, strown with snow as smooth as  
 heaven can shed,  
 Shines like another sun—on mortal sight  
 Uprisen, as if to check approaching night,  
 And all her twinkling stars. Who now  
 would tread,  
 If so he might, yon mountain's glittering  
 head—  
 Terrestrial—but a surface, by the flight  
 Of sad mortality's earth-sullying wing,  
 Unswept, unstained? Nor shall the  
 aerial powers  
 Dissolve that beauty—destined to endure  
 White, radiant, spotless, exquisitely pure,  
 Through all vicissitudes—till genial spring  
 Have filled the laughing vales with wel-  
 come flowers.

---

CREATIVE ART.

TO B. R. HAYDON, ESQ.

HIGH is our calling, friend! creative  
 Art  
 (Whether the instrument of words she  
 use,  
 Or pencil pregnant with ethereal hues)

Demands the service of a mind and  
 heart,  
 Though sensitive, yet, in their weakest  
 part,  
 Heroically fashioned—to infuse  
 Faith in the whispers of the lonely  
 muse,  
 While the whole world seems adverse to  
 desert:  
 And, oh! when Nature sinks, as oft she  
 may,  
 Through long-lived pressure of obscure  
 distress,  
 Still to be strenuous for the bright re-  
 ward,  
 And in the soul admit of no decay,—  
 Brook no continuance of weak-minded-  
 ness:  
 Great is the glory, for the strife is hard!

---

ELEGIAC VERSES.

FEBRUARY, 1816.

“REST, rest, perturbed Earth!  
 O rest, thou doleful mother of man-  
 kind!”  
 A spirit sang in tones more plaintive than  
 the wind;  
 “From regions where no evil thing has  
 birth  
 I come—thy stains to wash away,  
 Thy cherished fetters to unbind,  
 To open thy sad eyes upon a milder  
 day!  
 —The heavens are thronged with  
 martyrs that have risen  
 From out thy noisome prison;  
 The penal caverns groan  
 With tens of thousands rent from off  
 the tree  
 Of hopeful life,—by battle's whirlwind  
 blown  
 Into the deserts of Eternity.  
 Unpitied havoc—victims unlamented!  
 But not on high, where madness is  
 resented,  
 And murder causes some sad tears to  
 flow,  
 Though, from the widely-sweeping blow,  
 The choirs of angels spread trium-  
 phantly augmented.



“ False parent of mankind !  
 Obdurate, proud, and blind,  
 I sprinkle thee with soft celestial dews,  
 Thy lost maternal heart to reinfuse !  
 Scattering this far-fetched moisture from  
 my wings,  
 Upon the act a blessing I implore,  
 Of which the rivers in their secret springs,  
 The rivers stained so oft with human  
 gore,  
 Are conscious ;—may the like return no  
 more !  
 May Discord—for a seraph’s care  
 Shall be attended with a bolder prayer—  
 May she, who once disturbed the seats  
 of bliss,  
 These mortal spheres above,  
 Be chained for ever to the black abyss !  
 And thou, O rescued Earth, by peace  
 and love,  
 And merciful desires, thy sanctity ap-  
 prove ! ”

The spirit ended his mysterious rite,  
 And the pure vision closed in darkness  
 infinite.

### CONSOLATIONS AMIDST EARTHLY CHANGE.

#### *The Excursion.*

POSSESSIONS vanish, and opinions  
 change,  
 And passions hold a fluctuating seat :  
 But, by the storms of circumstance un-  
 shaken,  
 And subject neither to eclipse nor wane,  
 Duty exists ;—immutably survive,  
 For our support, the measures and the  
 forms,  
 Which an abstract intelligence supplies,  
 Whose kingdom is where time and space  
 are not :  
 Of other converse, which mind, soul, and  
 heart,  
 Do, with united urgency, require,  
 What more, that may not perish ? Thou  
 dread Source,  
 Prime, self-existing Cause and End of  
 all,  
 That in the scale of being fill their  
 place,

