

The crowd beneath her. Verily I think,
Such place to me is sometimes like a
dream
Or map of the whole world: thoughts,
link by link,
Enter through ears and eyesight, with
such gleam
Of all things, that at last in fear I shrink,
And leap at once from the delicious
stream.

~~~~~  
THE SHIP.

WHERE lies the land to which yon ship  
must go?  
Festively she puts forth in trim array;  
As vigorous as a lark at break of day:  
Is she for tropic suns, or polar snow?  
What boots the inquiry? Neither friend  
nor foe  
She cares for; let her travel where she  
may,  
She finds familiar names, a beaten way  
Ever before her, and a wind to blow.  
Yet still I ask, what haven is her mark?  
And, almost as it was when ships were  
rare,  
(From time to time, like pilgrims, here  
and there  
Crossing the waters) doubt, and something  
dark,  
Of the old sea some reverential fear,  
Is with me at thy farewell, joyous bark!

~~~~~  
TO SLEEP.

I.

A FLOCK of sheep that leisurely pass by,
One after one; the sound of rain, and
bees
Murmuring; the fall of rivers, winds and
seas,
Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and
pure sky;
I've thought of all by turns; and still I
lie
Sleepless; and soon the small birds'
melodies
Must hear, first uttered from my orchard
trees;
And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry.

Even thus last night, and two nights
more, I lay,
And could not win thee, Sleep! by any
stealth:
So do not let me wear to-night away:
Without thee what is all the morning's
wealth?
Come, blessed barrier betwixt day and
day,
Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous
health!

II.

Fond words have oft been spoken to
thee, Sleep!
And thou hast had thy store of tenderest
names;
The very sweetest words that fancy
frames
When thankfulness of heart is strong and
deep!
Dear bosom child we call thee, that dost
steep
In rich reward all suffering; balm that
tames
All anguish; saint that evil thoughts and
aims
Takest away, and into souls dost creep,
Like to a breeze from heaven. Shall I
alone—
I, surely not a man ungently made—
Call thee worst tyrant by which flesh is
crossed?
Perverse, self-willed to own and to dis-
own,
Mere slave of them who never for thee
prayed,
Still last to come where thou art wanted
most!

~~~~~  
THE WORLD.

THE world is too much with us; late and  
soon,  
Getting and spending, we lay waste our  
powers:  
Little we see in Nature that is ours;  
We have given our hearts away, a sordid  
boon!  
This sea that bares her bosom to the  
moon;

The winds that will be howling at all  
hours  
And are up-gathered now like sleeping  
flowers;  
For this, for everything, we are out of  
tune; [be  
It moves us not. Great God! I'd rather  
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn;  
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,  
Have glimpses that would make me less  
forlorn,  
Have sight of Proteus coming from the  
sea,  
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed  
horn.

~~~~~  
WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

EARTH has not anything to show more
fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass
by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and
temples lie
Open unto the fields and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless
air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour valley, rock, or
hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

~~~~~  
PELION AND OSSA.

PELION and Ossa flourish side by side,  
Together in immortal books enrolled;  
His ancient dower Olympus hath not  
sold;  
And that inspiring hill, which "did  
divide  
Into two ample horns his forehead wide,"  
Shines with poetic radiance as of old;  
While not an English mountain we be-  
hold  
By the celestial muses glorified.

Yet round our sea-girt shore they rise in  
crowds:  
What was the great Parnassus' self to  
thee,  
Mount Skiddaw? In his natural sove-  
reignty  
Our British hill is fairer far; he shrouds  
His double-fronted head in higher clouds,  
And pours forth streams more sweet than  
Castalay.

~~~~~  
THE BROOK.

BROOK! whose society the poet seeks
Intent his wasted spirits to renew;
And whom the curious painter doth
pursue
Through rocky passes, among flowery
creeks,
And tracks thee dancing down thy water-
breaks;
If I some type of thee did wish to view,
Thee,—and not thee thyself, I would not
do
Like Grecian artists, give thee human
cheeks,
Channels for tears; no Naiad shouldst
thou be,
Have neither limbs, feet, feathers, joints,
nor hairs;
It seems the eternal soul is clothed in
thee
With purer robes than those of flesh and
blood,
And hath bestowed on thee a better
good—
Unwearied joy, and life without its cares.

~~~~~  
EVENING.

IT is a beauteous evening, calm and free;  
The holy time is quiet as a nun  
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun  
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;  
The gentleness of heaven is on the sea:  
Listen! the mighty being is awake,  
And doth with his eternal motion make  
A sound like thunder everlastingly.  
Dear child! dear girl! that walkest with  
me here,  
If thou appear'st untouched by solemn  
thought,



Thy nature therefore is not less divine :  
Thou liest "in Abraham's bosom" all  
the year ;  
And worshipp'st at the temple's inner  
shrine,  
God being with thee when we know it  
not.

~~~~~  
BUONAPARTE.

I GRIEVED for Buonaparte, with a vain
And an unthinking grief ! for, who aspires
To genuine greatness but from just de-
sires,
And knowledge such as he could never
gain ?
'Tis not in battles that from youth we
train
The governor who must be wise and
good,
And temper with the sternness of the
brain
Thoughts motherly and meek as woman-
hood.
Wisdom doth live with children round
her knees,
Books, leisure, perfect freedom, and the
talk
Man holds with week-day man in the
hourly walk
Of the mind's business : these are the
degrees
By which true sway doth mount ; this is
the stalk
True power doth grow on ; and her rights
are these.

~~~~~  
ON THE EXTINCTION OF THE  
VENETIAN REPUBLIC.

ONCE did she hold the gorgeous East in  
fee ;  
And was the safeguard of the West : the  
worth  
Of Venice did not fall below her birth—  
Venice, the eldest child of Liberty !  
She was a maiden city, bright and free ;  
No guile seduced, no force could violate ;  
And, when she took unto herself a mate,  
She must espouse the everlasting sea.  
And what if she had seen those glories  
fade,

Those titles vanish, and that strength  
decay ;  
Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid  
When her long life hath reached its final  
day :  
Men are we, and must grieve when even  
the shade  
Of that which once was great is passed  
away.

