

Fare thee well! yet think awhile
 On one whose bosom bleeds to doubt
 thee ;
 Who now would rather trust that smile,
 And die with thee than live without
 thee !

Fare thee well! I'll think of thee,
 Thou leav'st me many a bitter token ;
 For see, distracting woman! see,
 My peace is gone, my heart is broken!—
 Fare thee well !

WHY DOES AZURE DECK THE SKY?

WHY does azure deck the sky?
 'Tis to be like thine eyes of blue.
 Why is red the rose's dye?
 Because it is thy blushes' hue.
 All that's fair, by Love's decree,
 Has been made resembling thee !

Why is falling snow so white,
 But to be like thy bosom fair?
 Why are solar beams so bright?
 That they may seem thy golden hair!
 All that's bright, by Love's decree,
 Has been made resembling thee !

Why are nature's beauties felt?
 Oh! 'tis thine in her we see!
 Why has music power to melt?
 Oh! because it speaks like thee.
 All that's sweet, by Love's decree,
 Has been made resembling thee !

OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

OH! breathe not his name, let it sleep in
 the shade,
 Where cold and unhonoured his relics are
 laid ; [shed,
 Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that we
 As the night-dew that falls on the grass
 o'er his head.

But the night-dew that falls, though in
 silence it weeps,
 Shall brighten with verdure the grave
 where he sleeps ;

And the tear that we shed, though in
 secret it rolls,
 Shall long keep his memory green in our
 souls.

WHEN HE WHO ADORES THEE.

WHEN he who adores thee has left but
 the name
 Of his fault and his sorrows behind,
 Oh! say, wilt thou weep, when they
 darken the fame
 Of a life that for thee was resigned?
 Yes, weep, and however my foes may
 condemn,
 Thy tears shall efface their decree ;
 For Heaven can witness, though guilty to
 them,
 I have been but too faithful to thee.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest
 love ;
 Every thought of my reason was thine ;
 In my last humble prayer to the Spirit
 above,
 Thy name shall be mingled with mine.
 Oh! blest are the lovers and friends who
 shall live
 The days of thy glory to see ;
 But the next dearest blessing that Heaven
 can give
 Is the pride of thus dying for thee.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

THE harp that once through Tara's halls,
 The soul of music shed,
 Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
 As if that soul were fled.
 So sleeps the pride of former days,
 So glory's thrill is o'er,
 And hearts, that once beat high for praise,
 Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
 The harp of Tara swells:
 The chord alone, that breaks at night,
 Its tale of ruin tells.
 Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
 The only throb she gives
 Is when some heart indignant breaks,
 To show that still she lives.

FLY NOT YET.

FLY not yet; 'tis just the hour
 When pleasure, like the midnight flower
 That scorns the eye of vulgar light,
 Begins to bloom for sons of night,
 And maids who love the moon.
 'Twas but to bless these hours of shade
 That beauty and the moon were made;
 'Tis then their soft attractions glowing
 Set the tides and goblets flowing.
 Oh! stay,—oh! stay,—
 Joy so seldom weaves a chain
 Like this to-night, that, oh! 'tis pain
 To break its links so soon.

Fly not yet; the fount that played
 In times of old through Ammon's shade,
 Though icy cold by day it ran,
 Yet still, like souls of mirth, began
 To burn when night was near;
 And thus should woman's heart and looks
 At noon be cold as winter brooks,
 Nor kindle till the night, returning,
 Brings their genial hour for burning.
 Oh! stay,—oh! stay,—
 When did morning ever break,
 And find such beaming eyes awake
 As those that sparkle here?

RICH AND RARE WERE THE
GEMS SHE WORE.

RICH and rare were the gems she wore,
 And a bright gold ring on her wand she
 bore;
 But, oh! her beauty was far beyond
 Her sparkling gems or snow-white wand.

"Lady, dost thou not fear to stray,
 So lone and lovely, through this bleak
 way?
 Are Erin's sons so good or so cold.
 As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"

"Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm,
 No son of Erin will offer me harm:
 For, though they love women and golden
 store,
 Sir Knight! they love honour and virtue
 more."

On she went, and her maiden smile
 In safety lighted her round the green isle;
 And blest for ever is she who relied
 Upon Erin's honour and Erin's pride.

AS A BEAM O'ER THE FACE OF
THE WATERS MAY GLOW.

As a beam o'er the face of the waters
 may glow,
 While the tide runs in darkness and cold-
 ness below,
 So the cheek may be tinged with a warm
 sunny smile,
 Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly
 the while.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that
 throws
 Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our
 woes,
 To which life nothing darker, or brighter
 can bring,
 For which joy has no balm and affliction
 no sting:

Oh! this thought in the midst of enjoy-
 ment will stay,
 Like a dead leafless branch in the sum-
 mer's bright ray,
 The beams of the warm sun play round
 it in vain,
 It may smile in his light, but it blooms
 not again.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

THERE is not in the wide world a valley
 so sweet,
 As that vale in whose bosom the bright
 waters meet;
 Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must
 depart,
 Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade
 from my heart.

Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er
 the scene
 Her purest of crystal and brightest of
 green;

'Twas not her soft magic of streamlet or
hill,
Oh! no—it was something more exquisite
still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my
bosom, were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchant-
ment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of
Nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks
that we love.

I SAW THY FORM IN YOUTHFUL
PRIME.

I SAW thy form in youthful prime,
Nor thought that pale decay
Would steal before the steps of Time,
And waste its bloom away, Mary!
Yet still thy features wore that light,
Which fleets not with the breath;
And life ne'er looked more truly bright
Than in thy smile of death, Mary!

As streams that run o'er golden mines,
Yet humbly, calmly glide,
Nor seem to know the wealth that shines
Within their gentle tide, Mary!
So, veiled beneath the simplest guise,
Thy radiant genius shone,
And that which charmed all other eyes
Seemed worthless in thine own, Mary!

If souls could always dwell above,
Thou ne'er hadst left that sphere;
Or could we keep the souls we love,
We ne'er had lost thee here, Mary!
Though many a gifted mind we meet,
Though fairest forms we see,
To live with them is far less sweet
Than to remember thee, Mary!

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

SHE is far from the land where her young
hero sleeps,
And lovers are round her sighing;
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and
weeps,
For her heart in his grave 's lying.

She sings the wild songs of her dear
tive plains,
Every note which he loved awaking;—
Ah! little they think, who delight in her
strains,
How the heart of the Minstrel 's
breaking.

He had lived for his love, for his country
he died, [him;
They were all that to life had entwined
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be
dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh! make her a grave where the sun-
beams rest
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile
from the West,
From her own loved island of sorrow.

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE
ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

BELIEVE me, if all those endearing young
charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet
in my arms,
Like fairy-gifts fading away,
Thou wouldst still be adored, as this mo-
ment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of
my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine
own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervour and faith of a soul can be
known,
'To which time will but make thee more
dear;
No, the heart that has truly loved never
forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when
he sets,
The same look which she turned when he
rose.

DRINK TO HER.

DRINK to her who long
 Hath waked the poet's sigh,
 The girl who gave to song
 What gold could never buy.
 Oh! woman's heart was made
 For minstrel hands alone;
 By other fingers played,
 It yields not half the tone.
 Then here's to her who long
 Hath waked the poet's sigh,
 The girl who gave to song
 What gold could never buy.

At Beauty's door of glass
 When Wealth and Wit once stood,
 They asked her, "which might pass?"
 She answered, "he who could."
 With golden key Wealth thought
 To pass—but 'twould not do:
 While Wit a diamond brought,
 Which cut his bright way through.
 So here's to her who long
 Hath waked the poet's sigh,
 The girl who gave to song
 What gold could never buy.

The love that seeks a home
 Where wealth and grandeur shines,
 Is like the gloomy gnome
 That dwells in dark gold mines.
 But oh! the poet's love
 Can boast a brighter sphere;
 Its native home's above,
 Though woman keeps it here.
 Then drink to her who long
 Hath waked the poet's sigh,
 The girl who gave to song
 What gold could never buy.

OH! BLAME NOT THE BARD.

OH! blame not the bard, if he fly to the
 bowers
 Where Pleasure lies, carelessly smiling
 at Fame,
 He was born for much more, and in hap-
 pier hours
 His soul might have burned with a
 holier flame;

The string that now languishes loose o'er
 the lyre,
 Might have bent a proud bow to the
 warrior's dart;
 And the lip, which now breathes but the
 song of desire,
 Might have poured the full tide of a
 patriot's heart.

But, alas for his country!—her pride has
 gone by,
 And that spirit is broken, which never
 would bend;
 O'er the ruin her children in secret must
 sign,
 For 'tis treason to love her, and death
 to defend.
 Unprized are her sons, till they've learned
 to betray;
 Undistinguished they live, if they shame
 not their sires;
 And the torch, that would light them
 through dignity's way,
 Must be caught from the pile where
 their country expires.

Then blame not the bard, if in pleasure's
 soft dream
 He should try to forget what he never
 can heal;
 Oh! give but a hope—let a vista but
 gleam
 Through the gloom of his country, and
 mark how he'll feel!
 Every passion it nursed, every bliss it
 adored,
 That instant, his heart at her shrine
 would lay down;
 While the myrtle, now idly entwined
 with his crown,
 Like the wreath of Harmodius, should
 cover his sword.

But though glory be gone, and though
 hope fade away,
 Thy name, loved Erin, shall live in his
 songs;
 Not even in the hour, when his heart is
 most gay,
 Will he lose the remembrance of thee
 and thy wrongs.

The stranger shall hear thy lament on his
plains ;
The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er
the deep,
Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet
thy chains,
Shall pause at the song of their captive,
and weep !

~~~~~

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

OH! the days are gone, when Beauty  
bright  
    My heart's chain wove ;  
When my dream of life from morn till  
night  
    Was love, still love.  
    New hope may bloom,  
    And days may come  
    Of milder, calmer beam,  
But there's nothing half so sweet in life  
    As love's young dream :  
No, there's nothing half so sweet in life  
    As love's young dream.

Though the bard to purer fame may soar,  
    When wild youth's past ;  
Though he wins the wise, who frowned  
before,  
    To smile at last ;  
    He'll never meet  
    A joy so sweet,  
    In all his noon of fame,  
As when first he sung to woman's ear  
    His soul-felt flame,  
And, at every close, she blushed to hear  
    The one loved name.

No—that hallowed form is ne'er forgot  
    Which first love traced ;  
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot  
    On memory's waste.  
    'Twas odour fled  
    As soon as shed ;  
    'Twas morning's wingèd dream ;  
    Twas a light that ne'er can shine again  
    On life's dull stream :  
Oh ! 'twas light that ne'er can shine  
again  
    On life's dull stream.

LESBIA HATH A BEAMING EYE.

LESBIA hath a beaming eye,  
    But no one knows for whom  
    beameth ;  
Right and left its arrows fly,  
    But what they aim at no one dreameth  
Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon  
    My Nora's lid that seldom rises ;  
Few its looks, but every one,  
    Like unexpected light, surprises.  
    O my Nora Creina, dear,  
My gentle, bashful Nora Creina,  
    Beauty lies  
    In many eyes,  
But love in yours, my Nora Creina !

Lesbia wears a robe of gold,  
    But all so close the nymph hath laced  
    it,  
Not a charm of beauty's mould  
    Presumes to stay where Nature placed  
    it.  
Oh, my Nora's gown for me,  
    That floats as wild as mountain breezes,  
Leaving every beauty free  
    To sink or swell as Heaven pleases.  
    Yes, my Nora Creina, dear,  
My simple, graceful Nora Creina,  
    Nature's dress  
    Is loveliness—  
The dress you wear, my Nora Creina.

Lesbia hath a wit refined,  
    But when its points are gleaming round  
    us,  
Who can tell if they're designed  
    To dazzle merely, or to wound us ?  
Pillowed on my Nora's heart  
    In safer slumber Love reposes—  
Bed of peace ! whose roughest part  
    Is but the crumpling of the roses.  
    O my Nora Creina, dear,  
My mild, my artless Nora Creina,  
    Wit, though bright,  
    Hath no such light  
As warms your eyes, my Nora Creina.

~~~~~

O THE SHAMROCK !

THROUGH Erin's Isle,
To sport awhile,

As Love and Valour wandered,
 With Wit, the sprite,
 Whose quiver bright
 A thousand arrows squandered ;
 Where'er they pass,
 A triple grass
 Shoots up, with dew-drops stream-
 ing,
 As softly green
 As emerald seen
 Through purest crystal gleaming.
 O the Shamrock, the green, immortal
 Shamrock !

Chosen leaf
 Of Bard and Chief,
 Old Erin's native Shamrock !

Says Valour, " See,
 They spring for me,
 Those leafy gems of morning ! " —
 Says Love, " No, no,
 For me they grow,
 My fragrant path adorning. " —
 But Wit perceives
 The triple leaves,
 And cries, " Oh ! do not sever
 A type that blends
 Three godlike friends,
 Love, Valour, Wit, for ever ! " —
 O the Shamrock, the green, immortal
 Shamrock !

Chosen leaf
 Of Bard and Chief,
 Old Erin's native Shamrock !

So firmly fond
 May last the bond
 They wove that morn together,
 And ne'er may fall
 One drop of gall
 On Wit's celestial feather !
 May Love, as twine
 His flowers divine,
 Of thorny falsehood weed 'em !
 May Valour ne'er
 His standard rear
 Against the cause of Freedom !
 O the Shamrock, the green, immortal
 Shamrock !

Chosen leaf
 Of Bard and Chief,
 Old Erin's native Shamrock !

AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT.

At the mid hour of night, when stars are
 weeping, I fly
 To the lone vale we loved, when life
 shone warm in thine eye ;
 And I think oft, if spirits can steal
 from the regions of air,
 To revisit past scenes of delight, thou
 wilt come to me there,
 And tell me our love is remembered, even
 in the sky !

Then I sing the wild song 'twas once such
 pleasure to hear,
 When our voices, commingling, breathed,
 like one, on the ear ;
 And, as Echo far off through the vale
 my sad orison rolls,
 I think, O my love ! 'tis thy voice, from
 the Kingdom of Souls,
 Faintly answering still the notes that once
 were so dear.

ONE BUMPER AT PARTING.

ONE bumper at parting !—though many
 Have circled the board since we met,
 The fullest, the saddest of any
 Remains to be crowned by us yet.
 The sweetness that pleasure hath in it
 Is always so slow to come forth,
 That seldom, alas ! till the minute
 It dies, do we know half its worth.
 But come—may our life's happy measure
 Be all of such moments made up ;
 They're born on the bosom of Pleasure,
 They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

As onward we journey, how pleasant
 To pause and inhabit awhile
 Those few sunny spots, like the present,
 That 'mid the dull wilderness smile !
 But Time, like a pitiless master,
 Cries " Onward ! " and spurs the gay
 hours—

Ah, never doth Time travel faster,
 Than when his way lies among flowers
 But come—may our life's happy measure
 Be all of such moments made up ;
 They're born on the bosom of Pleasure,
 They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

We saw how the sun looked in sinking,
 The waters beneath him how bright,
 And now let our farewell of drinking
 Resemble that farewell of light.
 You saw how he finished, by darting
 His beam o'er a deep billow's brim—
 So, fill up, let's shine at our parting,
 In full, liquid glory, like him.
 And oh! may our life's happy measure
 Of moments like this be made up;
 'Twas born on the bosom of Pleasure,
 It dies 'mid the tears of the cup.

~~~~~

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF  
 SUMMER.

'Tis the last rose of summer  
 Left blooming alone;  
 All her lovely companions  
 Are faded and gone;  
 No flower of her kindred,  
 No rosebud is nigh,  
 To reflect back her blushes,  
 To give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,  
 To pine on the stem;  
 Since the lovely are sleeping,  
 Go sleep thou with them.  
 Thus kindly I scatter  
 Thy leaves o'er the bed,  
 Where thy mates of the garden  
 Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,  
 When friendships decay,  
 And from Love's shining circle  
 The gems drop away!  
 When true hearts lie withered  
 And fond ones are flown,  
 Oh! who would inhabit  
 This bleak world alone?

~~~~~

THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

THE young May moon is beaming, love,
 The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, love,
 How sweet to rove
 Through Morna's grove,
 When the drowsy world is dreaming,
 love!

Then awake!—the heavens look bright
 my dear,
 'Tis never too late for delight, my dear,
 And the best of all ways
 To lengthen our days
 Is to steal a few hours from the night, my
 dear.

Now all the world is sleeping, love,
 But the Sage, his star-watch keeping,
 love,
 And I whose star,
 More glorious far,
 Is the eye from that casement peeping,
 love.

Then awake!—till rise of sun, my dear,
 The Sage's glass we'll shun, my dear,
 Or, in watching the flight
 Of bodies of light,
 He might happen to take thee for one,
 my dear.

~~~~~

THE MINSTREL-BOY.

THE Minstrel-boy to the war is gone,  
 In the ranks of death you'll find him;  
 His father's sword he has girded on,  
 And his wild harp slung behind him.—  
 "Land of song!" said the warrior-bard,  
 "Though all the world betrays thee,  
 One sword, at least, thy rights shall  
 guard,  
 One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain  
 Could not bring his proud soul under;  
 The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,  
 For he tore its cords asunder;  
 And said, "No chains shall sully thee,  
 Thou soul of love and bravery!  
 Thy songs were made for the brave and  
 free,  
 They shall never sound in slavery!"

~~~~~

FAREWELL!—BUT WHENEVER
 YOU WELCOME THE HOUR.

FAREWELL!—but whenever you welcome
 the hour
 That awakens the night-song of mirth in
 your bower.

Then think of the friend who once wel-
 comed it too,
 And forgot his own griefs to be happy
 with you. [remain
 His griefs may return, not a hope may
 Of the few that have brightened his path-
 way of pain,
 But he ne'er will forget the short vision
 that threw
 Its enchantment around him, while linger-
 ing with you.

And still on that evening, when pleasure
 fills up
 To the highest top sparkle each heart and
 each cup,
 Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or
 bright,
 My soul, happy friends, shall be with you
 that night ;
 Shall join in your revels, your sports,
 and your wiles,
 And return to me beaming all o'er with
 your smiles—
 Too blest, if it tells me that, 'mid the gay
 cheer,
 Some kind voice had murmured, "I wish
 he were here !"

Let Fate do her worst ; there are relics of
 joy,
 Bright dreams of the past, which she can-
 not destroy ;
 Which come in the night-time of sorrow
 and care, [to wear.
 And bring back the features that joy used
 Long, long be my heart with such
 memories filled !
 Like the vase, in which roses have once
 been distilled—
 You may break, you may shatter the vase
 if you will,
 But the scent of the roses will hang round
 it still.

OH ! DOUBT ME NOT.

OH ! doubt me not—the season
 Is o'er, when Folly made me rove,
 And now the vestal, Reason,
 Shall watch the fire awaked by
 Love.

Although this heart was early blown,
 And fairest hands disturbed the tree,
 They only shook some blossoms down,
 Its fruit has all been kept for thee.
 Then doubt me not—the season
 Is o'er when Folly made me rove,
 And now the vestal, Reason,
 Shall watch the fire awaked by
 Love.

And though my lute no longer
 May sing of Passion's ardent spell,
 Yet, trust me, all the stronger
 I feel the bliss I do not tell.

The bee through many a garden roves,
 And hums his lay of courtship o'er,
 But, when he finds the flower he loves,
 He settles there, and hums no more.
 Then doubt me not—the season
 Is o'er when Folly kept me free,
 And now the vestal, Reason,
 Shall guard the flame awaked by
 thee.