Above our human region, or below,  
 Set and sustained ;—Thou—who did’st  
 wrap the cloud  
 Of infancy around us, that thyself,  
 Therein, with our simplicity awhile  
 Might’st hold, on earth, communion un-  
 disturbed—  
 Who, from the anarchy of dreaming  
 sleep,  
 Or from its death-like void, with punctual  
 care,  
 And touch as gentle as the morning  
 light,  
 Restorest us, daily, to the powers of  
 sense,  
 And reason’s steadfast rule—Thou, thou  
 alone  
 Art everlasting, and the blessed spirits  
 Which thou includest, as the sea her  
 waves :  
 For adoration thou endurest ; endure  
 For consciousness the motions of thy  
 will ;  
 For apprehension those transcendent  
 truths  
 Of the pure Intellect, that stand as  
 laws  
 (Submission constituting strength and  
 power)  
 Even to thy being’s infinite majesty !  
 This universe shall pass away—a work,  
 Glorious ! because the shadow of thy  
 might,  
 A step, or link, for intercourse with  
 thee.  
 Ah ! if the time must come, in which my  
 feet  
 No more shall stray where meditation  
 leads,  
 By flowing stream, through wood, or  
 craggy wild,  
 Loved haunts like these, the unimprisoned  
 mind  
 May yet have scope to range among her  
 own,  
 Her thoughts, her images, her high  
 desires.  
 If the dear faculty of sight should fail,  
 Still it may be allowed me to remember  
 What visionary powers of eye and soul  
 In youth were mine ; when stationed on  
 the top  
 Of some huge hill—expectant, I beheld



The sun rise up, from distant climes re-  
turned,  
Darkness to chase, and sleep, and bring  
the day  
His bounteous gift ! or saw him, toward  
the deep,  
Sink—with a retinue of flaming clouds  
Attended ; then my spirit was entranced  
With joy exalted to beatitude ;  
The measure of my soul was filled with  
bliss,  
And holiest love ; as earth, sea, air, with  
light,  
With pomp, with glory, with magnifi-  
cence !

~~~~~

#### NATURE WORSHIPPED BY THE GREEKS.

—IN that fair clime, the lonely herds-  
man, stretched  
On the soft grass, through half a summer's  
day,  
With music lulled his indolent repose :  
And, in some fit of weariness, if he,  
When his own breath was silent, chanced  
to hear  
A distant strain, far sweeter than the  
sounds  
Which his poor skill could make, his  
fancy fetched,  
Even from the blazing chariot of the sun,  
A beardless youth, who touched a golden  
lute,  
And filled the illumined groves with  
ravishment.  
The nightly hunter, lifting up his eyes  
Towards the crescent moon, with grateful  
heart  
Called on the lovely wanderer who be-  
stowed  
That timely light, to share his joyous  
sport :  
And hence, a beaming goddess with her  
nymphs,  
Across the lawn and through the dark-  
some grove  
(Not unaccompanied with tuneful notes,  
By echo multiplied from rock or cave),  
Swept in the storm of chase, as moon  
and stars  
Glance rapidly along the clouded heaven,

When winds are blowing strong. The  
traveller slaked  
His thirst from rill or gushing fount, and  
thanked  
The Naiad.—Sunbeams, upon distant  
hills  
Gliding apace, with shadows in their  
train,  
Might, with small help from fancy, be  
transformed  
Into fleet Oreads sporting visibly.  
The Zephyrs, fanning as they passed,  
their wings,  
Lacked not, for love, fair objects, whom  
they wooed  
With gentle whisper. Withered boughs  
grotesque,  
Stripped of their leaves and twigs by  
hoary age,  
From depth of shaggy covert peeping  
forth,  
In the low vale, or on steep mountain-  
side ;  
And sometimes intermixed with stirring  
horns  
Of the live deer, or goat's depending  
beard,—  
These were the lurking Satyrs, a wild  
brood  
Of gamesome deities ; or Pan himself,  
The simple shepherd's awe-inspiring god !

