

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

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

NIGHT.

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

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

THE FUTILITY OF FAME.

WHERE are the heroes of the ages past?
Where the brave chieftains, where the mighty ones
Who flourished in the infancy of days?
All to the grave gone down. On their fallen fame
Exulting, mocking at the pride of man,
Sits grim *Forgetfulness*.—The warrior's arm

Lies nerveless on the pillow of its shame;
Hushed is his stormy voice, and quenched the blaze

Of his red eye-ball.—Yesterday his name
Was mighty on the earth.—To-day—'tis what?

The meteor of the night of distant years,
That flashed unnoticed, save by wrinkled eld,

Musing at midnight upon prophecies,
Who at her lonely lattice saw the gleam
Point to the mist-poised shroud, then quietly

Closed her pale lips, and locked the secret up
Safe in the charnel's treasures.

O how weak
Is mortal man! how trifling—how confined

His scope of vision. Puffed with confidence,

His phrase grows big with immortality,
And he, poor insect of a summer's day,
Dreams of eternal honours to his name;
Of endless glory and perennial bays.
He idly reasons of eternity,

As of the train of ages,—when, alas!
Ten thousand thousand of his centuries

Are, in comparison a little point,
Too trivial for account.—O it is strange,

'Tis passing strange, to mark his fallacies;
Behold him proudly view some pompous pile,

Whose high dome swells to emulate the skies,

And smile and say, my name shall live with this

'Till Time shall be no more; while at his feet,

Yea, at his very feet the crumbling dust

Of the fallen fabric of the other day,
Preaches the solemn lesson—he *should* know,

That time must conquer; that the loudest blast

That ever filled Renown's obstreperous trump,

Fades in the lapse of ages, and expires.
Who lies inhumed in the terrific gloom

Of the gigantic pyramid? or who
Reared its huge walls? Oblivion laughs

and says,
The prey is mine.—They sleep, and never more

Their names shall strike upon the ear of man,

Their memory burst its fetters.

THE CITIES OF THE PAST.

WHERE is *Rome*?

She lives but in the tale of other times;

Her proud pavilions are the hermit's home;

And her long colonnades, her public walks,

Now faintly echo to the pilgrim's feet
Who comes to muse in solitude, and trace,

Through the rank moss revealed, her honoured dust.

But not to Rome alone has fate confined

The doom of ruin; cities numberless,

Tyre, Sidon, Carthage, Babylon, and Troy,

And rich Phœnicia—they are blotted out,

Half-razed from memory, and their very name

And being in dispute.

A THOUSAND YEARS HENCE.

WHERE now is Britain?—Where her laurelled names,

Her palaces and halls? Dashed in the dust.

Some second Vandal hath reduced her pride,

And with one big recoil hath thrown her back

To primitive barbarity.—Again,
Through her depopulated vales, the scream

Of bloody superstition hollow rings,
And the scared native to the tempest howls

The yell of deprecation. O'er her marts,
Her crowded ports, broods Silence; and the cry

Of the low curlew, and the pensive dash
Of distant billows, breaks alone the void.

Even as the savage sits upon the stone
That marks where stood her capitol, and hears

The bittern booming in the weeds, he shrinks

From the dismaying solitude.—Her bards
Sing in a language that hath perished;

And their wild harps, suspended o'er their graves,
Sigh to the desert winds a dying strain.

Meanwhile the arts, in second infancy,
Rise in some distant clime, and then perchance

Some bold adventurer, filled with golden dreams,
Steering his bark through trackless solitudes,

Where, to his wandering thoughts, no daring prow
Hath ever ploughed before,—espies the cliffs

Of fallen Albion.—To the land unknown
He journeys joyful; and perhaps descries
Some vestige of her ancient stateliness;

Then he, with vain conjecture, fills his mind

Of the unheard of race, which had arrived
At science in that solitary nook,
Far from the civil world: and sagely sighs

And moralizes on the state of man.

THE PAST ETERNITY.

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

THE FUTURE ETERNITY.

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

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

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

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

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

IRRESISTIBLE TIME.