YOU REMEMBER ELLEN.

You remember Ellen, our hamlet's pride,
 How meekly she blessed her humble
 lot,
 When the stranger, William, had made
 her his bride,
 And love was the light of their lowly
 cot. [rains,
 Together they toiled through winds and
 Till William at length in sadness said,
 "We must seek our fortune on other
 plains ;"—
 Then, sighing, she left her lowly shed.

They roamed a long and a weary way,
 Nor much was the maiden's heart at
 ease, [day,
 When now, at the close of one stormy
 They see a proud castle among the
 trees.
 "To-night," said the youth, "we'll
 shelter there ;
 The wind blows cold, and the hour is
 late :"
 So he blew the horn with a chieftain's
 air,
 And the porter bowed as they passed
 the gate.

“Now, welcome, lady,” exclaimed the youth,
 “This castle is thine, and these dark woods all !”
 She believed him crazed, but his words were truth,
 For Ellen is Lady of Rosna Hall !
 And dearly the Lord of Rosna loves
 What William the stranger wooed and wed ;
 And the light of bliss, in these lordly groves,
 Shines pure as it did in the lowly shed.

~~~~~

COME O’ER THE SEA.

COME o’er the sea,  
 Maiden, with me,  
 Mine through sunshine, storm, and  
 snows ;  
 Seasons may roll,  
 But the true soul  
 Burns the same, where’er it goes.  
 Let fate frown on, so we love and part  
 not ;  
 ’Tis life where thou art, ’tis death where  
 thou art not.  
 Then come o’er the sea,  
 Maiden, with me,  
 Come wherever the wild wind blows ;  
 Seasons may roll,  
 But the true soul  
 Burns the same, where’er it goes.

Was not the sea  
 Made for the free,  
 Land for courts and chains alone ?  
 Here we are slaves,  
 But, on the waves,  
 Love and liberty’s all our own.  
 No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound  
 us,  
 All earth forgot, and all heaven around  
 us—  
 Then come o’er the sea,  
 Maiden, with me,  
 Mine through sunshine, storm, and  
 snows ;  
 Seasons may roll,  
 But the true soul  
 Burns the same, where’er it goes.

HAS SORROW THY YOUNG  
 DAYS SHADED.

HAS sorrow thy young days shaded,  
 As clouds o’er the morning fleet ?  
 Too fast have those young days faded,  
 That, even in sorrow, were sweet ?  
 Does Time with his cold wing wither  
 Each feeling that once was dear ?—  
 Then, child of misfortune, come hither,  
 I’ll weep with thee, tear for tear.  
 Has love to that soul, so tender,  
 Been like our Lagenian mine,  
 Where sparkles of golden splendour  
 All over the surface shine ?  
 But, if in pursuit we go deeper,  
 Allured by the gleam that shone,  
 Ah ! false as the dream of the sleeper,  
 Like Love, the bright ore is gone.  
 Has Hope, like the bird in the story,  
 That flitted from tree to tree  
 With the talisman’s glittering glory—  
 Has Hope been that bird to thee ?  
 On branch after branch alighting,  
 The gem did she still display,  
 And, when nearest and most inviting,  
 Then waft the fair gem away ?  
 If thus the young hours have fled,  
 When sorrow itself looked bright ?  
 If thus the fair hope hath cheated,  
 That led thee along so light ;  
 If thus the cold world now wither  
 Each feeling that once was dear :—  
 Come, child of misfortune, come hither,  
 I’ll weep with thee, tear for tear.

~~~~~

WHEN FIRST I MET THEE.

WHEN first I met thee, warm and young,
 There shone such truth about thee,
 And on thy lip such promise hung,
 I did not dare to doubt thee.
 I saw thee change, yet still relied,
 Still clung with hope the fonder,
 And thought, though false to all beside,
 From me thou couldst not wander.
 But go, deceiver ! go,—
 The heart, whose hopes could
 make it
 Trust one so false, so low,
 Deserves that thou shouldst
 break it.

When every tongue thy follies named,
 I fled the unwelcome story ;
 Or found, in even the faults they blamed,
 Some gleams of future glory.
 I still was true, when nearer friends
 Conspired to wrong, to slight thee ;
 The heart, that now thy falsehood rends,
 Would then have bled to right thee.

But go, deceiver ! go,—
 Some day, perhaps, thou'lt
 waken
 From pleasure's dream, to know
 The grief of hearts forsaken.

Even now, though youth its bloom has
 shed,

No lights of age adorn thee :
 The few who loved thee once have fled,
 And they who flatter scorn thee.
 Thy midnight cup is pledged to slaves,
 No genial ties enwreath it ;
 The smiling there, like light on graves,
 Has rank cold hearts beneath it.

Go—go—though worlds were
 thine,

I would not now surrender
 One taintless tear of mine
 For all thy guilty splendour !

And days may come, thou false one ! yet,
 When even those ties shall sever ;
 When thou wilt call, with vain regret,
 On her thou'st lost for ever ;
 On her who, in thy fortune's fall,
 With smiles hath still received thee,
 And gladly died to prove thee all
 Her fancy first believed thee.

Go—go—'tis vain to curse,
 'Tis weakness to upbraid thee ;
 Hate cannot wish thee worse
 Than guilt and shame have
 made thee.

WHILE HISTORY'S MUSE.

WHILE History's Muse the memorial was
 keeping
 Of all that the dark hand of Destiny
 weaves,
 Beside her the Genius of Erin stood
 weeping,
 For hers was the story that blotted the
 leaves.

But oh ! how the tear in her eyelids grew
 bright,
 When, after whole pages of sorrow and
 shame,

She saw History write,
 With a pencil of light
 That illumed the whole volume, her Wel-
 lington's name !

“Hail, Star of my Isle !” said the Spirit,
 all sparkling
 With beams such as break from her
 own dewy skies—

“Through ages of sorrow, deserted and
 darkling,
 I've watched for some glory like thine
 to arise.

For though Heroes I've numbered, un-
 blest was their lot,
 And unhallowed they sleep in the cross-
 ways of Fame ;—

But oh ! there is not
 One dishonouring blot
 On the wreath that encircles my Welling-
 ton's name !

“Yet still the last crown of thy toils is
 remaining,
 The grandest, the purest, even thou
 hast yet known ;

Though proud was thy task, other nations
 unchaining,
 Far prouder to heal the deep wounds
 of thy own.

At the foot of that throne for whose weal
 thou hast stood,
 Go, plead for the land that first cradled
 thy fame—

And, bright o'er the flood
 Of her tears and her blood,
 Let the rainbow of Hope be her Welling-
 ton's name !”

THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING.

THE time I've lost in wooing,
 In watching and pursuing
 The light that lies
 In woman's eyes,
 Has been my heart's undoing.

Though Wisdom oft has sought me,
I scorned the lore she brought me,
My only books
Were woman's looks,
And folly's all they've taught me.

Her smile when Beauty granted,
I hung with gaze enchanted,
Like him the Sprite
Whom maids by night
Oft meet in glen that's haunted.
Like him, too, Beauty won me
But while her eyes were on me ;
If once their ray
Was turned away,
Oh ! winds could not outrun me.

And are those follies going ?
And is my proud heart growing
Too cold or wise
For brilliant eyes
Again to set it glowing ?
No—vain, alas ! th' endeavour
From bonds so sweet to sever ;—
Poor Wisdom's chance
Against a glance
Is now as weak as ever.

OH, WHERE'S THE SLAVE.

OH, where's the slave so lowly
Condemned to chains unholy,
Who, could he burst
His bonds at first,
Would pine beneath them slowly ?
What soul, whose wrongs degrade it,
Would wait till time decayed it,
When thus its wing
At once may spring
To the throne of Him who made it ?
Farewell, Erin,—farewell, all
Who live to weep our fall.

Less dear the laurel growing
Alive, untouched, and blowing,
Than that whose braid
Is plucked to shade
The brows with victory growing.
We tread the land that bore us,
Her green flag glitters o'er us,

The friends we've tried
Are by our side,
And the foe we hate before us.
Farewell, Erin,—farewell, all
Who live to weep our fall.

COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.

COME, rest in this bosom, my own
stricken deer,
Though the herd have fled from thee, thy
home is still here :
Here still is the smile that no cloud can
o'er cast,
And a heart and a hand all thy own to
the last.

Oh ! what was love made for, if 'tis not
the same
Through joy and through torment, through
glory and shame ?
I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that
heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever
thou art.

Thou hast called me thy Angel in
moments of bliss,
And thy Angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors of
this,
Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy
steps to pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee, or perish
there too.

I SAW FROM THE BEACH.

I SAW from the beach, when the morning
was shining,
A bark o'er the waters move gloriously
on ;
I came when the sun o'er that beach was
declining,
The bark was still there, but the waters
were gone.

And such is the fate of our life's early
promise,
So passing the spring-tide of joy we
have known .

Each wave, that we danced on at morn-
ing, ebbs from us,
And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak
shore alone.

Ne'er tell me of glories serenely adorning
The close of our day, the calm eve of
our night :—

Give me back, give me back the wild
freshness of Morning,
Her clouds and her tears are worth
Evening's best light.

Oh, who would not welcome that mo-
ment's returning,
When passion first waked a new life
through his frame,
And his soul—like the wood that grows
precious in burning—
Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite
flame !

FILL THE BUMPER FAIR

FILL the bumper fair !
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care,
Smooths away a wrinkle.
Wit's electric flame
Ne'er so swiftly passes,
As when through the frame
It shoots from brimming glasses
Fill the bumper fair !
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care,
Smooths away a wrinkle.

Sages can, they say,
Grasp the lightning's pinions,
And bring down its ray
From the starred dominions :—
So we, sages, sit
And 'mid bumpers brightening,
From the heaven of Wit
Draw down all its lightning.

Wouldst thou know what first
Made our souls inherit
This ennobling thirst
For wine's celestial spirit ?
It chanced upon that day,
When, as bards inform us,
Prometheus stole away
The living fires that warm us,

The careless Youth, when up
To Glory's fount aspiring,
Took nor urn nor cup
To hide the pilfered fire in.—
But oh, his joy ! when, round
The halls of heaven spying,
Among the stars he found
A bowl of Bacchus lying.

Some drops were in that bowl,
Remains of last night's pleasure,
With which the Sparks of Soul
Mixed their burning treasure.
Hence the goblet's shower
Hath such spells to win us ;
Hence its mighty power
O'er that flame within us.
Fill the bumper fair !
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care,
Smooths away a wrinkle.

LIFE WITHOUT FREEDOM.

FROM life without freedom, oh ! who
would not fly ?
For one day of freedom, oh ! who would
not die ?
Hark, hark ! 'tis the trumpet, the call of
the brave,
The death-song of tyrants, and dirge of
the slave.
Our country lies bleeding, oh ! fly to her
aid,
One arm that defends, is worth hosts that
invade.

In death's kindly bosom our last hope
remains,
The dead fear no tyrants ; the grave has
no chains.
On, on to the combat ! the heroes that
bleed
For virtue and mankind, are heroes in-
deed !
And oh ! e'en if Freedom from this world
be driven,
Despair not—at least we shall find her in
heaven !

HERE'S THE BOWER.

HERE'S the bower she loved so much,
 And the tree she planted ;
 Here's the harp she used to touch,—
 Oh ! how that touch enchanted !
 Roses now unheeded sigh,
 Where's the hand to wreath them ?
 Songs around neglected lie,
 Where's the lip to breathe them ?
 Here's the bower she loved so much
 And the tree she planted ;
 Here's the harp she used to touch,
 Oh ! how that touch enchanted !

Spring may bloom, but she we loved
 Ne'er shall feel its sweetness,
 Time that once so fleetly moved,
 Now hath lost its fleetness.
 Years were days, when here she strayed,
 Days were moments near her,
 Heaven ne'er formed a brighter maid,
 Nor pity wept a dearer !
 Here's the bower she loved so much,
 And the tree she planted ;
 Here's the harp she used to touch,—
 Oh ! how that touch enchanted !

LOVE AND HOPE.

AT morn, beside yon summer sea,
 Young Hope and Love reclined ;
 But scarce had noon-tide come, when he
 Into his bark leaped smilingly,
 And left poor Hope behind !

“ I go,” said Love, “ to sail awhile,
 Across this sunny main ; ”—
 And then so sweet his parting smile,
 That Hope, who never dreamed of guile,
 Believed he'd come again.

She lingered there, till evening's beam
 Along the waters lay ;
 And o'er the sands, in thoughtful dream,
 Oft traced his name, which still the stream
 As often washed away.

At length, a sail appears in sight,
 And toward the maiden moves ;
 'Tis Wealth that comes, and gay and
 bright,
 His golden bark reflects the light ;
 But, ah, it is not Love's !

Another sail—'twas Friendship showed
 Her night lamp o'er the sea ;
 And calm the light that lamp bestowed,
 But Love had lights that warmer glowed
 And where, alas ! was He ?

Now fast around the sea and shore
 Night threw her darkling chain ;
 The sunny sails were seen no more,
 Hope's morning dreams of bliss were
 o'er—
 Love never came again !

FAREWELL.

FAREWELL—farewell to thee, Araby's
 daughter !
 (Thus warbled a Peri beneath the dark
 sea ;)
 No pearl ever lay, under Oman's green
 water,
 More pure in its shell than thy spirit in
 thee.

Oh ! fair as the sea-flower close to thee
 growing,
 How light was thy heart till love's
 witchery came,
 Like the wind of the south o'er a summer
 lute blowing,
 And hushed all its music and withered
 its frame !

But long upon Araby's green sunny high-
 lands,
 Shall maids and their lovers remember
 the doom
 Of her who lies sleeping among the Pearl
 Islands,
 With nought but the sea-star to light
 up her tomb.

And still, when the merry date season is
 burning
 And calls to the palm-groves the young
 and the old,
 The happiest there, from their pastime
 returning,
 At sunset, will weep when thy story is
 told.

The young village maid, when with
flowers she dresses
Her dark-flowing hair, for some festival
day,
Will think of thy fate, till neglecting her
tresses,
She mournfully turns from the mirror
away.

Nor shall Iran, beloved of her hero! for-
get thee,—
Though tyrants watch over her tears as
they start,
Close, close by the side of that hero she'll
set thee,
Embalmed in the innermost shrine of
her heart.

Farewell—be it ours to embellish thy
pillow
With everything beauteous that grows
in the deep;
Each flower of the rock, and each gem of
the billow,
Shall sweeten thy bed, and illumine
thy sleep.

Around thee shall glisten the loveliest
amber
That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has
wept;
With many a shell, in whose hollow-
wreathed chamber,
We, Peris of ocean, by moonlight have
slept.

We'll dive where the gardens of coral lie
darkling,
And plant all the rosiest stems at thy
head;
We'll seek where the sands of the Caspian
are sparkling,
And gather their gold to strew over thy
bed.

Farewell—farewell—until Pity's sweet
fountain
Is lost in the hearts of the fair and the
brave,
They'll weep for the chieftain who died
on that mountain,
They'll weep for the maiden who sleeps
in this wave.

THOU ART, O GOD!

I.

THOU art, O God! the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee.
Where'er we turn Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

II.

When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into Heaven;
Those hues, that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord! are Thine.

III.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose
plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes;—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord! are Thine.

IV.

When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye.
Where'er we turn Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

~~~~~  
THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEET-  
ING SHOW.

## I.

THIS world is all a fleeting show  
For man's illusion given;  
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,  
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow,—  
There's nothing true but Heaven!

## II.

And false the light on glory's plume,  
As fading hues of even;  
And Love, and Hope, and Beauty's  
bloom,  
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb,—  
There's nothing bright but Heaven!

## III.

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,  
 From wave to wave we're driven,  
 And fancy's flash and reason's ray  
 Serve but to light the troubled way,—  
 'There's nothing calm but Heaven!

~~~~~

FALL'N IS THY THRONE.

I.

FALL'N is thy throne, O Israel!
 Silence is o'er thy plains;
 Thy dwellings all lie desolate,
 Thy children weep in chains.
 Where are the dews that fed thee
 On Etham's barren shore?
 That fire from Heaven which led thee,
 Now lights thy path no more.

II.

Lord! Thou didst love Jerusalem;—
 Once, she was all Thy own;
 Her love Thy fairest heritage,
 Her power Thy glory's throne,
 Till evil came, and blighted
 Thy long-loved olive-tree;—
 And Salem's shrines were lighted
 For other gods than Thee!

III.

Then sunk the star of Solyma;—
 Then passed her glory's day,
 Like heath that, in the wilderness,
 The wild wind whirls away.
 Silent and waste her bowers,
 Where once the mighty trod,
 And sunk those guilty towers,
 Where Baal reigned as God!

IV.

"Go,"—said the Lord—"ye conquerors!
 Steep in her blood your swords,
 And raze to earth her battlements,
 For they are not the Lord's!
 Till Zion's mournful daughter
 O'er kindred bones shall tread,
 And Hinnom's vale of slaughter
 Shall hide but half her dead!"

O THOU WHO DRY'ST THE
 MOURNER'S TEAR!

I.

O THOU who dry'st the mourner's tear!
 How dark this world would be,
 If, when deceived and wounded here,
 We could not fly to Thee.
 The friends, who in our sunshine live,
 When winter comes are flown:
 And he, who has but tears to give,
 Must weep those tears alone.
 But Thou wilt heal that broken heart,
 Which, like the plants that throw
 Their fragrance from the wounded part,
 Breathes sweetness out of woe.