~~~~~

#### A SIMILE.

WITHIN the soul a faculty abides,  
That with interpositions, which would  
hide  
And darken, so can deal, that they be-  
come  
Contingencies of pomp ; and serve to  
exalt  
Her native brightness. As the ample  
Moon,  
In the deep stillness of a summer eve,  
Rising behind a thick and lofty grove,  
Burns like an unconsuming fire of life  
In the green trees ; and, kindling on all  
sides  
Their leafy umbrage, turns the dusky veil  
Into a substance glorious as her own,  
Yea, with her own incorporated, by  
power



Capacious and serene ; like power  
 abides  
 In Man's celestial spirit ; Virtue thus  
 Sets forth and magnifies herself ; thus  
 feeds  
 A calm, a beautiful, and silent fire,  
 From the encumbrances of mortal life,  
 From error, disappointment,—nay, from  
 guilt ;  
 And sometimes, so relenting Justice  
 wills,  
 From palpable oppressions of Despair.

~~~~~

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY  
 FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF  
 EARLY CHILDHOOD.

## I.

THERE was a time when meadow, grove,  
 and stream,  
 The earth, and every common sight,  
 To me did seem  
 Apparelled in celestial light,  
 The glory and the freshness of a dream.  
 It is not now as it has been of yore ;—  
 Turn wheresoe'er I may,  
 By night or day,  
 The things which I have seen I now can  
 see no more !

## II.

The rainbow comes and goes,  
 And lovely is the rose,—  
 The moon doth with delight  
 Look round her when the heavens are  
 bare ;  
 Waters on a starry night  
 Are beautiful and fair ;  
 The sunshine is a glorious birth ;  
 But yet I know, where'er I go,  
 That there hath passed away a glory from  
 the earth.

## III.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous  
 song,  
 And while the young lambs bound  
 As to the tabor's sound,

To me alone there came a thought of  
 grief ;  
 A timely utterance gave that thought relief,  
 And I again am strong.  
 The cataracts blow their trumpets from  
 the steep,—  
 No more shall grief of mine the season  
 wrong :  
 I hear the echoes through the mountains  
 throng,  
 The winds come to me from the fields of  
 sleep,  
 And all the earth is gay ;  
 Land and sea  
 Give themselves up to jollity,  
 And with the heart of May  
 Doth every beast keep holiday ;—  
 Thou child of joy,  
 Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts,  
 thou happy shepherd boy!

## IV.

Ye blessèd creatures, I have heard the  
 call  
 Ye to each other make ; I see  
 The heavens laugh with you in your  
 jubilee ;  
 My heart is at your festival,  
 My head hath its coronal,  
 The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it  
 all.  
 Oh evil day ! if I were sullen  
 While the earth herself is adorning,  
 This sweet May morning ;  
 And the children are pulling,  
 On every side,  
 In a thousand valleys far and wide,  
 Fresh flowers ; while the sun shines  
 warm  
 And the babe leaps up on his mother's  
 arm :—  
 I hear, I hear, with joy I hear !  
 —But there's a tree, of many one,  
 A single field which I have looked  
 upon,  
 Both of them speak of something that is  
 gone :  
 The pansy at my feet  
 Doth the same tale repeat :  
 Whither is fled the visionary gleam ?  
 Where is it now, the glory and the  
 dream ?



## V.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :  
 The soul that rises with us, our life's star,  
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
 And cometh from afar ;  
 Not in entire forgetfulness,  
 And not in utter nakedness,  
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
 From God, who is our home :  
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy !  
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close  
 Upon the growing boy,  
 But he beholds the light, and whence it  
 flows,  
 He sees it in his joy ;  
 The youth, who daily farther from the  
 east  
 Must travel, still is Nature's priest,  
 And by the vision splendid  
 Is on his way attended ;  
 At length the man perceives it die away,  