~~~~~  
TO TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

TOUSSAINT, the most unhappy man of
men !
Whether the all-cheering sun be free to
shed
His beams around thee, or thou rest thy
head
Pillowed in some dark dungeon's noisome
den—
O miserable chieftain ! where and when
Wilt thou find patience ? Yet die not ;
do thou
Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow :
Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,
Live, and take comfort. Thou hast left
behind
Powers that will work for thee : air,
earth, and skies ;
There's not a breathing of the common
wind
That will forget thee ; thou hast great
allies ;
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable
mind.

~~~~~  
FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

SEPTEMBER, 1802.

INLAND, within a hollow vale, I stood ;  
And saw, while sea was calm and air  
was clear,  
The coast of France—the coast of France  
how near !  
Drawn almost into frightful neighbour-  
hood.  
I shrunk, for verily the barrier flood  
Was like a lake, or river bright and fair,  
A span of waters ; yet what power is  
there !

What mightiness for evil and for good !  
Even so doth God protect us if we be  
Virtuous and wise. Winds blow, and  
waters roll,  
Strength to the brave, and power, and  
deity,  
Yet in themselves are nothing ! One  
decree  
Spake laws to them, and said that by the  
soul  
Only the nations shall be great and free.

~~~~~  
ON THE SUBJUGATION OF
SWITZERLAND.

TWO voices are there—one is of the sea,
One of the mountains—each a mighty
voice :
In both from age to age, thou didst
rejoice,
They were thy chosen music, Liberty !
There came a tyrant, and with holy glee
Thou fought'st against him ; but hast
vainly striven ;
Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art
driven,
Where not a torrent murmurs heard by
thee.
Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been
bereft :
Then cleave, O cleave to that which still
is left ;
For, high-souled maid, what sorrow
would it be
That mountain floods should thunder as
before,
And ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
And neither awful voice be heard by
thee !

~~~~~  
MILTON : 1802.

MILTON ! thou shouldst be living at this  
hour :  
England hath need of thee : she is a fen  
Of stagnant waters : altar, sword, and  
pen,  
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and  
bower,  
Have forfeited their ancient English  
dower

Of inward happiness. We are selfish  
men :  
Oh ! raise us up, return to us again ;  
And give us manners, virtue, freedom,  
power.  
Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart :  
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like  
the sea ;  
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic,  
free ;  
So didst thou travel on life's common  
way,  
In cheerful godliness ; and yet thy heart  
The lowliest duties on itself did lay.

~~~~~  
GREAT MEN.