II.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
 And e'en the hope that threw
 A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
 Is dimmed and vanished too!
 Oh! who would bear life's stormy doom,
 Did not Thy wing of love
 Come, brightly wafting through the gloom
 Our peace-branch from above?
 Then sorrow, touched by Thee, grows
 bright
 With more than rapture's ray;
 As darkness shows us worlds of light
 We never saw by day!

~~~~~

SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL.

## I.

SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark  
 sea!  
 Jehovah has triumphed—his people are  
 free.  
 Sing—for the pride of the tyrant is broken,  
 His chariots, and horsemen, all splendid  
 and brave,  
 How vain was their boasting!—the Lord  
 hath but spoken,  
 And chariots and horsemen are sunk in  
 the wave.  
 Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark  
 sea!  
 Jehovah has triumphed—his people are  
 free.

## II.

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord,  
His word was our arrow, his breath was  
our sword!—

Who shall return to tell Egypt the story  
Of those she sent forth in the hour of  
her pride?

For the Lord hath looked out from his  
pillar of glory,

And all her brave thousands are dashed  
in the tide. [sea!

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark  
Jehovah has triumphed—his people are  
free.

[SIR WALTER SCOTT. 1771—1832.]

## THE LAST MINSTREL.

*Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

THE way was long, the wind was cold,  
The Minstrel was infirm and old ;  
His withered cheek, and tresses grey,  
Seemed to have known a better day ;  
The harp, his sole remaining joy,  
Was carried by an orphan boy :  
The last of all the Bards was he,  
Who sung of Border chivalry ;  
For, well-a-day ! their date was fled,  
His tuneful brethren all were dead ;  
And he, neglected and oppressed,  
Wished to be with them, and at rest.  
No more, on prancing palfrey borne,  
He carolled, light as lark at morn ;  
No longer, courted and caressed,  
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,  
He poured, to lord and lady gay,  
The unpremeditated lay : [gone ;  
Old times were changed, old manners  
A stranger filled the Stuarts' throne ,  
The bigots of the iron time  
Had called his harmless art a crime.  
A wandering harper, scorned and poor,  
He begged his bread from door to door ;  
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,  
The harp a King had loved to hear.

## THE LOVE OF COUNTRY.

BREATHES there the man with soul so  
dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,

This is my own, my native land !  
Whose heart hath ne'er within him  
burned

As home his footsteps he hath turned,

From wandering on a foreign strand ?  
If such there breathe, go, mark him well  
For him no minstrel raptures swell !

High though his titles, proud his name,  
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim •

Despite those titles, power, and pelf,  
The wretch, concentrated all in self,

Living, shall forfeit fair renown,

And doubly dying, shall go down

To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,  
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

## SCOTLAND.

O CALEDONIA stern and wild,  
Meet nurse for a poetic child !  
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,  
Land of the mountain and the flood,  
Land of my sires, what mortal hand  
Can e'er untie the filial band  
That knits me to thy rugged strand ?  
Still, as I view each well-known scene,  
Think what is now, and what hath been,  
Seems as, to me, of all bereft,  
Sole friends thy woods and streams were  
left ;

And thus I love them better still,  
Even in extremity of ill.

By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,  
Though none should guide my feeble  
way ;

Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,  
Although it chill my withered cheek ;

Still lay my head by Teviot stone,  
Though there, forgotten and alone,

The bard may draw his parting groan.

## MELROSE ABBEY.

IF thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright  
Go visit it by the pale moonlight ;

For the gay beams of lightsome day  
Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.

When the broken arches are black in nigh  
And each shafted oriel glimmers white ;

When the cold light's uncertain shower  
Streams on the ruined central tower ;



When buttress and buttress, alternately,  
Seem framed of ebon and ivory ;  
When silver edges the imagery,  
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and  
die ;  
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,  
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's  
grave,  
Then go—but go alone the while—  
Then view St. David's ruined pile ;  
And home returning, soothly swear,  
Was never scene so sad and fair !

#### THE MEMORY OF THE BARD.

CALL it not vain :—they do not err,  
Who say, that when the Poet dies,  
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,  
And celebrates his obsequies :  
Who say, tall cliff, and cavern lone,  
For the departed bard make moan ;  
That mountains weep in crystal rill ;  
That flowers in tears of balm distil ;  
Through his loved groves that breezes  
sigh,  
And oaks, in deeper groan, reply ;  
And rivers teach their rushing wave  
To murmur dirges round his grave.

Not that, in sooth, o'er mortal urn  
Those things inanimate can mourn ;  
But that the stream, the wood, the gale,  
Is vocal with the plaintive wail  
Of those, who, else forgotten long,  
Lived in the poet's faithful song,  
And, with the poet's parting breath,  
Whose memory feels a second death.  
The maid's pale shade, who wails her lot,  
That love, true love, should be forgot,  
From rose and hawthorn shakes the tear  
Upon the gentle minstrel's bier :  
The phantom knight, his glory fled,  
Mourns o'er the field he heaped with  
dead ;  
Mounts the wild blast that sweeps amain,  
And shrieks along the battle-plain.  
The chief, whose antique crownlet long  
Still sparkled in the feudal song,  
Now, from the mountain's misty throne,  
Sees, in the thanedom once his own,  
His ashes undistinguished lie,  
His place, his power, his memory die :

His groans the lonely caverns fill,  
His tears of rage impell the rill ;  
All mourn the minstrel's harp unstrung,  
Their name unknown, their praise unsung

#### HYMN FOR THE DEAD.

THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,  
When heaven and earth shall pass  
away,  
What power shall be the sinner's stay !  
How shall he meet that dreadful day,  
When, shrivelling like a parchèd scroll,  
The flaming heavens together roll ;  
When louder yet, and yet more dread,  
Swells the high trump that wakes the  
dead !

O ! on that day, that wrathful day,  
When man to judgment wakes from  
clay,  
Be THOU the trembling sinner's stay,  
Though heaven and earth shall pass away !

#### LOVE AS THE THEME OF POETS.

##### I.

AND said I that my limbs were old ;  
And said I that my blood was cold,  
And that my kindly fire was fled,  
And my poor withered heart was dead,  
And that I might not sing of love ?—  
How could I to the dearest theme,  
That ever warmed a minstrel's dream,  
So foul, so false, a recreant prove !  
How could I name love's very name,  
Nor wake my harp to notes of flame !

##### II.

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's  
reed ;  
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed ;  
In halls, in gay attire is seen ;  
In hamlets, dances on the green.  
Love rules the court, the camp, the  
grove,  
And men below, and saints above ;  
For love is heaven, and heaven is  
love.

THE BORDER TROOPER; SIR  
WILLIAM OF DELORAINE.

A STARK moss-trooping Scot was he,  
As e'er crouched border lance by knee:  
Through Solway sands, through Tara's  
moss,  
Blindfold he knew the paths to cross;  
By wily turns, by desperate bounds,  
Had baffled Percy's best blood-hounds:  
In Eske, or Liddel, fords were none,  
But he would ride them, one by one;  
Alike to him was time, or tide,  
December's snow, or July's pride;  
Alike to him was tide, or time,  
Moonless midnight, or matin prime;  
Steady of heart and stout of hand,  
As e'er drove prey from Cumberland;  
Five times outlawèd had he been,  
By England's king and Scotland's queen.

PITT AND FOX.

*Introduction to Marmion.*

To mute and to material things  
New life revolving summer brings;  
The genial call dead nature hears,  
And her glory reappears.  
But oh! my country's wintry state  
What second spring shall renovate?  
What powerful call shall bid arise  
To buried warlike, and the wise  
The mind, that thought for Britain's  
weal,  
She hand that grasped the victor steel?  
The vernal sun new life bestows  
Even on the meanest flower that blows!  
But vainly, vainly, may he shine,  
Where glory weeps o'er Nelson's shrine:  
And vainly pierce the solemn gloom,  
That shrouds, O Pitt, thy hallowed  
tomb!

\* \* \* \* \*

Hadst thou but lived, though stripped  
of dower,  
A watchman on the lonely tower,  
Thy thrilling trump had roused the  
land,  
When fraud or danger were at hand;  
By thee, as by the beacon-light,  
Our pilots had kept course aright;

As some proud column, though alone,  
Thy strength had propped the tottering  
throne.

Now is the stately column broke,  
The beacon-light is quenched in smoke,  
The trumpet's silver sound is still,  
The warder silent on the hill!

Oh, think, how to his latest day,  
When Death, just hovering, claimed his  
prey,  
With Palinure's unaltered mood,  
Firm at his dangerous post he stood;  
Each call for needful rest repelled,  
With dying hand the rudder held,  
Till, in his fall, with fateful sway,  
The steerage of the realm gave way!  
Then, while on Britain's thousand plains,  
One unpolluted church remains,  
Whose peaceful bells ne'er sent around  
The bloody tocsin's maddening sound,  
But still, upon the hallowed day,  
Convoke the swains to praise and pray  
While faith and civil peace are dear,  
Grace this cold marble with a tear,—  
He, who preserved them, Pitt, lies here.

Nor yet suppress the generous sigh,  
Because his rival slumbers nigh;  
Nor be thy *requiescat* dumb,  
Lest it be said o'er Fox's tomb.  
For talents mourn, untimely lost,  
When best employed, and wanted most,  
Mourn genius high, and lore profound,  
And wit that loved to play, not wound;  
And all the reasoning powers divine,  
To penetrate, resolve, combine;  
And feelings keen, and fancy's glow,—  
They sleep with him who sleeps below;  
And, if thou mourn'st they could not  
save

From error him who owns this grave,  
Be every harsher thought suppressed,  
And sacred be the last long rest!  
*Here*, where the end of earthly things  
Lays heroes, patriots, bards, and kings;  
Where stiff the hand, and still the  
tongue, [sung:  
Of those who fought, and spoke, and  
*Here*, where the fretted aisles prolong  
The distant notes of holy song,  
As if some angel spoke agen,  
All peace on earth, good-will to men;

If ever from an English heart,  
 O *here* let prejudice depart,  
 And partial feeling cast aside,  
 Record that Fox a Briton died !  
 When Europe crouched to France's yoke,  
 And Austria bent, and Prussia broke,  
 And the firm Russian's purpose brave  
 Was bartered by a timorous slave,  
 Even then dishonour's peace he spurned,  
 The sullied olive-branch returned,  
 Stood for his country's glory fast,  
 And nailed her colours to the mast.  
 Heaven, to reward his firmness, gave  
 A portion in this honoured grave ;  
 And ne'er held marble in its trust  
 Of two such wondrous men the dust.

With more than mortal powers en-  
 dowed,  
 How high they soared above the crowd !  
 Theirs was no common party race,  
 Jostling by dark intrigue for place ;  
 Like fabled gods, their mighty war  
 Shook realms and nations in its jar ;  
 Beneath each banner proud to stand,  
 Looked up the noblest of the land.  
 Till through the British world  
 known  
 The names of Pitt and Fox alone.  
 Spells of such force no wizard grave  
 E'er framed in dark Thessalian cave,  
 Though his could drain the ocean dry,  
 And force the planets from the sky.  
 These spells are spent, and, spent with  
 these,  
 The wine of life is on the lees.  
 Genius, and taste, and talent gone,  
 For ever tombed beneath the stone,  
 Where, — taming thought to human  
 pride !—  
 The mighty chiefs sleep side by side.  
 Drop upon Fox's grave the tear,  
 'Twill trickle to his rival's bier ;  
 O'er Pitt's the mournful requiem sound,  
 And Fox's shall the notes rebound.  
 The solemn echo seems to cry,—  
 "Here let their discord with them  
 die ;  
 Speak not for those a separate doom,  
 Whom Fate made brothers in the  
 tomb,  
 But search the land of living men,  
 Where wilt thou find their like agen ?"

## NIGHT AT NORHAM CASTLE.

*Marmion.*

DAY set on Norham's castled steep,  
 And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,  
 And Cheviot's mountains lone ;  
 The battled towers, the donjon keep,  
 The loop-hole grates where captive  
 weep,  
 The flanking walls that round it sweep,  
 In yellow lustre shone.  
 The warriors on the turrets high,  
 Moving athwart the evening sky,  
 Seemed forms of giant height :  
 Their armour, as it caught the rays,  
 Flashed back again the western blaze,  
 In lines of dazzling light.

St. George's banner, broad and gay,  
 Now faded, as the fading ray  
 Less bright, and less, was flung ;  
 The evening gale had scarce the power  
 To wave it on the Donjon tower,  
 So heavily it hung.  
 The scouts had parted on their search,  
 The castle gates were barred ;  
 Above the gloomy portal arch,  
 Timing his footsteps to a march,  
 The warder kept his guard,  
 Low humming, as he paced along,  
 Some ancient Border gathering song.

## ROMANTIC LEGENDS.

THE mightiest chiefs of British song  
 Scorned not such legends to prolong :  
 They gleam through Spenser's elfin dream,  
 And mix in Milton's heavenly theme ;  
 And Dryden, in immortal strain,  
 Had raised the Table Round again,  
 But that a ribald king and court  
 Bade him toil on, to make them sport ;  
 Demanded for their niggard pay,  
 But for their souls, a looser lay,  
 Licentious satire, song, and play ;  
 The world defrauded of the high design,  
 Profaned the God-given strength, and  
 marred the lofty line.

Warmed by such names, well may we  
 then,  
 Though dwindled sons of little men

Essay to break a feeble lance  
 In the fair fields of old romance ;  
 Or seek the moated castle's cell,  
 Where long through talisman and spell,  
 While tyrants ruled, and damsels wept,  
 Thy Genius, Chivalry, hath slept :  
 There sound the harpings of the North,  
 Till he awake and sally forth,  
 On venturous quest to prick again,  
 In all his arms, with all his train,  
 Shield, lance, and brand, and plume, and  
 scarf,  
 Fay, giant, dragon, squire, and dwarf,  
 And wizard with his wand of might,  
 And errant maid on palfrey white.  
 Around the Genius weave their spells,  
 Pure Love, who scarce his passion tells :  
 Mystery, half veiled and half revealed ;  
 And Honour with his spotless shield ;  
 Attention, with fixed eye ; and Fear,  
 That loves the tale she shrinks to hear ;  
 And gentle Courtesy ; and Faith,  
 Unchanged by sufferings, time, or death ;  
 And Valour, lion-mettled lord,  
 Leaning upon his own good sword

#### LOST IN THE SNOW.

WHEN red hath set the beamless sun,  
 Through heavy vapours dank and dun ;  
 When the tired ploughman, dry and  
 warm,  
 Hears, half asleep, the rising storm  
 Hurling the hail, and sleeted rain,  
 Against the casement's tinkling pane ;  
 The sounds that drive wild deer, and fox,  
 To shelter in the brake and rocks,  
 Are warnings which the shepherd ask  
 To dismal and to dangerous task.  
 Oft he looks forth, and hopes, in vain,  
 The blast may sink in mellowing rain ;  
 Till, dark above, and white below,  
 Decided drives the flaky snow,  
 And forth the hardy swain must go.  
 Long, with dejected look and whine,  
 To leave the hearth his dogs repine ;  
 Whistling, and cheering them to aid,  
 Around his back he wreathes the plaid :  
 His flock he gathers, and he guides  
 To open downs, and mountain sides,  
 Where, fiercest though the tempest blow,  
 Least deeply lies the drift below.

The blast, that whistles o'er the fell,  
 Stiffens his locks to icicles ;  
 Oft he looks back, while, streaming far  
 His cottage window seems a star,—  
 Loses its feeble gleam,—and then  
 Turns patient to the blast again,  
 And, facing to the tempest's sweep,  
 Drives through the gloom his lagging  
 sheep :  
 If fails his heart, if his limbs fail,  
 Benumbing death is in the gale ;  
 His paths, his landmarks—all unknown,  
 Close to the hut, no more his own,  
 Close to the aid he sought in vain,  
 The morn may find the stiffened swain :  
 His widow sees, at dawning pale,  
 His orphans raise their feeble wail ;  
 And close beside him, in the snow,  
 Poor Yarrow, partner of their woe,  
 Couches upon his master's breast,  
 And licks his cheek, to break his rest.

#### THE VIEW FROM BLACKFORD HILL.

STILL on the spot Lord Marmion stayed,  
 For fairer scene he ne'er surveyed.  
 When sated with the martial show  
 That peopled all the plain below,  
 The wandering eye could o'er it go,  
 And mark the distant city glow  
 With gloomy splendour red ;  
 For on the smoke-wreaths, huge and  
 slow,  
 That round her sable turrets flow,  
 The morning beams were shed,  
 And tinged them with a lustre proud,  
 Like that which streaks a thunder  
 cloud.  
 Such dusky grandeur clothed the height,  
 Where the huge castle holds its state,  
 And all the steep slope down,  
 Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,  
 Piled deep and massy, close and high,  
 Mine own romantic town !  
 But northward far, with purer blaze,  
 On Ochil mountains fell the rays,  
 And as each heathy top they kissed,  
 It gleamed a purple amethyst.  
 Yonder the shores of Fife you saw ;  
 Here Preston-Bay, and Berwick-Law ;

And, broad between them rolled,  
 The gallant Firth the eye might note,  
 Whose islands on its bosom float,  
 Like emeralds chased in gold.  
 Fitz-Eustace' heart felt closely pent;  
 As if to give his rapture vent,  
 The spur he to his charger lent,  
 And raised his bridle-hand,  
 And, making demi-volte in air,  
 Cried, "Where's the coward that would  
 not dare  
 To fight for such a land!"

~~~~~  
 LOCHINVAR.

LADY HERON'S SONG.

O, YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of the
 west,
 Through all the wide Border his steed
 was the best,
 And save his good broad-sword he
 weapons had none;
 He rode all unarmed, and he rode all
 alone.
 So faithful in love, and so dauntless in
 war,
 There never was knight like the young
 Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped
 not for stone,
 He swam the Eske river where ford there
 was none;
 But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
 The bride had consented, the gallant
 came late:
 For a laggard in love, and a dastard in
 war,
 Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave
 Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall.
 Among bride's-men and kinsmen, and
 brothers and all:
 Then spoke the bride's father, his hand
 on his sword
 (For the poor craven bridegroom said
 never a word),
 "O come ye in peace here, or come ye in
 war,
 Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord
 Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit
 you denied;—
 Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs
 like its tide—
 And now I am come, with this lost love
 of mine,
 To lead but one measure, drink one cup
 of wine.
 There are maidens in Scotland more
 lovely by far,
 That would gladly be bride to the young
 Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight
 took it up,
 He quaffed off the wine, and he threw
 down the cup,
 She looked down to blush, and she
 looked up to sigh,
 With a smile on her lips and a tear in her
 eye.
 He took her soft hand, ere her mother
 could bar,—
 "Now tread we a measure!" said
 young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her
 face,
 That never a hall such a galliard did
 grace;
 While her mother did fret, and her father
 did fume,
 And the bridegroom stood dangling his
 bonnet and plume;
 And the bride-maidens whispered, "'Twere
 better by far
 To have matched our fair cousin with
 young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in
 her ear,
 When they reached the hall-door, and the
 charger stood near;
 So light to the croupe the fair lady he
 swung,
 So light to the saddle before her he
 sprung!
 "She is won! we are gone, over bank,
 bush, and scaur;
 They'll have fleet steeds that follow,"
 quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of
the Netherby clan ;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they
rode and they ran :
There was racing, and chasing, on Can-
nobie Lee, [they see.
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young
Lochinvar ?

~~~~~

### CHRISTMAS TIME.

HEAP on more wood !—the wind is chill ;  
But let it whistle as it will,  
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.  
Each age has deemed the new-born year  
The fittest time for festal cheer :  
Even heathen yet, the savage Dane  
At Iol more deep the mead did drain ;  
High on the beach his galleys drew,  
And feasted all his pirate crew ;  
Then in his low and pine-built hall,  
Where shields and axes decked the wall,  
They gorged upon the half-dressed steer ;  
Caroused in seas of sable beer ;  
While round, in brutal jest, were thrown  
The half-gnawed rib, and marrow-bone ;  
Or listened all, in grim delight,  
While scalds yelled out the joys of fight.  
Then forth, in frenzy, would they hie,  
While wildly loose their red locks fly ;  
And dancing round the blazing pile,  
They make such barbarous mirth the  
while,  
As best might to the mind recall  
The boisterous joys of Odin's hall.

And well our Christian sires of old  
Loved when the year its course had rolled,  
And brought blithe Christmas back again,  
With all his hospitable train.  
Domestic and religious rite  
Gave honour to the holy night :  
On Christmas eve the bells were rung ;  
On Christmas eve the mass was sung ;  
That only night, in all the year,  
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.  
The damsel donned her kirtle sheen ;  
The hall was dressed with holly green ;  
Forth to the wood did merry-men go,  
To gather in the mistletoe.

Then opened wide the baron's hall  
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all ;  
Power laid his rod of rule aside,  
And Ceremony doffed his pride.  
The heir, with roses in his shoes,  
That night might village partner choose ;  
The lord, underogating, share  
The vulgar game of " post and pair.""  
All hailed, with uncontrolled delight,  
And general voice, the happy night,  
That to the cottage, as the crown,  
Brought tidings of salvation down.

The fire, with well-dried logs supplied  
Went roaring up the chimney wide ;  
The huge hall-table's oaken face,  
Scrubbed till it shone the day to grace,  
Bore then upon its massive board  
No mark to part the squire and lord.  
Then was brought in the lusty brawn,  
By old blue-coated serving-man ;  
Then the grim boar's head frowned on  
high,  
Crested with bays and rosemary.  
Well can the green-garbed ranger tell,  
How, when, and where, the monster fell :  
What dogs before his death he tore,  
And all the baiting of the boar.  
The wassel round in good brown bowls,  
Garnished with ribbons, blithely trowls.  
There the huge sirloin reeked ; hard by  
Plum-porridge stood, and Christmas  
pie ;  
Nor failed old Scotland to produce,  
At such high-tide, her savoury goose.  
Then came the merry maskers in,  
And carols roared with blithesome din ;  
If unmelodious was the song,  
It was a hearty note, and strong.  
Who lists may in their mumming see  
Traces of ancient mystery ;  
White shirts supplied the masquerade,  
And smutted cheeks the visors made ;  
But, O ! what maskers richly dight  
Can boast of bosoms half so light !  
England was merry England, when  
Old Christmas brought his sports again.  
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest  
ale ;  
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale ;  
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer  
The poor man's heart through half th  
year.

RECOLLECTIONS OF HIS  
INFANCY.

It was a barren scene, and wild,  
Where naked cliffs were rudely piled ;  
But ever and anon between  
Lay velvet tufts of loveliest green ;  
And well the lonely infant knew  
Recesses where the wall-flower grew,  
And honey-suckle loved to crawl  
Up the low crag and ruined wall.  
I deemed such nooks the sweetest shade  
The sun in all his round surveyed ;  
And still I thought that shattered tower  
The mightiest work of human power ;  
And marvelled, as the aged hind  
With some strange tale bewitched my  
mind,  
Of forayers, who, with headlong force,  
Down from that strength had spurred  
their horse,  
Their southern rapine to renew,  
Far in the distant Cheviots blue,  
And, home returning, filled the hall  
With revel, wassel-rout, and brawl —  
Methought that still with tramp and  
clang  
The gate-way's broken arches rang ;  
Methought grim features, seamed with  
scars,  
Glared through the windows' rusty bars.  
And ever, by the winter hearth,  
Old tales I heard of woe or mirth,  
Of lovers' sleights, of ladies' charms,  
Of witches' spells, of warriors' arms ;  
Of patriot battles, won of old  
By Wallace wight and Bruce the bold ;  
Of later fields of feud and fight,  
When, pouring from their Highland  
height,  
The Scottish clans, in headlong sway,  
Had swept the scarlet ranks away.  
While stretched at length upon the  
floor,  
Again I fought each combat o'er,  
Pebbles and shells, in order laid,  
The mimic ranks of war displayed ;  
And onward still the Scottish Lion bore,  
And still the scattered Southron fled  
before.

Still, with vain fondness, could I trace,  
Anew, each kind familiar face,

That brightened at our evening fire ;  
From the thatched mansion's grey-haired  
Sire,  
Wise without learning, plain and good,  
And sprung of Scotland's gentler blood ;  
Whose eye in age, quick, clear, and  
keen,  
Showed what in youth its glance had  
been ;  
Whose doom discording neighbours  
sought,  
Content with equity unbought ;  
To him the venerable Priest,  
Our frequent and familiar guest,  
Whose life and manners well could paint  
Alike the student and the saint ;  
Alas ! whose speech too oft I broke  
With gambol rude and timeless joke :  
For I was wayward, bold, and wild,  
A self-willed imp, a grandame's child ;  
But half a plague, and half a jest,  
Was still endured, beloved, caressed.