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

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

SONNET TO MY MOTHER.

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

SECLUSION.

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

THE POET.

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

TO CONTEMPLATION.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ODE TO THOUGHT,
WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT.

I.

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

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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

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

V.

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

TO A TAPER.

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

DESPONDENCY.

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

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

TO CONSUMPTION.

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

THE WINTER TRAVELLER.

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

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

"I AM PLEASED, AND YET I'M
SAD."

I.

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

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

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

SOLITUDE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

ODE TO THE HARVEST MOON.

MOON of harvest, herald mild
Of plenty, rustic labour's child,
Hail! oh hail! I greet thy beam,
As soft it trembles o'er the stream,
And gilds the straw-thatched hamlet
wide,

Where innocence and peace reside;
'Tis thou that glad'st with joy the rustic
throng,
Promptest the tripping dance, th' exhila-
rating song.

Moon of harvest, I do love
O'er the uplands now to rove,
While thy modest ray serene
Gilds the wide surrounding scene;
And to watch thee riding high
In the blue vault of the sky,

Where no thin vapour intercepts thy
ray,
But in unclouded majesty thou walkest on
thy way.

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

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

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

'Neath yon lowly roof he lies,
The husbandman, with sleep-sealed
eyes;
He dreams of crowded barns, and
round

The yard he hears the flail re-
sound;
Oh! may no hurricane destroy
His visionary views of joy:
God of the winds! oh, hear his humble
prayer,
And while the moon of harvest shines,
thy blustering whirlwind spare.

Sons of luxury, to you
Leave I sleep's dull power to woo:
Press ye still the downy bed,
While feverish dreams surround your
head;

I will seek the woodland glade,
Penetrate the thickest shade,
Wrapt in contemplation's dreams,
Musing high on holy themes,
While on the gale
Shall softly sail

The nightingale's enchanting tune,
And oft my eyes
Shall grateful rise
To thee, the modest Harvest Moon!

THE SHIPWRECKED SOLITARY'S
SONG.

TO THE NIGHT.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CLIFTON GROVE.

Lo! in the west, fast fades the lingering light,
 And day's last vestige takes its silent flight.
 No more is heard the woodman's measured stroke
 Which, with the dawn, from yonder dingle broke;
 No more, hoarse clamouring o'er the uplifted head,
 The crows, assembling, seek their wind-rock'd bed.
 Stilled is the village hum—the woodland sounds
 Have ceased to echo o'er the dewy grounds,
 And general silence reigns, save when below,
 The murmuring Trent is scarcely heard to flow;
 And save when, swung by 'nighted rustic late,
 Oft, on its hinge, rebounds the jarring gate:
 Or, when the sheep bell, in the distant vale,
 Breathes its wild music on the downy gale.
 Now, when the rustic wears the social smile,
 Released from day and its attendant toil,
 And draws his household round their evening fire,
 And tells the oft-told tales that never tire:
 Or, where the town's blue turrets dimly rise,
 And manufacture taints the ambient skies,
 The pale mechanic leaves the labouring loom,
 The air-pent hold, the pestilential room,
 And rushes out, impatient to begin
 The stated course of customary sin:
 Now, now, my solitary way I bend
 Where solemn groves in awful state impend,
 And cliffs, that boldly rise above the plain,
 Bespeak, blest Clifton! thy sublime domain.