GREAT men have been among us ; hands
that penned
And tongues that uttered wisdom, better
none :
The later Sydney, Marvel, Harington,
Young Vane and others, who called
Milton friend.
These moralists could act and compre-
hend :
They knew how genuine glory was put
on ;
Taught us how rightfully a nation shone
In splendour : what strength was, that
would not bend
But in magnanimous meekness. France,
'tis strange,
Hath brought forth no such souls as we
had then.
Perpetual emptiness ! unceasing change !
No single volume paramount, no code,
No master spirit, no determined road ;
But equally a want of books and men !

~~~~~  
TO THOMAS CLARKSON,

ON THE FINAL PASSING OF THE BILL  
FOR THE ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE  
TRADE, MARCH, 1807.  
CLARKSON ! it was an obstinate hill to  
climb :  
How toilsome, nay, how dire it was, by  
thee  
Is known—by none, perhaps, so feelingly ;



But thou, who, starting in thy fervent  
prime,  
Didst first lead forth this pilgrimage  
sublime,  
Hast heard the constant voice its charge  
repeat,  
Which, out of thy young heart's oracular  
seat,  
First roused thee, O true yoke-fellow of  
Time.  
With unabating effort, see, the palm  
Is won, and by all nations shall be worn!  
The bloody writing is for ever torn,  
And thou henceforth shalt have a good  
man's calm,  
A great man's happiness; thy zeal shall  
find  
Repose at length, firm friend of human  
kind!

## UNIVERSALITY.

O'ER the wide earth, on mountain and on  
plain,  
Dwells in the affections and the soul of  
man  
A godhead, like the universal Pan,  
But more exalted, with a brighter train.  
And shall his bounty be dispensed in  
vain,  
Showered equally on city and on field,  
And neither hope nor steadfast promise  
yield  
In these usurping times of fear and pain?  
Such doom awaits us. Nay, forbid it,  
Heaven!  
We know the arduous strife, the eternal  
laws  
To which the triumph of all good is given,  
High sacrifice, and labour without pause,  
Even to the death: else wherefore should  
the eye  
Of man converse with immortality?

## HONOUR.

SAY, what is Honour? 'Tis the finest  
sense  
Of justice which the human mind can  
frame,  
Intent each lurking frailty to disclaim,

And guard the way of life from all offence  
Suffered or done. When lawless violence  
A kingdom doth assault, and in the scale  
Of perilous war her weightiest armies fail,  
Honour is hopeful elevation—whence  
Glory—and Triumph. Yet with politic  
skill  
Endangered states may yield to terms  
unjust,  
Stoop their proud heads—but not unto  
the dust,  
A foe's most favourite purpose to fulfil!  
Happy occasions oft by self-mistrust  
Are forfeited; but infamy doth kill.

## THE TRUE MAN.

AVAUNT all specious pliancy of mind  
In men of low degree, all smooth pre-  
tence!  
I better like a blunt indifference  
And self-respecting slowness, disinclined  
To win me at first sight:—and be there  
joined  
Patience and temperance with this high  
reserve,—  
Honour that knows the path and will not  
swerve;  
Affections, which, if put to proof, are  
kind;  
And piety towards God.—Such men of  
old  
Were England's native growth; and,  
throughout Spain,  
Forests of such do at this day remain;  
Then for that country let our hopes be  
bold;  
For matched with these shall policy prove  
vain,  
Her arts, her strength, her iron, and her  
gold.

## GEORGE III.

NOVEMBER, 1813.

Now that all hearts are glad, all faces  
bright,  
Our aged Sovereign sits to the ebb and  
flow  
Of states and kingdoms, to their joy or  
woe,

Insensible; he sits deprived of sight,  
And lamentably wrapped in twofold night,  
Whom no weak hopes deceived; whose  
mind ensued,  
Through perilous war, with regal forti-  
tude,  
Peace that should claim respect from law-  
less might.  
Dread King of kings, vouchsafe a ray  
divine  
To his forlorn condition! let thy grace  
Upon his inner soul in mercy shine;  
Permit his heart to kindle, and embrace  
(Though were it only for a moment's  
space)  
The triumphs of this hour; for they are  
THINE!

## THE MOUNTAIN TOP.

NOVEMBER 1, 1815.

How clear, how keen, how marvellously  
bright  
The effluence from yon mountain's distant  
head,  
Which, strown with snow as smooth as  
heaven can shed,  
Shines like another sun—on mortal sight  
Uprisen, as if to check approaching night,  
And all her twinkling stars. Who now  
would tread,  
If so he might, yon mountain's glittering  
head—  
Terrestrial—but a surface, by the flight  
Of sad mortality's earth-sullying wing,  
Unswep, unstained? Nor shall the  
aërial powers  
Dissolve that beauty—destined to endure  
White, radiant, spotless, exquisitely pure,  
Through all vicissitudes—till genial spring  
Have filled the laughing vales with wel-  
come flowers.

## CREATIVE ART.

TO B. R. HAYDON, ESQ.

HIGH is our calling, friend! creative  
Art  
(Whether the instrument of words she  
use,  
Or pencil pregnant with ethereal hues)

Demands the service of a mind and  
heart,  
Though sensitive, yet, in their weakest  
part,  
Heroically fashioned—to infuse  
Faith in the whispers of the lonely  
muse,  
While the whole world seems adverse to  
desert:  
And, oh! when Nature sinks, as oft she  
may,  
Through long-lived pressure of obscure  
distress,  
Still to be strenuous for the bright re-  
ward,  
And in the soul admit of no decay,—  
Brook no continuance of weak-minded-  
ness:  
Great is the glory, for the strife is hard!

## ELEGIAC VERSES.

FEBRUARY, 1816.

“REST, rest, perturbed Earth!  
O rest, thou doleful mother of man-  
kind!”  
A spirit sang in tones more plaintive than  
the wind;  
“From regions where no evil thing has  
birth  
I come—thy stains to wash away,  
Thy cherished fetters to unbind,  
To open thy sad eyes upon a milder  
day!  
—The heavens are thronged with  
martyrs that have risen  
From out thy noisome prison;  
The penal caverns groan  
With tens of thousands rent from off  
the tree  
Of hopeful life,—by battle's whirlwind  
blown  
Into the deserts of Eternity.  
Unpitied havoc—victims unlamented!  
But not on high, where madness is  
resented,  
And murder causes some sad tears to  
flow,  
Though, from the widely-sweeping blow,  
The choirs of angels spread trium-  
phantly augmented.



"False parent of mankind!  
 Obdurate, proud, and blind,  
 I sprinkle thee with soft celestial dews,  
 Thy lost maternal heart to reinfuse!  
 Scattering this far-fetched moisture from  
 my wings,  
 Upon the act a blessing I implore,  
 Of which the rivers in their secret springs,  
 The rivers stained so oft with human  
 gore,  
 Are conscious;—may the like return no  
 more!  
 May Discord—for a seraph's care  
 Shall be attended with a bolder prayer—  
 May she, who once disturbed the seats  
 of bliss,  
 These mortal spheres above,  
 Be chained for ever to the black abyss!  
 And thou, O rescued Earth, by peace  
 and love,  
 And merciful desires, thy sanctity ap-  
 prove!"

The spirit ended his mysterious rite,  
 And the pure vision closed in darkness  
 infinite.

CONSOLATIONS AMIDST  
 EARTHLY CHANGE.

*The Excursion.*

POSSESSIONS vanish, and opinions  
 change,  