~~~~~  
WHERE SHALL THE LOVER
REST ?

WHERE shall the lover rest,
Whom the fates sever
From his true maiden's breast,
Parted for ever ?
Where, through groves deep and high,
Sounds the far billow,
Where early violets die,
Under the willow.

There, through the summer day,
Cool streams are laving ;
There, while the tempests sway,
Scarce are boughs waving ;
There, thy rest shalt thou take,
Parted for ever,
Never again to wake,
Never, O never.

Where shall the traitor rest,
He, the deceiver,
Who could win maiden's breast,
Ruin, and leave her ?
In the lost battle,
Borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle,
With groans of the dying.

Her wings shall the eagle flap
 O'er the false-hearted ;
 His warm blood the wolf shall lap,
 Ere life be parted.
 Shame and dishonour sit
 By his grave ever ;
 Blessing shall hallow it,—
 Never, O never.

~~~~~

GOOD WISHES.

A GARLAND for the hero's crest,  
 And twined by her he loves the best ;  
 To every lovely lady bright,  
 What can I wish but faithful knight ?  
 To every faithful lover too,  
 What can I wish but lady true ?  
 And knowledge to the studious sage ;  
 And pillow soft to head of age.  
 To thee, dear school-boy, whom my lay  
 Has cheated of thy hour of play,  
 Light task, and merry holiday !  
 To all, to each, a fair good night,  
 And pleasing dreams, and slumbers light !

~~~~~

WOMAN.

O WOMAN ! in our hours of ease,
 Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
 And variable as the shade
 By the light of quivering aspen made ;
 When pain and anguish wring the brow,
 A ministering angel thou !

~~~~~

THE DEATH OF MARMION.

WITH fruitless labour, Clara bound,  
 And strove to staunch the gushing wound :  
 The Monk, with unavailing cares,  
 Exhausted all the Church's prayers ;  
 Ever, he said, that, close and near,  
 A lady's voice was in his ear,  
 And that the priest he could not hear,  
 For that she ever sung,  
 "In the lost battle, borne down by the  
 flying,  
 Where mingles war's rattle with groans  
 of the dying !"  
 So the notes rung

" Avoid thee, Fiend !—with cruel hand  
 Shake not the dying sinner's sand !—  
 Oh look, my son, upon yon sign  
 Of the Redeemer's grace divine ;  
 Oh think on faith and bliss !—  
 By many a death-bed I have been,  
 And many a sinner's parting seen,  
 But never aught like this."—  
 The war, that for a space did fail,  
 Now trebly thundering swelled the gale  
 And—STANLEY ! was the cry ;—  
 A light on Marmion's visage spread,  
 And fired his glazing eye :  
 With dying hand, above his head  
 He shook the fragment of his blade,  
 And shouted " Victory !  
 Charge, Chester, charge ! On, Stanley,  
 on !"  
 Were the last words of Marmion.

~~~~~

THE GRAVE OF MARMION.

THEY dug his grave e'en where he lay,
 But every mark is gone ;
 Time's wasting hand has done away
 The simple Cross of Sybil Gray,
 And broke her font of stone :
 But yet from out the little hill
 Oozes the slender springlet still,
 Oft halts the stranger there,
 For thence may best his curious eye
 The memorable field descry ;
 And shepherd boys repair
 To seek the water-flag and rush,
 And rest them by the hazel bush,
 And plait their garlands fair ;
 Nor dream they sit upon the grave,
 That holds the bones of Marmion brave.

~~~~~

PATERNAL AFFECTION.

*The Lady of the Lake*

SOME feelings are to mortals given,  
 With less of earth in them than heaven :  
 And if there be a human tear  
 From passion's dross refined and clear,  
 A tear so limpid and so meek,  
 It would not stain an angel's cheek,  
 'Tis that which pious fathers shed  
 Upon a duteous daughter's head



## CORONACH.

HE is gone on the mountain,  
 He is lost to the forest,  
 Like a summer-dried fountain,  
 When our need was the sorest.  
 The font, reappearing,  
 From the rain-drops shall borrow,  
 But to us comes no cheering,  
 To Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper  
 Takes the ears that are hoary,  
 But the voice of the weeper  
 Wails manhood in glory.  
 The autumn winds rushing,  
 Waft the leaves that are searest,  
 But our flower was in flushing,  
 When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,  
 Sage counsel in cumber,  
 Red hand in the foray,  
 How sound is thy slumber!  
 Like the dew on the mountain,  
 Like the foam on the river,  
 Like the bubble on the fountain,  
 Thou art gone, and for ever!

## THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

A CHIEFTAIN'S daughter seemed the  
 maid ;  
 Her satin snood, her silken plaid,  
 Her golden brooch, such birth betrayed.  
 And seldom was a snood amid  
 Such wild luxuriant ringlets hid ;  
 Whose glossy black to shame might bring  
 The plumage of the raven's wing ;  
 And seldom o'er a breast so fair  
 Mantled a plaid with modest care ;  
 And never brooch the folds combined  
 Above a heart more good and kind.  
 Her kindness and her worth to spy,  
 You need but gaze on Ellen's eye ;  
 Not Katrine, in her mirror blue,  
 Gives back the shaggy banks more true,  
 Than every free-born glance confessed  
 The guileless movements of her breast ;  
 Whether joy danced in her dark eye,  
 Or woe or pity claimed a sigh,  
 Or filial love was glowing there,  
 Or meek devotion poured a prayer,

Or tale of injury called forth  
 The indignant spirit of the north.  
 One only passion unrevealed,  
 With maiden pride the maid concealed,  
 Yet not less purely felt the flame ;—  
 O need I tell that passion's name ?

## SCENERY OF THE TROSACHS.

THE western waves of ebbing day  
 Rolled o'er the glen their level way ;  
 Each purple peak, each flinty spire,  
 Was bathed in floods of living fire.  
 But not a setting beam could glow  
 Within the dark ravines below,  
 Where twined the path, in shadow hid,  
 Round many a rocky pyramid,  
 Shooting abruptly from the dell  
 Its thunder-splintered pinnacle ;  
 Round many an insulated mass,  
 The native bulwarks of the pass,  
 Huge as the tower which builders vain  
 Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain.  
 Their rocky summits, split and rent,  
 Formed turret, dome, or battlement,  
 Or seemed fantastically set  
 With cupola or minaret,  
 Wild crests as pagod ever decked,  
 Or mosque of eastern architect.  
 Nor were these earth-born castles bare,  
 Nor lacked they many a banner fair ;  
 For, from their shivered brows displayed,  
 Far o'er the unfathomable glade,  
 All twinkling with the dew-drop sheen,  
 The brier-rose fell in streamers green,  
 And creeping shrubs of thousand dyes,  
 Waved in the west-wind's summer sighs.

Boon nature scattered, free and wild,  
 Each plant or flower, the mountain's  
 child.

Here eglantine embalmed the air,  
 Hawthorn and hazel mingled there ;  
 The primrose pale, and violet flower,  
 Found in each cliff a narrow bower ;  
 Fox-glove and night-shade, side by side,  
 Emblems of punishment and pride,  
 Grouped their dark hues with every stain,  
 The weather-beaten crags retain.  
 With boughs that quaked at every breath,  
 Grey birch and aspen wept beneath ;

Aloft, the ash and warrior oak  
 Cast anchor in the rifted rock ;  
 And higher yet, the pine-tree hung  
 His shattered trunk, and frequent flung,  
 Where seemed the cliffs to meet on high,  
 His boughs athwart the narrowed sky.  
 Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,  
 Where glistening streamers waved and  
 danced,  
 The wanderer's eye could barely view  
 The summer heaven's delicious blue ;  
 So wondrous wild, the whole might seem  
 The scenery of a fairy dream.

Onward, amid the copse 'gan peep  
 A narrow inlet, still and deep,  
 Affording scarce such breadth of brim,  
 As served the wild-duck's brood to swim ;  
 Lost for a space, through thickets veering,  
 But broader when again appearing.  
 Tall rocks and tufted knolls their face  
 Could on the dark-blue mirror trace ;  
 And farther as the hunter strayed,  
 Still broader sweep its channels made.  
 The shaggy mounds no longer stood,  
 Emerging from entangled wood,  
 But, wave-encircled, seemed to float,  
 Like castle girdled with its moat ;  
 Yet broader floods extending still,  
 Divide them from their parent hill,  
 Till each, retiring, claims to be  
 An islet in an inland sea.

And now, to issue from the glen,  
 No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,  
 Unless he climb, with footing nice,  
 A far projecting precipice.  
 The broom's tough roots his ladder made,  
 The hazel saplings lent their aid ;  
 And thus an airy point he won.  
 Where, gleaming with the setting sun,  
 One burnished sheet of living gold,  
 Loch-Katrine lay beneath him rolled ;  
 In all her length far winding lay,  
 With promontory, creek, and bay,  
 And islands that, empurpled bright,  
 Floated amid the livelier light ;  
 And mountains, that like giants stand,  
 To sentinel enchanted land.  
 High on the south, huge Ben-venue  
 Down to the lake in masses threw  
 Crags, knolls, and mounds, confusedly  
 hurled,

The fragments of an earlier world ;  
 A wildering forest feathered o'er  
 His ruined sides and summit hoar,  
 While on the north, through middle  
 air,  
 Ben-an heaved high his forehead bare.

From the steep promontory gazed  
 The stranger, raptured and amazed,  
 And "What a scene were here," he  
 cried,  
 "For princely pomp or churchman's  
 pride !

On this bold brow, a lordly tower ;  
 In that soft vale, a lady's bower ;  
 On yonder meadow, far away,  
 The turrets of a cloister grey ;  
 How blithely might the bugle-horn  
 Chide, on the lake, the lingering  
 morn !

How sweet, at eve, the lover's lute,  
 Chime, when the groves are still and  
 mute !

And, when the midnight moon should  
 lave

Her forehead in the silver wave,  
 How solemn on the ear would come  
 The holy matins' distant hum,  
 While the deep peal's commanding tone  
 Should wake, in yonder islet lone,  
 A sainted hermit from his cell,  
 To drop a bead with every knell—  
 And bugle, lute, and bell, and all,  
 Should each bewildered stranger call  
 To friendly feast and lighted hall."

~~~~~  
 SOLDIER, REST !

SOLDIER, rest ! thy warfare o'er,
 Sleep the sleep that knows not break-
 ing !

Dream of battled fields no more,
 Days of danger, nights of waking.
 In our isle's enchanted hall,
 Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
 Fairy streams of music fall,
 Every sense in slumber dewing.

Soldier, rest ! thy warfare o'er,
 Dream of fighting fields no more ;
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking
 Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
 Armour's clang, or war-steed champing,
 Trump nor pibroch summon here
 Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.
 Yet the lark's shrill fife may come,
 At the daybreak from the fallow,
 And the bittern sound his drum,
 Booming from the sedgy shallow.
 Ruder sounds shall none be near,
 Guards nor warders challenge here,
 Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
 Shouting clans or squadrons stamping.

"Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,
 While our slumbrous spells assail ye,
 Dream not with the rising sun
 Bugles here shall sound reveillé.
 Sleep! the deer is in his den;
 Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying;
 Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen,
 How thy gallant steed lay dying.
 Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,
 Think not of the rising sun,
 For at dawning to assail ye,
 Here no bugles sound reveillé."

HAIL TO THE CHIEF.*

HAIL to the chief who in triumph
 advances!
 Honoured and blessed be the ever-green
 pine!
 Long may the tree in his banner that
 glances,
 Flourish, the shelter and grace of our
 line!
 Heaven send it happy dew,
 Earth lend it sap anew;
 Gaily to bourgeon, and broadly to
 grow,
 While every Highland glen
 Sends our shout back agen,
 "Roderich Vich Alpine dhu, ho!
 ieroe!"

* This song is intended as an imitation of the *jorrams*, or boat-songs of the Highlanders, which were usually composed in honour of a favourite chief. They are so adapted as to keep time with the sweep of the oars, and it is easy to distinguish between those intended to be sung to the oars of a galley, where the stroke is lengthened and doubled, as it were, and those which were timed to the rowers of an ordinary boat.

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by th
 fountain,
 Blooming at Beltane, in winter to
 fade;
 When the whirlwind has stripped every
 leaf on the mountain,
 The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in
 her shade.
 Moored in the rifted rock,
 Proof to the tempest's shock,
 Firmer he roots him the ruder it
 blow;
 Menteith and Breadalbane, then,
 Echo his praise agen,
 "Roderich Vich Alpine dhu, ho!
 ieroe!"

Proudly our pibroch has thrilled in Glen
 Fruin,
 And Banochar's groans to our slogan
 replied:
 Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smok-
 ing in ruin,
 And the best of Loch-Lomond lie dead
 on her side.
 Widow and Saxon maid
 Long shall lament our raid,
 Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and
 with woe;
 Lennox and Leven-glen
 Shake when they hear agen,
 "Roderich Vich Alpine dhu, ho!
 ieroe!"

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the
 Highlands!
 Stretch to your oars, for the ever-green
 pine!
 O! that the rosebud that graces yon
 islands,
 Were wreathed in a garland around
 him to twine!
 O that some seedling gem
 Worthy such noble stem,
 Honoured and blessed in their shadow
 might grow!
 Loud should Clan-Alpine then
 Ring from her deepest glen,
 "Roderich Vich Alpine dhu, ho
 ieroe!"

THE HEATH THIS NIGHT MUST
BE MY BED.

The Lady of the Lake.

THE heath this night must be my bed,
The bracken curtain for my head,
My lullaby the warder's tread,
Far, far from love and thee, Mary;
To-morrow eve, more stilly laid,
My couch may be my bloody plaid,
My vesper song, thy wail, sweet maid!
It will not waken me, Mary!

I may not, dare not, fancy now
The grief that clouds thy lovely brow;
I dare not think upon thy vow,
And all it promise me, Mary.
No fond regret must Norman know;
When bursts Clan-Alpine on the foe,
His heart must be like bended bow,
His foot like arrow free, Mary.

A time will come with feeling fraught!
For, if I fall in battle fought,
Thy hapless lover's dying thought
Shall be a thought on thee, Mary.
And if returned from conquered foes,
How blithely will the evening close,
How sweet the linnets sing repose
To my young bride and me, Mary!

HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

AVE MARIA! Maiden mild!
Listen to a maiden's prayer:
Thou canst hear though from the wild,
Thou canst save amid despair.
Safe may we sleep beneath thy care,
Though banished, outcast, and reviled—
Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer;
Mother, hear a suppliant child!

Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! undefiled!
The flinty couch we now must share,
Shall seem with down of eider piled,
If thy protection hover there.
The murky cavern's heavy air
Shall breathe of balm if thou hast
smiled;
Then, Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer,
Mother, list a suppliant child!

Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! stainless styled!
Foul demons of the earth and air
From this their wonted haunt exiled,
Shall flee before thy presence fair.
We bow us to our lot of care,
Beneath thy guidance reconciled;
Hear for a maid a maiden's prayer!
And for a father hear a child!

Ave Maria!

LOVE AND THE ROSE.

THE rose is fairest when 'tis budding
new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns
from fears; [ing dew,
The rose is sweetest washed with morn-
And love is loveliest when embalmed
in tears.
O wilding rose, whom fancy thus en-
dears, [wave,
I bid your blossoms in my bonnet
Emblem of hope and love through future
years!

KING JAMES OF SCOTLAND.

THE castle gates were open flung,
The quivering drawbridge rocked and
rung,
And echoed loud the flinty street
Beneath the coursers' clattering feet,
As slowly down the steep descent
Fair Scotland's King and nobles went,
While all along the crowded way
Was jubilee and loud huzza.
And ever James was bending low,
To his white jennet's saddle-bow,
Doffing his cap to city dame,
Who smiled and blushed for pride and
shame:
And well the simperer might be vain—
He chose the fairest of the train
Gravely he greets each city sire,
Commends each pageant's quaint attire,
Gives to the dancers thanks aloud,
And smiles and nods upon the crowd,
Who rend the heavens with their ac-
claims,
"Long live the Commons' King, King
James!"

LAY OF THE IMPRISONED
HUNTSMAN.

My hawk is tired of perch and hood,
My idle greyhound loathes his food,
My horse is weary of his stall,
And I am sick of captive thrall.
I wish I were as I have been,
Hunting the hart in forests green,
With bended bow and bloodhound free,
For that's the life is meet for me.

