

Though Wisdom oft has sought me,  
I scorned the lore she brought me,  
My only books  
Were woman's looks,  
And folly's all they've taught me.

Her smile when Beauty granted,  
I hung with gaze enchanted,  
Like him the Sprite  
Whom maids by night  
Oft meet in glen that's haunted.  
Like him, too, Beauty won me  
But while her eyes were on me ;  
If once their ray  
Was turned away,  
Oh ! winds could not outrun me.

And are those follies going ?  
And is my proud heart growing  
Too cold or wise  
For brilliant eyes  
Again to set it glowing ?  
No—vain, alas ! th' endeavour  
From bonds so sweet to sever ;—  
Poor Wisdom's chance  
Against a glance  
Is now as weak as ever.

#### OH, WHERE'S THE SLAVE.

Oh, where's the slave so lowly  
Condemned to chains unholy,  
Who, could he burst  
His bonds at first,  
Would pine beneath them slowly ?  
What soul, whose wrongs degrade it,  
Would wait till time decayed it,  
When thus its wing  
At once may spring  
To the throne of Him who made it ?  
Farewell, Erin,—farewell, all  
Who live to weep our fall.

Less dear the laurel growing  
Alive, untouched, and blowing,  
Than that whose braid  
Is plucked to shade  
The brows with victory growing.  
We tread the land that bore us,  
Her green flag glitters o'er us,

The friends we've tried  
Are by our side,  
And the foe we hate before us.  
Farewell, Erin,—farewell, all  
Who live to weep our fall.

#### COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.

COME, rest in this bosom, my own  
stricken deer,  
Though the herd have fled from thee, thy  
home is still here :  
Here still is the smile that no cloud can  
o'ercast,  
And a heart and a hand all thy own to  
the last.

Oh ! what was love made for, if 'tis not  
the same  
Through joy and through torment, through  
glory and shame ?  
I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that  
heart,  
I but know that I love thee, whatever  
thou art.

Thou hast called me thy Angel in  
moments of bliss,  
And thy Angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors of  
this,  
Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy  
steps to pursue,  
And shield thee, and save thee, or perish  
there too.

#### I SAW FROM THE BEACH.

I SAW from the beach, when the morning  
was shining,  
A bark o'er the waters move gloriously  
on ;  
I came when the sun o'er that beach was  
declining,  
The bark was still there, but the waters  
were gone.

And such is the fate of our life's early  
promise,  
So passing the spring-tide of joy we  
have known ;

Each wave, that we danced on at morn-  
ing, ebbs from us,  
And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak  
shore alone.

Ne'er tell me of glories serenely adorning  
The close of our day, the calm eve of  
our night :—  
Give me back, give me back the wild  
freshness of Morning,  
Her clouds and her tears are worth  
Evening's best light.

Oh, who would not welcome that mo-  
ment's returning,  
When passion first waked a new life  
through his frame,  
And his soul—like the wood that grows  
precious in burning—  
Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite  
flame !

#### FILL THE BUMPER FAIR.

FILL the bumper fair !  
Every drop we sprinkle  
O'er the brow of Care,  
Smooths away a wrinkle.  
Wit's electric flame  
Ne'er so swiftly passes,  
As when through the frame  
It shoots from brimming glasses.  
Fill the bumper fair !  
Every drop we sprinkle  
O'er the brow of Care,  
Smooths away a wrinkle.

Sages can, they say,  
Grasp the lightning's pinions,  
And bring down its ray  
From the starred dominions :—  
So we, sages, sit  
And 'mid bumpers brightening,  
From the heaven of Wit  
Draw down all its lightning.

Wouldst thou know what first  
Made our souls inherit  
This ennobling thirst  
For wine's celestial spirit ?  
It chanced upon that day,  
When, as bards inform us,  
Prometheus stole away  
The living fires that warm us,

The careless Youth, when up  
To Glory's fount aspiring,  
Took nor urn nor cup  
To hide the pilfered fire in.—  
But oh, his joy ! when, round  
The halls of heaven spying,  
Among the stars he found  
A bowl of Bacchus lying.

Some drops were in that bowl,  
Remains of last night's pleasure,  
With which the Sparks of Soul  
Mixed their burning treasure.  
Hence the goblet's shower  
Hath such spells to win us ;  
Hence its mighty power  
O'er that flame within us.  
Fill the bumper fair !  
Every drop we sprinkle  
O'er the brow of Care,  
Smooths away a wrinkle.

#### LIFE WITHOUT FREEDOM.

FROM life without freedom, oh ! who  
would not fly ?  
For one day of freedom, oh ! who would  
not die ?  
Hark, hark ! 'tis the trumpet, the call of  
the brave,  
The death-song of tyrants, and dirge of  
the slave.  
Our country lies bleeding, oh ! fly to her  
aid,  
One arm that defends, is worth hosts that  
invade.

In death's kindly bosom our last hope  
remains,  
The dead fear no tyrants ; the grave has  
no chains.  
On, on to the combat ! the heroes that  
bleed  
For virtue and mankind, are heroes in-  
deed !  
And oh ! e'en if Freedom from this world  
be driven,  
Despair not—at least we shall find her in  
heaven !

## HERE'S THE BOWER.

HERE's the bower she loved so much,  
And the tree she planted ;  
Here's the harp she used to touch,—  
Oh ! how that touch enchanted !  
Roses now unheeded sigh,  
Where's the hand to wreath them ?  
Songs around neglected lie,  
Where's the lip to breathe them ?  
Here's the bower she loved so much,  
And the tree she planted ;  
Here's the harp she used to touch,  
Oh ! how that touch enchanted !