 And fade into the light of common day.

## VI.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her  
 own ;  
 Yearnings she hath in her own natural  
 kind,  
 And, even with something of a mother's  
 mind,  
 And no unworthy aim,  
 The homely nurse doth all she can  
 To make her foster-child, her inmate  
 man,  
 Forget the glories he hath known,  
 And that imperial palace whence he  
 came.

## VII.

Behold the child among his new-born  
 blisses,  
 A six years' darling of a pigmy size !  
 See, where 'mid work of his own hand he  
 lies,  
 Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,  
 With light upon him from his father's  
 eyes !  
 See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,  
 Some fragment from his dream of human  
 life,  
 Shaped by himself with newly-learned  
 art ;

A wedding or a festival,  
 A mourning or a funeral ;  
 And this hath now his heart,  
 And unto this he frames his song :  
 Then will he fit his tongue  
 To dialogues of business, love, or strife ;  
 But it will not be long  
 Ere this be thrown aside,  
 And with new joy and pride  
 The little actor cons another part ;  
 Filling from time to time his "humorous  
 stage"  
 With all the persons, down to palsied age,  
 That Life brings with her in her equipage ;  
 As if his whole vocation  
 Were endless imitation.

## VIII.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth  
 belie  
 Thy soul's immensity ;  
 Thou best philosopher, who yet dost  
 keep  
 Thy heritage ; thou eye among the blind,  
 That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal  
 deep,  
 Haunted for ever by the eternal mind, —  
 Mighty Prophet ! Seer blest !  
 On whom those truths do rest,  
 Which we are toiling all our lives to  
 find ;  
 Thou, over whom thy immortality  
 Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,  
 A presence which is not to be put by ;  
 Thou little child, yet glorious in the  
 might  
 Of heaven-born freedom, on thy being's  
 height,  
 Why with such earnest pains dost thou  
 provoke  
 The years to bring th' inevitable yoke,  
 Thus blindly with thy blessedness at  
 strife.  
 Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly  
 freight,  
 And custom lie upon thee with a weight,  
 Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life !

## IX.

O joy ! that in our embers  
 Is something that doth live,  
 That Nature yet remembers  
 What was so fugitive !



The thought of our past years in me doth  
breed

Perpetual benedictions : not indeed  
For that which is most worthy to be  
blessed ;

Delight and liberty, the simple creed  
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,  
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in  
his breast :

Not for these I raise

The song of thanks and praise ;  
But for those obstinate questionings  
Of sense and outward things,  
Fallings from us, vanishings ;  
Black misgivings of a creature  
Moving about in worlds not realized,  
High instincts, before which our mortal  
nature

Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised !  
But for those first affections,

Those shadowy recollections,

Which, be they what they may,  
Are yet the fountain light of all our  
day,

Are yet a master light of all our  
seeing ;

Uphold us—cherish—and have power  
to make

Our noisy years seem moments in the  
being

Of the eternal silence : truths that wake,  
To perish never ;

Which neither listlessness, nor mad  
endeavour,

Nor man nor boy,

Nor all that is at enmity with joy,  
Can utterly abolish or destroy !

Hence, in a season of calm weather,  
Though inland far we be,

Our souls have sight of that immortal sea  
Which brought us hither ;

Can in a moment travel thither,—

And see the children sport upon the  
shore,

And hear the mighty waters rolling ever-  
more.

x.

Then, sing ye birds, sing, sing a joyous  
song !

And let the young lambs bound

As to the tabor's sound !

We, in thought, will join your throng,

Ye that pipe and ye that play,  
Ye that through your hearts to-day  