I hate to learn the ebb of time
From yon dull steeple's drowsy chime,
Or mark it as the sunbeams crawl,
Inch after inch, along the wall.
The lark was wont my matins ring,
The sable rook my vespers sing ;
These towers, although a king's they be,
Have not a hall of joy for me.

No more at dawning morn I rise,
And sun myself in Ellen's eyes,
Drive the fleet deer the forest through,
And homeward wend with evening dew ;
A blithesome welcome blithely meet,
And lay my trophies at her feet,
While fled the eve on wing of glee,—
That life is lost to love and me !

MAN THE ENEMY OF MAN.

Rokeby.

THE hunting tribes of air and earth
Respect the brethren of their birth ;
Nature, who loves the claim of kind,
Less cruel chase to each assigned.
The falcon, poised on soaring wing,
Watches the wild-duck by the spring ;
The slow-hound wakes the fox's lair ;
The greyhound presses on the hare ;
The eagle pounces on the lamb ;
The wolf devours the fleecy dam ;
Even tiger fell, and sullen bear,
Their likeness and their lineage spare.
Man, only, mars kind Nature's plan,
And turns the fierce pursuit on man ;
Plying war's desultory trade,
Incursion, flight, and ambushade,
Since Nimrod, Cush's mighty son,
At first the bloody game begun.

A WEARY LOT IS THINE.

“ A WEARY lot is thine, fair maid,
A weary lot is thine !
To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,
And press the rue for wine !
A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
A feather of the blue,
A doublet of the Lincoln green,—
No more of me you knew,
My love !
No more of me you knew.

“ This morn is merry June, I trow,
The rose is budding fain ;
But she shall bloom in winter snow,
Ere we two meet again.”
He turned his charger as he spake,
Upon the river shore,
He gave his bridle-reins a shake,
Said, “ Adieu for evermore,
My love !
And adieu for evermore.”

ALLEN-A-DALE.

ALLEN-A-DALE has no faggot for burning,
Allen-a-Dale has no furrow for turning,
Allen-a-Dale has no fleece for the spin-
ning,

Yet Allen-a-Dale has red gold for the
winning.

Come, read me my riddle ! come,
hearken my tale !

And tell me the craft of bold Allen-a-
Dale.

The Baron of Ravensworth prances in
pride,

And he views his domains upon Arkin-
dale side.

The mere for his net, and the land for
his game,

The chase for the wild, and the park for
the tame ;

Yet the fish of the lake, and the deer of
the vale,

Are less free to Lord Dacre than Allen-a-
Dale !

Allen-a-Dale was ne'er belted a knight,
Though his spur be as sharp, and
blade be as bright ;

Allen-a-dale is no baron or lord,
 Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at his
 word ; [will vail,
 And the best of our nobles his bonnet
 Who at Rere-cross on Stanmore meets
 Allen-a-dale.

Allen-a-Dale to his wooing is come ;
 The mother, she asked of his household
 and home :
 " Though the castle of Richmond stand
 fair on the hill,
 My hall," quoth bold Allen, " shows
 gallanter still ;
 'Tis the blue vault of heaven, with its
 crescent so pale,
 And with all its bright spangles !" said
 Allen-a-Dale.

The father was steel, and the mother was
 stone ; [be gone ;
 They lifted the latch, and they bade him
 But loud, on the morrow, their wail and
 their cry :
 He had laughed on the lass with his
 bonny black eye, [tale,
 And she fled to the forest to hear a love-
 And the youth it was told by was Allen-
 a-dale !

THE HARPER.

SUMMER eve is gone and passed,
 Summer dew is falling fast ;
 I have wandered all the day,
 Do not bid me farther stray !
 Gentle hearts of gentle kin,
 Take the wandering harper in !

Bid not me, in battle-field,
 Buckler lift, or broadsword wield !
 All my strength and all my art
 Is to touch the gentle heart,
 With the wizard notes that ring
 From the peaceful minstrel-string.

I have song of war for knight,
 Lay of love for lady bright,
 Fairy tale to lull the heir,
 Goblin grim the maids to scare,
 Dark the night, and long till day,
 Do not bid me farther stray !

Rokeby's lords of martial fame,
 I can count them name by name ;
 Legends of their line there be,
 Known to few, but known to me
 If you honour Rokeby's kin,
 Take the wandering harper in !

Rokeby's lords had fair regard
 For the harp, and for the bard ;
 Baron's race throve never well,
 Where the curse of minstrel fell ;
 If you love that noble kin,
 Take the weary harper in !

THE CYPRESS WREATH.

O LADY, twine no wreath for me
 Or twine it of the cypress-tree !
 Too lively glow the lilies light,
 The varnished holly's all too bright,
 The May-flower and the eglantine
 May shade a brow less sad than mine ;
 But, lady, weave no wreath for me,
 Or weave it of the cypress-tree !

Let dimpled Mirth his temples twine
 With tendrils of the laughing vine ;
 The manly oak, the pensive yew,
 To patriot and to sage be due ;
 The myrtle bough bids lovers live,
 But that Matilda will not give ;
 Then, lady, twine no wreath for me,
 Or twine it of the cypress-tree !

Let merry England proudly rear
 Her blended roses, bought so dear ;
 Let Albin bind her bonnet blue
 With heath and harebell dipped in dew ;
 On favoured Erin's crest be seen
 The flower she loves of emerald green—
 But, lady, twine no wreath for me,
 Or twine it of the cypress-tree.

Strike the wild harp, while maids pre-
 pare

The ivy meet for minstrel's hair ;
 And, while his crown of laurel-leaves
 With bloody hand the victor weaves,
 Let the loud trump his triumph tell ;
 But when you hear the passing bell,
 Then, lady, twine a wreath for me,
 And twine it of the cypress-tree.

Yes ! twine for me the cypress bough ;
 But, O Matilda, twine not now !
 Stay till a few brief months are passed,
 And I have looked and loved my last !
 When villagers my shroud bestrew
 With pansies, rosemary, and rue,—
 Then, lady, weave a wreath for me,
 And weave it of the cypress-tree.

STAFFA AND IONA.

MERRILY, merrily, goes the bark
 On a breeze from the northward free,
 So shoots through the morning sky the
 lark,
 Or the swan through the summer sea.
 The shores of Mull on the eastward lay,
 And Ulva dark and Colonsay,
 And all the group of islets gay
 That guard famed Staffa round.
 Then all unknown its columns rose,
 Where dark and undisturbed repose
 The cormorant had found,
 And the shy seal had quiet home,
 And weltered in that wondrous dome,
 Where, as to shame the temples decked
 By skill of earthly architect,
 Nature herself, it seemed, would raise
 A minster to her Maker's praise !
 Not for a meaner use ascend
 Her columns, or her arches bend ;
 Nor of a theme less solemn tells
 That mighty surge that ebbs and swells,
 And still, between each awful pause,
 From the high vault an answer draws,
 In varied tone prolonged and high,
 That mocks the organ's melody.
 Nor doth its entrance front in vain
 To old Iona's holy fane,
 That Nature's voice might seem to say,
 " Well hast thou done, frail child of
 clay !
 Thy humble powers that stately shrine
 Tasked high and hard—but witness
 mine ! "

ANNOT LYLE'S SONG.

WERT thou, like me, in life's low vale,
 With thee how blest, that lot I'd share ;
 With thee I'd fly wherever gale
 Could waft, or bounding galley bear.

But, parted by severe decree,
 Far different must our fortunes prove ;
 May thine be joy—enough for me
 To weep and pray for him I love.

The pangs this foolish heart must feel,
 When hope shall be forever flown,
 No sullen murmur shall reveal,
 No selfish murmurs ever own.

Nor will I, through life's weary years,
 Like a pale drooping mourner move,
 While I can think my secret tears
 May wound the heart of him I love.

THE HUNTSMAN'S DIRGE.

THE smiling morn may light the sky,
 And joy may dance in beauty's eye,
 Aurora's beams to see :
 The mellow horn's inspiring sound
 May call the blithe companions round,
 But who shall waken thee,
 Ronald ?

Thou ne'er wilt hear the mellow horn,
 Thou ne'er wilt quaff the breath of morn,
 Nor join thy friends with glee ;
 No glorious sun shall gild thy day,
 And beauty's fascinating ray
 No more shall shine on thee,
 Ronald !

WAKEN, LORDS AND LADIES
 GAY.

WAKEN, lords and ladies gay,
 On the mountain dawns the day.
 All the jolly chase is here,
 With horse, and hawk, and hunting spear
 Hounds are in their couples yelling,
 Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling.
 Merrily, merrily, mingle they,
 " Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
 The mist has left the mountain gray,
 Springlets in the dawn are streaming,
 Diamonds on the brake are gleaming,

And foresters have busy been
To track the buck in thicket green ;
Now we come to chant our lay,
“ Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
To the greenwood haste away ;
We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot, and tall of size ;
We can show the marks he made
When 'gainst the oak his antlers frayed ;
You shall see him brought to bay,—
“ Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

Louder, louder chant the lay,
Waken lords and ladies gay ;
Tell them youth, and mirth, and glee,
Run a course as well as we ;
Time, stern huntsman, who can baulk,
Stanch as hound, and fleet as hawk ?
Think of this, and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay.

SONG OF MEG MERRILIES AT
THE BIRTH OF THE INFANT.

Twist ye, twine ye ! even so,
Mingle shades of joy and woe,
Hope, and fear, and peace, and strife,
In the thread of human life.

While the mystic twist is spinning,
And the infant's life beginning,
Dimly seen through twilight bending,
Lo, what varied shapes attending !

Passions wild, and follies vain,
Pleasure soon exchanged for pain ;
Doubt, and jealousy, and fear,
In the magic dance appear.

Now they wax, and now they dwindle
Whirling with the whirling spindle.
Twist ye, twine ye ! even so,
Mingle human bliss and woe.

SONG OF MEG MERRILIES FOR
THE PARTING SPIRIT.

WASTED, weary, wherefore stay,
Wrestling thus with earth and clay ?
From the body pass away !
Hark ! the mass is singing.

From thee doff thy mortal weed,
Mary Mother be thy speed,
Saints to help thee at thy need ;—
Hark ! the knell is ringing.

Fear not snow-drift driving fast,
Sleet, or hail, or levin blast ;
Soon the shroud shall lap thee fast,
And the sleep be on thee cast
That shall ne'er know waking.

Haste thee, haste thee, to be gone,
Earth flits fast, and time draws on,—
Gasp thy gasp, and groan thy groan,
Day is near the breaking.

TIME.

“ WHY sitt'st thou by that ruined hall,
Thou aged carle so stern and gray ?
Dost thou its former pride recall,
Or ponder how it passed away ? ”—

“ Know'st thou not me ? ” the Deep Voice
cried ;
“ So long enjoyed, so oft misused—
Alternate, in thy fickle pride,
Desired, neglected, and accused !

“ Before my breath, like blazing flax,
Man and his marvels pass away :
And changing empires wane and wax,
Are founded, flourish, and decay.

“ Redeem mine hours—the space is brief—
While in my glass the sand-grains
shiver,
And measureless thy joy or grief,
When Time and thou shalt part for
ever.”

REBECCA'S HYMN.

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.
By day, along the astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow ;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answered keen;
And Zion's daughters poured their lays,
With priest's and warrior's voice between.

No portents now our foes amaze,
Forsaken Israel wanders lone:
Our fathers would not know Thy ways,
And Thou hast left them to their own.

But present still, though now unseen!
When brightly shines the prosperous day,

Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen
To temper the deceitful ray.
And oh, when stoops on Judah's path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light!

Our harps we left by foreign streams,
The tyrant's jest, the gentile's scorn;
No censer round our altar beams,
And mute are timbrel, harp, and horn.
But Thou hast said, the blood of goat,
The flesh of rams, I will not prize;
A contrite heart, a humble thought,
Are mine accepted sacrifice.

WAR SONG

OF THE ROYAL EDINBURGH LIGHT
DRAGOONS.

To horse! to horse! the standard flies,
The bugles sound the call;
The Gallic navy stems the seas,
The voice of battle's on the breeze,—
Arouse ye, one and all!

From high Dunedin's towers we come,
A band of brothers true;
Our casques the leopard's spoils surround,
With Scotland's hardy thistle crowned;
We boast the red and blue.

Though tamely crouch to Gallia's frown
Dull Holland's tardy train;
Their ravished toys though Romans
mourn,
Though gallant Switzers vainly spurn,
And, foaming, gnaw the chain;

O! had they marked the avenging call
Their brethren's murder gave,
Disunion ne'er their ranks had mown,
Nor patriot valour, desperate grown,
Sought freedom in the grave!

Shall we, too, bend the stubborn head,
In Freedom's temple born,
Dress our pale cheek in timid smile,
To hail a master in our isle,
Or brook a victor's scorn?

No! though destruction o'er the land
Come pouring as a flood,
The sun, that sees our falling day,
Shall mark our sabres' deadly sway,
And set that night in blood.

For gold let Gallia's legions fight,
Or plunder's bloody gain;
Unbribed, unbought, our swords we draw,
To guard our King, to fence our Law,
Nor shall their edge be vain.

If ever breath of British gale
Shall fan the tricolor,
Or footstep of the invader rude,
With rapine foul, and red with blood,
Pollute our happy shore,—

Then farewell home! and farewell friends!
Adieu each tender tie!
Resolved, we mingle in the tide,
Where charging squadrons furious ride,
To conquer, or to die.

To horse! to horse! the sabres gleam;
High sounds our bugle call;
Combined by honour's sacred tie,
Our word is *Laws and Liberty!*
March forward, one and all!

[LEIGH HUNT. 1784—1859.]

ABOU BEN ADIHEM AND THE ANGEL.

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe in-
crease)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of
peace,

And saw, within the moonlight in his
 room,
 Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom.
 An angel, writing in a book of gold :—
 Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem
 bold,
 And to the presence in the room he said,
 "What writest thou?"—The vision raised
 its head,
 And, with a look made of all sweet
 accord,
 Answered, "The names of those who
 love the Lord."
 "And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay,
 not so,"
 Replied the angel. Abou spoke more
 low,
 But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee,
 then,
 Write me as one that loves his fellow-
 men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. The
 next night
 It came again with a great wakening
 light,
 And showed the names whom love of
 God had blessed,
 And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the
 rest.

MORNING AT RAVENNA.

'TIS morn, and never did a lovelier
 day
 Salute Ravenna from its leafy bay :
 For a warm eve, and gentle rains at
 night,
 Have left a sparkling welcome for the
 light,
 And April, with his white hands wet with
 flowers,
 Dazzles the bride-maids looking from the
 towers :
 Green vineyards and fair orchards, far and
 near,
 Glitter with drops, and heaven is sapphire
 clear,
 And the lark rings it, and the pine trees
 glow,
 And odours from the citrons come and
 go.

And all the landscape—earth, and sky,
 and sea,
 Breathes like a bright-eyed face that
 laughs out openly.

* * * * *

The seats with boughs are shaded from
 above
 Of bays and roses—trees of wit and love,
 And in the midst, fresh whistling through
 the scene, [the green,
 The lightsome fountain starts from out
 Clear and compact; till, at its height
 o'errun,
 It shakes its loosening silver in the sun.

THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS.

KING FRANCIS was a hearty king, and
 loved a royal sport,
 And one day, as his lions strove, sat look-
 ing on the court :
 The nobles filled the benches round, the
 ladies by their side,
 And 'mongst them Count de Lorge, with
 one he hoped to make his bride ;
 And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that
 crowning show,
 Valour and love, and a king above, and
 the royal beasts below.

Ramped and roared the lions, with horrid
 laughing jaws ;
 They bit, they glared, gave blows like
 beams, a wind went with their paws ;
 With wallowing might and stifled roar
 they rolled one on another,
 Till all the pit, with sand and mane, was
 in a thund'rous smother ;
 The bloody foam above the bars came
 whizzing through the air ;
 Said Francis then, "Good gentlemen,
 we're better here than there !"

De Lorge's love o'erheard the king, a
 beauteous, lively dame,
 With smiling lips, and sharp bright eyes,
 which always seemed the same :
 She thought, "The Count, my lover,
 is as brave as brave can be ;
 He surely would do desperate things to
 show his love of me !

King, ladies, lovers, all look on; the
 chance is wondrous fine;
 I'll drop my glove to prove his love;
 great glory will be mine!"

She dropped her glove to prove his love:
 then looked on him and smiled;
 He bowed, and in a moment leaped
 among the lions wild:

The leap was quick; return was quick;
 he soon regained his place;

Then threw the glove, but not with love,
 right in the lady's face!

"In truth!" cried Francis, "rightly done!"
 and he rose from where he sat:

"No love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets
 love a task like that!"

AN ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

How sweet it were, if without feeble
 fright,

Or dying of the dreadful beauteous sight,
 An angel came to us, and we could bear
 To see him issue from the silent air

At evening in our room, and bend on ours
 His divine eyes, and bring us from his
 bowers

News of dear friends, and children who
 have never [ever.

Been dead indeed,—as we shall know for
 Alas! we think not what we daily see

About our hearths,—angels, that are to be,
 Or may be if they will, and we prepare

Their souls and ours to meet in happy
 air,—

A child, a friend, a wife whose soft heart
 sings

In unison with ours, breeding its future
 wings.

[THOMAS HOOD. 1798—1845.]

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

WITH fingers weary and worn,
 With eyelids heavy and red,

A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
 Plying her needle and thread—
 Stitch—stitch—stitch!

In poverty, hunger, and dirt,

And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
 she sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

"Work—work—work!
 While the cock is crowing aloof;
 And work—work—work
 Till the stars shine through the roof!

It's O! to be a slave
 Along with the barbarous Turk,
 Where woman has never a soul to save
 If this is Christian work!

"Work—work—work
 Till the brain begins to swim;
 Work—work—work
 Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
 Seam, and gusset, and band,—
 Band, and gusset, and seam,
 Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
 And sew them on in a dream!

"O! men with Sisters dear!
 O! men with Mothers and Wives!
 It is not linen you're wearing out,
 But human creatures' lives!
 Stitch—stitch—stitch,
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
 Sewing at once with a double thread,
 A Shroud as well as a Shirt.

"But why do I talk of Death!
 That phantom of grisly bone,
 I hardly fear his terrible shape,
 It seems so like my own—
 It seems so like my own,
 Because of the fasts I keep;
 Oh God! that bread should be so dear,
 And flesh and blood so cheap!

"Work—work—work!
 My labour never flags;
 And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
 A crust of bread—and rags.
 That shattered roof,—and this naked
 floor,—
 A table,—a broken chair,—
 And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
 For sometimes falling there.

"Work—work—work!
 From weary chime to chime,
 Work—work—work
 As prisoners work for crime!
 Band, and gusset, and seam,
 Seam, and gusset, and band,
 Till the heart is sick, and the brain be-
 numbed,
 As well as the weary hand.

“ Work—work—work,
In the dull December light,
And work—work—work,
When the weather is warm and bright—
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs
And twit me with the Spring.

“ Oh ! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet,
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want
And the walk that costs a meal !

“ Oh ! but for one short hour !
A respite however brief !
No blessed leisure for Love or Hope,
But only time for Grief !
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread !”

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch—stitch—stitch !
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,—
Would that its tone could reach the Rich !
She sang this “ Song of the Shirt !”

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

ONE more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death !

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care ;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair.

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements ;

Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing ;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully ;
Think of her mournfully ;
Gently and humanly ;
Not of the stains of her ;
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
Rash and undutiful ;
Past all dishonour,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family,
Wipe those poor lips of hers
Oozing so clammy.