Spring may bloom, but she we loved  
Ne'er shall feel its sweetness,  
Time that once so fleetly moved,  
Now hath lost its fleetness.  
Years were days, when here she strayed,  
Days were moments near her,  
Heaven ne'er formed a brighter maid,  
Nor pity wept a dearer !  
Here's the bower she loved so much,  
And the tree she planted ;  
Here's the harp she used to touch,—  
Oh ! how that touch enchanted !

## LOVE AND HOPE.

AT morn, beside yon summer sea,  
Young Hope and Love reclined :  
But scarce had noon-tide come, when he  
Into his bark leaped smilingly,  
And left poor Hope behind !

"I go," said Love, "to sail awhile,  
Across this sunny main ;"—  
And then so sweet his parting smile,  
That Hope, who never dreamed of guile,  
Believed he'd come again.

She lingered there, till evening's beam  
Along the waters lay ;  
And o'er the sands, in thoughtful dream,  
Oft traced his name, which still the stream  
As often washed away.

At length, a sail appears in sight,  
And toward the maiden moves ;  
'Tis Wealth that comes, and gay and  
bright,  
His golden bark reflects the light ;  
But, ah, it is not Love's !

Another sail—'twas Friendship showed  
Her night lamp o'er the sea ;  
And calm the light that lamp bestowed,  
But Love had lights that warmer glowed,  
And where, alas ! was He ?

Now fast around the sea and shore  
Night threw her darkling chain ;  
The sunny sails were seen no more,  
Hope's morning dreams of bliss were  
o'er—  
Love never came again !

## FAREWELL.

FAREWELL—farewell to thee, Araby's  
daughter !  
(Thus warbled a Peri beneath the dark  
sea ;)  
No pearl ever lay, under Oman's green  
water,  
More pure in its shell than thy spirit in  
thee.

Oh ! fair as the sea-flower close to thee  
growing,  
How light was thy heart till love's  
witchery came,  
Like the wind of the south o'er a summer  
lute blowing,  
And hushed all its music and withered  
its frame !

But long upon Araby's green sunny high-  
lands,  
Shall maids and their lovers remember  
the doom  
Of her who lies sleeping among the Pearl  
Islands,  
With nought but the sea-star to light  
up her tomb.

And still, when the merry date season is  
burning  
And calls to the palm-groves the young  
and the old,  
The happiest there, from their pastime  
returning,  
At sunset, will weep when thy story is  
told.

## THOU ART, O GOD !

## I.

THOU art, O God ! the life and light  
Of all this wondrous world we see ;  
Its glow by day, its smile by night,  
Are but reflections caught from Thee.  
Where'er we turn Thy glories shine,  
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

## II.

When day, with farewell beam, delays  
Among the opening clouds of even,  
And we can almost think we gaze  
Through golden vistas into Heaven ;  
Those hues, that make the sun's decline  
So soft, so radiant, Lord ! are Thine.

## III.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,  
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,  
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose  
plume  
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes ;—  
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,  
So grand, so countless, Lord ! are Thine.

## IV.

When youthful spring around us breathes,  
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh ;  
And every flower the summer wreathes  
Is born beneath that kindling eye.  
Where'er we turn Thy glories shine,  
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEET-  
ING SHOW.

## I.

THIS world is all a fleeting show  
For man's illusion given ;  
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,  
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow,—  
There's nothing true but Heaven !

## II.

And false the light on glory's plume,  
As fading hues of even ;  
And Love, and Hope, and Beauty's  
bloom,  
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb,—  
There's nothing bright but Heaven !

The young village maid, when with  
flowers she dresses  
Her dark-flowing hair, for some festival  
day,  
Will think of thy fate, till neglecting her  
tresses,  
She mournfully turns from the mirror  
away.

Nor shall Iran, beloved of her hero ! for-  
get thee,—  
Though tyrants watch over her tears as  
they start,  
Close, close by the side of that hero she'll  
set thee,  
Embalmed in the innermost shrine of  
her heart,

Farewell—be it ours to embellish thy  
pillow  
With everything beauteous that grows  
in the deep ;  
Each flower of the rock, and each gem of  
the billow,  
Shall sweeten thy bed, and illumine  
thy sleep.

Around thee shall glisten the loveliest  
amber  
That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has  
wept ;  
With many a shell, in whose hollow-  
wreathed chamber,  
We, Peris of ocean, by moonlight have  
slept.

We'll dive where the gardens of coral lie  
darkling,  
And plant all the rosiest stems at thy  
head ;  
We'll seek where the sands of the Caspian  
are sparkling,  
And gather their gold to stew over thy  
bed.

Farewell—farewell—until Pity's sweet  
fountain  
Is lost in the hearts of the fair and the  
brave,  
They'll weep for the chieftain who died  
on that mountain,  
They'll weep for the maiden who sleeps  
in this wave.

## III.

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,  
From wave to wave we're driven,  
And fancy's flash and reason's ray  
Serve but to light the troubled way,—  
There's nothing calm but Heaven!

## FALL'N IS THY THRONE.

## I.

FALL'N is thy throne, O Israel!  
Silence is o'er thy plains;  
Thy dwellings all lie desolate,  
Thy children weep in chains.  
Where are the dews that fed thee  
On Etham's barren shore?  
That fire from Heaven which led thee,  
Now lights thy path no more.

## II.

Lord! Thou didst love Jerusalem;—  
Once, she was all Thy own;  
Her love Thy fairest heritage,  
Her power Thy glory's throne,  
Till evil came, and blighted  
Thy long-loved olive-tree;—  
And Salem's shrines were lighted  
For other gods than Thee!

## III.

Then sunk the star of Solyma;—  
Then passed her glory's day,  
Like heath that, in the wilderness,  
The wild wind whirls away.  
Silent and waste her bowers,  
Where once the mighty trod,  
And sunk those guilty towers,  
Where Baal reigned as God!