Feel the gladness of the May !

What though the radiance which was  
once so bright

Be now for ever taken from my sight,  
Though nothing can bring back the  
hour

Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the  
flower ;

We will grieve not, rather find  
Strength in what remains behind,  
In the primal sympathy

Which having been, must ever be ;  
In the soothing thoughts that spring  
Out of human suffering ;

In the faith that looks through  
death,

In years that bring the philosophic  
mind.

xI.

And oh ye fountains, meadows, hills, and  
groves,

Think not of any severing of our loves !  
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your  
might ;

I only have relinquished one delight,  
To live beneath your more habitual  
sway.

I love the brooks, which down their  
channels fret,

Even more than when I tripped lightly as  
they :

The innocent brightness of a new-born  
day

Is lovely yet ;

The clouds that gather round the setting  
sun

Do take a sober colouring from an  
eye

That hath kept watch o'er man's mor-  
tality ;

Another race hath been, and other palms  
are won.

Thanks to the human heart by which we  
live ;

Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and  
fears ;

To me the meanest flower that blows can  
give

Thoughts that do often lie too deep for  
tears.



[THOMAS MOORE. 1779—1852.]

## PARADISE AND THE PERI.

*Lalla Rookh.*

ONE morn a Peri at the gate  
Of Eden stood, disconsolate ;  
And as she listened to the Springs  
Of Life within, like music flowing,  
And caught the light upon her wings  
Through the half-open portal glowing,  
She wept to think her recreant race  
Should e'er have lost that glorious  
place !

"How happy !" exclaimed this child of  
air,  
"Are the holy spirits who wander there,  
'Mid flowers that never shall fade or  
fall ;  
Though mine are the gardens of earth  
and sea, [me,  
And the stars themselves have flowers for  
One blossom of heaven outblossoms them  
all !  
Though sunny the Lake of cool Cash-  
mere,  
With its plane-tree isle reflected clear,  
And sweetly the founts of that valley  
fall :  
Though bright are the waters of Sing-su-  
hay, [stray,  
And the golden floods, that thitherward  
Yet—oh, 'tis only the blest can say  
How the waters of heaven outshine  
them all !

"Go, wing thy flight from star to star,  
From world to luminous world, as far  
As the universe spreads its flaming  
wall ;  
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,  
And multiply each through endless years,  
One minute of heaven is worth them all !"

The glorious Angel, who was keeping  
The gates of Light, beheld her weeping ;  
And, as he nearer drew and listened  
To her sad song, a tear-drop glistened  
Within his eyelids, like the spray  
From Eden's fountain, when it lies  
On the blue flower, which—Bramlins  
say—  
Blooms nowhere but in Paradise !

"Nymph of a fair, but erring line !"  
Gently he said—"one hope is thine.  
'Tis written in the Book of Fate,  
*The Peri yet may be forgiven  
Who brings to this Eternal Gate  
The Gift that is most dear to Heaven !*  
Go, seek it, and redeem thy sin ;—  
'Tis sweet to let the Pardoned in !"

Rapidly as comets run  
To th' embraces of the sun :—  
Fleeter than the starry brands,  
Flung at night from angel hands  
At those dark and daring sprites,  
Who would climb th' empyreal heights,  
Down the blue vault the Peri flies,  
And, lighted earthward by a glance  
That just then broke from morning's  
eyes,  
Hung hovering o'er our world's ex-  
panse.

But whither shall the Spirit go  
To find this gift for Heaven ?—"I know  
The wealth," she cries, "of every urn,  
In which unnumbered rubies burn,  
Beneath the pillars of Chilminar ;—  
I know where the Isles of Perfume are  
Many a fathom down in the sea,  
To the south of sun-bright Araby ;—  
I know too where the Genii hid  
The jewelled cup of their king Jamshid,  
With life's elixir sparkling high—  
But gifts like these are not for the sky.  
Where was there ever a gem that shone  
Like the steps of Allah's wonderful  
