

Lies worse ; and while it says we shall be blest
With some new joys cuts off what we possessed.
Strange cozenage ! None would live past years again ;
Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain ;
And from the dregs of life think to receive
What the first sprightly running could not give.

FREEDOM OF THE SAVAGE.

No man has more contempt than I of breath,
But whence hast thou the right to give me death ?
I am as free as nature first made man,
Ere the base laws of servitude began,
When wild in woods the noble savage ran.

VENI CREATOR.

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every pious mind ;
Come, pour Thy joys on human kind ;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make Thy temples worthy Thee,

O source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete !
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire ;
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in Thy sevenfold energy !
Thou strength of His Almighty hand,
Whose power does heaven and earth command ;
Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
Who dost the gifts of tongues dispense,
And crown'st Thy gifts with eloquence !

Refine and purge our earthly parts :
But oh, inflame and fire our hearts !

Our frailties help, our vice control,
Submit the senses to the soul ;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay Thine hand, and hold them down

Chase from our minds the infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow ;
And, lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.

Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe :
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father, and the Son, by Thee,

Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's name !
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died !
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to Thee !

ADVICE TO POETS.

OBSERVE the language well in all you write,
And swerve not from it in your loftiest flight.

The smoothest verse and the exactest sense
Displease us, if ill English give offence ;
A barbarous phrase no reader can approve ;

Nor bombast, noise, or affectation love.
In short, without pure language, what you write

Can never yield us profit nor delight.
Take time for thinking ; never work in haste ;

And value not yourself for writing fast.
A rapid poem, with such fury writ,
Shows want of judgment, not abounding wit.

More pleased we are to see a river lead
His gentle streams along a flowery mead,
Than from high banks to hear loud torrents roar,

With foamy waters on a muddy shore.
Gently make haste, of labour not afraid :
A hundred times consider what you've said ;

Polish, repolish, every colour lay,
And sometimes add, but oftener takeaway.
'Tis not enough when swarming faults are writ,
That here and there are scatter'd sparks of wit ;

Each object must be fix'd in the due place,
And differing parts have corresponding grace :

Till, by a curious art disposed, we find
One perfect whole, of all the pieces join'd.
Keep to your subject close in all you say ;

Nor for a sounding sentence ever stray.
The public censure for your writings fear,
And to yourself be critic most severe.

Fantastic wits their darling follies love ;
But find you faithful friends that will approve,

That on your works may look with careful eyes,

And of your faults be zealous enemies :
Lay by an author's pride and vanity,
And from a friend a flatterer descry,
Who seems to like, but means not what he says :

Embrace true counsel, but suspect false praise.

A sycophant will every thing admire :
Each verse, each sentence, sets his soul on fire :

All is divine ! there's not a word amiss !
He shakes with joy, and weeps with tenderness,

He overpowers you with his mighty praise.
Truth never moves in those impetuous ways :

A faithful friend is careful of your fame,
And freely will your heedless errors blame ;
He cannot pardon a neglected line,
But verse to rule and order will confine.

Reprove of words the too affected sound ;
Here the sense flags, and your expression's round,

Your fancy tires, and your discourse grows vain,

Your terms improper, make them just and plain.

Thus 'tis a faithful friend will freedom use ;

But authors, partial to their darling muse,
Think to protect it they have just pretence,
And at your friendly counsel take offence.

Said you of this, that the expression's flat ?

Your servant, Sir, you must excuse me that,

He answers you. This word has here no grace,

Pray leave it out : That Sir's the properest place.

This turn I like not : 'Tis approved by all.

Thus, resolute not from one fault to fall,
If there's a syllable of which you doubt,

'Tis a sure reason not to blot it out,
Yet still he says you may his faults confute,

And over him your power is absolute :
But of his feign'd humility take heed ;

'Tis a bait laid to make you hear him read.
And when he leaves you happy in his muse,

Restless he runs some other to abuse,
And often finds ; for in our scribbling times

No fool can want a sot to praise his rhymes :

The flattest work has ever in the court
Met with some zealous ass for its support :

And in all times a forward scribbling fop
Has found some greater fool to cry him up.

UNDER MILTON'S PICTURE.

THREE Poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The first, in loftiness of thought surpass'd ;
The next, in majesty ; in both the last.
The force of nature could no further go ;
To make a third, she join'd the former two.

THE CHARACTER OF A GOOD PARSON.

A PARISH priest was of the pilgrim train ;
An awful, reverend, and religious man.
His eyes diffused a venerable grace,
And charity itself was in his face.
Rich was his soul, though his attire was poor
(As God hath clothed his own ambassador) ;

For such, on earth, his bless'd Redeemer bore.

Of sixty years he seem'd; and well might last

To sixty more, but that he lived too fast;
Refined himself to soul, to curb the sense;
And made almost a sin of abstinence.

Yet, had his aspect nothing of severe,
But such a face as promis'd him sincere,
Nothing reserved or sullen was to see:
But sweet regards, and pleasing sanctity:
Mild was his accent, and his action free.
With eloquence innate his tongue was arm'd;

Though harsh the precept, yet the people charm'd.

For, letting down the golden chain from high,

He drew his audience upward to the sky:
And oft with holy hymns he charm'd their ears,

(A music more melodious than the spheres:)

For David left him, when he went to rest,
His lyre; and after him he sung the best.
He bore his great commission in his look:
But sweetly temper'd awe; and soften'd all he spoke.

He preach'd the joys of heaven, and pains of hell,
And warn'd the sinner with becoming zeal;

But, on eternal mercy loved to dwell.
He taught the gospel rather than the law;
And forced himself to drive; but loved to draw.

For fear but freezes minds: but love, like heat,

Exhales the soul sublime, to seek her native seat,

To threats the stubborn sinner oft is hard,
Wrapp'd in his crimes, against the storm prepared;

But, when the milder beams of mercy play,

He melts, and throws his cumbrous cloak away.

Lightning and thunder (heaven's artillery)
As harbingers before th' Almighty fly:

Those but proclaim his style, and disappear;

The stiller sounds succeed, and God is there.

[MARTYN PARKER. 1630.]

YE GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND.

YE gentlemen of England
That live at home at ease,
Ah! little do you think upon
The dangers of the seas.
Give ear unto the mariners,
And they will plainly shew
All the cares and the fears
When the stormy winds do blow.
When the stormy, &c.

If enemies oppose us
When England is at war
With any foreign nation,
We fear not wound or scar;
Our roaring guns shall teach 'em
Our valour for to know,
Whilst they reel on the keel,
And the stormy winds do blow.
And the stormy, &c.

Then courage, all brave mariners,
And never be dismay'd;
While we have bold adventurers,
We ne'er shall want a trade:
Our merchants will employ us
To fetch them wealth, we know;
Then be bold—work for gold,
When the stormy winds do blow.
When the stormy, &c.

[JOHN CHALKHILL. 1653.]

THE PRAISE OF A COUNTRY-MAN'S LIFE.