## IV.

"Go,"—said the Lord—"ye conquerors!  
Steep in her blood your swords,  
And raze to earth her battlements,  
For they are not the Lord's!  
Till Zion's mournful daughter  
O'er kindred bones shall tread,  
And Hinnom's vale of slaughter  
Shall hide but half her dead!"

O THOU WHO DRY'ST THE  
MOURNER'S TEAR!

## I.

O THOU who dry'st the mourner's tear!  
How dark this world would be,  
If, when deceived and wounded here,  
We could not fly to Thee.  
The friends, who in our sunshine live,  
When winter comes are flown:  
And he, who has but tears to give,  
Must weep those tears alone.  
But Thou wilt heal that broken heart,  
Which, like the plants that throw  
Their fragrance from the wounded part,  
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

## II.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,  
And e'en the hope that threw  
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,  
Is dimmed and vanished too!  
Oh! who would bear life's stormy doom,  
Did not Thy wing of love  
Come, brightly wafting through the gloom  
Our peace-branch from above?  
Then sorrow, touched by Thee, grows  
bright  
With more than rapture's ray;  
As darkness shows us worlds of light  
We never saw by day!

## SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL.

## I.

SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark  
sea!  
Jehovah has triumphed—his people are  
free.  
Sing—for the pride of the tyrant is broken,  
His chariots, and horsemen, all splendid  
and brave,  
How vain was their boasting!—the Lord  
hath but spoken,  
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in  
the wave.  
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark  
sea!  
Jehovah has triumphed—his people are  
free.

## II.

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord,  
His word was our arrow, his breath was  
our sword!—  
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story  
Of those she sent forth in the hour of  
her pride?  
For the Lord hath looked out from his  
pillar of glory,  
And all her brave thousands are dashed  
in the tide. [sea!  
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark  
Jehovah has triumphed—his people are  
free.

[SIR WALTER SCOTT. 1771—1832.]

## THE LAST MINSTREL.

*Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

THE way was long, the wind was cold,  
The Minstrel was infirm and old;  
His withered cheek, and tresses grey,  
Seemed to have known a better day;  
The harp, his sole remaining joy,  
Was carried by an orphan boy:  
The last of all the Bards was he,  
Who sung of Border chivalry;  
For, well-a-day! their date was fled,  
His tuneful brethren all were dead;  
And he, neglected and oppressed,  
Wished to be with them, and at rest.  
No more, on prancing palfrey borne,  
He carolled, light as lark at morn;  
No longer, courted and caressed,  
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,  
He poured, to lord and lady gay,  
The unpremeditated lay: [gone;  
Old times were changed, old manners  
A stranger filled the Stuarts' throne;  
The bigots of the iron time  
Had called his harmless art a crime.  
A wandering harper, scorned and poor,  
He begged his bread from door to door;  
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,  
The harp a King had loved to hear.

## THE LOVE OF COUNTRY.

BREATHES there the man with soul so  
dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,

This is my own, my native land!  
Whose heart hath ne'er within him  
burned  
As home his footsteps he hath turned,  
From wandering on a foreign strand?  
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;  
For him no minstrel raptures swell!  
High though his titles, proud his name,  
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim:  
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,  
The wretch, concentred all in self,  
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,  
And doubly dying, shall go down  
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,  
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

## SCOTLAND.

O CALEDONIA! stern and wild,  
Meet nurse for a poetic child!  
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,  
Land of the mountain and the flood,  
Land of my sires, what mortal hand  
Can e'er untie the filial band  
That knits me to thy rugged strand?  
Still, as I view each well-known scene,  
Think what is now, and what hath been,  
Seems as, to me, of all bereft,  
Sole friends thy woods and streams were  
left;  
And thus I love them better still,  
Even in extremity of ill.  
By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,  
Though none should guide my feeble  
way;  
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,  
Although it chill my withered cheek;  
Still lay my head by Teviot stone,  
Though there, forgotten and alone,  
The bard may draw his parting groan.

## MELROSE ABBEY.

If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,  
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;  
For the gay beams of lightsome day  
Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.  
When the broken arches are black in night,  
And each shafted oriel glimmers white:  
When the cold light's uncertain shower  
Streams on the ruined central tower;

When buttress and buttress, alternately,  
Seem framed of ebon and ivory ;  
When silver edges the imagery,  
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die ;

When distant Tweed is heard to rave,  
And the owl to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,

Then go—but go alone the while—  
Then view St. David's ruined pile ;  
And home returning, soothly swear,  
Was never scene so sad and fair !

#### THE MEMORY OF THE BARD.

CALL it not vain :—they do not err,  
Who say, that when the Poet dies,  
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,  
And celebrates his obsequies :  
Who say, tall cliff, and cavern lone,  
For the departed bard make moan ;  
That mountains weep in crystal rill ;  
That flowers in tears of balm distil ;  
Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,

And oaks, in deeper groan, reply ;  
And rivers teach their rushing wave  
To murmur dirges round his grave.

Not that, in sooth, o'er mortal urn  
Those things inanimate can mourn ;  
But that the stream, the wood, the gale,  
Is vocal with the plaintive wail  
Of those, who, else forgotten long,  
Lived in the poet's faithful song,  
And, with the poet's parting breath,  
Whose memory feels a second death.  
The maid's pale shade, who wails her lot,  
That love, true love, should be forgot,  
From rose and hawthorn shakes the tear  
Upon the gentle minstrel's bier :  
The phantom knight, his glory fled,  
Mourns o'er the field he heaped with dead ;

Mounts the wild blast that sweeps amain,  
And shrieks along the battle-plain.  
The chief, whose antique crownlet long  
Still sparkled in the feudal song,  
Now, from the mountain's misty throne,  
Sees, in the thanedom once his own,  
His ashes undistinguished lie,  
His place, his power, his memory die :

His groans the lonely caverns fill,  
His tears of rage impell the rill ;  
All mourn the minstrel's harp unstrung,  
Their name unknown, their praise unsung.