 And passions hold a fluctuating seat:  
 But, by the storms of circumstance un-  
 shaken,  
 And subject neither to eclipse nor wane,  
 Duty exists;—immutably survive,  
 For our support, the measures and the  
 forms,  
 Which an abstract intelligence supplies,  
 Whose kingdom is where time and space  
 are not:  
 Of other converse, which mind, soul, and  
 heart,  
 Do, with united urgency, require,  
 What more, that may not perish? Thou  
 dread Source,  
 Prime, self-existing Cause and End of  
 all,  
 That in the scale of being fill their  
 place,

Above our human region, or below,  
 Set and sustained;—Thou—who did'st  
 wrap the cloud  
 Of infancy around us, that thyself,  
 Therein, with our simplicity awhile  
 Might'st hold, on earth, communion un-  
 disturbed—  
 Who, from the anarchy of dreaming  
 sleep,  
 Or from its death-like void, with punctual  
 care,  
 And touch as gentle as the morning  
 light,  
 Restorest us, daily, to the powers of  
 sense,  
 And reason's steadfast rule—Thou, thou  
 alone  
 Art everlasting, and the blessed spirits  
 Which thou includest, as the sea her  
 waves:  
 For adoration thou endurest; endure  
 For consciousness the motions of thy  
 will;  
 For apprehension those transcendent  
 truths  
 Of the pure Intellect, that stand as  
 laws  
 (Submission constituting strength and  
 power)  
 Even to thy being's infinite majesty!  
 This universe shall pass away—a work,  
 Glorious! because the shadow of thy  
 might,  
 A step, or link, for intercourse with  
 thee.  
 Ah! if the time must come, in which my  
 feet  
 No more shall stray where meditation  
 leads,  
 By flowing stream, through wood, or  
 craggy wild,  
 Loved haunts like these, the unimprisoned  
 mind  
 May yet have scope to range among her  
 own,  
 Her thoughts, her images, her high  
 desires.  
 If the dear faculty of sight should fail,  
 Still it may be allowed me to remember  
 What visionary powers of eye and soul  
 In youth were mine; when stationed on  
 the top  
 Of some huge hill—expectant, I beheld

The sun rise up, from distant climes re-  
 turned,  
 Darkness to chase, and sleep, and bring  
 the day  
 His bounteous gift! or saw him, toward  
 the deep,  
 Sink—with a retinue of flaming clouds  
 Attended; then my spirit was entranced  
 With joy exalted to beatitude;  
 The measure of my soul was filled with  
 bliss,  
 And holiest love; as earth, sea, air, with  
 light,  
 With pomp, with glory, with magnifi-  
 cence!

NATURE WORSHIPPED BY THE  
 GREEKS.

—IN that fair clime, the lonely herds-  
 man, stretched  
 On the soft grass, through half a summer's  
 day,  
 With music lulled his indolent repose:  
 And, in some fit of weariness, if he,  
 When his own breath was silent, chanced  
 to hear  
 A distant strain, far sweeter than the  
 sounds  
 Which his poor skill could make, his  
 fancy fetched,  
 Even from the blazing chariot of the sun,  
 A beardless youth, who touched a golden  
 lute,  
 And filled the illumined groves with  
 ravishment.  
 The nightly hunter, lifting up his eyes  
 Towards the crescent moon, with grateful  
 heart  
 Called on the lovely wanderer who be-  
 stowed  
 That timely light, to share his joyous  
 sport:  
 And hence, a beaming goddess with her  
 nymphs,  
 Across the lawn and through the dark-  
 some grove  
 (Not unaccompanied with tuneful notes,  
 By echo multiplied from rock or cave),  
 Swept in the storm of chase, as moon  
 and stars  
 Glance rapidly along the clouded heaven,

When winds are blowing strong. The  
 traveller slaked  
 His thirst from rill or gushing fount, and  
 thanked  
 The Naiad.—Sunbeams, upon distant  
 hills  
 Gliding apace, with shadows in their  
 train,  
 Might, with small help from fancy, be  
 transformed  
 Into fleet Oreads sporting visibly.  
 The Zephyrs, fanning as they passed,  
 their wings,  
 Lacked not, for love, fair objects, whom  
 they wooed  
 With gentle whisper. Withered boughs  
 grotesque,  
 Stripped of their leaves and twigs by  
 hoary age,  
 From depth of shaggy covert peeping  
 forth,  
 In the low vale, or on steep mountain-  
 side;  
 And sometimes intermixed with stirring  
 horns  
 Of the live deer, or goat's depending  
 beard,—  
 These were the lurking Satyrs, a wild  
 brood  
 Of gamesome deities; or Pan himself,  
 The simple shepherd's awe-inspiring god!

A SIMILE.

WITHIN the soul a faculty abides,  
 That with interpositions, which would  
 hide  
 And darken, so can deal, that they be-  
 come  
 Contingencies of pomp; and serve to  
 exalt  
 Her native brightness. As the ample  
 Moon,  
 In the deep stillness of a summer eve,  
 Rising behind a thick and lofty grove,  
 Burns like an unconsuming fire of life  
 In the green trees; and, kindling on all  
 sides  
 Their leafy umbrage, turns the dusky veil  
 Into a substance glorious as her own,  
 Yea, with her own incorporated, by  
 power



Capacious and serene ; like power  
abides  
In Man's celestial spirit ; Virtue thus  
Sets forth and magnifies herself ; thus  
feeds  
A calm, a beautiful, and silent fire,  
From the encumbrances of mortal life,  
From error, disappointment,—nay, from  
guilt ;  
And sometimes, so relenting. Justice  
wills,  
From palpable oppressions of Despair.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY  
FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF  
EARLY CHILDHOOD.

## I.

THERE was a time when meadow, grove,  
and stream,  
The earth, and every common sight,  
To me did seem  
Apparelled in celestial light,  
The glory and the freshness of a dream.  
It is not now as it has been of yore ;—  
Turn wheresoe'er I may,  
By night or day,  
The things which I have seen I now can  
see no more !

## II.

The rainbow comes and goes,  
And lovely is the rose,—  
The moon doth with delight  
Look round her when the heavens are  
bare ;  
Waters on a starry night  
Are beautiful and fair ;  
The sunshine is a glorious birth ;  
But yet I know, where'er I go,  
That there hath passed away a glory from  
the earth.

## III.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous  
song,  
And while the young lambs bound  
As to the tabor's sound,

To me alone there came a thought of  
grief ;  
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,  
And I again am strong.  
The cataracts blow their trumpets from  
the steep,—  
No more shall grief of mine the season  
wrong ;  
I hear the echoes through the mountains  
throng,  
The winds come to me from the fields of  
sleep,  
And all the earth is gay ;  
Land and sea  
Give themselves up to jollity,  
And with the heart of May  
Doth every beast keep holiday ;—  
Thou child of joy,  
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts,  
thou happy shepherd boy !

## IV.

Ye blessed creatures, I have heard the  
call  
Ye to each other make ; I see  
The heavens laugh with you in your  
jubilee ;  
My heart is at your festival,  
My head hath its coronal,  
The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it  
all.  
Oh evil day ! if I were sullen  
While the earth herself is adorning,  
This sweet May morning ;  
And the children are pulling,  