OH, the sweet contentment
The countryman doth find,
High trollicie, lollie, lol; high trollicie,
lee;
That quiet contemplation
Possesseth all my mind:
Then care away, and wend along with me.

For courts are full of flattery,
As hath too oft been tried,
High trollicie, lollie, lol; high trollicie,
lee;

The city full of wantonness,
And both are full of pride:
Then care away, and wend along with me.

But, oh! the honest countryman
Speaks truly from his heart,
High trollicie, lollie, lol; high trollicie,
lee;
His pride is in his tillage,
His horses and his cart:
Then care away, and wend along with me.

Our clothing is good sheep-skins,
Grey russet for our wives,
High trollicie, lollie, lol; high trollicie,
lee;
'Tis warmth and not gay clothing
That doth prolong our lives:
Then care away, and wend along with me.

The ploughman, though he labour hard,
Yet on the holy day,
High trollicie, lollie, lol; high trollicie,
lee;
No emperor so merrily
Does pass his time away:
Then care away, and wend along with me.

To recompense our tillage
The heavens afford us showers,
High trollicie, lollie, lol; high trollicie,
lee;
And for our sweet refreshments
The earth affords us bowers:
Then care away, and wend along with me.

The cuckoo and the nightingale
Full merrily do sing,
High trollicie, lollie, lol; high trollicie,
lee;
And with their pleasant roundelays
Bid welcome to the spring:
Then care away, and wend along with me.

This is not half the happiness
The countryman enjoys,

High trollicie, lollie, lol; high trollicie,
lee;
Though others think they have as much,
Yet he that says so lies:
Then care away, and wend along with me.

[ANONYMOUS. 1700.]

FAIR HELEN OF KIRCONNEL.

I WISH I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
O that I were where Helen lies,
On fair Kirconnel Lee!

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms burd Helen dropt,
And died to succour me!

O think na ye my heart was sair,
When my love dropt down and spak nae mair!
There did she swoon wi' meikle care,
On fair Kirconnel Lee.

As I went down the water side,
None but my foe to be my guide,
None but my foe to be my guide,
On fair Kirconnel Lee.

I lighted down, my sword did draw,
I hacked him in pieces sma',
I hacked him in pieces sma',
For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare!
I'll make a garland of thy hair,
Shall bind my heart for evermair,
Until the day I die.

O that I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
Out of my bed she bids me rise,
Says, "Haste, and come to me!"

O Helen fair! O Helen chaste!
If I were with thee, I were blest,

Where thou lies low, and takes thy rest,
On fair Kirconnel Lee.

I wish my grave were growing green,
A winding sheet drawn o'er my cen,
And I in Helen's arms lying,
On fair Kirconnel Lee.

I wish I were where Helen lies !
Night and day on me she cries ;
And I am weary of the skies,
For her sake that died for me.

[WILLIAM COLLINS. 1720—1576.]

THE DEATH OF THE BRAVE.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest !
When spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung :
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay ;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

ODE TO FEAR.

THOU, to whom the world unknown,
With all its shadowy shapes is shown ;
Who seest appall'd th' unreal scene,
While Fancy lifts the veil between :
Ah Fear ! ah frantic Fear !
I see, I see thee near.

I know thy hurried step, thy haggard eye !
Like thee I start, like thee disorder'd fly ;
For lo, what monsters in thy train appear !
Danger, whose limbs of giant mould
What mortal eye can fix'd behold ?
Who stalks his round, a hideous form,
Howling amidst the midnight storm,
Or throws him on the ridgy steep
Of some loose hanging rock to sleep :
And with him thousand phantoms join'd,
Who prompt to deeds accurs'd the mind :

And those the fiends, who, near allied,
O'er Nature's wounds and wrecks pre-
side ;

While Vengeance in the lurid air
Lifts her red arm, expos'd and bare :
On whom that ravening brood of Fate,
Who lap the blood of Sorrow, wait ;
Who, Fear, this ghastly train can see,
And look not madly wild, like thee ?

Thou, who such weary lengths has
pass'd,
Where wilt thou rest, mad Nymph, at
last ?

Say, wilt thou shroud in haunted cell,
Where gloomy Rape and Murder dwell ?
Or in some hollow'd seat,
'Gainst which the big waves beat,
Hear drowning seamen's cries in tempests
brought,
Dark pow'r, with shudd'ring meek sub-
mitted Thought ?

Be mine, to read the visions old,
Which thy awak'ning bards have told,
And, lest thou meet my blasted view,
Hold each strange tale devoutly true ;
Ne'er be I found, by thee o'eraw'd,
In that thrice hallow'd eve abroad,
When ghosts, as cottage-maids believe,
The pebbled beds permitted leave,
And goblins haunt, from fire, or fen,
Or mine, or flood, the walks of men !

O thou whose spirit most possess'd
The sacred seat of Shakspeare's breast !
By all that from thy prophet broke,
In thy divine emotions spoke !
Hither again thy fury deal,
Teach me but once like him to feel ;
His cypress wreath my meed decree,
And I, O Fear ! will dwell with thee.

ODE TO EVENING.

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy
modest ear,
Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales ;

O nymph reserved, while now the bright-
hair'd Sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy
skirts,

With braid ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed :

Now air is hash'd, save where the weak-
eyed bat,
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern
wing ;
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless
hum ;
Now teach me, maid composed
To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy
darkening vale
May not unseemly with its stillness suit ;
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial loved return !

For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp,
The fragrant Hours, and Elves
Who slept in buds the day.

And many a Nymph who wreathes her
brows with sedge,*
And sheds the freshening dew, and,
lovelier still,
The pensive Pleasures sweet,
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy
scene ;
Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary
dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Or, if chill blustering winds, or driving
rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That from the mountain's side,
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd
spires ;
And hears their simple bell, and marks
o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

* The water-nymphs, Naiads, are so crowned.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as
oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest
Eve !
While summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light ;

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with
leaves :
Or Winter yelling through the troublous
air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes ;

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling
Peace,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favourite name !

THE PASSIONS.

WHEN music, heavenly maid, was
young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possess'd beyond the Muse's paint-
ing :

By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturb'd, delighted, raised, refined ;
Till once, 'tis said, when all were
fired,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatch'd their instruments of
sound ;
And, as they oft had heard apart,
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each (for Madness ruled the hour)
Would prove his own expressive
power.

First, Fear, his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next, Anger rush'd : his eyes on fire
In lightnings own'd his secret
stings :

In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the
strings.

With woeful measures wan Despair
Low, sullen sounds his grief be-
guiled;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
'T was sad by fits, by starts 't was
wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whisper'd promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at dis-
tance hail!

Still would her touch the strain pro-
long;
And from the rocks, the woods, the
vale,
She call'd on Echo still, through all
the song:

And, where her sweetest theme she
chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard
at every close,
And Hope enchanted smiled, and
waved her golden hair.
And longer had she sung;—but with
a frown,

Revenge impatient rose:
He threw his blood-stain'd sword, in
thunder, down;
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of
woe!