#### HYMN FOR THE DEAD.

THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,  
When heaven and earth shall pass away,

What power shall be the sinner's stay !  
How shall he meet that dreadful day,  
When, shrivelling like a parchèd scroll,  
The flaming heavens together roll ;  
When louder yet, and yet more dread,  
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead !

O ! on that day, that wrathful day,  
When man to judgment wakes from clay,

Be THOU the trembling sinner's stay,  
Though heaven and earth shall pass away !

#### LOVE AS THE THEME OF POETS.

##### I.

AND said I that my limbs were old ;  
And said I that my blood was cold,  
And that my kindly fire was fled,  
And my poor withered heart was dead,  
And that I might not sing of love ?—  
How could I to the dearest theme,  
That ever warmed a minstrel's dream,  
So foul, so false, a recreant prove !  
How could I name love's very name,  
Nor wake my harp to notes of flame !

##### II.

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed ;

In war, he mounts the warrior's steed ;  
In halls, in gay attire is seen ;  
In hamlets, dances on the green.  
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,  
And men below, and saints above ;  
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

#### THE BORDER TROOPER ; SIR WILLIAM OF DELORAINE.

A STARK moss-trooping Scot was he,  
As e'er couched border lance by knee :  
Through Solway sands, through Tarras moss,

Blindfold he knew the paths to cross ;  
By wily turns, by desperate bounds,  
Had baffled Percy's best blood-hounds ;  
In Eske, or Liddel, fords were none,  
But he would ride them, one by one ;  
Alike to him was time, or tide,  
December's snow, or July's pride ;  
Alike to him was tide, or time,  
Moonless midnight, or matin prime :  
Steady of heart and stout of hand,  
As e'er drove prey from Cumberland ;  
Five times outlawed had he been,  
By England's king and Scotland's queen.

#### PITT AND FOX.

##### Introduction to *Marmion*.

To mute and to material things  
New life revolving summer brings ;  
The genial call dead Nature hears,  
And in her glory reappears.  
But oh ! my country's wintry state  
What second spring shall renovate ?  
What powerful call shall bid arise  
The buried warlike, and the wise ?  
The mind, that thought for Britain's weal,  
The hand, that grasped the victor steel ?  
The vernal sun new life bestows  
Even on the meanest flower that blows ;  
But vainly, vainly, may he shine,  
Where glory weeps o'er Nelson's shrine :  
And vainly pierce the solemn gloom,  
That shrouds, O Pitt, thy hallowed tomb !

\* \* \* \* \*  
Hadst thou but lived, though stripped  
of power,  
A watchman on the lonely tower,  
Thy thrilling trump had roused the land,  
When fraud or danger were at hand ;  
By thee, as by the beacon-light,  
Our pilots had kept course aright ;

As some proud column, though alone,  
Thy strength had propped the tottering throne.

Now is the stately column broke,  
The beacon-light is quenched in smoke,  
The trumpet's silver sound is still,  
The warder silent on the hill !

Oh, think, how to his latest day,  
When Death, just hovering, claimed his prey,  
With Palinure's unaltered mood,  
Firm at his dangerous post he stood ;  
Each call for needful rest repelled,  
With dying hand the rudder held,  
Till, in his fall, with fateful sway,  
The steerage of the realm gave way !  
Then, while on Britain's thousand plains,  
One unpolluted church remains,  
Whose peaceful bells ne'er sent around  
The bloody tocsin's maddening sound,  
But still, upon the hallowed day,  
Convoke the swains to praise and pray ;  
While faith and civil peace are dear,  
Grace this cold marble with a tear,—  
He, who preserved them, Pitt, lies here !

Nor yet suppress the generous sigh,  
Because his rival slumbers nigh ;  
Nor be thy *requiescat* dumb,  
Lest it be said o'er Fox's tomb.  
For talents mourn, untimely lost,  
When best employed, and wanted most ;  
Mourn genius high, and lore profound,  
And wit that loved to play, not wound ;  
And all the reasoning powers divine,  
To penetrate, resolve, combine ;  
And feelings keen, and fancy's glow,—  
They sleep with him who sleeps below ;  
And, if thou mourn'st they could not save

From error him who owns this grave,  
Be every harsher thought suppressed,  
And sacred be the last long rest !  
*Here*, where the end of earthly things  
Lays heroes, patriots, bards, and kings ;  
Where stiff the hand, and still the tongue,  
Of those who fought, and spoke, and *Here*,  
where the fretted aisles prolong  
The distant notes of holy song,  
As if some angel spoke agen,  
All peace on earth, good-will to men ;

If ever from an English heart,  
O here let prejudice depart,  
And, partial feeling cast aside,  
Record that Fox a Briton died!  
When Europe crouched to France's yoke,  
And Austria bent, and Prussia broke,  
And the firm Russian's purpose brave  
Was bartered by a timorous slave,  
Even then dishonour's peace he spurned,  
The sullied olive-branch returned,  
Stood for his country's glory fast,  
And nailed her colours to the mast.  
Heaven, to reward his firmness, gave  
A portion in this honoured grave;  
And ne'er held marble in its trust  
Of two such wondrous men the dust.

With more than mortal powers en-  
dowed,  
How high they soared above the crowd!  
Theirs was no common party race,  
Jostling by dark intrigue for place;  
Like fabled gods, their mighty war  
Shook realms and nations in its jar;  
Beneath each banner proud to stand,  
Looked up the noblest of the land,  
Till through the British world were  
known  
The names of Pitt and Fox alone.  
Spells of such force no wizard grave  
E'er framed in dark Thessalian cave,  
Though his could drain the ocean dry,  
And force the planets from the sky.  
These spells are spent, and, spent with  
these,  
The wine of life is on the lees.  
Genius, and taste, and talent gone,  
For ever tombed beneath the stone,  
Where, — taming thought to human  
pride! —  
The mighty chiefs sleep side by side.  
Drop upon Fox's grave the tear,  
'Twill trickle to his rival's bier;  
O'er Pitt's the mournful requiem sound,  
And Fox's shall the notes rebound.  
The solemn echo seems to cry, —  
"Here let their discord with them  
die;  
Speak not for those a separate doom,  
Whom Fate made brothers in the  
tomb,  
But search the land of living men,  
Where wilt thou find their like agen?"