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

~~~~~  
 IN THE MORNING BEFORE  
 DAYBREAK.

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

Warped with low prejudices, to infold,  
 And sagely comprehend. Thence higher soaring,  
 Through ye, I raise my solemn thoughts to him!  
 The mighty founder of this wondrous maze,  
 The great Creator! Him! who now sublime  
 Wrapt in the solitary amplitude  
 Of boundless space, above the rolling spheres  
 Sits on his silent throne, and meditates.  
 The angelic hosts in their inferior Heaven,  
 Hymn to their golden harps his praise sublime,  
 Repeating loud, "The Lord our God is great,"  
 In varied harmonies.—The glorious sounds  
 Roll o'er the air serene—The Æolian spheres,  
 Harping along their viewless boundaries,  
 Catch the full note, and cry, "The Lord is great,"  
 Responding to the Seraphim.—O'er all,  
 From orb to orb, to the remotest verge  
 Of the created world, the sound is borne  
 Till the whole universe is full of HIM.

Oh! 'tis this heavenly harmony which now  
 In fancy strikes upon my listening ear,  
 And thrills my inmost soul. It bids me smile  
 On the vain world, and all its bustling cares,  
 And gives a shadowy glimpse of future bliss.

Oh! what is man, when at ambition's height,  
 What even are kings, when balanced in the scale  
 Of these stupendous worlds! Almighty God!  
 Thou, the dread author of these wondrous works!  
 Say, canst thou cast on me, poor passing worm,  
 One look of kind benevolence?—Thou canst:  
 For thou art full of universal love,

And in thy boundless goodness wilt impart  
 Thy beams as well to me, as to the proud,  
 The pageant insects, of a glittering hour.  
 Oh! when reflecting on these truths sublime,  
 How insignificant do all the joys,  
 The gauds, and honours of the world appear!  
 How vain ambition! Why has my wakeful lamp  
 Outwatched the slow-paced night?—Why on the page,  
 The schoolman's laboured page, have I employed  
 The hours devoted by the world to rest,  
 And needful to recruit exhausted nature?  
 Say, can the voice of narrow Fame repay  
 The loss of health? or can the hope of glory,  
 Send a new throb into my languid heart,  
 Cool, even now, my feverish, aching brow,  
 Relume the fires of this deep-sunken eye,  
 Or paint new colours on this pallid cheek?

Say, foolish one—can that unbodied Fame,  
 For which thou barterest health and happiness,  
 Say, can it soothe the slumbers of the grave?  
 Give a new zest to bliss? or chase the pangs  
 Of everlasting punishment condign?  
 Alas! how vain are mortal man's desires!  
 How fruitless his pursuits! Eternal God!  
 Guide thou my footsteps in the way of truth,  
 And oh! assist me so to live on earth,  
 That I may die in peace, and claim a place  
 In thy high dwelling.—All but this is folly,  
 The vain illusions of deceitful life.

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 TO THE HERB ROSEMARY.

SWEET scented flower! who 'rt wont to bloom
 On January's front severe,
 And o'er the wintry desert drear

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

Come, funeral flower ! who lov'st to
dwell

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

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

ODE TO DISAPPOINTMENT.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

TO AN EARLY PRIMROSE.

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

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

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

So virtue blooms, brought forth amid the
storms
Of chill adversity ; in some lone walk
Of life she rears her head,
Obscure and unobserved ;

While every bleaching breeze that on her
blows
Chastens her spotless purity of breast,
And hardens her to bear
Serene the ills of life.

CONCLUDING STANZAS OF THE CHRISTIAD.

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

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

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

SONNET TO THE RIVER TRENT.

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

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

SONNET.

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

[CHARLES DIBDIN. 1745-1814.]

IF 'TIS LOVE TO WISH YOU
NEAR.

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

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

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

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

POOR JACK.

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

I heard our good chaplain palaver one day
About souls, heaven, mercy, and such;
And, my timbers! what lingo he'd coil
and belay;

Why, 'twas just all as one as High
Dutch;

For he said how a sparrow can't founder,
d'ye see,

Without orders that come down below;
And a many fine things that proved clearly
to me

That providence takes us in tow:

For, says he, do you mind me, let storms
e'er so oft

Take the top-sails of sailors aback,
There's a sweet little cherub that sits up
aloft,

To keep watch for the life of poor Jack!

I said to our Poll—for, d'ye see, she
would cry—
When last we weighed anchor for sea,
What argues snivelling and piping your
eye?
Why, what a damned fool you must be!
Can't you see, the world's wide, and
there's room for us all,
Both for seamen and lubbers ashore?
And if to old Davy I should go, friend
Poll,
You never will hear of me more.
What then? All's a hazard: come, don't
be so soft:
Perhaps I may laughing come back;
For, d'ye see, there's a cherub sits smiling
aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack!

D'ye mind me, a sailor should be every
inch
All as one as a piece of the ship,
And with her brave the world, not offering
to flinch,
From the moment the anchor's a-trip.
As for me, in all weathers, all times,
sides and ends,
Nought's a trouble from a duty that
springs,
For my heart is my Poll's, and my rhino's
my friend's,
And as for my life, 'tis the king's.
Even when my time comes, ne'er believe
me so soft,
As for grief to be taken aback,
For the same little cherub that sits up
aloft
Will look out a good berth for poor
Jack!

BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW.

Blow high, blow low, let tempests tear,
The main-mast by the board;
My heart, with thoughts of thee, my dear,
And love well stored,
Shall brave all danger, scorn all fear,
The roaring winds, the raging sea,
In hopes on shore
To be once more
Safe moored with thee!

Aloft while mountains high we go,
The whistling winds that scud along,
And surges roaring from below,
Shall my signal be,
To think on thee;
And this shall be my song:
Blow high, blow low, &c.

And on that night when all the crew
The memory of their former lives
O'er flowing cans of flip renew,
And drink their sweethearts and their
wives,
I'll heave a sigh, and think on thee;
And as the ship rolls on the sea,
The burden of my song shall be—
Blow high, blow low, &c.

LOVELY NAN.

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

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

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

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