On every side,  
In a thousand valleys far and wide,  
Fresh flowers ; while the sun shines  
warm  
And the babe leaps up on his mother's  
arm :—  
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear !  
—But there's a tree, of many one,  
A single field which I have looked  
upon,  
Both of them speak of something that is  
gone :  
The pansy at my feet  
Doth the same tale repeat :  
Whither is fled the visionary gleam ?  
Where is it now, the glory and the  
dream ?

## V.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :  
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,  
Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
And cometh from afar ;  
Not in entire forgetfulness,  
And not in utter nakedness,  
But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
From God, who is our home :  
Heaven lies about us in our infancy !  
Shades of the prison-house begin to close  
Upon the growing boy,  
But he beholds the light, and whence it  
flows,  
He sees it in his joy ;  
The youth, who daily farther from the  
east  
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,  
And by the vision splendid  
Is on his way attended ;  
At length the man perceives it die away,  
And fade into the light of common day.

## VI.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her  
own ;  
Yearnings she hath in her own natural  
kind,  
And, even with something of a mother's  
mind,  
And no unworthy aim,  
The homely nurse doth all she can  
To make her foster-child, her inmate  
man,  
Forget the glories he hath known,  
And that imperial palace whence he  
came.

## VII.

Behold the child among his new-born  
blisses,  
A six years' darling of a pigmy size !  
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he  
lies,  
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,  
With light upon him from his father's  
eyes !  
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,  
Some fragment from his dream of human  
life,  
Shaped by himself with newly-learned  
art ;

A wedding or a festival,  
A mourning or a funeral ;  
And this hath now his heart,  
And unto this he frames his song :  
Then will he fit his tongue  
To dialogues of business, love, or strife ;  
But it will not be long  
Ere this be thrown aside,  
And with new joy and pride  
The little actor cons another part ;  
Filling from time to time his "humorous  
stage"  
With all the persons, down to palsied age,  
That Life brings with her in her equipage ;  
As if his whole vocation  
Were endless imitation.

## VIII.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth  
belie  
Thy soul's immensity ;  
Thou best philosopher, who yet dost  
keep  
Thy heritage ; thou eye among the blind,  
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal  
deep,  
Haunted for ever by the eternal mind,—  
Mighty Prophet ! Seer blest !  
On whom those truths do rest,  
Which we are toiling all our lives to  
find ;  
Thou, over whom thy immortality  
Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,  
A presence which is not to be put by ;  
Thou little child, yet glorious in the  
might  
Of heaven-born freedom, on thy being's  
height,  
Why with such earnest pains dost thou  
provoke  
The years to bring th' inevitable yoke,  
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at  
strife.  
Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly  
freight,  
And custom lie upon thee with a weight,  
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life !

## IX.

O joy ! that in our embers  
Is something that doth live,  
That Nature yet remembers  
What was so fugitive !



The thought of our past years in me doth breed  
Perpetual benedictions : not indeed  
For that which is most worthy to be  
blessed ;  
Delight and liberty, the simple creed  
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,  
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in  
his breast :

Not for these I raise  
The song of thanks and praise ;  
But for those obstinate questionings  
Of sense and outward things,  
Fallings from us, vanishings ;  
Black misgivings of a creature  
Moving about in worlds not realized,  
High instincts, before which our mortal  
nature

Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised !  
But for those first affections,  
Those shadowy recollections,  
Which, be they what they may,

Are yet the fountain light of all our  
day,

Are yet a master light of all our  
seeing ;

Uphold us—cherish—and have power  
to make

Our noisy years seem moments in the  
being

Of the eternal silence : truths that wake,  
To perish never ;

Which neither listlessness, nor mad  
endeavour,

Nor man nor boy,

Nor all that is at enmity with joy,  
Can utterly abolish or destroy !

Hence, in a season of calm weather,  
Though inland far we be,

Our souls have sight of that immortal sea  
Which brought us hither ;

Can in a moment travel thither,—  
And see the children sport upon the  
shore,

And hear the mighty waters rolling ever-  
more.

x.

Then, sing ye birds, sing, sing a joyous  
song !  
And let the young lambs bound  
As to the tabor's sound !  
We, in thought, will join your throng,

Ye that pipe and ye that play,  
Ye that through your hearts to-day  
Feel the gladness of the May !

What though the radiance which was  
once so bright

Be now for ever taken from my sight,  
Though nothing can bring back the  
hour

Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the  
flower ;

We will grieve not, rather find  
Strength in what remains behind,  
In the primal sympathy

Which having been, must ever be ;  
In the soothing thoughts that spring  
Out of human suffering ;

In the faith that looks through  
death,

In years that bring the philosophic  
mind.

XI.

And oh ye fountains, meadows, hills, and  
groves,

Think not of any severing of our loves !  
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your  
might ;

I only have relinquished one delight,  
To live beneath your more habitual  
sway.

I love the brooks, which down their  
channels fret,

Even more than when I tripped lightly as  
they :

The innocent brightness of a new-born  
day

Is lovely yet ;

The clouds that gather round the setting  
sun

Do take a sober colouring from an  
eye

That hath kept watch o'er man's mortal-  
ity ;

Another race hath been, and other palms  
are won.

Thanks to the human heart by which we  
live ;

Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and  
fears ;

To me the meanest flower that blows can  
give

Thoughts that do often lie too deep for  
tears.

[THOMAS MOORE. 1779—1852.]

## PARADISE AND THE PERI.

*Lalla Rookh.*

ONE morn a Peri at the gate  
Of Eden stood, disconsolate ;  
And as she listened to the Springs  
Of Life within, like music flowing,  
And caught the light upon her wings  
Through the half-open portal glowing,  
She wept to think her recreant race  
Should e'er have lost that glorious  
place !

"How happy !" exclaimed this child of  
air,

"Are the holy spirits who wander there,  
'Mid flowers that never shall fade or  
fall ;

Though mine are the gardens of earth  
and sea, [me,

And the stars themselves have flowers for  