## NIGHT AT NORHAM CASTLE.

*Marmion.*

DAY set on Norham's castled steep,  
And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,  
And Cheviot's mountains lone;  
The battled towers, the donjon keep,  
The loop-hole grates where captives  
weep,  
The flanking walls that round it sweep,  
In yellow lustre shone.  
The warriors on the turrets high,  
Moving athwart the evening sky,  
Seemed forms of giant height:  
Their armour, as it caught the rays,  
Flashed back again the western blaze,  
In lines of dazzling light.

St. George's banner, broad and gay,  
Now faded, as the fading ray  
Less bright, and less, was flung;  
The evening gale had scarce the power  
To wave it on the Donjon tower,  
So heavily it hung.  
The scouts had parted on their search,  
The castle gates were barred;  
Above the gloomy portal arch,  
Timing his footsteps to a march,  
The warder kept his guard,  
Low humming, as he paced along,  
Some ancient Border gathering song.

## ROMANTIC LEGENDS.

THE mightiest chiefs of British song  
Scorned not such legends to prolong:  
They gleam through Spenser's elfin dream,  
And mix in Milton's heavenly theme;  
And Dryden, in immortal strain,  
Had raised the Table Round again,  
But that a ribald king and court  
Bade him toil on, to make them sport;  
Demanded for their niggard pay,  
But for their souls, a looser lay,  
Licentious satire, song, and play;  
The world defrauded of the high design,  
Profaned the God-given strength, and  
marred the lofty line.

Warned by such names, well may we  
then,  
Though dwindled sons of little men,

Essay to break a feeble lance  
In the fair fields of old romance;  
Or seek the moated castle's cell,  
Where long through talisman and spell,  
While tyrants ruled, and damsels wept,  
Thy Genius, Chivalry, hath slept:  
There sound the harpings of the North,  
Till he awake and sally forth,  
On venturous quest to prick again,  
In all his arms, with all his train,  
Shield, lance, and brand, and plume, and  
scarf,  
Fay, giant, dragon, squire, and dwarf,  
And wizard with his wand of might,  
And errant maid on palfrey white.  
Around the Genius weave their spells,  
Pure Love, who scarce his passion tells:  
Mystery, half veiled and half revealed;  
And Honour with his spotless shield;  
Attention, with fixed eye; and Fear,  
That loves the tale she shrinks to hear;  
And gentle Courtesy; and Faith,  
Unchanged by sufferings, time, or death;  
And Valour, lion-mettled lord,  
Leaning upon his own good sword.

## LOST IN THE SNOW.

WHEN red hath set the beamless sun,  
Through heavy vapours dank and dun;  
When the tired ploughman, dry and  
warm,  
Hears, half asleep, the rising storm  
Hurling the hail, and sleeted rain,  
Against the casement's tinkling pane;  
The sounds that drive wild deer, and fox,  
To shelter in the brake and rocks,  
Are warnings which the shepherd ask  
To dismal and to dangerous task.  
Oft he looks forth, and hopes, in vain,  
The blast may sink in mellowing rain;  
Till, dark above, and white below,  
Decided drives the flaky snow,  
And forth the hardy swain must go.  
Long, with dejected look and whine,  
To leave the hearth his dogs repine;  
Whistling, and cheering them to aid,  
Around his back he wreathes the plaid:  
His flock he gathers, and he guides  
To open downs, and mountain sides,  
Where, fiercest though the tempest blow,  
Least deeply lies the drift below.

The blast, that whistles o'er the fells,  
Stiffens his locks to icicles;  
Oft he looks back, while, streaming far  
His cottage window seems a star, —  
Loses its feeble gleam, — and then  
Turns patient to the blast again,  
And, facing to the tempest's sweep,  
Drives through the gloom his lagging  
sheep:

If fails his heart, if his limbs fail,  
Benumbing death is in the gale;  
His paths, his landmarks—all unknown,  
Close to the hut, no more his own,  
Close to the aid he sought in vain,  
The morn may find the stiffened swain:  
His widow sees, at dawning pale,  
His orphans raise their feeble wail;  
And close beside him, in the snow,  
Poor Yarrow, partner of their woe,  
Couches upon his master's breast,  
And licks his cheek, to break his rest.

## THE VIEW FROM BLACKFORD HILL.

STILL on the spot Lord Marmion stayed,  
For fairer scene he ne'er surveyed.  
When sated with the martial show  
That peopled all the plain below,  
The wandering eye could o'er it go,  
And mark the distant city glow  
With gloomy splendour red;  
For on the smoke-wreaths, huge and  
slow,  
That round her sable turrets flow,  
The morning beams were shed,  
And tinged them with a lustre proud,  
Like that which streaks a thunder-  
cloud.  
Such dusky grandeur clothed the height,  
Where the huge castle holds its state,  
And all the steep slope down,  
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,  
Piled deep and massy, close and high,  
Mine own romantic town!  
But northward far, with purer blaze,  
On Ochil mountains fell the rays,  
And as each heathy top they kissed,  
It gleamed a purple amethyst.  
Yonder the shores of Fife you saw;  
Here Preston-Bay, and Berwick-Law;

And, broad between them rolled,  
The gallant Firth the eye might note,  
Whose islands on its bosom float,  
Like emeralds chased in gold.  
Fitz-Eustace' heart felt closely pent;  
As if to give his rapture vent,  
The spur he to his charger lent,  
And raised his bridle-hand,  
And, making demi-volte in air,  
Cried, "Where's the coward that would  
not dare  
To fight for such a land!"