Loop up her tresses,
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses ;
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home ?
Who was her father ?
Who was her mother ?
Had she a sister ?
Had she a brother ?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, or a nearer one
Yet, than all other ?

Alas ! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun !
Oh ! it was pitiful,
Near a whole city full,
Home had she none !

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly,
Feelings had changed ;
Love, by harsh evidence
Thrown from its eminence,
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

When the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From many a casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver,
But not the dark arch
Or the black flowing river.
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurled
Anywhere! anywhere
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran
Over the brink of it,
Picture it—think of it,
Dissolute man!
Lave in it—drink of it
Then, if you can.

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care,
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair.

Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently, kindly
Smooth and compose them
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring
Through muddy impurity,
As when with the daring,
Last look of despairing,
Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurned by contumely,
Bold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest;
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behaviour,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour.

~~~~~  
SONG.

THE stars are with the voyager,  
Wherever he may sail;  
The moon is constant to her time,  
The sun will never fail,  
But follow, follow, round the world,  
The green earth and the sea;  
So love is with the lover's heart,  
Wherever he may be.

Wherever he may be, the stars  
Must daily lose their light,  
The moon will veil her in the shade,  
The sun will set at night;  
The sun may set, but constant love  
Will shine when he's away,  
So that dull night is never night,  
And day is brighter day.

~~~~~  
RUTH.

SHE stood breast high amid the corn,
Clasped by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush
Deeply ripened—such a blush
In the midst of brown was born—
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell,
Which were blackest none could tell,
But long lashes veiled a light
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim:—
Thus she stood amid the stooks,
Praising God with sweetest looks:—

Sure, I said, Heav'n did not mean
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean,
Lay thy sheaf adown and come
Share my harvest and my home.

I LOVE THEE ! I LOVE THEE !

I LOVE thee ! I love thee !
 'Tis all that I can say ;—
 It is my vision in the night,
 My dreaming in the day ;
 The very echo of my heart,
 The blessing when I pray,
 I love thee ! I love thee !
 Is all that I can say.

I love thee ! I love thee !
 Is ever on my tongue ;
 In all my proudest poesy,
 That chorus still is sung.
 It is the verdict of my eyes
 Amidst the gay and young ;
 I love thee ! I love thee !
 A thousand maids among.

I love thee ! I love thee !
 Thy bright and hazel glance,
 The mellow lute upon those lips
 Whose tender tones entrance.
 But most, dear heart of hearts, thy proofs,
 That still these words enhance ;
 I love thee ! I love thee !
 Whatever be thy chance.

FAIR INES.

O SAW you not fair Ines ?
 She's gone into the West,
 To dazzle when the sun is down,
 And rob the world of rest.
 She took our daylight with her,
 The smiles that we love best,
 With morning blushes on her cheek,
 And pearls upon her breast.

Oh, turn again, fair Ines !
 Before the fall of night,
 For fear the moon should shine alone,
 And stars unrivalled bright.
 And blessed will the lover be,
 That walks beneath their light,
 And breathes the love against thy cheek,
 I dare not even write !

Would I had been, fair Ines,
 That gallant cavalier,
 Who rode so gaily by thy side
 And whispered thee so near !—

Were there no loving dames at home,
 Or no true lovers here,
 That he should cross the seas to win
 The dearest of the dear ?

I saw thee, lovely Ines,
 Descend along the shore,
 With a band of noble gentlemen,
 And banners waved before,
 And gentle youths and maidens gay—
 And snowy plumes they wore ;
 It would have been a beauteous dream,
 —If it had been no more !

Alas, alas, fair Ines !
 She went away with song,
 With music waiting on her steps,
 And shoutings of the throng.
 And some were sad, and felt no mirth,
 But only music's wrong,
 In sounds that sang, Farewell, farewell,
 To her you've loved so long.

Farewell, farewell, fair Ines,
 That vessel never bore
 So fair a lady on its decks,
 Nor danced so light before.
 Alas for pleasure on the sea,
 And sorrow on the shore ;
 The smile that blest one lover's heart,
 Has broken many more !

LINES ON SEEING MY WIFE
AND TWO CHILDREN SLEEP-
ING IN THE SAME CHAMBER.

AND has the earth lost its so spacious
 round,
 The sky, its blue circumference above,
 That in this little chamber there is found
 Both earth and heaven—my universe of
 Love ?
 All that my God can give me or remove,
 Here sleeping, save myself, in mimic
 death,
 Sweet that in this small compass I
 behove
 To live their living, and to breathe their
 breath !

Almost I wish, that with one common
 sigh, [strife;
 We might resign all mundane care and
 And seek together that transcendent sky,
 Where Father, Mother, Children, Hus-
 band, Wife,
 Together pant in everlasting life !

(GEORGE GORDON LORD BYRON. 1788—1824.)

BEAUTY OF GREECE AND THE GRECIAN ISLES.

The Giaour.

FAIR clime ! where every season
 smiles
 Benignant o'er those blessèd isles,
 Which, seen from far Colonna's height,
 Make glad the heart that hails the sight,
 And lend to loneliness delight.
 There mildly dimpling, Ocean's cheek
 Reflects the tints of many a peak
 Caught by the laughing tides that lave
 These Edens of the Eastern wave :
 And if at times a transient breeze
 Break the blue crystal of the seas,
 Or sweep one blossom from the trees,
 How welcome is each gentle air
 That wakes and wafts the odours there !
 For there—the rose o'er crag or vale,
 Sultana of the Nightingale,
 The maid for whom his melody,
 His thousand songs are heard on high,
 Blooms blushing to her lover's tale ;
 His queen, the garden queen, his Rose,
 Unbent by winds, unchilled by snows,
 Far from the winters of the West,
 By every breeze and season blest,
 Returns the sweets by nature given
 In softest incense back to heaven ;
 And grateful yields that smiling sky
 Her fairest hue and fragrant sigh.
 And many a summer flower is there,
 And many a shade that love might share,
 And many a grotto, meant for rest,
 That holds the pirate for a guest ;
 Whose bark in sheltering cove below
 Lurks for the passing peaceful prow,
 Till the gay mariner's guitar
 Is heard, and seen the evening star ;
 Then stealing with the muffled oar,
 Far shaded by the rocky shore

Rush the night-prowlers on the prey,
 And turn to groans his roundelay.
 Strange—that where Nature loved to
 trace,
 As if for Gods, a dwelling-place,
 And every charm and grace hath mixed
 Within the paradise she fixed,
 There man, enamoured of distress,
 Should mar it into wilderness,
 And trample, brute-like, o'er each flower
 That tasks not one laborious hour ;
 Nor claims the culture of his hand
 To bloom along the fairy land,
 But springs as to preclude his care,
 And sweetly woos him—but to spare !
 Strange—that where all is peace beside,
 There passion riots in her pride,
 And lust and rapine wildly reign
 To darken o'er the fair domain.
 It is as though the fiends prevailed
 Against the seraphs they assailed,
 And, fixed on heavenly thrones, should
 dwell
 The freed inheritors of hell ;
 So soft the scene, so formed for joy,
 So curst the tyrants that destroy !

ANCIENT AND MODERN GREECE.

HE who hath bent him o'er the dead
 Ere the first day of death is fled,
 The first dark day of nothingness,
 The last of danger and distress,
 (Before Decay's effacing fingers
 Have swept the lines where beauty
 lingers),
 And marked the mild angelic air,
 The rapture of repose that's there,
 The fixed yet tender traits that streak
 The languor of the placid cheek,
 And—but for that sad shrouded eye,
 That fires not, wins not, weeps not
 now,
 And but for that chill changeless
 brow,
 Where cold Obstruction's apathy
 Appals the gazing mourner's heart,
 As if to him it could impart
 The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon ;
 Yes, but for these and these alone,

Some moments, ay, one treacherous
hour,

He still might doubt the tyrant's
power ;

So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,
The first, last look by death revealed !
Such is the aspect of this shore ;

'Tis Greece, but living Greece no
more !

So co'ly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there.

Hers is the loveliness of death,
That parts not quite with parting
breath ;

But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb,
Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded halo hovering round decay,
The farewell beam of Feeling past
away !

Spark of that flame, perchance of
heavenly birth,

Which gleams, but warms no more its
cherished earth !

Clime of the unforgotten brave !
Whose land from plain to mountain-
cave

War freedom's home, or Glory's grave !
Shrine of the mighty ! can it be
That this is all remains of thee ?

Approach, thou craven crouching
slave :

Say, is not this Thermopylæ ?
These waters blue that round you lave,
Oh servile offspring of the free—
Pronounce what sea, what shore is
this ?

The gulf, the rock of Salamis !
These scenes, their story not unknown,
Arise, and make again your own ;
Snatch from the ashes of your sires
The embers of the former fires ;

And he who in the strife expires
Will add to theirs a name of fear
That Tyranny shall quake to hear,
And leave his sons a hope, a fame,
They too will rather die than shame :

For Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding Sire to Son,
Though baffled oft is ever won.
Bear witness, Greece, thy living page,
Attest it many a deathless age !

While kings, in dusty darkness hid,
Have left a nameless pyramid,
Thy heroes, though the general doom
Hath swept the column from their
tomb,

A mightier monument command,
The mountains of their native land !
There points thy muse to stranger's
eye

The graves of those that cannot die !

THE PURSUIT OF BEAUTY.

As rising on its purple wing
The insect-queen of eastern spring,
O'er emerald meadows of Kashmeer
Invites the young pursuer near,
And leads him on from flower to flower,
A weary chase and wasted hour,
Then leaves him, as it soars on high,
With panting heart and tearful eye :
So Beauty lures the full-grown child,
With hue as bright, and wing as
wild ;

A chase of idle hopes and fears,
Begun in folly, closed in tears.
If won, to equal ills betrayed,
Woe waits the insect and the maid ;
A life of pain, the loss of peace,
From infant's play and man's caprice ;
The lovely toy so fiercely sought,
Hath lost its charm by being caught,
For every touch that wooed its stay
Hath brushed its brightest hues away,
Till charm, and hue, and beauty
gone,

'Tis left to fly or fall alone.
With wounded wing or bleeding breast,
Ah ! where shall either victim rest ?
Can this with faded pinion soar
From rose to tulip as before ?
Or Beauty, blighted in an hour,
Find joy within her broken bower ?
No : gayer insects fluttering by
Ne'er droop the wing o'er those that
die,

And lovelier things have mercy shown
To every failing but their own,
And every woe a tear can claim,
Except an erring sister's shame.

REMORSE.

THE mind that broods o'er guilty woes
 Is like the Scorpion girt by fire,
 In circle narrowing as it glows,
 The flames around their captive close,
 Till inly searched by thousand throes,
 And maddening in her ire,
 One sad and sole relief she knows,
 The sting she nourished for her foes,
 Whose venom never yet was vain,
 Gives but one pang, and cures all pain,
 And darts into her desperate brain:
 So do the dark in soul expire,
 Or live like Scorpion girt by fire;
 So writhes the mind Remorse hath riven,
 Unfit for earth, undoomed for heaven,
 Around it flame, within it death!

LOVE.

YES, Love indeed is light from heaven;
 A spark of that immortal fire
 With angels shared, by Alla given,
 To lift from earth our low desire.
 Devotion wafts the mind above,
 But heaven itself descends in love;
 A feeling from the Godhead caught,
 To wean from self each sordid thought;
 A Ray of Him who formed the whole;
 A glory circling round the soul!

KNOW YE THE LAND.

The Bride of Abydos.

KNOW ye the land where the cypress and
 myrtle
 Are emblems of deeds that are done in
 their clime,
 Where the rage of the vulture, the love
 of the turtle,
 Now melt into sorrow, now madden
 to crime?
 Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,
 Where the flowers ever blossom, the
 beams ever shine;
 Where the light wings of Zephyr, op-
 pressed with perfume,
 Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gál in her
 bloom?

Where the citron and olive are fairest of
 fruit,
 And the voice of the nightingale never is
 mute,
 Where the tints of the earth, and the
 hues of the sky,
 In colour though varied, in beauty may
 vie,
 And the purple of Ocean is deepest in
 dye;
 Where the virgins are soft as the roses
 they twine,
 And all, save the spirit of man, is divine?
 'Tis the clime of the East; 'tis the land
 of the Sun—
 Can he smile on such deeds as his chil-
 dren have done?
 Oh! wild as the accents of lovers' fare-
 well
 Are the hearts which they bear, and the
 tales which they tell.

ZULEIKA.

FAIR, as the first that fell of woman-
 kind,
 When on that dread yet lovely serpent
 smiling,
 Whose image then was stamped upon her
 mind—
 But once beguiled—and ever more be-
 guiling;
 Dazzling, as that, oh! too transcendent
 vision
 To Sorrow's phantom-peopled slumber
 given,
 When heart meets heart again in dreams
 Elysian,
 And paints the lost on Earth revived in
 Heaven;
 Soft, as the memory of buried love;
 Pure, as the prayer which Childhood
 wafts above;
 Was she—the daughter of that rude old
 Chief,
 Who met the maid with tears—but not
 of grief.
 Who hath not proved how feebly words
 essay
 To fix one spark of Beauty's heavenly ray?

Who doth not feel, until his failing
sight
Faints into dimness with its own delight,
His changing cheek, his sinking heart
confess
The might—the majesty of Loveliness?
Such was Zuleika—such around her
shone
The nameless charms unmarked by her
alone;
The light of love, the purity of grace,
The mind, the Music breathing from her
face,
The heart whose softness harmonised the
whole—
And oh! that eye was in itself a Soul!

THE HELLESPONT.

THE winds are high on Helle's wave,
As on that night of stormy water,
When Love, who sent, forgot to save
The young, the beautiful, the brave,
The lonely hope of Sestos' daughter.
Oh! when alone along the sky
Her turret-torch was blazing high,
Though rising gale, and breaking foam,
And shrieking sea-birds warned him
home;
And clouds aloft and tides below,
With signs and sounds, forbade to go,
He could not see, he would not hear,
Or sound or sign foreboding fear;
His eye but saw the light of love,
The only star it hailed above;
His ear but rang with Hero's song,
"Ye waves, divide not lovers long!"
That tale is old, but love anew
May nerve young hearts to prove as
true.

The winds are high, and Helle's tide
Rolls darkly heaving to the main;
And Night's descending shadows hide
That field with blood bedewed in
vain,
The desert of old Priam's pride;
The tombs, sole relics of his reign,
All—save immortal dreams that could be-
guile
The blind old man of Scio's rocky
isle!

Oh! yet—for there my steps have been;
These feet have pressed the sacred
shore,
These limbs that buoyant wave hath
borne—
Minstrel! with thee to muse, to mourn,
To trace again those fields of yore,
Believing every hillock green
Contains no fabled hero's ashes,
And that around the undoubted scene
Thine own "broad Hellespont" still
dashes,
Be long my lot, and cold were he
Who there could gaze, denying thee!

THE DEATH OF ZULEIKA.

By Helle's stream there is a voice of
wail!
And woman's eye is wet—man's cheek is
pale:
Zuleika! last of Giaffir's race,
Thy destined lord is come too late:
He sees not—ne'er shall see—thy face!
Can he not hear
The loud Wul-wulleh warn his distant
ear?
Thy handmaids weeping at the gate,
The Koran-chanters of the hymn of
fate,
The silent slaves with folded arms that
wait,
Sighs in the hall, and shrieks upon the
gale,
Tell him thy tale!
Thou didst not view thy Selim fall!
That fearful moment when he left the
cave
Thy heart grew chill:
He was thy hope—thy joy—thy love—
thine all—
And that last thought on him thou
couldst not save
Sufficed to kill;
Burst forth in one wild cry—and all was
still.
Peace to thy broken heart, and virgin
grave!
Ah! happy! but of life to lose the worst!
That grief—though deep—though fatal—
was thy first!