~~~~~  
TOM BOWLING.

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

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

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

~~~~~  
TRUE COURAGE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

~~~~~  
THE SAILOR'S JOURNAL.

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

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

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

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

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

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

~~~~~  
[THOMAS DIBDIN. 1771—1841.]

LOVE AND GLORY.

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

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

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

~~~~~  
ALL'S WELL.

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

"Who goes there? Stranger, quickly tell."  
 "A friend"—"The word." "Good night;" "All's well."

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

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

#### THE MAD LOVER'S SONG.

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

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

[ANONYMOUS. 1780.]

#### HEAVING OF THE LEAD.

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

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

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

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

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

[THOMAS HAYNES BAYLEY. 1797—1839.]

#### OH, NO! WE NEVER MENTION HIM.

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

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

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

For oh! there are so many things recall  
 the past to me,—  
 The breeze upon the sunny hills, the  
 billows of the sea;  
 The rosy tint that decks the sky before  
 the sun is set;—  
 Ay, every leaf I look upon forbids me to  
 forget.

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

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

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

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

#### ISLE OF BEAUTY, FARE THEE WELL.

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

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

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

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

#### THE FIRST GREY HAIR.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[WILLIAM ROSCOE. 1753—1831.]

#### ON PARTING WITH HIS BOOKS.

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

[HERBERT KNOWLES. 1798—1827.]

#### LINES WRITTEN IN RICHMOND CHURCHYARD, YORKSHIRE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[REV. CHARLES WOLFE. 1791—1823.]

#### THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

But half our heavy task was done,  
When the clock struck the hour for  
retiring ;

And we heard the distant and random gun  
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,  
From the field of his fame fresh and  
gory ;

We carved not a line, and we raised not  
a stone—  
But we left him alone with his glory.

[THOMAS PRINGLE. 1834.]

#### PLEASANT TEVIOTDALE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[FELICIA HEMANS. 1793—1835.]

#### THE VOICE OF SPRING.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Come forth, O ye children of gladness,  
come !  
Where the violets lie may now be your  
home.

Ye of the rose-cheek and dew-bright eye,  
And the bounding footstep, to meet me  
fly,  
With the lyre, and the wreath, and the  
joyous lay,  
Come forth to the sunshine,—I may not  
stay.

Away from the dwellings of care-worn  
men,  
The waters are sparkling in wood and  
glen ;  
Away from the chamber and dusky  
hearth,  
The young leaves are dancing in breezy  
mirth,  
Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood  
strains,  
And Youth is abroad in my green do-  
mains.

#### THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

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

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

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

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

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