LOCHINVAR.

LADY HERON'S SONG.

O, YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of the west,  
Through all the wide Border his steed  
was the best,  
And save his good broad-sword he  
weapons had none;  
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all  
alone.  
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in  
war,  
There never was knight like the young  
Lochinvar.  
He stayed not for brake, and he stopped  
not for stone,  
He swam the Eske river where ford there  
was none;  
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,  
The bride had consented, the gallant  
came late:  
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in  
war,  
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave  
Lochinvar.  
So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,  
Among bride's-men and kinsmen, and  
brothers and all:  
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand  
on his sword  
(For the poor craven bridegroom said  
never a word),  
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in  
war,  
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord  
Lochinvar!"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit  
you denied;—  
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs  
like its tide—  
And now I am come, with this lost love  
of mine,  
To lead but one measure, drink one cup  
of wine.  
There are maidens in Scotland more  
lovely by far,  
That would gladly be bride to the young  
Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight  
took it up,  
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw  
down the cup,  
She looked down to blush, and she  
looked up to sigh,  
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her  
eye.  
He took her soft hand, ere her mother  
could bar,—  
"Now tread we a measure!" said  
young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her  
face,  
That never a hall such a galliard did  
grace;  
While her mother did fret, and her father  
did fume,  
And the bridegroom stood dangling his  
bonnet and plume;  
And the bride-maidens whispered, "'Twere  
better by far  
To have matched our fair cousin with  
young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in  
her ear,  
When they reached the hall-door, and the  
charger stood near;  
So light to the croupe the fair lady he  
swung,  
So light to the saddle before her he  
sprung!  
"She is won! we are gone, over bank,  
bush, and scaur;  
They'll have fleet steeds that follow,"  
quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of  
the Netherby clan;  
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they  
rode and they ran:  
There was racing, and chasing, on Can-  
nobie Lee, [they see.  
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did  
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,  
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young  
Lochinvar?

CHRISTMAS TIME.

HEAP on more wood!—the wind is chill;  
But let it whistle as it will,  
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.  
Each age has deemed the new-born year  
The fittest time for festal cheer:  
Even heathen yet, the savage Dane  
At Iol more deep the mead did drain;  
High on the beach his galleys drew,  
And feasted all his pirate crew;  
Then in his low and pine-built hall,  
Where shields and axes decked the wall,  
They gorged upon the half-dressed steer;  
Caroused in seas of sable beer;  
While round, in brutal jest, were thrown  
The half-gnawed rib, and marrow-bone;  
Or listened all, in grim delight,  
While scalds yelled out the joys of fight.  
Then forth, in frenzy, would they hie,  
While wildly loose their red locks fly;  
And dancing round the blazing pile,  
They make such barbarous mirth the  
while,  
As best might to the mind recall  
The boisterous joys of Odin's hall.

And well our Christian sires of old  
Loved when the year its course had rolled,  
And brought blithe Christmas back again,  
With all his hospitable train.  
Domestic and religious rite  
Gave honour to the holy night:  
On Christmas eve the bells were rung;  
On Christmas eve the mass was sung;  
That only night, in all the year,  
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.  
The damsel donned her kirtle sheen;  
The hall was dressed with holly green;  
Forth to the wood did merry-men go,  
To gather in the mistletoe.

Then opened wide the baron's hall  
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all;  
Power laid his rod of rule aside,  
And Ceremony doffed his pride.  
The heir, with roses in his shoes,  
That night might village partner choose;  
The lord, underogating, share  
The vulgar game of "post and pair."  
All hailed, with uncontrolled delight,  
And general voice, the happy night,  
That to the cottage, as the crown,  
Brought tidings of salvation down.

The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,  
Went roaring up the chimney wide;  
The huge hall-table's oaken face,  
Scrubbed till it shone the day to grace,  
Bore then upon its massive board  
No mark to part the squire and lord.  
Then was brought in the lusty brawn,  
By old blue-coated serving-man;  
Then the grim boar's head frowned on  
high,  
Crested with bays and rosemary.  
Well can the green-garbed ranger tell,  
How, when, and where, the monster fell:  
What dogs before his death he tore,  
And all the baiting of the boar.  
The wassel round in good brown bowls,  
Garnished with ribbons, blithely trowls.  
There the huge sirloin reeked; hard by  
Plum-porridge stood, and Christmas  
pie;  
Nor failed old Scotland to produce,  
At such high-tide, her savoury goose.  
Then came the merry maskers in,  
And carols roared with blithesome din;  
If unmelodious was the song,  
It was a hearty note, and strong.  
Who lists may in their mumming see  
Traces of ancient mystery;  
White shirts supplied the masquerade,  
And smutted cheeks the visors made;  
But, O! what maskers richly dight  
Can boast of bosoms half so light!  
England was merry England, when  
Old Christmas brought his sports again.  
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest  
ale;  
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;  
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer  
The poor man's heart through half the  
year.

RECOLLECTIONS OF HIS  
INFANCY.