And, ever and anon, he beat
The doubling drum, with furious
heat;
And though sometimes, each dreary
pause between,
Dejected Pity, at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd
mien,

While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd
bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were
fix'd;
Sad proof of thy distressful state;

Of differing themes the veering song was
mix'd;
And now it courted Love, now raving
call'd on Hate,

With eyes up-raised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sate retired,
And from her wild sequester'd seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Pour'd through the mellow horn her
pensive soul:

And, dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the sound;
Through glades and glooms the mingled
measure stole,

Or o'er some haunted stream, with
fond delay,
Round an holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace, and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away,
But O! how alter'd was its sprightlier
tone,

When Cheerfulness, a nymph of heal-
thiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemm'd with morning
dew,

Blew an inspiring air, that dale and
thicket rung,
The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad
known!

The oak-crown'd sisters, and their
chaste-eyed Queen,*
Satyrs and Sylvan Boys were seen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green:
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear;
And Sport leapt up and seized his
beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial:
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand ad-
dress'd;

But soon he saw the brisk-awakening
viol.

Whose sweet entrancing voice he
loved the best;
They would have thought who
heard the strain
They saw, in Tempé's vale, her
native maids,
Amidst the festal sounding shades,

* The Dryads and Diana.

To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
While as his flying fingers kiss'd the
strings,
Love fram'd with Mirth a gay fan-
tastic round:
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone
unbound;
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy
wings.

O Music! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid!
Why, goddess, why, to us denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
As, in that loved Athenian bower,
You learn'd an all-commanding
power,
Thy mimic soul, O Nymph endear'd,
Can well recall what then it heard;
Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders, in that god-like age,
Fill thy recording Sister's page—
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more pre-
vail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard
age;
E'en all at once together found,
Cecilia's mingled world of sound—
O bid our vain endeavour cease;
Revive the just designs of Greece:
Return in all thy simple state!
Confirm the tales her sons relate!

FROM AN ODE ON THE POPULAR
SUPERSTITIONS OF THE HIGH-
LANDS; CONSIDERED AS THE
SUBJECT OF POETRY.

ADDRESSED TO MR. JOHN HOME.

THESE, too, thou'lt sing! for well thy
magic muse
Can to the topmost heaven of grandeur
soar;

Or stoop to wail the swain that is no
more!
Ah, homely swains! your homeward steps
ne'er lose;
Let not dank Will * mislead you to the
heath;
Dancing in murky night, o'er fen and lake,
He glows to draw you downward to
your death,
In his bewitch'd, low, marshy, willow
brake!

What though far off, from some dark dell
espied
His glimmering mazes cheer the excur-
sive sight,
Yet, turn, ye wanderers, turn your steps
aside,
Nor trust the guidance of that faithless
light:
For watchful, lurking, mid th' unrustling
reed, [lies,
At those murky hours the wily monster
And listens oft to hear the passing steed,
And frequent round him rolls his sullen
eyes,
If chance his savage wrath may some weak
wretch surprise.

Ah, luckless swain, o'er all unblest'd,
indeed!
Whom late bewilder'd in the dank,
dark fen,
Far from his flocks, and smoking
hamlet, then!
To that sad spot where hums the sedgy
weed:
On him, enraged, the fiend, in angry
mood,
Shall never look with Pity's kind concern,
But instant, furious, raise the whelming
flood
O'er its drown'd banks, forbidding all
return!
Or if he meditate his wish'd escape,
To some dim hill, that seems uprising
near,
To his faint eye, the grim and grisly
shape,

* A fiery meteor, called by various names, such
as Will with the Whisp, Jack with the Lantern,
&c. It hovers in the air over marshy and fenny
places.

In all its terrors clad, shall wild appear.
 Meantime the watery surge shall round
 him rise,
 Pour'd sudden forth from every swelling
 source!
 What now remains but tears and hope-
 less sighs?
 His fear-shook limbs have lost their youth-
 ful force,
 And down the waves he floats, a pale
 and breathless corse!

For him in vain his anxious wife shall
 wait,
 Or wander forth to meet him on his
 way!
 For him in vain at to-fall of the day,
 His babes shall linger at th' unclosing
 gate!
 Ah, ne'er shall he return! alone, if
 night
 Her travell'd limbs in broken slumbers
 steep!
 With drooping willows dress'd, his mourn-
 ful sprite
 Shall visit sad, perchance, her silent
 sleep:

Then he, perhaps, with moist and watery
 hand
 Shall fondly seem to press her shudder-
 ing cheek,
 And with his blue swoln face before her
 stand,
 And shivering cold these piteous accents
 speak:

"Pursue, dear wife, thy daily toils pursue,
 At dawn or dusk, industrious as before;
 Nor e'er of me one helpless thought renew,
 While I lie weltering on the osier
 shore,
 Drown'd by the Kelpie's* wrath, nor e'er
 shall aid thee more!"

Unbounded is thy range; with varied
 skill
 Thy muse may, like those feathery
 tribes which spring
 From their rude rocks, extend her
 skirting wing
 Round the moist marge of each cold
 Hebrid isle,

* The water fiend.

To that hoar pile* which still its ruins
 shows;
 In whose small vaults a pigmy-folk is
 found,
 Whose bones the delver with his spade
 upthrows,
 And culls them, wondering, from the
 hallow'd ground
 Or thither, † where beneath the showery
 west,
 The mighty kings of three fair realms
 are laid;
 Once foes, perhaps, together now they
 rest,
 No slaves revere them, and no wars
 invade:
 Yet frequent now, at midnight solemn
 hour,
 The rifted mounds their yawning cells
 unfold,
 And forth the monarchs stalk with sove-
 reign power,
 In pageant robes, and wreathed with
 sheeny gold,
 And on their twilight tombs aerial council
 hold.

But, oh! o'er all, forget not Kilda's
 race,
 On whose bleak rocks, which brave the
 wasting tides,
 Fair Nature's daughter, Virtue, yet
 abides.
 Go! just, as they, their blameless manners
 trace!
 Then to my ear transmit some gentle
 song,
 Of those whose lives are yet sincere and
 plain,
 Their bounded walks the rugged cliffs
 along,
 And all their prospect but the wintry main.
 With sparing temperance, at the needful
 time,
 They drain the scented spring: or, hunger-
 press'd,

* One of the Hebrides is called the Isle of Pigmies; it is reported that several miniature bones of the human species have been dug up in the ruins of a chapel there.

† Icolmkill, one of the Hebrides, where near sixty of the ancient Scottish, Irish, and Norwegian kings are interred.

Along th' Atlantic rock, undreading
 climb,
 And of its eggs despoil the solan's nest.*
 Thus, blest in primal innocence they
 live,
 Sufficed and happy with that frugal fare
 Which tasteful toil and hourly danger
 give:
 Hard is their shallow soil, and bleak and
 bare;
 Nor ever vernal bee was heard to
 murmur there!