One blossom of heaven outblooms them  
all !

Though sunny the Lake of cool Cash-  
mere,

With its plane-tree isle reflected clear,  
And sweetly the founts of that valley  
fall :

Though bright are the waters of Sing-su-  
hay, [stray,

And the golden floods, that thitherward  
Yet—oh, 'tis only the blest can say

How the waters of heaven outshine  
them all !

"Go, wing thy flight from star to star,  
From world to luminous world, as far  
As the universe spreads its flaming  
wall ;

Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,  
And multiply each through endless years,  
One minute of heaven is worth them all !"

"Go, wing thy flight from star to star,  
From world to luminous world, as far  
As the universe spreads its flaming  
wall ;

Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,  
And multiply each through endless years,  
One minute of heaven is worth them all !"

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Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,  
And multiply each through endless years,  
One minute of heaven is worth them all !"

"Nymph of a fair, but erring line !"  
Gently he said—"one hope is thine.  
'Tis written in the Book of Fate,  
*The Peri yet may be forgiven*  
*Who brings to this Eternal Gate*  
*The Gift that is most dear to Heaven !*  
Go, seek it, and redeem thy sin ;—  
'Tis sweet to let the Pardoned in !"

Rapidly as comets run  
To th' embraces of the sun :—  
Fleeter than the starry brands,  
Flung at night from angel hands  
At those dark and daring sprites,  
Who would climb th' empyreal heights,  
Down the blue vault the Peri flies,  
And, lighted earthward by a glance  
That just then broke from morning's  
eyes,  
Hung hovering o'er our world's ex-  
panse.

But whither shall the Spirit go  
To find this gift for Heaven ?—"I know  
The wealth," she cries, "of every urn,  
In which unnumbered rubies burn,  
Beneath the pillars of Chilminar ;—  
I know where the Isles of Perfume are  
Many a fathom down in the sea,  
To the south of sun-bright Araby ;—  
I know too where the Genii hid  
The jewelled cup of their king Jamshid,  
With life's elixir sparkling high—  
But gifts like these are not for the sky.  
Where was there ever a gem that shone  
Like the steps of Allah's wonderful  
throne ?

And the Drops of Life—oh ! what would  
they be  
In the boundless Deep of Eternity ?"

## BENDEMEER'S STREAM.

THERE'S a bower of roses by Bende-  
meer's stream,  
And the nightingale sings round it all  
the day long ;  
In the time of my childhood 'twas like a  
sweet dream,  
To sit in the roses and hear the bird's  
song.



That bower and its music I never forget,  
But oft when alone in the bloom of  
the year, [yet?  
I think—is the nightingale singing there  
Are the roses still bright by the calm  
Bendemeer?

No, the roses soon withered that hung  
o'er the wave,  
But some blossoms were gathered,  
while freshly they shone,  
And a dew was distilled from their  
flowers, that gave  
All the fragrance of summer, when  
summer was gone. [dies,  
Thus memory draws from delight, e'er it  
An essence that breathes of it many a  
year;  
Thus bright to my soul, as 'twas then to  
my eyes,  
Is that bower on the banks of the calm  
Bendemeer!

#### DISAPPOINTED HOPES.

I KNEW, I knew it could not last—  
'Twas bright, 'twas heavenly, but 'tis  
past!  
Oh! ever thus, from childhood's hour,  
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;  
I never loved a tree or flower,  
But 'twas the first to fade away.  
I never nursed a dear gazelle,  
To glad me with its soft black eye,  
But when it came to know me well,  
And love me, it was sure to die!  
Now too—the joy most like divine  
Of all I ever dreamt or knew,  
To see thee, hear thee, call thee mine,—  
Oh, misery! must I lose that too?  
Yet go—on peril's brink we meet;—  
Those frightful rocks—that treacherous  
sea—  
No, never come again—though sweet,  
Though heaven, it may be death to  
thee.  
Farewell—and blessings on thy way,  
Where'er thou go'st, beloved stranger!  
Better to sit and watch that ray,  
And think thee safe, though far away,  
Than have thee near me, and in  
danger!

#### A CURSE.

OH, for a tongue to curse the slave,  
Whose treason, like a deadly blight,  
Comes o'er the councils of the brave,  
And blasts them in their hour of  
might!  
May life's unblest cup for him  
Be drugged with treacheries to the brim,—  
With hopes, that but allure to fly,  
With joys, that vanish while he sips,  
Like Dead-Sea fruits, that tempt the eye,  
But turn to ashes on the lips!  
His country's curse, his children's shame,  
Outcasts of virtue, peace, and fame,  
May he, at last, with lips of flame  
On the parched desert thirsting die,—  
While lakes that shone in mockery nigh  
Are fading off, untouched, untasted,  
Like the once glorious hopes he blasted!  
And, when from earth his spirit flies,  
Just Prophet, let the damned-one dwell  
Full in the sight of Paradise,  
Beholding heaven, and feeling hell!

#### THE TEARS OF REPENTANCE.

BLEST tears of soul-felt penitence!  
In whose benign, redeeming flow  
Is felt the first, the only sense  
Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.  
"There's a drop," said the Peri, "that  
down from the moon  
Falls through the withering airs of June  
Upon Egypt's land, of so healing a power,  
So balmy a virtue, that e'en in the hour  
That drop descends, contagion dies,  
And health reanimates earth and skies!—  
Oh! is it not thus, thou man of sin,  
The precious tears of repentance fall?  
Though foul thy fiery plagues within,  
One heavenly drop hath dispelled them  
all!"  
And now—behold him kneeling there  
By the child's side, in humble prayer,  
While the same sunbeam shines upon  
The guilty and the guiltless one,  
And hymns of joy proclaim through  
heaven  
The triumph of a soul forgiven!  
'Twas when the golden orb had set,  
While on their knees they lingered yet,

There fell a light, more lovely far  
Than ever came from sun or star,  
Upon the tear that, warm and meek,  
Dewed that repentant sinner's cheek:  
To mortal eye this light might seem  
A northern flash or meteor beam—  
But well th' enraptured Peri knew  
'Twas a bright smile the Angel threw  
From heaven's gate, to hail that tear  
Her harbinger of glory near!

"Joy, joy for ever! my task is done—  
The Gates are passed, and Heaven is  
won!  
Oh! am I not happy? I am, I am—  
To thee, sweet Eden! how dark and  
sad  
Are the diamond turrets of Shadukiam,  
And the fragrant bowers of Ambera-  
bad!

"Farewell, ye odours of earth, that die,  
Passing away like a lover's sigh!—  
My feast is now of the tooba tree,  
Whose scent is the breath of eternity!

"Farewell, ye vanishing flowers, that  
shone  
In my fairy-wreath, so bright and  
brief,—  
Oh! what are the brightest that e'er have  
blown,  
To the lote tree, springing by Alla's  
Throne, [leaf!  
Whose flowers have a soul in every  
Joy, joy for ever!—my task is done—  
The Gates are passed, and Heaven is  
won!"

#### MONODY ON THE DEATH OF SHERIDAN.

YES, grief will have way—but the fast-  
falling tear  
Shall be mingled with deep execrations  