throne ?  
And the Drops of Life—oh ! what would  
they be  
In the boundless Deep of Eternity ?"

## BENDEMEER'S STREAM.

THERE'S a bower of roses by Bende-  
meer's stream,  
And the nightingale sings round it all  
the day long ;  
In the time of my childhood 'twas like a  
sweet dream,  
To sit in the roses and hear the bird's  
songs.



That bower and its music I never forget,  
 But oft when alone in the bloom of  
 the year, [yet?  
 I think—is the nightingale singing there  
 Are the roses still bright by the calm  
 Bendemeer?

No, the roses soon withered that hung  
 o'er the wave,  
 But some blossoms were gathered,  
 while freshly they shone,  
 And a dew was distilled from their  
 flowers, that gave  
 All the fragrance of summer, when  
 summer was gone. [dies,  
 Thus memory draws from delight, e'er it  
 An essence that breathes of it many a  
 year;  
 Thus bright to my soul, as 'twas then to  
 my eyes,  
 Is that bower on the banks of the calm  
 Bendemeer!

#### DISAPPOINTED HOPES.

I KNEW, I knew it could not last—  
 'Twas bright, 'twas heavenly, but 'tis  
 past!  
 Oh! ever thus, from childhood's hour,  
 I've seen my fondest hopes decay;  
 I never loved a tree or flower,  
 But 'twas the first to fade away.  
 I never nursed a dear gazelle,  
 To glad me with its soft black eye,  
 But when it came to know me well,  
 And love me, it was sure to die!  
 Now too—the joy most like divine  
 Of all I ever dreamt or knew,  
 To see thee, hear thee, call thee mine,—  
 Oh, misery! must I lose that too?  
 Yet go—on peril's brink we meet;—  
 Those frightful rocks—that treacherous  
 sea—  
 No, never come again—though sweet,  
 Though heaven, it may be death to  
 thee.  
 Farewell—and blessings on thy way,  
 Where'er thou go'st, beloved stranger!  
 Better to sit and watch that ray,  
 And think thee safe, though far away,  
 Than have thee near me, and in  
 danger!

#### A CURSE.

OH, for a tongue to curse the slave,  
 Whose treason, like a deadly blight,  
 Comes o'er the councils of the brave,  
 And blasts them in their hour of  
 might!  
 May life's unblessed cup for him  
 Be drugged with treacheries to the brim,—  
 With hopes, that but allure to fly,  
 With joys, that vanish while he sips,  
 Like Dead-Sea fruits, that tempt the eye,  
 But turn to ashes on the lips!  
 His country's curse, his children's shame,  
 Outcasts of virtue, peace, and fame,  
 May he, at last, with lips of flame  
 On the parched desert thirsting die,—  
 While lakes that shone in mockery nigh  
 Are fading off, untouched, untasted,  
 Like the once glorious hopes he blasted!  
 And, when from earth his spirit flies,  
 Just Prophet, let the damned-one dwell  
 Full in the sight of Paradise,  
 Beholding heaven, and feeling hell!

#### THE TEARS OF REPENTANCE.

BLEST tears of soul-felt penitence!  
 In whose benign, redeeming flow  
 Is felt the first, the only sense  
 Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.  
 "There's a drop," said the Peri, "that  
 down from the moon  
 Falls through the withering airs of June  
 Upon Egypt's land, of so healing a power,  
 So balmy a virtue, that e'en in the hour  
 That drop descends, contagion dies,  
 And health reanimates earth and skies!—  
 Oh! is it not thus, thou man of sin,  
 The precious tears of repentance fall?  
 Though foul thy fiery plagues within,  
 One heavenly drop hath dispelled them  
 all!"  
 And now—behold him kneeling there  
 By the child's side, in humble prayer,  
 While the same sunbeam shines upon  
 The guilty and the guiltless one,  
 And hymns of joy proclaim through  
 heaven  
 The triumph of a soul forgiven!  
 'Twas when the golden orb had set,  
 While on their knees they lingered yet,



There fell a light, more lovely far  
Than ever came from sun or star,  
Upon the tear that, warm and meek,  
Dewed that repentant sinner's cheek :  
To mortal eye this light might seem  
A northern flash or meteor beam—  
But well th' enraptured Peri knew  
'Twas a bright smile the Angel threw  
From heaven's gate, to hail that tear  