Nor need'st thou blush that such false
 themes engage
 Thy gentle mind, of fairer stores pos-
 sess'd;
 For not alone they touch the village
 breast,
 But fill'd, in elder time, the historic
 page.
 There, Shakspeare's self, with every
 garland crown'd,
 Flew to those fairy climes his fancy sheen,
 In musing hour, his wayward sisters
 found,
 And with their terrors dress'd the magic
 scene.
 From them he sung, when mid his bold
 design,
 Before the Scot, afflicted, and aghast!
 The shadowy kings of Banquo's fated
 line
 Through the dark cave in gloomy pageant
 pass'd.
 Proceed! nor quit the tales which,
 simply told,
 Could once so well my answering bosom
 pierce;
 Proceed, in forceful sounds, and colour
 bold,
 The native legends of thy land rehearse;
 To such adapt thy lyre, and suit thy
 powerful verse.

In scenes like these, which, daring to
 depart
 From sober truth, are still to nature
 true,

* An aquatic bird like a goose, on the eggs of which the inhabitants of St. Kilda, another of the Hebrides, chiefly subsist.

And call forth fresh delight to fancy's
 view,
 Th' heroic muse employ'd her Tasso's
 heart!
 How have I trembled, when, at Tan-
 cred's stroke,
 Its gushing blood the gaping cypress
 pour'd!
 When each live plant with mortal accents
 spoke,
 And the wild blast upheaved the vanish'd
 sword?
 How have I sat, when piped the pensive
 wind,
 To hear his harp by British Fairfax strung!
 Prevailing poet! whose undoubting
 mind
 Believed the magic wonders which he
 sung;
 Hence, at each sound, imagination
 glows!
 Hence, at each picture, vivid life starts
 here!
 Hence his warm lay with softest sweet-
 ness flows!
 Melting it flows, pure, murmuring, strong,
 and clear,
 And fills th' impassion'd heart, and wins
 the harmonious ear!

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE,

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
 Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
 Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
 And rife all the breathing spring,

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
 To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;
 But shepherd lads assemble here,
 And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
 No goblins lead their nightly crew;
 But female fays shall haunt the green,
 And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

The redbreast oft at evening hours
 Shall kindly lend his little aid,
 With hoary moss and gather'd flowers
 To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds and beating rain
In tempests shake the sylvan cell,
Or 'midst the chase upon the plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed ;
Beloved till life can charm no more,
And mourn'd till Pity's self be dead.

ODE TO MERCY.

STROPHE.

O THOU, who sit'st a smiling bride
By Valour's arm'd and awful side,
Gentlest of sky-born forms, and best
adored ;

Who oft with songs, divine to hear,
Win'st from his fatal grasp the spear,
And hid'st in wreaths of flowers his
bloodless sword !

Thou who, amidst the deathful field,
By god-like chiefs alone beheld,
Oft with thy bosom bare art found,
Pleading for him the youth who sinks to
ground :

See, Mercy, see, with pure and loaded
hands,
Before thy shrine my country's genius
stands,
And decks thy altar still, though pierced
with many a wound !

ANTISTROPHE.

When he whom ev'n our joys provoke,
The fiend of nature join'd his yoke,
And rush'd in wrath to make our isle his
prey ;

Thy form, from out thy sweet abode,
O'ertook him on his blasted road,
And stopp'd his wheels, and look'd his
rage away.

I see recoil his sable steeds,
That bore him swift to savage deeds,
Thy tender melting eyes they own ;
O maid, for all thy love to Britain shown,
Where Justice bars her iron tower,
To thee we build a roseate bower,
Thou, thou shalt rule our queen, and
share our monarch's throne !

ON THE DEATH OF THOMSON.

In yonder grave a Druid lies
Where slowly winds the stealing wave !
The year's best sweets shall duteous
rise,
To deck its poet's sylvan grave !

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds
His airy harp shall now be laid,
That he whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
May love through life the soothing
shade.

Then maids and youths shall linger here,
And, while its sounds at distance swell,
Shall sadly seem in pity's ear
To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore
When Thames in summer wreaths is
drest,
And oft suspend the dashing oar
To bid his gentle spirit rest !

And oft as ease and health retire
To breezy lawn, or forest deep,
The friend shall view yon whitening spire,
And 'mid the varied landscape weep.

But thou, who own'st that earthy bed,
Ah ! what will every dirge avail ?
Or tears which love and pity shed,
That mourn beneath the gliding sail !

Yet lives there one, whose heedless eye
Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimmering
near ?

With him, sweet bard, may fancy die,
And joy desert the blooming year.

But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen tide
No sedge-crown'd sisters now attend,
Now waft me from the green hill's side
Whose cold turf hides the buried friend !

And see, the fairy valleys fade,
Dun night has veil'd the solemn view !
Yet once again, dear parted shade,
Meek nature's child, again adieu !

The genial meads assign'd to bless
Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom !

Their hinds and shepherd girls shall dress
With simple hands thy rural tomb.

Long, long, thy stone, and pointed clay
Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes,
O ! vales, and wild woods, shall he say,
In yonder grave your Druid lies !

[WILLIAM SHENSTONE. 1714—1763.]

THE SCHOOL-MISTRESS.

IN every village mark'd with little spire,
Embower'd in trees and hardly known to
fame,

There dwells, in lowly shed and mean
attire,

A matron old, whom we Schoolmistress
name,

Who boasts unruly brats with birch to
tame ;

They grieven sore, in piteous durance
pent,

Aw'd by the power of this relentless
dame,

And oft times, on vagaries idly bent,
For unkempt hair, or task unconn'd, are
sorely shent.

* * * * *

Near to this dome is found a patch so
green,

On which the tribe their gambols do dis-
play,

And at the door imprisoning board is
seen,

Lest weakly wights of smaller size
should stray,

Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day !
The noises intermix'd, which thence re-
sound,

Do learning's little tenement betray,
Where sits the dame, disguis'd in look
profound,

And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her
wheel around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
Emblem right meet of decency does
yield ;

Her apron dy'd in grain, as blue, I trow,
As is the harebell that adorns the field ;

And in her hand, for sceptre, she does
wield

'Tway birchen sprays, with anxious fear
entwin'd,

With dark distrust, and sad repentance
fill'd,

And stedfast hate, and sharp affliction
join'd,

And fury uncontroll'd, and chastisement
unkind.

* * * * *

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders
thrown,

A russet kirtle fenc'd the nipping air ;
'Twas simple russet, but it was her own ;

'Twas her own country bred the flock so
fair ;

'Twas her own labour did the fleece pre-
pare ;

And, sooth to say, her pupils rang'd
around,

Through pious awe did term it passing
rare,

For they in gaping wonderment abound,
And think, no doubt, she been the
greatest wight on ground.

Albeit, ne flattery did corrupt her truth,
Ne pompous title did debauch her ear,

Goody, good-woman, gossip, n'aunt, for-
sooth,

Or dame, the sole additions she did hear ;
Yet these she challeng'd, these she held
right dear ;

Ne would esteem him act as mought
behave

Who should not honour'd eld with these
revere :

For never title yet so mean could prove,
But there was eke a mind which did that
title love.