Thrice happy! ne'er to feel nor fear the
force
Of absence, shame, pride, hate, revenge,
remorse!
And, oh! that pang where more than
madness lies!
The worm that will not sleep—and never
dies;
Thought of the gloomy day and ghastly
night,
That dreads the darkness, and yet loathes
the light,
That winds around, and tears the quiver-
ing heart!
Ah! wherefore not consume it—and de-
part!
Woe to thee, rash and unrelenting chief!
Vainly thou heap'st the dust upon thy
head,
Vainly the sackcloth o'er thy limbs doth
spread;
By that same hand Abdallah—Selim—
bled.
Now let it tear thy beard in idle grief:
Thy pride of heart, thy bride for Osman's
bed, [wed,
She, whom thy sultan had but seen to
Thy Daughter's dead!
Hope of thine age, thy twilight's lonely
beam,
The Star hath set that shone on Helle's
stream.
What quenched its ray?—the blood that
thou hast shed!
Hark! to the hurried question of Despair:
"Where is my child?"—an Echo answers
—"Where?"

~~~~~

### ZULEIKA'S GRAVE.

WITHIN the place of thousand tombs  
That shine beneath, while dark above,  
The sad but living cypress glooms,  
And withers not, though branch and  
leaf  
Are stamped with an eternal grief,  
Like early unrequited Love,  
One spot exists, which ever blooms,  
Ev'n in that deadly grove—  
A single rose is shedding there  
Its lonely lustre, meek and pale:  
It looks as planted by Despair—

So white—so faint—the slightest gale  
Might whirl the leaves on high;  
And yet, though storms and blight  
assail,  
And hands more rude than wintry sky  
May wring it from the stem—in vain—  
To-morrow sees it bloom again!  
The stalk some spirit gently rears,  
And waters with celestial tears;  
For well may maids of Helle deem  
That this can be no earthly flower,  
Which mocks the tempest's withering  
hour,  
And buds unsheltered by a bower;  
Nor droops, though spring refuse her  
shower,  
Nor woos the summer beam:  
To it the livelong night there sings  
A bird unseen—but not remote:  
Invisible his airy wings,  
But soft as harp that Houris strings,  
His long entrancing note!  
It were the Bulbul; but his throat,  
Though mournful, pours not such a  
strain:  
For they who listen cannot leave  
The spot, but linger there and grieve,  
As if they loved in vain!  
And yet so sweet the tears they shed,  
'Tis sorrow so unmixed with dread,  
They scarce can bear the morn to break  
That melancholy spell,  
And longer yet would weep and wake,  
He sings so wild and well!  
But when the day-blush bursts from high,  
Expires that magic melody.  
And some have been who could believe  
(So fondly youthful dreams deceive,  
Yet harsh be they that blame)  
That note so piercing and profound,  
Will shape and syllable its sound  
Into Zuleika's name.  
'Tis from her cypress' summit heard,  
That melts in air the liquid word;  
'Tis from her lowly virgin earth  
That white rose takes its tender birth.  
There late was laid a marble stone;  
Eve saw it placed—the Morrow gone!  
It was no mortal arm that bore  
That deep-fixed pillar to the shore;  
For there, as Helle's legends tell,  
Next morn 'twas found where Selim  
fell;

Lashed by the tumbling tide, whose wave  
Denied his bones a holier grave :

And there by night, reclined, 'tis said,  
Is seen a ghastly turbaned head :

And hence extended by the billow,  
'Tis named the "Pirate-phantom's  
pillow!" [flower

Where first it lay, that mourning  
Hath flourished ; flourisheth this hour,  
Alone and dewy, coldly pure and pale ;  
As weeping Beauty's cheek at Sorrow's  
tale !

### MIDNIGHT IN THE EAST.

#### *The Siege of Corinth.*

'TIS midnight : on the mountains brown  
The cold round moon shines deeply  
down ;  
Blue roll the waters, blue the sky  
Spreads like an ocean hung on high,  
Bespangled with those isles of light,  
So wildly, spiritually bright ;  
Who ever gazed upon them shining,  
And turned to earth without repining,  
Nor wished for wings to flee away,  
And mix with their eternal ray ?  
The waves on either shore lay there,  
Calm, clear, and azure as the air :  
And scarce their foam the pebbles shook,  
But murmured meekly as the brook.  
The winds were pillowed on the waves ;  
The banners drooped along their staves,  
And, as they fell around them furling,  
Above them shone the crescent curling ;  
And that deep silence was unbroke,  
Save where the watch his signal spoke,  
Save where the steed neighed oft and shrill  
And echo answered from the hill,  
And the wide hum of that wild host  
Rustled like leaves from coast to coast,  
As rose the Muezzin's voice in air  
In midnight call to wonted prayer :  
It rose, that chanted mournful strain,  
Like some lone spirit's o'er the plain ;  
'Twas musical, but sadly sweet,  
Such as when winds and harp-strings  
meet,  
And take a long unmeasured tone,  
To mortal minstrelsy unknown.  
It seemed to those within the wall  
A cry prophetic of their fall :

It struck even the besieger's ear  
With something ominous and drear,  
An undefined and sudden thrill,  
Which makes the heart a moment still,  
Then beat with quicker pulse, ashamed  
Of that strange sense its silence framed ;  
Such as a sudden passing-bell  
Wakes, though but for a stranger's knell.

### THE VISION OF ALP THE RENEGADE.

HE sate him down at a pillar's base,  
And passed his hand athwart his face ;  
Like one in dreary musing mood,  
Declining was his attitude ;  
His head was drooping on his breast,  
Fevered, throbbing, and oppressed ;  
And o'er his brow, so downward bent,  
Oft his beating fingers went,  
Hurriedly, as you may see  
Your own run over the ivory key,  
Ere the measured tone is taken  
By the chords you would awaken.

There he sate all heavily,  
As he heard the night-wind sigh.  
Was it the wind, through some hollow  
stone,  
Sent that soft and tender moan ?  
He lifted his head, and he looked on the  
sea,  
But it was unrippled as glass may be ;  
He looked on the long grass—it waved  
not a blade ;  
How was that gentle sound conveyed ?  
He looked to the banners—each flag lay  
still,  
So did the leaves on Cithæron's hill,  
And he felt not a breath come over his  
cheek ;  
What did that sudden sound bespeak ?  
He turned to the left—is he sure of sight ?  
There sate a lady, youthful and bright !

He started up with more of fear  
Than if an armed foe were near.  
"God of my fathers ! what is here ?  
Who art thou, and wherefore sent  
So near a hostile armament ?"  
His trembling hands refused to sign  
The cross he deemed no more divine :

He had resumed it in that hour,  
 But conscience wrung away the power.  
 He gazed—he saw : he knew the face  
 Of beauty, and the form of grace ;  
 It was Francesca by his side,  
 The maid who might have been his  
 bride !

The rose was yet upon her cheek,  
 But mellowed with a tenderer streak :  
 Where was the play of her soft lips fled ?  
 Gone was the smile that enlivened their  
 red.

The ocean's calm within their view,  
 Beside her eye had less of blue ;  
 But like that cold wave it stood still,  
 And its glance, though clear, was chill,  
 Around her form a thin robe twining,  
 Nought concealed her bosom shining ;  
 Through the parting of her hair,  
 Floating darkly downward there,  
 Her rounded arm showed white and bare :  
 And ere yet she made reply,  
 Once she raised her hand on high ;  
 It was so wan, and transparent of hue,  
 You might have seen the moon shine  
 through.

“I come from my rest to him I love best,  
 That I may be happy, and he may be  
 blest.

I have passed the guards, the gate, the  
 wall ;  
 Sought thee in safety through foes and  
 all.

'Tis said the lion will turn and flee  
 From a maid in the pride of her purity  
 And the Power on high, that can shield  
 the good

Thus from the tyrant of the wood,  
 Hath extended its mercy to guard me as  
 well

From the hands of the leaguering infidel.  
 I come—and if I come in vain,  
 Never, oh never, we meet again !

Thou hast done a fearful deed  
 In falling away from thy father's creed :  
 But dash that turban to earth, and sign  
 The sign of the cross, and for ever be  
 mine ;

Wring the black drop from thy heart,  
 And to-morrow unites us no more to  
 part.”

“And where should our bridal couch be  
 spread ?

In the midst of the dying and the dead ?  
 For to-morrow we give to the slaughter  
 and flame

The sons and the shrines of the Christian  
 name.

None, save thou and thine, I've sworn,  
 Shall be left upon the morn :  
 But thee will I bear to a lovely spot,  
 Where our hands shall be joined, and our  
 sorrow forgot.

There thou yet shalt be my bride,  
 When once again I've quelled the pride  
 Of Venice ; and her hated race  
 Have felt the arm they would debase,  
 Scourge, with a whip of scorpions, those  
 Whom vice and envy made my foes.”

Upon his hand she laid her own—  
 Light was the touch, but it thrilled to the  
 bone,

And shot a chillness to his heart,  
 Which fixed him beyond the power to  
 start. [cold,

Though slight was that grasp so mortal  
 He could not loose him from its hold ;  
 But never did clasp of one so dear  
 Strike on the pulse with such feeling o  
 fear,

As those thin fingers, long and white,  
 Froze through his blood by their touch  
 that night.

The feverish glow of his brow was gone,  
 And his heart sank so still that it felt like  
 stone,

As he looked on the face, and beheld its  
 hue,

So deeply changed from what he knew :  
 Fair but faint—without the ray  
 Of mind, that made each feature play

Like sparkling waves on a sunny day ;  
 And her motionless lips lay still as death,  
 And her words came forth without her  
 breath,

And there rose not a heave o'er her  
 bosom's swell.

And there seemed not a pulse in her veins  
 to dwell.

Though her eye shone out, yet the lids  
 were fixed,

And the glance that it gave was wild and  
 unmixed

With aught of change, as the eyes may  
 seem  
 Of the restless who walk in a troubled  
 dream ;  
 Like the figures on arras, that gloomily  
 glare,  
 Stirred by the breath of the wintry air,  
 So seen by the dying lamp's fitful light,  
 Lifeless, but life-like, and awful to sight ;  
 As they seem, through the dimness, about  
 to come down  
 From the shadowy wall where their  
 images frown ;  
 Fearfully flitting to and fro,  
 As the gusts on the tapestry come and go.

“ If not for love of me be given  
 Thus much, then, for the love of heaven,—  
 Again I say—that turban tear  
 From off thy faithless brow, and swear  
 Thine injured country's sons to spare,  
 Or thou art lost ; and never shalt see—  
 Not earth—that's past—but heaven or  
 me.

If this thou dost accord, albeit  
 A heavy doom 'tis thine to meet,  
 That doom shall half absolve thy sin,  
 And mercy's gate may receive thee  
 within :

But pause one moment more, and take  
 The curse of Him thou didst forsake ;  
 And look once more to heaven, and see  
 Its love for ever shut from thee.  
 There is a light cloud by the moon—  
 'Tis passing, and will pass full soon—  
 If, by the time its vapoury sail  
 Hath ceased her shaded orb to veil,  
 Thy heart within thee is not changed,  
 Then God and man are both avenged ;  
 Dark will thy doom be, darker still  
 Thine immortality of ill.”

Alp looked to heaven, and saw on high  
 The sign she spake of in the sky ;  
 But his heart was swollen, and turned  
 aside,

By deep interminable pride.  
 This first false passion of his breast  
 Rolled like a torrent o'er the rest.  
*He* sue for mercy ! *He* dismayed  
 By wild words of a timid maid !  
*He*, wronged by Venice, vow to save  
 devoted to the grave !

No—though that cloud were thunder's  
 worst,  
 And charged to crush him—let it burst !

He looked upon it earnestly,  
 Without an accent of reply ;  
 He watched it passing ; it is flown :  
 Full on his eye the clear moon shone,  
 And thus he spake :—“ Whate'er my  
 fate,

I am no changeling—'tis too late :  
 The reed in storms may bow and quiver,  
 Then rise again ; the tree must shiver.  
 What Venice made me, I must be,  
 Her foe in all, save love to thee :  
 But thou art safe : oh, fly with me !”  
 He turned, but she is gone !  
 Nothing is there but the column stone.  
 Hath she sunk in the earth, or melted in  
 air ?  
 He saw not—he knew not ; but nothing  
 is there.

~~~~~  
 TWILIGHT.

Parisina.

It is the hour when from the boughs
 The nightingale's high note is heard ;
 It is the hour when lovers' vows
 Seem sweet in every whispered word ;
 And gentle winds, and waters near,
 Make music to the lonely ear.
 Each flower the dews have lightly wet,
 And in the sky the stars are met,
 And on the wave is deeper blue,
 And on the leaf a browner hue,
 And in the heaven that clear obscure,
 So softly dark, and darkly pure,
 Which follows the decline of day,
 As twilight melts beneath the moon away

~~~~~  
 MANFRED'S SOLILOQUY ON  
 THE JUNGFRAU.

*Manfred.*

THE spirits I have raised abandon me—  
 The spells which I have studied baffl  
 me—  
 The remedy I recked of tortured me ;  
 I lean no more on superhuman aid,  
 o\*

It hath no power upon the past, and for  
 The future, till the past be gulfed in  
 darkness,  
 It is not of my search.—My mother  
 Earth!  
 And thou, fresh breaking Day, and you,  
 ye Mountains,  
 Why are ye beautiful? I cannot love ye.  
 And thou, the bright eye of the universe,  
 That openest over all, and unto all  
 Art a delight—thou shin'st not on my  
 heart.  
 And you, ye crags, upon whose extreme  
 edge  
 I stand, and on the torrent's brink beneath  
 Behold the tall pines dwindled as to  
 shrubs  
 In dizziness of distance; when a leap,  
 A stir, a motion, even a breath, would  
 bring  
 My breast upon its rocky bosom's bed  
 To rest for ever—wherefore do I pause?  
 I feel the impulse—yet I do not plunge;  
 I see the peril—yet do not recede;  
 And my brain reels—and yet my foot is  
 firm:  
 There is a power upon me which with-  
 holds,  
 And makes it my fatality to live;  
 If it be life to wear within myself  
 This barrenness of spirit, and to be  
 My own soul's sepulchre, for I have  
 ceased  
 To justify my deeds unto myself—  
 The last infirmity of evil. Ay,  
 Thou wingèd and cloud-cleaving minister,  
 [An eagle passes.  
 Whose happy flight is highest into heaven,  
 Well may'st thou swoop so near me—I  
 should be  
 Thy prey, and gorge thine eaglets; thou  
 art gone  
 Where the eye cannot follow thee; but  
 thine  
 Yet pierces downward, onward, or above,  
 With a pervading vision.—Beautiful!  
 How beautiful is all this visible world!  
 How glorious in its action and itself!  
 But we, who name ourselves its sovereigns,  
 we,  
 Half dust, half deity, alike unfit  
 To sink or soar, with our mixed essence,  
 make

A conflict of its elements, and breathe  
 The breath of degradation and of pride,  
 Contending with low wants and lofty  
 will,  
 Till our mortality predominates,  
 And men are—what they name not to  
 themselves,  
 And trust not to each other. Hark! the  
 note,

[The shepherd's pipe in the  
 distance is heard.

The natural music of the mountain reed—  
 For here the patriarchal days are not  
 A pastoral fable—pipes in the liberal air,  
 Mixed with the sweet bells of the saunter-  
 ing herd;  
 My soul would drink those echoes.—Oh,  
 that I were  
 The viewless spirit of a lovely sound,  
 A living voice, a breathing harmony,  
 A bodiless enjoyment—born and dying  
 With the blest tone which made me!

Enter from below a Chamois Hunter.

Chamois Hunter. Even so  
 This way the chamois leapt: her nimble  
 feet  
 Have baffled me; my gains to-day will  
 scarce  
 Repay my break-neck travail.—What is  
 here?  
 Who seems not of my trade, and yet hath  
 reached  
 A height which none even of our moun-  
 taineers,  
 Save our best hunters, may attain: his  
 garb  
 Is goodly, his mien manly, and his air  
 Proud as a freeborn peasant's, at this  
 distance—  
 I will approach him nearer.  
 Man. (not perceiving the other.) To be  
 thus—  
 Grey-haired with anguish, like these  
 blasted pines,  
 Wrecks of a single winter, barkless,  
 branchless,  
 A blighted trunk upon a cursed root,  
 Which but supplies a feeling to decay—  
 And to be thus, eternally but thus,  
 Having been otherwise! Now furrowed  
 o'er

With wrinkles, ploughed by moments,  
 not by years,—  
 And hours, all tortured into ages—hours  
 Which I outlive!—Ye toppling crags of  
 ice!  
 Ye avalanches, whom a breath draws  
 down  
 In mountainous o'erwhelming, come and  
 crush me!  
 I hear ye momentarily above, beneath,  
 Crash with a frequent conflict; but ye  
 pass,  
 And only fall on things that still would  
 live;  
 On the young flourishing forest, or the  
 hut  
 And hamlet of the harmless villager.

*C. Hun.* The mists begin to rise from  
 up the valley;  
 I'll warn him to descend, or he may  
 chance  
 To lose at once his way and life together.

*Man.* The mists boil up around the  
 glaciers: clouds  
 Rise curling fast beneath me, white and  
 sulphury,  
 Like foam from the roused ocean of deep  
 Hell,  
 Whose every wave breaks on a living  
 shore,  
 Heaped with the damned like pebbles.—  
 I am giddy.

*C. Hun.* I must approach him cau-  
 tiously; if near,  
 A sudden step will startle him, and he  
 Seems tottering already.

*Man.* Mountains have fallen,  
 Leaving a gap in the clouds, and with the  
 shock  
 Rocking their Alpine brethren; filling up  
 The ripe green valleys with destruction's  
 splinters;  
 Damming the rivers with a sudden dash,  
 Which crushed the waters into mist, and  
 made  
 Their fountains find another channel—  
 Thus,  
 Thus, in its old age, did Mount Rosen-  
 berg—  
 Why stood I not beneath it?

*C. Hun.* Friend! have a care,

Your next step may be fatal!—for the  
 love  
 Of Him who made you, stand not on that  
 brink!

*Man. (not hearing him.)* Such would  
 have been for me a fitting tomb;  
 My bones had then been quiet in their  
 depth:  
 They had not then been strewn upon the  
 rocks  
 For the wind's pastime—as thus—thus  
 they shall be—  
 In this one plunge.—Farewell, ye opening  
 heavens!  
 Look not upon me thus reproachfully—  
 You were not meant for me.—Earth!  
 take these atoms!

[As Manfred is in act to spring from  
 the cliff, the Chamois Hunter  
 seizes and retains him with a  
 sudden grasp.]

*C. Hun.* Hold, madman!—though  
 weary of thy life,  
 Stain not our pure vales with thy guilty  
 blood:  
 Away with me—I will not quit my  
 hold.

*Man.* I am most sick at heart—nay,  
 grasp me not—  
 I am all feebleness—the mountains whirl  
 Spinning around me—I grow blind—  
 What art thou?

*C. Hun.* I'll answer that anon.—Away  
 with me—  
 The clouds grow thicker—there—now  
 lean on me—  
 Place your foot here—here, take this staff,  
 and cling  
 A moment to that shrub—now give me  
 your hand,  
 And hold fast by my girdle—softly—  
 well— [hour:  
 The Chalet will be gained within an  
 Come on, we'll quickly find a surer  
 footing,  
 And something like a pathway, which the  
 torrent  
 Hath washed since winter.—Come, 'tis  
 bravely done—  
 You should have been a hunter.—Follow  
 me.



MANFRED, AFTER HIS INTER-  
VIEW WITH THE WITCH OF  
THE ALPS.

WE are the fools of time and terror : days  
Steal on us and steal from us ; yet we  
live,  
Loathing our life, and dreading still to  
die.  
In all the days of this detested yoke—  
This vital weight upon the struggling  
heart  
Which sinks with sorrow, or beats quick  
with pain,  
Or joy that ends in agony or faintness—  
In all the days of past and future, for  
In life there is no present, we can number  
How few—how less than few—wherein  
the soul  
Forbears to pant for death, and yet draws  
back  
As from a stream in winter, though the  
chill  
Be but a moment's. I have one resource  
Still in my science—I can call the dead,  
And ask them what it is we dread to be :  
The sternest answer can but be the Grave,  
And that is nothing. If they answer not—  
The buried Prophet answered to the Hag  
Of Endor ; and the Spartan Monarch  
drew  
From the Byzantine maid's unsleeping  
spirit  
An answer and his destiny—he slew  
That which he loved, unknowing what he  
slew,  
And died unpardoned—though he called  
in aid  
The Phyxian Jove, and in Phigalia roused  
The Arcadian Evocators to compel  
The indignant shadow to depose her  
wrath,  
Or fixed her term of vengeance—she  
replied  
In words of dubious import, but fulfilled.  
If I had never lived, that which I love  
Had still been living : had I never loved,  
That which I love would still be beau-  
tiful—  
Happy and giving happiness. What is  
she ?  
What is she now ?—a sufferer for my  
sins—

A thing I dare not think upon—or no-  
thing.  
Within few hours I shall not call in  
vain—  
Yet in this hour I dread the thing I dare :  
Until this hour I never shrunk to gaze  
On spirit, good or evil—now I tremble,  
And feel a strange cold thaw upon my  
heart.  
But I can act even what I most abhor,  
And champion human fears. The night  
approaches.

MANFRED'S MIDNIGHT  
THOUGHTS.

THE stars are forth, the moon above the  
tops  
Of the snow-shining mountains.—Beau-  
tiful !  
I linger yet with Nature, for the night  
Hath been to me a more familiar face  
Than that of man ; and in her starry shade  
Of dim and solitary loveliness,  
I learned the language of another world.  
I do remember me, that in my youth,  
When I was wandering,—upon such a  
night  
I stood within the Coliseum's wall,  
'Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome ;  
The trees which grew along the broken  
arches  
Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the  
stars  
Shone through the rents of ruin ; from  
afar  
The watch-dog bayed beyond the Tiber ;  
and  
More near from out the Cæsars' palace  
came  
The owl's long cry, and, interruptedly,  
Of distant sentinels the fitful song  
Begun and died upon the gentle wind.  
Some cypresses beyond the time-worn  
breach  
Appeared to skirt the horizon, yet they  
stood  
Within a bowshot. Where the Cæsars  
dwelt,  
And dwell the tuneless birds of night,  
amidst

A grove which springs through levelled  
battlements,  
And twines its roots with the imperial  
hearths,  
Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth;—  
But the gladiators' bloody Circus stands,  
A noble wreck in ruinous perfection!  
While Cæsar's chambers, and the Au-  
gustan halls,  
Grovel on earth in indistinct decay.—  
And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon,  
upon  
All this, and cast a wide and tender light,  
Which softened down the hoar austerity  
Of rugged desolation, and filled up,  
As 'twere anew, the gaps of centuries;  
Leaving that beautiful which still was so,  
And making that which was not, till the  
place  
Became religion, and the heart ran o'er  
With silent worship of the great of old!—  
The dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who  
still rule  
Our spirits from their urns.—

'Twas such a night!

'Tis strange that I recall it at this time;  
But I have found our thoughts take wildest  
flight [array  
Even at the moment when they should  
Themselves in pensive order.

~~~~~

MY NATIVE LAND—GOOD
NIGHT.

Childe Harold.

