

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

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

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

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

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

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

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

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

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

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

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

THE VOICES OF HOME.

The Forest Sanctuary.

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

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

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

A FATHER READING THE BIBLE.

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

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

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

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

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

THE CHILD'S FIRST GRIEF.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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EVENING RECOLLECTIONS OF  
THE EXILE.

*The Forest Sanctuary.*

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

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

Gorgeous, yet full of gloom!—In such  
an hour,

The vesper-melody of dying bells  
Wanders through Spain, from each gray  
convent's tower

O'er shining rivers pour'd, and olive-  
dells,

By every peasant heard, and muleteer,  
And hamlet, round my home:—and I  
am here,

Living again through all my life's fare-  
wells,

In these vast woods, where farewell  
ne'er was spoken,  
And sole I lift to Heaven a sad heart—  
yet unbroken!

In such an hour are told the hermit's  
beads;

With the white sail the seaman's hymn  
floats by:

Peace be with all! whate'er their vary-  
ing creeds,

With all that send up holy thoughts on  
high!

Come to me, boy!—by Guadalquivir's  
vines,

By every stream of Spain, as day de-  
clines, [sky.

Man's prayers are mingled in the rosy  
—We, too, will pray; nor yet unheard,  
my child!

Of Him whose voice we hear at eve amidst  
the wild.

At eve?—oh!—through all hours!—  
from dark dreams oft

Awakening, I look forth, and learn the  
might

Of solitude, while thou art breathing  
soft,

And low, my loved one! on the breast  
of night:

I look forth on the stars—the shadowy  
sleep

Of forests—and the lake, whose gloomy  
deep

Sends up red sparkles to the fire-flies'  
light.

A lonely world!—ev'n fearful to man's  
thought,

But for His presence felt, whom here my  
soul hath sought.

THE SONGS OF OUR FATHERS.

SING them upon the sunny hills,  
When days are long and bright,  
And the blue gleam of shining rills  
Is loveliest to the sight.

Sing them along the misty moor,  
Where ancient hunters roved,  
And swell them through the torrent's  
roar—

The songs our fathers loved!

The songs their souls rejoiced to hear  
When harps were in the hall,  
And each proud note made lance and  
spear

Thrill on the banner'd wall:  
The songs that through our valleys green,  
Sent on from age to age,  
Like his own river's voice, have been  
The peasant's heritage.

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

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

Teach them your children round the  
hearth,

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

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

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

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ELYSIUM.

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

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

And ever, through thy shades,
A swell of deep Eolian sound went by,
From fountain-voices in their secret glades,
And low reed-whispers, making sweet
reply

To summer's breezy sigh!
And young leaves trembling to the wind's
light breath,
Which ne'er had touch'd them with a
hue of death!

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

And who, with silent tread,
Moved o'er the plains of waving Asphodel?
Who, call'd and sever'd from the count-
less dead,

Amidst the shadowy Amaranth-bowers
might dwell,

And listen to the swell
Of those majestic hymn-notes, and inhale
The spirit wandering in th' immortal gale?

They of the sword, whose praise,
With the bright wine at nation's feasts,
went round!

They of the lyre, whose unforgotten lays
On the morn's wing had sent their mighty
sound,

And in all regions found
Their echoes 'midst the mountains!—and
become
In man's deep heart, as voices of his
home!

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

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

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

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

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

The slave, whose very tears
Were a forbidden luxury, and whose
breast

Shut up the woes and burning thoughts
of years,

As in the ashes of an urn compress'd;

—He might not be thy guest!

No gentle breathings from thy distant
sky

Came o'er his path, and whisper'd
“Liberty!”

Calm, on its leaf-strewn bier,
Unlike a gift of nature to decay,
Too rose-like still, too beautiful, too dear,
The child at rest before its mother lay;

E'en so to pass away,

With its bright smile!—Elysium! what
wert thou,

To her, who wept o'er that young slum-
berer's brow?

Thou hadst no home, green land!
For the fair creature from her bosom
gone,

With life's first flowers just opening in
her hand,

And all the lovely thoughts and dreams
unknown,

Which in its clear eye shone

Like the spring's wakening!—but that
light was past—

—Where went the dew-drop, swept
before the blast?

Not where thy soft winds play'd,
Not where thy waters lay in glassy
sleep!—

Fade, with thy bowers, thou land of
visions, fade!

From thee no voice came o'er the gloomy
deep,

And bade man cease to weep!

Fade, with the amaranth-plain, the
myrtle-grove,

Which could not yield one hope to
sorrowing love!