* * * * *

Herbs too she knew, and well of each
could speak

That in her garden sipp'd the silvery dew,
Where no vain flower disclos'd a gaudy
streak,

But herbs for use and physic, not a few
Of gray renown, within those borders
grew ;

The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,

Fresh baum, and marygold of cheerful hue,
The lowly gill, that never dares to climb,
And more I fain would sing, disdain
here to rhyme.

Yet euphrasy may not be left unsung,
That gives dim eyes to wander leagues around,
And pungent radish, biting infant's tongue,
And plantain ribb'd, that heals the reaper's wound,
And marjoram sweet, in shepherd's posy found,
And lavender, whose spikes of azure bloom
Shall be, erewhile, in arid bundles bound,
To lurk amidst the labours of her loom,
And crown her kerchiefs clean with mickle rare perfume.

* * * * *

Here oft the dame, on sabbath's decent eve,
Hymned such psalms as Sternhold forth did mete ;
If winter 'twere, she to her hearth did cleave,
But in her garden found a summer-seat :
Sweet melody ! to hear her then repeat
How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king,
While taunting foe-men did a song entreat,
All for the nonce untuning every string,
Upon their useless lyres—small heart had they to sing.

For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore,
And pass'd much time in truly virtuous deed ;
And in those elfins' ears would oft deplore
The times when Truth by Popish rage did bleed,
And tortuous death was true Devotion's meed ;
And simple Faith in iron chains did mourn,
That n'ould on wooden image place her creed ;
And lawny saints in smouldering flames did burn :

Ah ! dearest Lord ! forefend, thilk days
should e'er return.

* * * * *

Right well she knew each temper to descry,
To thwart the proud, and the submits to raise,
Some with vile copper prize exalt on high,
And some entice with pittance small of praise,
And other some with baleful sprig she 'frays :
Ev'n absent, she the reins of power doth hold,
While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she sways ;
Forewarn'd, if little bird their pranks behold,
'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.

~~~~~

#### THE SCHOOL LET OUT.

BUT now Dan Phoebus gains the middle sky,  
And Liberty unbars her prison-door,  
And like a rushing torrent out they fly,  
And now the grassy cirque han cover'd o'er  
With boisterous revel-rout and wild uproar ;  
A thousand ways in wanton rings they run,  
Heaven shield their short-liv'd pastime, I implore !  
For well may freedom, erst so dearly won,  
Appear to British elf more gladsome than the sun.  
Enjoy, poor imps ! enjoy your sportive trade,  
And chase gay flies, and cull the fairest flowers,  
For when my bones in grass-green sods are laid,  
For never may ye taste more careless hours  
In knightly castles, or in ladies' bowers.  
O vain to seek delight in earthly thing !

But most in courts, where proud Ambition towers ;  
Deluded wight ! who weens fair peace can spring  
Beneath the pompous dome of kesar or of king.

See in each sprite some various bent appear !  
These rudely carol, most incondite lay ;  
Those sauntering on the green, with jocund leer  
Salute the stranger passing on his way ;  
Some builden fragile tenements of clay,  
Some to the standing lake their courses bend,  
With pebbles smooth at duck and drake to play ;  
Thilk to the huckster's savoury cottage tend,  
In pastry kings and queens th' allotted mite to spend.

Here as each season yields a different store,  
Each season's stores in order ranged been,  
Apples with cabbage-net y'cover'd o'er,  
Galling full sore th' unmoney'd wight, are seen,  
And gooseberry, clad in livery red or green ;  
And here of lovely dye the catherine pear,  
Fine pear ! as lovely for thy juice I ween !  
O may no wight e'er pennyless come there,  
Lest smit with ardent love he pine with hopeless care !

See ! cherries here, ere cherries yet about,  
With thread so white in tempting posies tied,  
Scattering like blooming maid their glances round,  
With pamper'd look draw little eyes aside,  
And must be bought, though penury betide ;  
The plum all azure, and the nut all brown,  
And here, each season, do those cakes abide,

Whose honour'd names th' inventive city own,  
Rendering through Britain's isle Salopia's praises known.

~~~~~

[MARK AKENSIDE 1721—1770.]

THE MINGLED PAIN AND PLEASURE ARISING FROM VIRTUOUS EMOTIONS.

Pleasures of the Imagination.

BEHOLD the ways
Of Heaven's eternal destiny to man,
For ever just, benevolent, and wise :
That Virtue's awful steps, howe'er pursued
By vexing Fortune and intrusive Pain,
Should never be divided from her chaste,
Her fair attendant, Pleasure. Need I urge
Thy tardy thought through all the various round
Of this existence, that thy soft'ning soul
At length may learn what energy the hand
Of Virtue mingles in the bitter tide
Of passion swelling with distress and pain,
To mitigate the sharp with gracious drops
Of cordial Pleasure ? Ask the faithful youth,
Why the cold urn of her whom long he lov'd
So often fills his arms ; so often draws
His lonely footsteps, at the silent hour,
To pay the mournful tribute of his tears ?
O ! he will tell thee, that the wealth of worlds
Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego
That sacred hour, when, stealing from the noise
Of Care and Envy, sweet Remembrance soothes,
With Virtue's kindest looks, his aching breast,
And turns his tears to rapture.—Ask the crowd,
Which flies impatient from the village walk
To climb the neigh'ring cliffs, when far below
The cruel winds have hurl'd upon the coast

Some hapless bark; while sacred Pity melts
The gen'ral eye, or Terror's icy hand
Smites their distorted limbs and horrent hair;
While ev'ry mother closer to her breast
Catches her child, and, pointing where the waves
Foam through the shatter'd vessel, shrieks aloud,
As one poor wretch, that spreads his piteous arms
For succour, swallow'd by the roaring surge,
As now another, dash'd against the rock,
Drops lifeless down. O! deemest thou indeed
No kind endearment here by Nature giv'n
To mutual Terror and Compassion's tears?
No sweetly-smelling softness, which attracts,
O'er all that edge of pain, the social pow'rs
To this their proper action and their end?—
Ask thy own heart; when, at the midnight hour,
Slow through that studious gloom thy pausing eye,
Led by the glimm'ring taper, moves around
The sacred volumes of the dead, the songs
Of Grecian bards, and records writ by Fame
For Grecian heroes, where the present pow'r
Of heav'n and earth surveys th' immortal page,
E'en as a father blessing, while he reads
The praises of his son; if then thy soul,
Spurning the yoke of these inglorious days,
Mix in their deeds and kindle with their flame:
Say, when the prospect blackens on thy view,
When rooted from the base, heroic states
Mourn in the dust, and tremble at the frown
Of curs'd Ambition;—when the pious
Of youths that fought for freedom and their sires

