

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

THE HAPPY LOT.

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

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

LOVE STRONG IN DEATH.

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

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

[JOHN WILSON. 1785—1844.]

THE EVENING CLOUD.

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

THE MIDNIGHT OCEAN.

The Isle of Palms.

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

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

MAGDALENE'S HYMN.

The City of the Plague.

THE air of death breathes through our
souls,
The dead all round us lie ;
By day and night the death-bell tolls,
And says, " Prepare to die."
The face that in the morning sun
We thought so wondrous fair,
Hath faded, ere his course was run,
Beneath its golden hair.
I see the old man in his grave,
With thin locks silvery-grey ;
I see the child's bright tresses wave
In the cold breath of clay.
The loving ones we loved the best,
Like music all are gone !
And the wan moonlight bathes in rest
Their monumental stone.

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

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

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

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

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

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

SACRED POETRY.

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

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

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

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

Why therefore are ye silent, ye who know
The trance of adoration, and behold
Upon your bended knees the throne of
Heaven,

And Him who sits thereon ? Believe it
not,

That Poetry, in purer days the nurse,
Yea, parent oft of blissful piety,
Should silent keep from service of her
God,

Nor with her summons, loud but silver-
toned,
Startle the guilty dreamer from his sleep,
Bidding him gaze with rapture or with
dread

On regions where the sky forever lies
Bright as the sun himself, and trembling
all

With ravishing music, or where darkness
broods

O'er ghastly shapes, and sounds not to be
borne.

THE THREE SEASONS OF LOVE.

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

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

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

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

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

[HORACE SMITH. 1779—1849.]

ADDRESS TO THE MUMMY IN BELZONI'S EXHIBITION.

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

Speak ! for thou long enough hast acted
dumbly ;
Thou hast a tongue, come, let us hear
its tune ;
Thou'rt standing on thy legs above ground,
mummy !

Revisiting the glimpses of the moon.
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied
creatures,
But with thy bones and flesh, and limbs
and features.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[ALLAN CUNNINGHAM. 1785-1842.]

THE SUN RISES BRIGHT IN FRANCE.

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

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

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

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

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

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

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

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

THE MAIDEN'S DREAM.

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

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

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

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

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

SABBATH MORNING.

DEAR is the hallow'd morn to me,
When village bells awake the day;
And, by their sacred minstrelsy,
Call me from earthly cares away.
And dear to me the winged hour,
Spent in thy hallow'd courts, O Lord!
To feel devotion's soothing power,
And catch the manna of thy word.
And dear to me the loud Amen,
Which echoes through the blest abode,
Which swells and sinks, and swells again,
Dies on the walls, but lives to God.

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

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

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

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

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

THOU HAST SWORN BY THY GOD.

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

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

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

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

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

BONNIE LADY ANN.

THERE's kames o' honey 'tween my luvie's
lips,
An' gowd amang her hair;
Her breasts are lapt in a holie veil,
Nae mortal een keek there.
What lips dare kiss, or what hand dare
touch,
Or what arm o' luvie dare span
The honey lips, the creamy loof,
Or the waist o' Lady Ann?

She kisses the lips o' her bonnie red rose,
Wat wi' the blobs o' dew;
But nae gentle lip nor simple lip
Maun touch her Ladie mou';
But a broidered belt wi' a buckle o' gowd
Her jimpy waist maun span;
O she's an armfu' fit for heaven,
My bonnie Lady Ann!

Her bower casement is latticed wi'
flowers,
Tied up wi' silver thread,
An' comely she sits in the midst,
Men's longing een to feed.
She waves the ringlets frae her cheeks,
Wi' her milky milky han',
An' her cheeks seem touched wi' the
finger o' God;
My bonnie Lady Ann!

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

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

SHE'S GONE TO DWELL IN HEAVEN.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[HARTLEY COLERIDGE. 1796—1849.]

SHE IS NOT FAIR.

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

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

THE FIRST MAN.

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

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

[BERNARD BARTON. 1784—1849.]

TO THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[JOANNA BAILLIE. 1762—1851.]

THE CHOUGH AND CROW.

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

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

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

THE HIGHLAND SHEPHERD.

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

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

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

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

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

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

[THE REV. GEORGE CROLY. 1780—1860.]

DOMESTIC LOVE.

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

CUPID CARRYING PROVISIONS.

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

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

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

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

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

[W. SMYTH. 1766—1849.]

THE SOLDIER.