on those [career,  
Who could bask in that spirit's meridian  
And yet leave it thus lonely and dark  
at its close:—

Whose vanity flew round him, only while  
fed [time gave;—  
By the odour his fame in its summer-

Whose vanity now, with quick scent for  
the dead,  
Like the Ghole of the East, comes to  
feed at his grave.

Oh! it sickens the heart to see bosoms  
so hollow,  
And spirits so mean in the great and  
high-born;  
To think what a long line of titles may  
follow [and lorn!  
The relics of him who died—friendless

How proud they can press to the funeral  
array  
Of one, whom they shunned in his sick-  
ness and sorrow:  
How bailiffs may seize his last blanket to-  
day, [to-morrow!  
Whose pall shall be held up by nobles

And Thou, too, whose life, a sick epicure's  
dream, [passed,  
Incoherent and gross, even grosser had  
Were it not for that cordial and soul-  
giving beam,  
Which his friendship and wit o'er thy  
nothingness cast:—

No, not for the wealth of the land, that  
supplies thee  
With millions to heap upon Foppery's  
shrine;— [thee,  
No, not for the riches of all who despise  
Tho' this would make Europe's whole  
opulence mine;—

Would I suffer what—ev'n in the heart  
that thou hast—  
All mean as it is—must have con-  
sciously burned,  
When the pittance, which shame had  
wrung from thee at last,  
And which found all his wants at an  
end, was returned!

"Was this, then, the fate"—future ages  
will say,  
When some names shall live but in  
history's curse;

When the truth will be heard, and these  
lords of a day [as worse:  
Be forgotten as fools, or remembered



"Was this then the fate of that high-gifted man,  
The pride of the palace, the bower and the hall,  
The orator—dramatist—minstrel—who ran  
Through each mode of the lyre, and was master of all?"

"Whose mind was an essence, compounded with art  
From the finest and best of all other men's powers;  
Who ruled like a wizard, the world of the heart,  
And could call up its sunshine, or bring down its showers;"

"Whose humour, as gay as the fire-fly's light,  
Played round every subject, and shone as it played;  
Whose wit, in the combat, as gentle as bright,  
Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade;—

"Whose eloquence brightening whatever it tried,  
Whether reason or fancy, the gay or the grave,—  
Was as rapid, as deep, and as brilliant a tide,  
As ever bore Freedom aloft on its wave!"

Yes—such was the man, and so wretched his fate;—  
And thus, sooner or later, shall all have to grieve,  
Who waste their morn's dew in the beams of the great,  
And expect 'twill return to refresh them at eve.

In the woods of the North, there are insects that prey  
On the brain of the elk till his very last sigh!  
Oh, genius! thy patrons, more cruel than they,  
First feed on thy brains, and then leave thee to die.

#### HAVE YOU NOT SEEN THE TIMID TEAR.

HAVE you not seen the timid tear  
Steal trembling from mine eye?  
Have you not marked the flush of fear,  
Or caught the murmured sigh?  
And can you think my love is chill,  
Nor fixed on you alone?  
And can you rend, by doubting still,  
A heart so much your own?

To you my soul's affections move  
Devoutly, warmly true;  
My life has been a task of love,  
One long, long thought of you.  
If all your tender faith is o'er,  
If still my truth you'll try;  
Alas! I know but one proof more,—  
I'll bless your name, and die!

#### WHEN TIME, WHO STEALS.

WHEN Time, who steals our years away,  
Shall steal our pleasures too,  
The memory of the past will stay,  
And half our joys renew.

Then, Chloe, when thy beauty's flower  
Shall feel the wintry air,  
Remembrance will recall the hour  
When thou alone wert fair!

Then talk no more of future gloom;  
Our joys shall always last;  
For hope shall brighten days to come,  
And memory gild the past!

Come, Chloe, fill the genial bowl,  
I drink to Love and thee:  
Thou never canst decay in soul,  
Thou'lt still be young for me.

And as thy lips the tear-drop chase  
Which on my cheek they find,  
So hope shall steal away the trace  
Which sorrow leaves behind!

Then fill the bowl—away the gloom!  
Our joys shall always last;  
For hope shall brighten days to come,  
And memory gild the past!

But mark, at thought of future years  
When love shall lose its soul,  
My Chloe drops her timid tears,  
They mingle with my bowl!

How like this bowl of wine, my fair,  
Our loving life shall fleet;  
Though tears may sometimes mingle there,  
The draught will still be sweet!

Then fill the bowl—away with gloom!  
Our joys shall always last;  
For hope will brighten days to come,  
And memory gild the past!

#### A CANADIAN BOAT-SONG.

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime,  
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.

Soon as the woods on shore look dim,  
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.  
Row, brothers, row! the stream runs fast,  
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past!

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?  
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl!

But, when the wind blows off the shore,  
Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.  
Blow, breezes, blow! the stream runs fast,  
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past!

Ottawa's tide! this trembling moon  
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.  
Saint of this green isle! hear our prayers,  
Oh! grant us cool heavens and favouring airs.

Blow, breezes, blow! the stream runs fast,  
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past!

#### GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

Go where glory waits thee,  
But while fame elates thee,  
Oh! still remember me.

When the praise thou meetest  
To thine ear is sweetest,  
Oh! then remember me.  
Other arms may press thee,  
Dearer friends caress thee,  
All the joys that bless thee  
Sweeter far may be;  
But when friends are nearest,  
And when joys are dearest,  
Oh! then remember me.

When at eve thou rovest  
By the star thou lovest,  
Oh! then remember me.  
Think, when home returning,  
Bright we've seen it burning,  
Oh! thus remember me.

Oft as summer closes,  
When thine eye reposes  
On its lingering roses,  
Once so loved by thee,  
Think of her who wove them,  
Her who made thee love them,  
Oh! then remember me.

When, around thee dying,  
Autumn leaves are lying,  
Oh! then remember me.  
And, at night, when gazing  
On the gay hearth blazing,  
Oh! still remember me.  
Then, should music, stealing  
All the soul of feeling,  
To thy heart appealing,  
Draw one tear from thee;  
Then let memory bring thee  
Strains I used to sing thee,—  
Oh! then remember me.

#### MARY, I BELIEVED THEE TRUE.

MARY, I believed thee true,  
And I was blest in thus believing;  
But now I mourn that e'er I knew  
A girl so fair and so deceiving!

Few have ever loved liked me,—  
Oh! I have loved thee too sincerely!  
And few have e'er deceived like thee,—  
Alas! deceived me too severely!



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

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