For the most loved are they,
Of whom Fame speaks not with her
clarion-voice

In regal halls!—the shades o'erhang
their way,

The vale, with its deep fountains, is their
choice,

And gentle hearts rejoice
Around their steps!—till silently they
die,

As a stream shrinks from summer's
burning eye.

And the world knows not then,
Not then, nor ever, what pure thoughts
are fled!

Yet these are they, that on the souls of
men

Come back, when night her folding veil
hath spread,

The long-remember'd dead!
But not with thee might aught save glory
dwell—

—Fade, fade away, thou shore of Aspho-
del!

THE TRAVELLER AT THE SOURCE OF THE NILE.

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

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

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

Night came with stars:—across his
soul

There swept a sudden change,
Even at the pilgrim's glorious goal,
A shadow dark and strange,
Breath'd from the thought, so swift
to fall

O'er triumph's hour—And is this all?

No more than this!—what seem'd it
now

First by that spring to stand?

A thousand streams of lovelier flow

Bathed his own mountain land!

Whence, far o'er waste and ocean
track,

Their wild sweet voices call'd him
back.

They call'd him back to many a glade,
His childhood's haunt of play,
Where brightly through the beechen
shade

Their waters glanced away;
They call'd him, with their sounding
waves,

Back to his fathers' hills and graves.

But darkly mingling with the thought
Of each familiar scene,

Rose up a fearful vision, fraught

With all that lay between;

The Arab's lance, the desert's gloom,

The whirling sands, the red simoom!

Where was the glow of power and
pride?

The spirit born to roam?

His weary heart within him died

With yearnings for his home;

All vainly struggling to repress

That gush of painful tenderness.

He wept—the stars of Afric's heaven

Beheld his bursting tears,

Even on that spot where fate had
given

The meed of toiling years.

—Oh happiness! how far we flee

Thine own sweet paths in search of
thee!

CASABIANCA.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE VAUDOIS WIFE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

~~~~~  
 COME HOME.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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 THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

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

One midst the forests of the West,
 By a dark stream, is laid;
 The Indian knows his place of rest
 Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one,
 He lies where pearls lie deep,
 He was the loved of all, yet none
 O'er his low bed may weep.

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

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

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

~~~~~  
 [ROBERT SOUTHEY. 1774—1843.]

LOVE.

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

~~~~~  
 THE LIBRARY.

My days among the dead are pass'd;
 Around me I behold,
 Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
 The mighty minds of old;
 My never-failing friends are they
 With whom I converse night and day.

With them I take delight in weal,
 And seek relief in woe;
 And while I understand and feel
 How much to them I owe,
 My cheeks have often been dedew'd
 With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

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

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

~~~~~  
 THE HOLLY TREE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#### THE SCENERY OF AMERICA.

*Madoc in Wales.*

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

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

Will ye believe  
The wonders of the ocean ? how its shoals  
Sprung from the wave, like flashing light,  
took wing,  
And, twinkling with a silver glitterance,  
Flew through the air and sunshine ? Yet  
were these  
To sight less wondrous than the tribe who  
swam,  
Following, like fowlers with uplifted eye,  
Their falling quarry : language cannot  
paint

Their splendid tints ; though in blue  
ocean seen,

Blue, darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,  
In all its rich variety of shades,  
Suffused with glowing gold.

Heaven, too, had there  
Its wonders : from a deep black heavy  
cloud,

What shall I say ? A shoot, a trunk, an  
arm,

Came down :—yea ! like a demon's arm,  
it seized

The waters, Ocean smoked beneath its  
touch,  
And rose like dust before the whirlwind's  
force.

But we sail'd onward over tranquil seas,  
Wafted by airs so exquisitely mild,  
That even to breathe became an act of  
will,

And sense, and pleasure. Not a cloud by  
day

With purple islanded the dark-blue deep ;  
By night the quiet billows heaved and  
glanced

Under the moon, that heavenly moon ! so  
bright,

That many a midnight have I paced the  
deck,

Forgetful of the hours of due repose ;  
Yea, till the sun in his full majesty  
Went forth, like God beholding his own  
works.

#### NIGHT IN THE DESERT.

*Thalaba.*

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

#### THE SOURCE OF THE GANGES.

*The Curse of Kehama.*

NONE hath seen its secret fountain ;  
But on the top of Meru mountain,  
Which rises o'er the hills of earth,  
In light and clouds, it hath its mortal  
birth.