Lie side by side in gore;—when ruffian Pride
Usurps the throne of Justice, turns the pomp
Of public pow'r the majesty of rule,
The sword, the laurel, and the purple robe,
To slavish empty pageants, to adorn
A tyrant's walk, and glitter in the eyes
Of such as bow the knee;—when honour'd urns
Of patriots and of chiefs, the awful bust
And storied arch, to glut the coward rage
Of regal envy, strew the public way
With hallow'd ruins!—when the muse's haunt,
The marble porch where Wisdom, wont to talk
With Socrates or Tully, hears no more,
Save the hoarse jargon of contentious monks,
Or female Superstition's midnight pray'r;—
When ruthless Rapine from the hand of Time
Tears the destroying scythe, with surer blow
To sweep the works of Glory from their base;
Till Desolation o'er the grass-grown street
Expands his raven wings, and up the wall,
Where senates once the pride of monarchs doom'd,
Hisses the gliding snake through hoary weeds,
That clasp the mould'ring column:—thus defac'd,
Thus widely mournful when the prospect thrills
Thy beating bosom, when the patriot's tear
Starts from thine eye, and thy extended arm
In fancy hurls the thunderbolt of Jove,
To fire the impious wreath on Philip's brow,
Or dash Octavius from the trophied car;—
Say, does thy secret soul repine to taste
The big distress? or wouldst thou then exchange
Those heart-ennobling sorrows for the lot
Of him who sits amid the gaudy herd

Of mute barbarians bending to his nod,
And bears aloft his gold-invested front,
And says within himself, "I am a king,
"And wherefore should the clam'rous voice of Woe
"Intrude upon mine ear?"—The baleful dregs
Of these late ages, this inglorious draught
Of servitude and folly, have not yet,
Blest be th' Eternal Ruler of the world!
Defil'd to such a depth of sordid shame
The native honours of the human soul,
Nor so effac'd the image of its sire.

ON TASTE.

SAY, what is Taste, but the internal pow'rs
Active and strong, and feelingly alive
To each fine impulse? a discerning sense
Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust
From things deform'd, or disarrang'd, or gross
In species? This nor gems, nor stores of gold,
Nor purple state, nor culture can bestow;
But God alone, when first his active hand
Imprints the sacred bias of the soul.
He, Mighty Parent! wise and just in all,
Free as the vital breeze, or light of heav'n,
Reveals the charms of Nature. Ask the swain
Who journeys homeward from a summer-day's
Long labour, why, forgetful of his toils
And due repose, he loiters to behold
The sunshine gleaming as through amber clouds
O'er all the western sky! Full soon, I ween,
His rude expression, and untutor'd airs,
Beyond the pow'r of language, will unfold
The form of Beauty smiling at his heart,
How lovely! how commanding! But though Heav'n
In every breast hath sown these early seeds
Of love and admiration, yet in vain,
Without fair Culture's kind parental aid,
Without enliv'ning suns and genial show'rs,

And shelter from the blast, in vain we hope
The tender plant should rear its blooming head,
Or yield the harvest promis'd in its spring.
Nor yet will ev'ry soil with equal stores
Repay the tiller's labour; or attend
His will, obsequious, whether to produce
The olive or the laurel. Diff'rent minds
Incline to diff'rent objects: one pursues
The vast alone, the wonderful, the wild;
Another sighs for harmony and grace,
And gentlest beauty. Hence when lightning fires
The arch of heav'n, and thunders rock the ground;
When furious whirlwinds rend the howling air,
And Ocean, groaning from his lowest bed,
Heaves his tempestuous billows to the sky;
Amid the mighty uproar, while below
The nations tremble, Shakspeare looks abroad
From some high cliff, superior, and enjoys
The elemental war. But Waller longs,
All on the margin of some flow'ry stream,
To spread his careless limbs, amid the cool
Of plantane shades, and to the list'ning deer
The tale of slighted vows and Love's disdain
Resounds, soft warbling, all the livelong day.
Consenting Zephyr sighs; the weeping rill
Joins in his plaint, melodious; mute the groves;
And hill and dale with all their echoes mourn.
Such and so various are the tastes of men.

THE PLEASURES OF A CULTIVATED IMAGINATION.

O BLEST of Heav'n, whom not the languid songs
Of Luxury, the siren! not the bribes
Of sordid Wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils

Of pageant Honour, can seduce to leave
Those everblooming sweets, which from
the store
Of Nature fair Imagination culls,
To charm th' enliven'd soul! What
though not all
Of mortal offspring can attain the height
Of envied life; though only few possess
Patrician treasures, or imperial state:
Yet Nature's care to all her children just,
With richer treasures and an ampler state
Endows at large whatever happy man
Will deign to use them. His the city's
pomp,
The rural honours his. Whate'er adorns
The princely dome, the column, and the
arch,
The breathing marbles, and the sculptur'd
gold,
Beyond the proud possessor's narrow
claim,
His tuneful breast enjoys. For him the
Spring
Distils her dew, and from the silken gem
Its lucid leaves unfolds; for him the hand
Of Autumn tinges every fertile branch
With blooming gold, and blushes like the
morn.
Each passing hour sheds tribute from her
wing;
And still new beauties meet his lonely
walk,
And loves unfelt attract him. Not a
breeze
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud im-
bibes
The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain
From all the tenants of the warbling
shade
Ascend, but whence his bosom can par-
take
Fresh pleasure unproved.

[ANONYMOUS. 1720.]

WALY, WALY, BUT LOVE BE
BONNY.

O WALY, waly up the bank,
And waly, waly down the brae,
And waly, waly yon burn-side,
Where I and my love went to gae.

I lean'd my back unto an aik,
And thought it was a trusty tree,
But first it bow'd, and syne it brak',
Sae my true love did lightly me.

O waly, waly, but love is bonny,
A little time while it is new,
But when 'tis auld, it waxeth cauld,
And fades away like morning dew.
Oh! wherefore should I busk my head?
Or wherefore should I kame my hair?
For my true love has me forsook,
And says he'll never love me mair.

Now Arthur-Seat shall be my bed,
The sheets shall ne'er be fil'd by me,
Saint Anton's well shall be my drink,
Since my true love's forsaken me.
Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
And shake the green leaves off the tree?
Oh, gentle death! when wilt thou come?
For of my life I am weary.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
Nor blowing snows inclemency;
'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,
But my love's heart grown cauld to me.
When we came in by Glasgow town,
We were a comely sight to see;
My love was clad in the black velvet,
And I mysel' in cramasie.

But had I wist before I kiss'd
That love had been so ill to win,
I'd lock'd my heart in a case of gold,
And pinn'd it with a silver pin.
And oh! if my young babe were born,
And set upon the nurse's knee,
And I mysel' were dead and gane,
Wi' the green grass growing over me!

[ANONYMOUS. 1720.]

LADY ANNE BOTHWELL'S
LAMENT.

BALOW, my babe! lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sore to hear thee weep:
If thou'lt be silent, I'll be glad,
Thy mourning makes my heart full sad.
Balow, my babe! thy mother's joy!
Thy father bred me great annoy.