~~~~~  
**WHY DOES AZURE DECK THE
SKY?**

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

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

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

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

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

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

~~~~~  
WHEN HE WHO ADORES THEE.

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

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

~~~~~  
**THE HARP THAT ONCE  
THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.**

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

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

**FLY NOT YET.**

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

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

~~~~~  
**RICH AND RARE WERE THE
GEMS SHE WORE.**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

~~~~~  
THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

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

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

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

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

I SAW THY FORM IN YOUTHFUL PRIME.

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

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

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

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

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

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

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

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

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

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

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

DRINK TO HER.

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

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

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

OH! BLAME NOT THE BARD.

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

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

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

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

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

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

~~~~~  
LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

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

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

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

LESBIA HATH A BEAMING EYE.

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

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

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

~~~~~  
O THE SHAMROCK !

THROUGH Erin's Isle,
To sport awhile,

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

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

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

AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT.

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

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

~~~~~  
ONE BUMPER AT PARTING.

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

As onward we journey, how pleasant  
To pause and inhabit awhile  
Those few sunny spots, like the present,  
That 'mid the dull wilderness smile!  
But Time, like a pitiless master,  
Cries "Onward!" and spurs the gay hours—  
Ah, never doth Time travel faster,  
Than when his way lies among flowers  
But come—may our life's happy measure  
Be all of such moments made up ;  
They're born on the bosom of Pleasure,  
They die 'midst the tears of the cup.



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

~~~~~  
**'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF
SUMMER.**

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

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

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

~~~~~  
**THE YOUNG MAY MOON.**

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

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

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

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

~~~~~  
THE MINSTREL-BOY.

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

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

~~~~~  
**FAREWELL!—BUT WHENEVER  
YOU WELCOME THE HOUR.**

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

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

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

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

~~~~~  
OH! DOUBT ME NOT.

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

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

And though my lute no longer
May sing of Passion's ardent spell,
Yet, trust me, all the stronger
I feel the bliss I do not tell.
The bee through many a garden roves,
And hums his lay of courtship o'er,
But, when he finds the flower he loves,
He settles there, and hums no more.
Then doubt me not—the season
Is o'er when Folly kept me free,
And now the vestal, Reason,
Shall guard the flame awaked by
thee.

~~~~~  
**YOU REMEMBER ELLEN.**

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

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



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

~~~~~  
 COME O'ER THE SEA.

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

Then come o'er the sea,
 Maiden, with me,
 Come wherever the wild wind blows;
 Seasons may roll,
 But the true soul
 Burns the same, where'er it goes.

Was not the sea
 Made for the free,
 Land for courts and chains alone?
 Here we are slaves,
 But, on the waves,
 Love and liberty's all our own.
 No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us,
 All earth forgot, and all heaven around us—

Then come o'er the sea,
 Maiden, with me,
 Mine through sunshine, storm, and snows;
 Seasons may roll,
 But the true soul
 Burns the same, where'er it goes.

HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED.

HAS sorrow thy young days shaded,
 As clouds o'er the morning fleet?
 Too fast have those young days faded,
 That, even in sorrow, were sweet?
 Does Time with his cold wing wither
 Each feeling that once was dear?—
 Then, child of misfortune, come hither,
 I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

Has love to that soul, so tender,
 Been like our Lagenian mine,
 Where sparkles of golden splendour
 All over the surface shine?
 But, if in pursuit we go deeper,
 Allured by the gleam that shone,
 Ah! false as the dream of the sleeper,
 Like Love, the bright ore is gone.

Has Hope, like the bird in the story,
 That flitted from tree to tree
 With the talisman's glittering glory—
 Has Hope been that bird to thee?
 On branch after branch alighting,
 The gem did she still display,
 And, when nearest and most inviting,
 Then waft the fair gem away?

If thus the young hours have fleeted,
 When sorrow itself looked bright?
 If thus the fair hope hath cheated,
 That led thee along so light;
 If thus the cold world now wither
 Each feeling that once was dear:—
 Come, child of misfortune, come hither,
 I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

~~~~~  
 WHEN FIRST I MET THEE.

WHEN first I met thee, warm and young,  
 There shone such truth about thee,  
 And on thy lip such promise hung,  
 I did not dare to doubt thee.  
 I saw thee change, yet still relied,  
 Still clung with hope the fonder,  
 And thought, though false to all beside,  
 From me thou couldst not wander.

But go, deceiver! go,—  
 The heart, whose hopes could make it  
 Trust one so false, so low,  
 Deserves that thou shouldst break it.

When every tongue thy follies named,  
 I fled the unwelcome story;  
 Or found, in even the faults they blamed,  
 Some gleams of future glory.  
 I still was true, when nearer friends  
 Conspired to wrong, to slight thee;  
 The heart, that now thy falsehood reads,  
 Would then have bled to right thee.  
 But go, deceiver! go,—  
 Some day, perhaps, thou'lt waken  
 From pleasure's dream, to know  
 The grief of hearts forsaken.

Even now, though youth its bloom has shed,  
 No lights of age adorn thee:  
 The few who loved thee once have fled,  
 And they who flatter scorn thee.  
 Thy midnight cup is pledged to slaves,  
 No genial ties enwreath it;  
 The smiling there, like light on graves,  
 Has rank cold hearts beneath it.  
 Go—go—though worlds were thine,  
 I would not now surrender  
 One taintless tear of mine  
 For all thy guilty splendour!

And days may come, thou false one! yet,  
 When even those ties shall sever;  
 When thou wilt call, with vain regret,  
 On her thou'st lost for ever;  
 On her who, in thy fortune's fall,  
 With smiles hath still received thee,  
 And gladly died to prove thee all  
 Her fancy first believed thee.  
 Go—go—'tis vain to curse,  
 'Tis weakness to upbraid thee;  
 Hate cannot wish thee worse  
 Than guilt and shame have made thee.

~~~~~  
 WHILE HISTORY'S MUSE.

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

But oh! how the tear in her eyelids grew bright,
 When, after whole pages of sorrow and shame,
 She saw History write,
 With a pencil of light
 That illumed the whole volume, her Wellington's name!

"Hail, Star of my Isle!" said the Spirit,
 all sparkling
 With beams such as break from her own dewy skies—
 "Through ages of sorrow, deserted and darkling,
 I've watched for some glory like thine to arise.
 For though Heroes I've numbered, unblest was their lot,
 And unhallowed they sleep in the cross-ways of Fame;—
 But oh! there is not
 One dishonouring blot
 On the wreath that encircles my Wellington's name!

"Yet still the last crown of thy toils is remaining,
 The grandest, the purest, even thou hast yet known;
 Though proud was thy task, other nations unchaining,
 Far prouder to heal the deep wounds of thy own.
 At the foot of that throne for whose weal thou hast stood,
 Go, plead for the land that first cradled thy fame—
 And, bright o'er the flood
 Of her tears and her blood,
 Let the rainbow of Hope be her Wellington's name!"

~~~~~  
 THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING.

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