Earth seems that pinnacle to rear  
Sublime above this worldly sphere,  
Its cradle, and its altar, and its throne ;  
And there the new-born river lies  
Outspread beneath its native skies,  
As if it there would love to dwell  
Alone and unapproachable.

Soon flowing forward, and resigned  
To the will of the Creating Mind,  
It springs at once, with sudden leap,  
Down from the immeasurable steep ;  
From rock to rock, with shivering force  
rebounding,

The mighty cataract rushes : heaven  
around,  
Like thunder, with the incessant roar  
resounding,  
And Meru's summit shaking with the  
sound.

Wide spreads the snowy foam, the spark-  
ling spray  
Dances aloft ; and ever there at  
morning

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

#### AN EASTERN EVENING.

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

#### THE SUBMARINE CITY.

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

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

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

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

So thought Ladurlad, as he looked  
around,  
Weening to hear the sound  
Of Mermaid's shell, and song  
Of choral throng from some imperial  
hall,  
Wherein the immortal powers, at  
festival,  
Their high carousals keep.  
But all is silence dread,  
Silence profound and dead,  
The everlasting stillness of the deep.  
Through many a solitary street,  
And silent market-place, and lonely  
square,  
Armed with the mighty curse, behold him  
fare.  
And now his feet attain that royal  
fane  
Where Baly held of old his awful  
reign.  
What once had been the garden spread  
around,  
Fair garden, once which wore perpetual  
green,  
Where all sweet flowers through all the  
year were found,  
And all fair fruits were through all sea-  
sons seen ;  
A place of Paradise, where each  
device  
Of emulous art with nature strove to  
vie ;  
And nature, on her part,  
Called forth new powers wherewith to  
vanquish art.  
The Swerga-God himself, with en-  
vious eye,  
Surveyed those peerless gardens in  
their prime ;  
Nor ever did the Lord of Light,  
Who circles Earth and Heaven upon  
his way, [sight  
Behold from eldest time a goodlier  
Than were the groves which Baly, in his  
might,  
Made for his chosen place of solace and  
delight.  
It was a Garden still beyond all  
price,  
Even yet it was a place of Para-  
dise :—

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

THALABA'S HOME IN THE  
DESERT.

*Thalaba.*

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

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

Years of his youth, how rapidly ye fled  
In that beloved solitude !  
Is the morn fair, and doth the freshening  
breeze

Flow with cool current o'er his cheek ?  
Lo ! underneath the broad-leaved sycamore

With lids half-closed he lies,  
Dreaming of days to come.  
His dog beside him, in mute blandishment,

Now licks his listless hand ;  
Now lifts an anxious and expectant eye,  
Courting the wonted caress.

Or comes the father of the rains  
From his caves in the uttermost west,  
Comes he in darkness and storms ?  
When the blast is loud,  
When the waters fill  
The traveller's tread in the sands,  
When the pouring shower  
Streams adown the roof,  
When the door-curtain hangs in heavier  
folds,

When the outstrained tent flags loosely,  
Within there is the embers' cheerful glow,  
The sound of the familiar voice,

The song that lightens toil,—  
Domestic peace and comfort are within.  
Under the common shelter, on dry sand,  
The quiet camels ruminate their food ;

From Moath falls the lengthening cord,  
As patiently the old man  
Entwines the strong palm-fibres ; by the  
hearth

The damsel shakes the coffee-grains,  
That with warm fragrance fill the tent ;  
And while, with dexterous fingers,  
Thalaba

Shapes the green basket, haply at his  
feet

Her favourite kidling gnaws the twig,  
Forgiven plunderer, for Oneiza's sake !

Or when the winter torrent rolls  
Down the deep-channelled rain-course,  
foamingly,

Dark with its mountain spoils,  
With bare feet pressing the wet sand,  
There wanders Thalaba,  
The rushing flow, the flowing roar,  
Filling his yielded faculties ;

A vague, a dizzy, a tumultuous joy.  
Or lingers it a vernal brook  
Gleaming o'er yellow sands ?  
Beneath the lofty bank reclined,  
With idle eye he views its little waves,  
Quietly listening to the quiet flow ;  
While, in the breathings of the stirring  
gale,

The tall canes bend above.  
Floating like streamers on the wind  
Their lank uplifted leaves.

Nor rich, nor poor, was Moath ; God had  
given [tent.

Enough, and blest him with a mind con-  
No hoarded gold disquieted his dreams ;  
But ever round his station he beheld  
Camels that knew his voice,

And home-birds, grouping at Oneiza's  
call,  
And goats that, morn and eve,  
Came with full udders to the damsel's  
hand.