Balow, my babe! lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sore to hear thee
weep.

Balow, my darling! sleep awhile,
And when thou wak'st then sweetly
smile;
But smile not as thy father did,
To cozen maids; nay, God forbid!
For in thine eye his look I see,
The tempting look that ruin'd me.
Balow, my babe, &c.

When he began to court my love,
And with his sugar'd words to move,
His tempting face, and flatt'ring cheer,
That time to me did not appear;
But now I see that cruel he
Cares neither for his babe nor me.
Balow, my babe, &c.

Farewell, farewell, thou falsest youth
That ever kiss a woman's mouth!
Let never any after me
Submit unto thy courtesy:
For, if they do, oh! cruel thou
Wilt her abuse, and care not how.
Balow, my babe, &c.

I was too cred'lous at the first
To yield thee all a maiden durst:
Thou swore for ever true to prove,
Thy faith unchang'd, unchang'd thy love;
But quick as thought the change is
wrought,
Thy love's no more, thy promise nought.
Balow, my babe, &c.

I wish I were a maid again,
From young men's flattery I'd refrain;
For now unto my grief I find
They all are perjurd and unkind:
Bewitching charms bred all my harms,
Witness my babe lies in my arms.
Balow, my babe, &c.

I take my fate from bad to worse,
That I must needs be now a nurse,
And lull my young son on my lap!
From me, sweet orphan, take the pap.
Balow, my child! thy mother mild
Shall wail as from all bliss exiled.
Balow, my babe, &c.

Balow, my babe! weep not for me,
Whose greatest grief's for wronging
thee,
Nor pity her deserved smart
Who can blame none but her fond
heart;
For, too soon trusting latest finds
With fairest tongues are falsest minds.
Balow, my babe, &c.

Balow, my babe! thy father's fled,
When he the thriftless son has play'd:
Of vows and oaths forgetful, he
Preferr'd the wars to thee and me;
But now perhaps thy curse and mine
Make him eat acorns with the swine.
Balow, my babe, &c.

But curse not him; perhaps now he,
Stung with remorse, is blessing thee:
Perhaps at death, for who can tell
Whether the Judge of heaven and hell,
By some proud foe has struck the blow,
And laid the dear deceiver low?
Balow, my babe, &c.

I wish I were into the bounds,
Where he lies smother'd in his wounds,
Repeating, as he pants for air,
My name, whom once he call'd his
fair!
No woman's yet so fiercely set,
But she'll forgive, tho' not forget.
Balow, my babe, &c.

If linen lacks, for my love's sake,
Then quickly to him would I make
My smock, once for his body meet,
And wrap him in that winding-sheet.
Ah me! how happy had I been,
If he had ne'er been wrapp'd therein.
Balow, my babe, &c.

Balow, my babe! I'll weep for thee;
Tho' soon, alack, thou'lt weep for me!
Thy griefs are growing to a sum,
God grant thee patience when they
come:
Born to sustain thy mother's shame
A hapless fate, a bastard's name.
Balow, my babe! lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sore to hear thee
weep.

[WM. HAMILTON OF BANGOUR. 1704—1754.]

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

“Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny
bride,

Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny
bride,

And let us leave the braes of Yarrow.”

“Where got ye that bonny bonny bride,
Where got ye that winsome marrow?”

“I got her where I durst not well be
seen,

Pu’ing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.”

“Weep not, weep not, my bonny bonny
bride,

Weep not, weep not, my winsome mar-
row,

Nor let thy heart lament to leave
Pu’ing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.”

“Why does she weep, thy bonny bonny
bride?

Why does she weep thy winsome mar-
row?

And why dare ye nae mair well be seen
Pu’ing the birks on the braes of Yar-
row?”

“Lang must she weep, lang must she,
must she weep,

Lang must she weep with dule and
sorrow,

And lang must I nae mair well be seen
Pu’ing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

“For she has tint her lover, lover dear,
Her lover dear, the cause of sorrow;

And I have slain the comeliest swain
That ever pu’ed birks on the braes of
Yarrow.

“Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow,
Yarrow, reid?

Why on thy braes heard the voice of
sorrow?

And why yon melancholious weeds,
Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow?

“What’s yonder floats on the rueful,
rueful flood?

What’s yonder floats? Oh, dule and
sorrow!

Oh! ’tis the comely swain I slew
Upon the doleful braes of Yarrow!

“Wash, oh, wash his wounds, his wounds
in tears,

His wounds in tears of dule and sorrow,
And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds,
And lay him on the braes of Yarrow!

“Then build, then build, ye sisters,
sisters sad,

Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow,
And weep around in woeful wise,
His helpless fate on the braes of Yarrow.

“Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless
shield,

My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,
The fatal spear that pierc’d his breast,
His comely breast on the braes of Yar-
row.

“Did I not warn thee not to, not to love,
And warn from fight? but to my sorrow,
Too rashly bold, a stronger arm
Thou met’st, and fell on the braes of
Yarrow.

“Sweet smells the birk, green grows,
green grows the grass,

Yellow on Yarrow braes the gowan,
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
Sweet is the wave of Yarrow flowan.

“Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet, as
sweet flows Tweed,

As green its grass, its gowan as yellow,
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
The apple from its rocks as mellow.

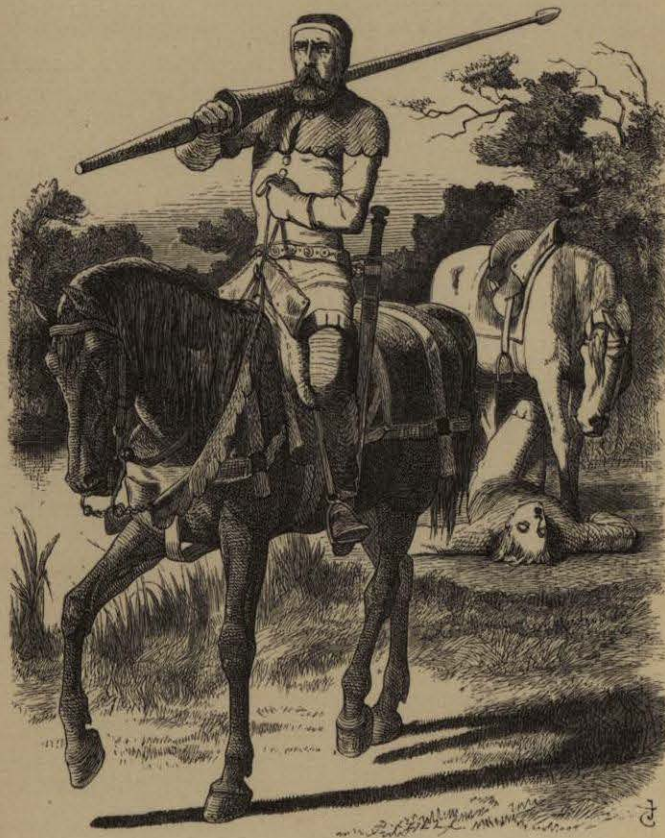
“Fair was thy love, fair, fair indeed thy
love,

In flow’ry bands thou didst him fetter;
Tho’ he was fair, and well belov’d again,
Than me he never lov’d thee better.