Her harbinger of glory near !

"Joy, joy for ever ! my task is done—  
The Gates are passed, and Heaven is  
won !

Oh ! am I not happy ? I am, I am—  
To thee, sweet Eden ! how dark and  
sad

Are the diamond turrets of Shadukiam,  
And the fragrant bowers of Ambera-  
bad !

"Farewell, ye odours of earth, that die,  
Passing away like a lover's sigh !—  
My feast is now of the tooba tree,  
Whose scent is the breath of eternity !

"Farewell, ye vanishing flowers, that  
shone  
In my fairy-wreath, so bright and  
brief,—

Oh ! what are the brightest that e'er have  
blown,  
To the lote tree, springing by Alla's  
Throne, [leaf !  
Whose flowers have a soul in every  
Joy, joy for ever !—my task is done—  
The Gates are passed, and Heaven is  
won !"

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MONODY ON THE DEATH OF  
SHERIDAN.

YES, grief will have way—but the fast-  
falling tear  
Shall be mingled with deep execrations  
on those [career,  
Who could bask in that spirit's meridian  
And yet leave it thus lonely and dark  
at its close :—

Whose vanity flew round him, only while  
fed. [time gave ;—  
By the odour his fame in its summer-

Whose vanity now, with quick scent for  
the dead,  
Like the Ghole of the East, comes to  
feed at his grave.

Oh ! it sickens the heart to see bosoms  
so hollow,  
And spirits so mean in the great and  
high-born ;  
To think what a long line of titles may  
follow [and lorn !  
The relics of him who died—friendless

How proud they can press to the funeral  
array  
Of one, whom they shunned in his sick-  
ness and sorrow :  
How bailiffs may seize his last blanket to-  
day, [to-morrow !  
Whose pall shall be held up by nobles

And Thou, too, whose life, a sick epicure's  
dream, [passed,  
Incoherent and gross, even grosser had  
Were it not for that cordial and soul  
giving beam,  
Which his friendship and wit o'er thy  
nothingness cast :—

No, not for the wealth of the land, that  
supplies thee  
With millions to heap upon Foppery's  
shrine ;— [thee,  
No, not for the riches of all who despise  
Tho' this would make Europe's whole  
opulence mine ;—

Would I suffer what—ev'n in the heart  
that thou hast—  
All mean as it is—must have con-  
sciously burned,  
When the pittance, which shame had  
wrung from thee at last,  
And which found all his wants at an  
end, was returned !

"Was this, then, the fate"—future ages  
will say,  
When some names shall live but in  
history's curse ;  
When the truth will be heard, and these  
lords of a day [as worse ;  
Be forgotten as fools, or remembered



“Was this then the fate of that high-gifted man,  
The pride of the palace, the bower and the hall,  
The orator—dramatist—minstrel—who ran  
Through each mode of the lyre, and was master of all ?

“Whose mind was an essence, compounded with art  
From the finest and best of all other men’s powers ;  
Who ruled like a wizard, the world of the heart,  
And could call up its sunshine, or bring down its showers ;

“Whose humour, as gay as the fire-fly’s light,  
Played round every subject, and shone as it played ;  
Whose wit, in the combat, as gentle as bright,  
Ne’er carried a heart-stain away on its blade ;—

“Whose eloquence brightening whatever it tried,  
Whether reason or fancy, the gay or the grave,—  
as as rapid, as deep, and as brilliant a tide,  
As ever bore Freedom aloft on its wave !”

Yes—such was the man, and so wretched his fate ;—  
And thus, sooner or later, shall all have to grieve,  
Who waste their morn’s dew in the beams of the great,  
And expect ’twill return to refresh them at eve.

In the woods of the North, there are insects that prey  
On the brain of the elk till his very last sigh !

Oh, genius ! thy patrons, more cruel than they,  
First feed on thy brains, and then leave thee to die.

#### HAVE YOU NOT SEEN THE TIMID TEAR.

HAVE you not seen the timid tear  
Steal trembling from mine eye ?  
Have you not marked the flush of fear,  
Or caught the murmured sigh ?  
And can you think my love is chill,  
Nor fixed on you alone ?  