Dear child ! the tent beneath whose shade  
they dwelt

It was her work ; and she had twined  
His girdle's many hues ;  
And he had seen his robe  
Grow in Oneiza's loom.

How often, with a memory-mingled joy  
Which made her mother live before his  
sight,

He watched her nimble fingers thread the  
woof ! [toiled,

Or at the hand-mill, when she knelt and  
Toast the thin cake on spreading palm,  
Or fixed it on the glowing oven's side  
With bare wet arm, and safe dexterity.

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

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

Azure and gold adornment? sinks the  
word [voice,

With deeper influence from the Imam's  
Where in the day of congregation, crowds

Perform the duty-task ?  
Their father is their priest,

The stars of heaven their point of  
prayer,

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

Yet through the purple glow of eve  
Shines dimly the white moon.

The slackened bow, the quiver, the long  
lance,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Receding and speeding,  
And shocking and rocking,  
And darting and parting,  
And threading and spreading,  
And whizzing and hissing,  
And dripping and skipping,  
And brightening and whitening,  
And quivering and shivering,  
And hitting and splitting,  
And shining and twining,  
And rattling and battling,  
And shaking and quaking,  
And pouring and roaring,  
And waving and raving,  
And tossing and crossing,  
And flowing and growing  
And running and stunning,  
And hurrying and skurrying,  
And glittering and flittering,  
And gathering and feathering,  
And dinning and spinning,  
And foaming and roaming,  
And dropping and hopping,  
And working and jerking,  
And guggling and struggling,  
And heaving and cleaving,  
And thundering and floundering,

And falling and crawling and sprawling,  
And driving and riving and striving,  
And sprinkling and twinkling and  
wrinkling,  
And sounding and bounding and  
rounding,  
And bubbling and troubling and  
doubling,  
Dividing and gliding and sliding,  
And grumbling and rumbling and  
tumbling,  
And clattering and battering and shat-  
tering,  
And gleaming and streaming and steam-  
ing and beaming,  
And rushing and flushing and brushing  
and gushing,  
And flapping and rapping and clapping  
and slapping,  
And curling and whirling and purling  
and twirling,



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

#### THE MIRACLE OF THE ROSES.

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

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

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

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

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

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

#### HISTORY.

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

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

TO WILLIAM WORDSWORTH,

INQUIRING IF I WOULD LIVE OVER  
 MY YOUTH AGAIN.

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

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

TO A BEE.

THOU wert out betimes, thou busy busy  
 bee!  
 As abroad I took my early way,  
 Before the cow from her resting place  
 Had risen up and left her trace  
 On the meadow, with dew so gray,  
 I saw thee, thou busy busy bee.  
 Thou wert working late, thou busy busy  
 bee!  
 After the fall of the cistus flower,  
 When the primrose-tree blossom was  
 ready to burst,  
 I heard thee last, as I saw thee first,  
 In the silence of the evening hour,  
 I heard thee, thou busy busy bee.  
 Thou art a miser, thou busy busy bee!  
 Late and early at employ;  
 Still on thy golden stores intent,  
 Thy summer in heaping and hoarding  
 is spent,  
 What thy winter will never enjoy;  
 Wise lesson this for me, thou busy busy  
 bee!  
 Little dost thou think, thou busy busy  
 bee!  
 What is the end of thy toil,  
 When the latest flowers of the ivy are  
 gone  
 And all thy work for the year is done,  
 Thy master comes for the spoil.  
 Woe then for thee, thou busy busy bee!



THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM (SOUTHEY.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## VIII.

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

## IX.

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

## X.

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

## XI.

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

## MERCIFUL INFLICTIONS.

*From Thalaba.*

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

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

THE VOYAGE OF THALABA  
AND THE DAMSEL.

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

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

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

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

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

Then spake the damsel, "Yonder is our  
path,  
Beneath the cavern arch.  
Now is the ebb, and till the ocean-flow,  
We cannot over-ride the rocks.  
Go thou, and on the shore  
Perform thy last ablutions, and with prayer  
Strengthen thy heart.—I too have need to  
pray."

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

[CAROLINE BOWLES—MRS. SOUTHEY.]

## TO A DYING INFANT.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[CHARLES LAMB. 1775—1834.]

### THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[EARL OF CARLISLE. 1802—1864.]

### ON VISITING THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

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

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

[EBENEZER ELLIOTT. 1781—1849.]

### THE WONDERS OF THE LANE.

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

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

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