“ADIEU, adieu! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue;
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
Yon sun that sets upon the sea
We follow in his flight:
Farewell awhile to him and thee,
My native Land—Good Night!

“A few short hours, and he will rise
To give the morrow birth;
And I shall hail the main and skies,
But not my mother earth.
Deserted is my own good hall,
Its hearth is desolate;
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall.
My dog howls at the gate.

“Come hither, hither, my little page,
Why dost thou weep and wail?
Or dost thou dread the billow's rage,
Or tremble at the gale?
But dash the tear-drop from thine eye;
Our ship is swift and strong:
Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly
More merrily along.”

“Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high,
I fear not wave nor wind:
Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I
Am sorrowful in mind;
For I have from my father gone,
A mother whom I love,
And have no friend, save these alone,
But thee—and One above.

“My father blessed me fervently,
Yet did not much complain;
But sorely will my mother sigh
Till I come back again.”—
“Enough, enough, my little lad!
Such tears become thine eye;
If I thy guileless bosom had,
My own would not be dry.

“Come hither, hither, my stanch yeoman
Why dost thou look so pale?
Or dost thou dread a French foeman?
Or shiver at the gale?”—
“Deem'st thou I tremble for my life?
Sir Childe, I'm not so weak;
But thinking on an absent wife
Will blanch a faithful cheek.

“My spouse and boys dwell near thy
hall,
Along the bordering lake,
And when they on their father call,
What answer shall she make?”—
“Enough, enough, my yeoman good,
Thy grief let none gainsay;
But I, who am of lighter mood,
Will laugh to flee away.

“For who would trust the seeming sighs
Of wife or paramour?
Fresh feeres will dry the bright blue eyes
We late saw streaming o'er.
For pleasures past I do not grieve,
Nor perils gathering near;
My greatest grief is that I leave
No thing that claims a tear.

• And now I'm in the world alone,
 Upon the wide, wide sea:
 But why should I for others groan,
 When none will sigh for me?
 Perchance my dog will whine in vain,
 Till fed by stranger hands;
 But long ere I come back again
 He'd tear me where he stands.

“ With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go
 Athwart the foaming brine;
 Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,
 So not again to mine.
 Welcome, welcome, ye dark-blue waves!
 And when you fail my sight,
 Welcome, ye deserts, and ye caves!
 My native Land—Good Night!”

LISBOA AND CINTRA.

WHAT beauties doth Lisboa first unfold!
 Her image floating on that noble tide,
 Which poets vainly pave with sands of gold,
 But now whereon a thousand keels did ride
 Of mighty strength, since Albion was allied,
 And to the Lusians did her aid afford:
 A nation swoln with ignorance and pride,
 Who lick yet loathe the hand that waves the sword
 To save them from the wrath of Gaul's unsparing lord.

But whoso entereth within this town,
 That, sheening far, celestial seems to be,
 Disconsolate will wander up and down,
 'Mid many things unsightly to strange ee;
 For hut and palace show like filthily:
 The dingy denizens are reared in dirt;
 Ne personage of high or mean degree
 Doth care for cleanness of surtout or shirt,
 Though shent with Egypt's plague, unkempt, unwashed, unhurt.

Poor, paltry slaves! yet born 'midst noblest scenes—

Why, Nature, waste thy wonders on such men?

Lo! Cintra's glorious Eden intervenes
 In variegated maze of mount and glen.

Ah me! what hand can pencil guide, or pen,

To follow half on which the eye dilates
 Through views more dazzling unto mortal ken

Than those whereof such things the bard relates,

Who to the awe-struck world unlocked
 Elysium's gates.

The horrid crags, by toppling convent crowned,

The cork-trees hoar that clothe the shaggy steep,

The mountain-moss by scorching skies imbrowned,

The sunken glen, whose sunless shrubs must weep,

The tender azure of the unruffled deep,
 The orange tints that gild the greenest bough,

The torrents that from cliff to valley leap,

The vine on high, the willow branch
 Mixed in one mighty scene, with varied beauty glow.

Then slowly climb the many-winding way,

And frequent turn to linger as you go,
 From loftier rocks new loveliness survey,

And rest ye at “Our Lady's house of woe;”

Where frugal monks their little relics show,

And sundry legends to the stranger tell:
 Here impious men have punished been,
 and lo!

Deep in yon cave Honorius long did dwell,

In hope to merit heaven by making earth a hell.

And here and there, as up the crags you spring,

Mark many rude-carved crosses near the path:

Yet deem not these devotion's offer-
ing—
These are memorials frall of murderous
wrath:
For wheresoe'er the shrieking victim
hath
Poured forth his blood beneath the
assassin's knife,
Some hand erects a cross of mouldering
lath;
And grove and glen with thousand such
are rife
Throughout this purple land, where law
secures not life!

THE DEMON OF BATTLE.

HARK! heard you not those hoofs of
dreadful note?
Sounds not the clang of conflict on the
heath?
Saw ye not whom the reeking sabre
smote;
Nor saved your brethren ere they sank
beneath
Tyrants and Tyrants' slaves?—the fires
of death,
The bale-fires flash on high:—from
rock to rock
Each volley tells that thousands cease
to breathe;
Death rides upon the sulphury Siroc,
Red Battle stamps his foot, and nations
feel the shock.

Lo! where the Giant on the mountain
stands,
His blood-red tresses deep'ning in the
sun,
With death-shot glowing in his fiery
hands,
And eye that scorcheth all it glares
upon;
Restless it rolls, now fixed, and now
anon
Flashing afar,—and at his iron feet
Destruction cowers, to mark what deeds
are done;
For on this morn three potent nations
meet,
To shed before his shrine the blood he
deems most sweet.

PARNASSUS.

OH, thou Parnassus! whom I now
survey,
Not in the phrensy of a dreamer's eye,
Not in the fabled landscape of a lay,
But soaring snow-clad through thy
native sky,
In the wild pomp of mountain majesty!
What marvel if I thus essay to sing?
The humblest of thy pilgrims passing
by
Would gladly woo thine echoes with
his string,
Though from thy heights no more one
Muse will wave her wing.

Oft have I dreamed of thee! whose
glorious name
Who knows not, knows not man's
divinest lore;
And now I view thee, 'tis, alas! with
shame
That I in feeblest accents must adore.
When I recount thy worshippers of
yore,
I tremble, and can only bend the knee;
Nor raise my voice, nor vainly dare to
soar,
But gaze beneath thy cloudy canopy
In silent joy to think at last I look on
thee!

Happier in this than mightiest bards
have been,
Whose fate to distant homes confined
their lot,
Shall I unmoved behold the hallowed
scene,
Which others rave of, though they know
it not?
Though here no more Apollo haunts
his grot,
And thou, the Muses' seat, art now
their grave,
Some gentle spirit still pervades the
spot,
Sighs in the gale, keeps silence in the
cave,
And glides with glassy foot o'er yon melo-
dious wave.

THE BULL-FIGHT.

THE lists are oped, the spacious area
cleared,
Thousands on thousands piled are
seated round ;
Long ere the first loud trumpet's note
is heard,
No vacant space for lated wight is
found :
Here dons, grandees, but chiefly dames
abound,
Skilled in the ogle of a roguish eye,
Yet ever well inclined to heal the
wound ;
None through their cold disdain are
doomed to die,
As moon-struck bards complain, by Love's
sad archery.

Hushed is the din of tongues—on gal-
lant steeds,
With milk-white crest, gold spur, and
light-poised lance,
Four cavaliers prepare for venturous
deeds,
And lowly bending to the lists advance ;
Rich are their scarfs, their chargers
featly prance : [day,
If in the dangerous game they shine to-
The crowd's loud shout and ladies'
lovely glance,
Best prize of better acts, they bear
away,
And all that kings or chiefs e'er gain their
toils repay.

In costly sheen and gaudy cloak ar-
rayed, [dore
But all afoot, the light-limbed Mata-
Stands in the centre, eager to invade
The lord of lowing herds ; but not
before
The ground, with cautious tread, is
traversed o'er,
Lest aught unseen should lurk to thwart
his speed :
His arms a dart, he fights aloof, nor
more
Can man achieve without the friendly
steed—
Alas ! too oft condemned for him to bear
and bleed.

Thrice sounds the clarion ; lo ! the
signal falls,
The den expands, and Expectation
mute
Gapes round the silent circle's peopled
walls.
Bounds with one lashing spring the
mighty brute,
And, wildly staring, spurns, with sound-
ing foot,
The sand, nor blindly rushes on his
foe :
Here, there, he points his threatening
front, to suit
His first attack, wide waving to and
fro
His angry tail ; red rolls his eye's dilated
glow.

Sudden he stops ; his eye is fixed :
away,
Away, thou heedless boy ! prepare the
spear :
Now is thy time to perish, or display
The skill that yet may check his mad
career.
With well-timed croupe the nimble
coursers veer ;
On foams the bull, but not unscathed
he goes ;
Streams from his flank the crimson
torrent clear : [throes ;
He flies, he wheels, distracted with his
Dart follows dart ; lance, lance ; loud
bellowings speak his woes.

Again he comes ; nor dart nor lance
avail, [horse ;
Nor the wild plunging of the tortured
Though man and man's avenging arms
assail,
Vain are his weapons, valner is his
force.
One gallant steed is stretched a mangled
corse ;
Another, hideous sight ! unseamed ap-
pears,
His gory chest unveils life's panting
source ;
Though death-struck, still his feeble
frame he rears ;
Staggering, but stemming all, his lord
unharm'd he bears.

Foiled, bleeding, breathless, furious to
the last,
Full in the centre stands the bull at
bay,
Mid wounds, and clinging darts, and
lances brast,
And foes disabled in the brutal fray :
And now the Matadores around him
play,
Shake the red cloak, and poise the
ready brand :
Once more through all he bursts his
thundering way—
Vain rage! the mantle quits the conynge
hand,
Wraps his fierce eye—'tis past—he sinks
upon the sand !

Where his vast neck just mingles with
the spine,
Sheathed in his form the deadly weapon
lies.
He stops—he starts—disdaining to de-
cline :
Slowly he falls, amidst triumphant
cries,
Without a groan, without a struggle
dies.
The decorated car appears—on high
The corse is piled—sweet sight for
vulgar eyes—
Four steeds that spurn the rein, as swift
as shy,
Hurl the dark bulk along, scarce seen in
dashing by.

ATHENS.

ANCIENT of days! august Athena!
where,
Where are thy men of might? thy
grand in soul?
Gone—glimmering through the dream
of things that were :
First in the race that led to Glory's
goal,
They won, and passed away—is this the
whole?
A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an
hour!
The warrior's weapon and the sophist's
stole

Are sought in vain, and o'er each moun-
dering tower,
Dim with the mist of years, gray flits the
shade of power.

Son of the morning, rise! approach
you here!
Come—but molest not yon defenceless
urn :
Look on this spot—a nation's sepulchre!
Abode of gods, whose shrines no longer
burn,
Even gods must yield—religions take
their turn :
'Twas Jove's — 'tis Mahomet's — and
other creeds
Will rise with other years, till man shall
learn
Vainly his incense soars, his victim
bleeds ;
Poor child of Doubt and Death, whose
hope is built on reeds.

Bound to the earth, he lifts his eye to
heaven—
Is't not enough, unhappy thing! to
know
Thou art? Is this a boon so kindly
given,
That being, thou wouldst be again, and
go,
Thou knowest not, reckest not to what
region, so
On earth no more, but mingled with
the skies?
Still wilt thou dream on future joy and
woe?
Regard and weigh yon dust before it
flies :
That little urn saith more than thousand
homilies.

REAL AND UNREAL SOLITUDE.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and
fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady
scene,
Where things that own not man's do-
minion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely
been

To climb the trackless mountain all
 unseen,
 With the wild flock that never needs a
 fold ;
 Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to
 lean ;
 This is not solitude ; 'tis but to hold
 Converse with Nature's charms, and view
 her stores unrolled.

But 'midst the crowd, the hum, the
 shock of men,
 To hear, to see, to feel, and to
 possess,
 And roam along, the world's tired
 denizen,
 With none who bless us, none whom
 we can bless ;
 Minions of splendour shrinking from
 distress !
 None that, with kindred consciousness
 endued,
 If we were not, would seem to smile
 the less
 Of all that flattered, followed, sought,
 and sued ;
 This is to be alone ; this, this is
 solitude !

HOLY GROUND.

WHERE'ER we tread 'tis haunted, holy
 ground ;
 No earth of thine is lost in vulgar
 mould,
 But one vast realm of wonder spreads
 around,
 And all the Muse's tales seem truly
 told,
 Till the sense aches with gazing to
 behold
 The scenes our earliest dreams have
 dwelt upon :
 Each hill and dale, each deepening glen
 and wold
 Defies the power which crushed thy
 temples gone :
 Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares
 gray Marathon.

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
 And Belgium's capital had gathered
 then
 Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and
 bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and
 brave men ;
 A thousand hearts beat happily ; and
 when
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes looked love to eyes which
 spake again,
 And all went merry as a marriage-
 bell .
 But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes
 like a rising knell !

Did ye not hear it?—No ; 'twas but
 the wind,
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony
 street ;
 On with the dance ! let joy be uncon-
 fined ;
 No sleep till morn, when Youth and
 Pleasure meet
 To chase the glowing Hours with flying
 feet—
 But hark !—that heavy sound breaks in
 once more,
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat ;
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier thar
 before !
 Arm ! arm ! it is—it is—the cannon's
 opening roar !

Within a windowed niche of that high
 hall
 Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain ; he
 did hear
 That sound the first amidst the fes-
 tival,
 And caught its tone with Death's pro-
 phetic ear ;
 And when they smiled because he
 deemed it near,
 His heart more truly knew that peal too
 well
 Which stretched his father on a bloody
 bier,

And roused the vengeance blood alone
could quell :
He rushed into the field, and, foremost
fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to
and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of
distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an
hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own love-
liness ;
And there were sudden partings, such
as press
The life from out young hearts, and
choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated : who
could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual
eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful
morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste :
the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the
clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous
speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of
war ;
And the deep thunder peal on peal
afar ;
And near, the beat of the alarming
drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning
star ;
While thronged the citizens with terror
dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—"The
foe! They come! they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's
gathering" rose,
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's
hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her
Saxon foes :-
How in the noon of night that pibroch
thrills
Savage and shrill! But with the breath
which fills

Their mountain pipe, so fill the moun-
taineers
With the fierce native daring which
instils
The stirring memory of a thousand
years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each
clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her
green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they
pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'ergrieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the
grass
Which now beneath them, but above
shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery
mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall
moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound
of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms,—
the day
Battle's magnificently-stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which
when rent
The earth is covered thick with other
clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped
and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one
red burial blent!

~~~~~  
NAPOLEON.

THERE sunk the greatest, nor the  
worst of men,  
Whose spirit, antithetically mixed,  
One moment of the mightiest, and  
again  
On little objects with like firmness  
fixed ;  
Extreme in all things! hadst thou been  
betwixt,



'Thy throne had still been thine, or  
never been;  
For daring made thy rise as fall: thou  
seek'st  
Even now to re-assume the imperial  
mien,  
And shake again the world, the Thunderer  
of the scene!

Conqueror and captive of the earth art  
thou!  
She trembles at thee still, and thy wild  
name  
Was ne'er more bruited in men's minds  
than now  
That thou art nothing, save the jest  
of Fame,  
Who woo'd thee once, thy vassal, and  
became  
The flatterer of thy fierceness, till thou  
wert  
A god unto thyself; nor less the same  
To the astounded kingdoms all inert,  
Who deemed thee for a time whate'er  
thou didst assert.

Oh, more or less than man—in high  
or low,  
Battling with nations, flying from the  
field;  
Now making monarchs' necks thy foot-  
stool, now  
More than thy meanest soldier taught  
to yield;  
An empire thou couldst crush, com-  
mand, rebuild,  
But govern not thy pettiest passion,  
nor,  
However deeply in men's spirits skilled,  
Look through thine own, nor curb the  
lust of war,  
Nor learn that tempted Fate will leave  
the loftiest star.

#### THE ISOLATION OF GENIUS.

HE who ascends to mountain-tops,  
shall find  
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds  
and snow;  
He who surpasses or subdues mankind,

Must look down on the hate of those  
below.  
Though high above the sun of glory  
glow,  
And far beneath the earth and ocean  
spread,  
Round him are icy rocks, and loudly  
blow  
Contending tempests on his naked  
head,  
And thus reward the toils which to those  
summits led.

#### THE LAKE OF GENEVA.

CLEAR, placid Lemman! thy contrasted  
lake,  
With the wild world I dwelt in, is a  
thing  
Which warns me, with its stillness, to  
forsake  
Earth's troubled waters for a purer  
spring.  
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing  
To waft me from distraction; once I  
loved  
Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft mur-  
muring  
Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice re-  
proved,  
That I with stern delights should e'er  
have been so moved.

It is the hush of night, and all  
between  
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk,  
yet clear,  
Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly  
seen,  
Save darkened Jura, whose capt heights  
appear  
Precipitously steep; and drawing near,  
There breathes a living fragrance from  
the shore,  
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood, on  
the ear  
Drops the light drip of the suspended  
oar,  
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-  
night carol more:

He is an evening reveller, who makes  
His life an infancy, and sings his fill ;  
At intervals, some bird from out the  
brakes  
Starts into voice a moment, then is  
still. [hill,  
There seems a floating whisper on the  
But that is fancy, for the starlight dews  
All silently their tears of love instil,  
Weeping themselves away, till they  
infuse  
Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her  
hues.

~~~~~  
THE STARS.

YE stars ! which are the poetry of
heaven !
If in your bright leaves we would read
the fate
Of men and empires,—'tis to be for-
given,
That in our aspirations to be great,
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal
state,
And claim a kindred with you ; for ye
are
A beauty and a mystery, and create
In us such love and reverence from
afar,
That fortune, fame, power, life, have
named themselves a star.

~~~~~  
THE RHINE

THE castled crag of Drachenfels  
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,  
Whose breast of waters broadly swells  
Between the banks which bear the vine,  
And hills all rich with blossomed trees,  
And fields which promise corn and wine,  
And scattered cities crowning these,  
Whose far white walls along them shine,  
Have strewed a scene, which I should  
see  
With double joy wert thou with me.

And peasant girls, with deep blue eyes,  
And hands which offer early flowers,  
Walk smiling o'er this paradise ;  
Above, the frequent feudal towers

Through green leaves lift their walls of  
gray ;  
And many a rock which steeply lowers,  
And noble arch in proud decay,  
Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers ;  
But one thing want these banks of  
Rhine,—  
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine !

I send the lilies given to me ;  
Though long before thy hand they touch,  
I know that they must withered be,  
But yet reject them not as such ;  
For I have cherished them as dear,  
Because they yet may meet thine eye,  
And guide thy soul to mine even here,  
When thou behold'st them drooping  
nigh,  
And know'st them gathered by the  
Rhine,  
And offered from my heart to thine !

The river nobly foams and flows,  
The charm of this enchanted ground,  
And all its thousand turns disclose  
Some fresher beauty varying round :  
The haughtiest breast its wish might  
bound  
Through life to dwell delighted here ;  
Nor could on earth a spot be found  
To nature and to me so dear,  
Could thy dear eyes in following mine  
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine !

~~~~~  
STORM AT NIGHT.

THE sky is changed !—and such a
change ! Oh night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are won-
drous strong, [light
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the
Of a dark eye in woman ! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags
among
Leaps the live thunder ! Not from one
lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a
tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty
shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her
aloud !