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

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

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

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

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

[WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES. 1762—1850.]

THE CLIFF.

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

BAMBOROUGH CASTLE.

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

EVENING.

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

DOVER CLIFFS.

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

ON THE RHINE.

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

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

WRITTEN AT OSTEND.

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

TO TIME.

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

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

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

[REV. J. BLANCO WHITE. 1775-1841.]

NIGHT AND DEATH.

MYSTERIOUS Night! when our first parent
knew

Thee from report divine, and heard thy
name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting
flame,

Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And lo! creation widened in man's
view.

Who could have thought such darkness
lay concealed

Within thy beams, O sun! or who
could find,

Whilst fly, and leaf, and insect stood re-
vealed,

That to such countless orbs thou mad'st
us blind!

Why do we then shun Death with anxious
strife?

If light can thus deceive, wherefore not
life?

[WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. 1770-1850.]

LUCY GRAY;

OR SOLITUDE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



LUCY GRAY (WORDSWORTH.)

They followed from the snowy bank
The footmarks, one by one.—P. 315.

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

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

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

WE ARE SEVEN.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

LUCY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

RUTH.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He spake of plants divine and strange
That every hour their blossoms change,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

TO THE SMALL CELANDINE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

TO A SKY-LARK.

Up with me ! up with me, into the clouds !
For thy song, Lark, is strong ;
Up with me, up with me, into the clouds !
Singing, singing,
With all the heavens about thee ringing.
Lift me, guide me till I find
That spot which seems so to thy mind !

I have walked through wildernesses dreary,
And to-day my heart is weary ;
Had I now the wings of a fairy,
Up to thee would I fly.
There is madness about thee, and joy divine

In that song of thine ;
Up with me, up with me, high and high,
To thy banqueting-place in the sky !

Joyous as morning,
Thou art laughing and scorning ;
Thou hast a nest, for thy love and thy rest :
And, though little troubled with sloth,
Drunken Lark ! thou wouldst be loth

To be such a traveller as I.
Happy, happy liver !
With a soul as strong as a mountain river,

Pouring out praise to th' Almighty Giver,
Joy and jollity be with us both !
Hearing thee, or else some other,

As merry a brother,
I on the earth will go plodding on,
By myself, cheerfully, till the day is done.

YEW-TREES.

THERE is a yew-tree, pride of Lorton Vale,
Which to this day stands single, in the midst
Of its own darkness, as it stood of yore,
Not loth to furnish weapons for the bands
Of Umfraville or Percy, ere they marched
To Scotland's heaths ; or those that crossed the sea
And drew their sounding bows at Azincour,
Perhaps at earlier Crecy, or Poitiers.
Of vast circumference and gloom profound

This solitary tree !—a living thing
Produced too slowly ever to decay ;
Of form and aspect too magnificent
To be destroyed. But worthier still of note

Are those fraternal four of Borrowdale,
Joined in one solemn and capacious grove ;
Huge trunks !—and each particular trunk a growth

Of intertwined fibres serpentine
Up-coiling, and inveterately convolved,—
Nor uninformed with phantasy, and looks

That threaten the profane ; a pillared shade,

Upon whose grassless floor of red-brown hue,
By sheddings from the pining umbrage tinged

Perennially—beneath whose sable roof
Of boughs, as if for festal purpose, decked

With unrejoicing berries, ghostly shapes
May meet at noontide—Fear and trembling Hope,

Silence and Foresight—Death the skeleton

And Time the shadow,—there to celebrate,

As in a natural temple scattered o'er
With altars undisturbed of mossy stone,
United worship ; or in mute repose
To lie, and listen to the mountain flood
Murmuring from Glaramara's inmost caves.

TO THE CUCKOO.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Thus Nature spake. The work was done—

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

A TRUE WOMAN.

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

A MEMORY.

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

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

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

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

TO A HIGHLAND GIRL.

(AT INVERSNAD, LOCH LOMOND.)

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

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

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

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

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

YARROW UNVISITED. 1803.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

YARROW VISITED.

SEPTEMBER, 1814.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A POET'S EPITAPH.

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

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

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

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

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

PERSONAL TALK.

I.

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

II.

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

III.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

IV.

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

ODE TO DUTY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE USES AND BEAUTIES OF
THE SONNET.

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

UPON THE SIGHT OF A BEAU-
TIFUL PICTURE.

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

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

TWILIGHT.

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

WOODLAND WALKS.

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