“Busk ye, then busk, my bonny bonny
bride,

Busk ye, then busk, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, and lo’e me on the banks of
Tweed,

And think nae mair on the braes of
Yarrow.”



THE BRAES OF YARROW (WM. HAMILTON OF BANGOUR.)

“Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless shield,
My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,
The fatal spear that pierc’d his breast,
His comely breast on the braes of Yarrow.”—P. 136.

"How can I busk a bonny bonny bride,
How can I busk a winsome marrow?
How lo'e him on the banks of Tweed
That slew my love on the braes of Yarrow?"

"Oh, Yarrow fields! may never, never
rain,
Nor dew thy tender blossoms cover,
For there was vilely kill'd my love,
My love as he had not been a lover!"

"The boy put on his robes, his robes of
green,
His purple vest, 'twas my ain sewing:
Ah! wretched me, I little, little knew,
He was in these to meet his ruin.

"The boy took out his milk-white, milk-
white steed,
Unheedful of my dule and sorrow,
But ere the toofal of the night,
He lay a corpse on the braes of Yarrow.

"Much I rejoic'd that woeful, woeful
day,
I sung, my voice the woods returning;
But lang ere night the spear was floun
That slew my love, and left me mourning.

"What can my barbarous, barbarous
father do,
But with his cruel rage pursue me?
My lover's blood is on thy spear;
How canst thou, barbarous man, then woo
me?"

"My happy sisters may be, may be
proud;
With cruel and ungentle scoffing,
May bid me seek on Yarrow's braes
My lover nailed in his coffin.

"My brother Douglas may upbraid,
And strive with threat'ning words to move
me;
My lover's blood is on thy spear,
How canst thou ever bid me love thee?"

"Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of
love,
With bridal sheets my body cover;
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
Let in the expected husband lover!"

"But who the expected husband, husband
is?"

His hands, methinks, are bath'd in
slaughter.

Ah me! what ghastly spectre's yon,
Comes, in his pale shroud, bleeding, after?"

"Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him
down,

Oh, lay his cold head on my pillow!
Take aff, take aff these bridal weeds,
And crown my careful head with yellow.

"Pale tho' thou art, yet best, yet best
belov'd,

Oh, could my warmth to life restore thee,
Ye 't lie all night between my breasts:
No youth lay ever there before thee.

"Pale, indeed, oh, lovely, lovely youth!
Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,
And lie all night between my breasts,

No youth shall ever lie there after."

Return, return, oh, mournful, mournful
bride!

Return and dry thy useless sorrow:
Thy lover heeds naught of thy sighs,
He lies a corpse on the braes of Yarrow!

[ANONYMOUS. 1726.]

WHY, LOVELY CHARMER.

The Hive.

WHY, lovely charmer, tell me why,
So very kind, and yet so shy?
Why does that cold forbidding air
Give damps of sorrow and despair?
Or why that smile my soul subdue,
And kindle up my flames anew?

In vain you strive, with all your art,
By turns to fire and freeze my heart;
When I behold a face so fair,
So sweet a look, so soft an air,
My ravish'd soul is charm'd all o'er,—
I cannot love thee less or more.

[ANONYMOUS. 1726.]

UNHAPPY LOVE.

I SEE she flies me everywhere,
Her eyes her scorn discover :
But what's her scorn, or my despair,
Since 'tis my fate to love her ?
Were she but kind whom I adore,
I might live longer, but not love her more.

[ANONYMOUS. 1726.]

TILL DEATH I SYLVIA MUST
ADORE.

TILL death I Sylvia must adore ;
No time my freedom can restore ;
For though her rigour makes me smart,
Yet when I try to free my heart,
Straight all my senses take her part.

And when against the cruel maid
I call my reason to my aid ;
By that, alas ! I plainly see
That nothing lovely is but she ;
And reason captivates me more.
Than all my senses did before.

[ALEXANDER POPE. 1688—1744.]

THE MESSIAH.

A SACRED ECLOGUE : IN IMITATION
OF VIRGIL'S POLLIO.

YE nymphs of Solyma ! begin the song :
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains, and the sylvan
shades,
The dreams of Pindus and the Aonian
maids,
Delight no more—O Thou my voice
inspire
Who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with
fire !
Rapt into future times, the bard begun :
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a
Son !
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills
the skies :

The ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall
move,
And on its top descends the mystic dove.
Ye heavens ! from high the dewy nectar
pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly shower !
The sick and weak the healing plant shall
aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a
shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud
shall fail ;
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale ;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand ex-
tend,
And white-robed Innocence from heaven
descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise the expected
morn !
Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be
born !
See Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to
bring,
With all the incense of the breathing
spring :
See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding forests on the mountains
dance :
See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the
skies !
Hark ! a glad voice the lonely desert
cheers ;
Prepare the way ! a God, a God appears :
A God, a God ! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives him from the bending
skies !
Sink down, ye mountains, and, ye valleys,
rise ;
With heads declined, ye cedars, homage
pay ;
Be smooth, ye rocks ; ye rapid floods,
give way ;
The Saviour comes ! by ancient bards fore-
told !
Hear him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, be-
hold !
He from thick films shall purge the visual
ray,
And on the sightless eyeball pour the day :
'Tis he the obstructed paths of sound shall
clear,

And bid new music charm the unfolding
ear :
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch
forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall
hear,
From every face he wipes off every tear.
In adamant chains shall Death be
bound,
And Hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal
wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture and the purest
air,
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep
directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night pro-
tects,
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom
warms ;
Thus shall mankind his guardian care
engage,
The promised Father of the future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful
eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered
o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no
more ;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a ploughshare
end.
Then palaces shall rise ; the joyful son
shall finish what his short-lived sire
began ;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall
yield,
And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap
the field.
The swain, in barren deserts with surprise
See lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise ;
And start, amidst the thirsty wilds, to
hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush
nods.
Waste sandy valleys, once perplex'd with
thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn ;

To leafless shrubs the flowering palms
succeed,
And odorous myrtle to the noisome
weed.
The lambs with wolves shall graze the
verdant mead,
And boys in flowery bands the tiger
lead ;
The steer and lion at one crib shall
meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's
feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleased the green lustre of the scales
survey,
And with their forked tongue shall inno-
cently play.
Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem,
rise !
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes !
See, a long race thy spacious courts adorn ;
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies !
See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend ;
See thy bright altars throng'd with pros-
trate kings,
And heap'd with products of Sabeen
springs,
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains
glow.
See heaven its sparkling portals wide dis-
play,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.
No more the rising sun shall gild the
morn,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn ;
But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts ; the Light himself
shall shine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine !
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke
decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt
away ;
But fix'd his word, his saving power
remains ;
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own MESSIAH
reigns !