And can you rend, by doubting still,  
A heart so much your own ?

To you my soul’s affections move  
Devoutly, warmly true ;  
My life has been a task of love,  
One long, long thought of you.  
If all your tender faith is o’er,  
If still my truth you’ll try ;  
Alas ! I know but one proof more,—  
I’ll bless your name, and die !

#### WHEN TIME, WHO STEALS.

WHEN Time, who steals our years away  
Shall steal our pleasures too,  
The memory of the past will stay,  
And half our joys renew.

Then, Chloe, when thy beauty’s flower  
Shall feel the wintry air,  
Remembrance will recall the hour  
When thou alone wert fair !

Then talk no more of future gloom ;  
Our joys shall always last ;  
For hope shall brighten days to come,  
And memory gild the past !

Come, Chloe, fill the genial bowl,  
I drink to Love and thee :  
Thou never canst decay in soul,  
Thou’lt still be young for me.

And as thy lips the tear-drop chase  
Which on my cheek they find,  
So hope shall steal away the trace  
Which sorrow leaves behind !

Then fill the bowl—away the gloom !  
Our joys shall always last ;  
For hope shall brighten days to come,  
And memory gild the past !



But mark, at thought of future years  
 When love shall lose its soul,  
 My Chloe drops her timid tears,  
 They mingle with my bowl!

How like this bowl of wine, my fair,  
 Our loving life shall fleet;  
 Though tears may sometimes mingle there,  
 The draught will still be sweet!

Then fill the bowl—away with gloom!  
 Our joys shall always last;  
 For hope will brighten days to come,  
 And memory gild the past

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A CANADIAN BOAT-SONG.

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime,  
 Our voices keep tune and our oars keep  
 time.

Soon as the woods on shore look dim,  
 We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.  
 Row, brothers, row! the stream runs fast,  
 The rapids are near, and the daylight's  
 past!

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?  
 There is not a breath the blue wave to  
 curl!

But, when the wind blows off the shore,  
 Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.  
 Blow, breezes, blow! the stream runs fast,  
 The rapids are near, and the daylight's  
 past!

Ottawa's tide! this trembling moon  
 Shall see us float over thy surges soon.  
 Saint of this green isle! hear our prayers,  
 Oh! grant us cool heavens and favouring  
 airs.

Blow, breezes, blow! the stream runs fast,  
 The rapids are near, and the daylight's  
 past!

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GO WHERE GLORY WAITS  
 THEE.

Go where glory waits thee,  
 But while fame elates thee,  
 Oh! still remember me.

When the praise thou meetest  
 To thine ear is sweetest,

Oh! then remember me.  
 Other arms may press thee,  
 Dearer friends caress thee,  
 All the joys that bless thee  
 Sweeter far may be;  
 But when friends are nearest,  
 And when joys are dearest,  
 Oh! then remember me.

When at eve thou rovest  
 By the star thou lovest,

Oh! then remember me.  
 Think, when home returning,  
 Bright we've seen it burning.

Oh! thus remember me.  
 Oft as summer closes,  
 When thine eye reposes  
 On its lingering roses,  
 Once so loved by thee,  
 Think of her who wove them,  
 Her who made thee love them.  
 Oh! then remember me.

When, around thee dying,  
 Autumn leaves are lying,

Oh! then remember me.  
 And, at night, when gazing  
 On the gay hearth blazing,  
 Oh! still remember me.

Then, should music, stealing  
 All the soul of feeling,  
 To thy heart appealing,

Draw one tear from thee;  
 Then let memory bring thee  
 Strains I used to sing thee,—  
 Oh! then remember me.

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MARY, I BELIEVED THEE TRUE

MARY, I believed thee true,  
 And I was blest in thus believing;  
 But now I mourn that e'er I knew  
 A girl so fair and so deceiving!

Few have ever loved liked me,—

Oh! I have loved thee too sincerely  
 And few have e'er deceived like thee,—  
 Alas! deceived me too severely!