It was a barren scene, and wild,  
Where naked cliffs were rudely piled ;  
But ever and anon between  
Lay velvet tufts of loveliest green ;  
And well the lonely infant knew  
Recesses where the wall-flower grew,  
And honey-suckle loved to crawl  
Up the low crag and ruined wall.  
I deemed such nooks the sweetest shade  
The sun in all his round surveyed ;  
And still I thought that shattered tower  
The mightiest work of human power ;  
And marvelled, as the aged hind  
With some strange tale bewitched my  
mind,  
Of forayers, who, with headlong force,  
Down from that strength had spurred  
their horse,  
Their southern rapine to renew,  
Far in the distant Cheviots blue,  
And, home returning, filled the hall  
With revel, wassel-rout, and brawl.—  
Methought that still with tramp and  
clang  
The gate-way's broken arches rang ;  
Methought grim features, seamed with  
scars,  
Glared through the windows' rusty bars.  
And ever, by the winter hearth,  
Old tales I heard of woe or mirth,  
Of lovers' sleights, of ladies' charms,  
Of witches' spells, of warriors' arms ;  
Of patriot battles, won of old  
By Wallace wight and Bruce the bold ;  
Of later fields of feud and fight,  
When, pouring from their Highland  
height,  
The Scottish clans, in headlong sway,  
Had swept the scarlet ranks away.  
While stretched at length upon the  
floor,  
Again I fought each combat o'er,  
Pebbles and shells, in order laid,  
The mimic ranks of war displayed ;  
And onward still the Scottish Lion bore,  
And still the scattered Southron fled  
before.

Still, with vain fondness, could I trace,  
Anew, each kind familiar face,

That brightened at our evening fire ;  
From the thatched mansion's grey-haired  
Sire,  
Wise without learning, plain and good,  
And sprung of Scotland's gentler blood ;  
Whose eye in age, quick, clear, and  
keen,  
Showed what in youth its glance had  
been ;  
Whose doom discording neighbours  
sought,  
Content with equity unbought ;  
To him the venerable Priest,  
Our frequent and familiar guest,  
Whose life and manners well could paint  
Alike the student and the saint ;  
Alas ! whose speech too oft I broke  
With gambol rude and timeless joke :  
For I was wayward, bold, and wild,  
A self-willed imp, a grandame's child ;  
But half a plague, and half a jest,  
Was still endured, beloved, caressed.

WHERE SHALL THE LOVER  
REST ?

WHERE shall the lover rest,  
Whom the fates sever  
From his true maiden's breast,  
Parted for ever ?  
Where, through groves deep and high,  
Sounds the far billow,  
Where early violets die,  
Under the willow.

There, through the summer day,  
Cool streams are laving ;  
There, while the tempests sway,  
Scarce are boughs waving ;  
There, thy rest shalt thou take,  
Parted for ever,  
Never again to wake,  
Never, O never.

Where shall the traitor rest,  
He, the deceiver,  
Who could win maiden's breast,  
Ruin, and leave her ?  
In the lost battle,  
Borne down by the flying,  
Where mingles war's rattle,  
With groans of the dying.

Her wings shall the eagle flap  
O'er the false-hearted ;  
His warm blood the wolf shall lap,  
Ere life be parted.  
Shame and dishonour sit  
By his grave ever ;  
Blessing shall hallow it,—  
Never, O never.

## GOOD WISHES.

A GARLAND for the hero's crest,  
And twined by her he loves the best ;  
To every lovely lady bright,  
What can I wish but faithful knight ?  
To every faithful lover too,  
What can I wish but lady true ?  
And knowledge to the studious sage ;  
And pillow soft to head of age.  
To thee, dear school-boy, whom my lay  
Has cheated of thy hour of play,  
Light task, and merry holiday !  
To all, to each, a fair good night,  
And pleasing dreams, and slumbers light !

## WOMAN.

O WOMAN ! in our hours of ease,  
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,  
And variable as the shade  
By the light of quivering aspen made ;  
When pain and anguish wring the brow,  
A ministering angel thou !

## THE DEATH OF MARMION.

WITH fruitless labour, Clara bound,  
And strove to staunch the gushing wound :  
The Monk, with unavailing cares,  
Exhausted all the Church's prayers ;  
Ever, he said, that, close and near,  
A lady's voice was in his ear,  
And that the priest he could not hear,  
For that she ever sung,  
"In the lost battle, borne down by the  
flying,  
Where mingles war's rattle with groans  
of the dying !"  
So the notes rung ;

"Avoid thee, Fiend !—with cruel hand  
Shake not the dying sinner's sand !—  
Oh look, my son, upon yon sign  
Of the Redeemer's grace divine ;  
Oh think on faith and bliss !—  
By many a death-bed I have seen,  
And many a sinner's parting scene,  
But never aught like this."—  
The war, that for a space did fail,  
Now trebly thundering swelled the gale,  
And—STANLEY ! was the cry ;—  
A light on Marmion's visage spread,  
And fired his glazing eye :  
With dying hand, above his head  
He shook the fragment of his blade,  
And shouted "Victory !  
Charge, Chester, charge ! On, Stanley,  
on !"  
Were the last words of Marmion.

## THE GRAVE OF MARMION.

THEY dug his grave e'en where he lay,  
But every mark is gone ;  
Time's wasting hand has done away  
The simple Cross of Sybil Gray,  
And broke her font of stone ;  
But yet from out the little hill  
Oozes the slender springlet still.  
Oft halts the stranger there,  
For thence may best his curious eye  
The memorable field descry ;  
And shepherd boys repair  
To seek the water-flag and rush,  
And rest them by the hazel bush,  
And plait their garlands fair ;  
Nor dream they sit upon the grave,  
That holds the bones of Marmion brave.

## PATERNAL AFFECTION.

*The Lady of the Lake.*

SOME feelings are to mortals given,  
With less of earth in them than heaven :  
And if there be a human tear  
From passion's dross refined and clear,  
A tear so limpid and so meek,  
It would not stain an angel's cheek,  
'Tis that which pious fathers shed  
Upon a duteous daughter's head !

## CORONACH.

HE is gone on the mountain,  
He is lost to the forest,  
Like a summer-dried fountain,  
When our need was the sorest.  
The font, reappearing,  
From the rain-drops shall borrow,  
But to us comes no cheering,  
To Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper  
Takes the ears that are hoary,  
But the voice of the weeper  
Wails manhood in glory.  
The autumn winds rushing,  
Waft the leaves that are searest,  
But our flower was in flushing,  
When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,  
Sage counsel in cumber,  
Red hand in the foray,  
How sound is thy slumber!  
Like the dew on the mountain,  
Like the foam on the river,  
Like the bubble on the fountain,  
Thou art gone, and for ever!

## THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

A CHIEFTAIN'S daughter seemed the  
maid;  
Her satin snood, her silken plaid,  
Her golden brooch, such birth betrayed.  
And seldom was a snood amid  
Such wild luxuriant ringlets hid;  
Whose glossy black to shame might bring  
The plumage of the raven's wing;  
And seldom o'er a breast so fair  
Mantled a plaid with modest care;  
And never brooch the folds combined  
Above a heart more good and kind,  
Her kindness and her worth to spy,  
You need but gaze on Ellen's eye;  
Not Katrine, in her mirror blue,  
Gives back the shaggy banks more true,  
Than every free-born glance confessed  
The guileless movements of her breast;  
Whether joy danced in her dark eye,  
Or woe or pity claimed a sigh,  
Or filial love was glowing there,  
Or meek devotion poured a prayer,

Or tale of injury called forth  
The indignant spirit of the north.  
One only passion unrevealed,  
With maiden pride the maid concealed,  
Yet not less purely felt the flame;—  
O need I tell that passion's name?

## SCENERY OF THE TROSACHS.

THE western waves of ebbing day  
Rolled o'er the glen their level way;  
Each purple peak, each flinty spire,  
Was bathed in floods of living fire,  
But not a setting beam could glow  
Within the dark ravines below,  
Where twined the path, in shadow hid,  
Round many a rocky pyramid,  
Shooting abruptly from the dell  
Its thunder-splintered pinnacle;  
Round many an insulated mass,  
The native bulwarks of the pass,  
Huge as the tower which builders vain  
Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain,  
Their rocky summits, split and rent,  
Formed turret, dome, or battlement,  
Or seemed fantastically set  
With cupola or minaret,  
Wild crests as pagod ever decked,  
Or mosque of eastern architect.  
Nor were these earth-born castles bare,  
Nor lacked they many a banner fair;  
For, from their shivered brows displayed,  
Far o'er the unfathomable glade,  
All twinkling with the dew-drop sheen,  
The brier-rose fell in streamers green,  
And creeping shrubs of thousand dyes,  
Wayed in the west-wind's summer sighs.

Boon nature scattered, free and wild,  
Each plant or flower, the mountain's  
child.  
Here eglantine embalmed the air,  
Hawthorn and hazel mingled there;  
The primrose pale, and violet flower,  
Found in each cliff a narrow bower;  
Fox-glove and night-shade, side by side,  
Emblems of punishment and pride,  
Grouped their dark hues with every stain,  
The weather-beaten crags retain.  
With boughs that quaked at every breath,  
Grey birch and aspen wept beneath;

Aloft, the ash and warrior oak  
Cast anchor in the rifted rock;  
And higher yet, the pine-tree hung  
His shattered trunk, and frequent flung,  
Where seemed the cliffs to meet on high,  
His boughs athwart the narrowed sky.  
Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,  
Where glistening streamers waved and  
danced,  
The wanderer's eye could barely view  
The summer heaven's delicious blue;  
So wondrous wild, the whole might seem  
The scenery of a fairy dream.

Onward, amid the copse 'gan peep  
A narrow inlet, still and deep,  
Affording scarce such breadth of brim,  
As served the wild-duck's brood to swim;  
Lost for a space, through thickets veering,  
But broader when again appearing.  
Fall rocks and tufted knolls their face  
Could on the dark-blue mirror trace;  
And farther as the hunter strayed,  
Still broader sweep its channels made.  
The shaggy mounds no longer stood,  
Emerging from entangled wood,  
But, wave-encircled, seemed to float,  
Like castle girdled with its moat;  
Yet broader floods extending still,  
Divide them from their parent hill,  
Till each, retiring, claims to be  
An islet in an inland sea.

And now, to issue from the glen,  
No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,  
Unless he climb, with footing nice,  
A far projecting precipice.  
The broom's tough roots his ladder made,  
The hazel saplings lent their aid;  
And thus an airy point he won.  
Where, gleaming with the setting sun,  
One burnished sheet of living gold,  
Loch-Katrine lay beneath him rolled;  
In all her length far winding lay,  
With promontory, creek, and bay,  
And islands that, empurpled bright,  
Floated amid the livelier light;  
And mountains, that like giants stand,  
To sentinel enchanted land.  
High on the south, huge Ben-venue  
Down to the lake in masses threw  
Crag, knolls, and mounds, confusedly  
hurled,

The fragments of an earlier world;  
A wildering forest feathered o'er  
His ruined sides and summit hoar,  
While on the north, through middle  
air,  
Ben-an heaved high his forehead bare.

From the steep promontory gazed  
The stranger, raptured and amazed,  
And "What a scene were here," he  
cried,  
"For princely pomp or churchman's  
pride!

On this bold brow, a lordly tower;  
In that soft vale, a lady's bower;  
On yonder meadow, far away,  
The turrets of a cloister grey;  
How blithely might the bugle-horn  
Chide, on the lake, the lingering  
morn!

How sweet, at eve, the lover's lute,  
Chime, when the groves are still and  
mute!

And, when the midnight moon should  
lave

Her forehead in the silver wave,  
How solemn on the ear would come  
The holy matins' distant hum,  
While the deep peal's commanding tone  
Should wake, in yonder islet lone,  
A sainted hermit from his cell,  
To drop a bead with every knell—  
And bugle, lute, and bell, and all,  
Should each bewildered stranger call  
To friendly feast and lighted hall."

## SOLDIER, REST!

SOLDIER, rest! thy warfare o'er,  
Sleep the sleep that knows not break-  
ing!  
Dream of battled fields no more,  
Days of danger, nights of waking.  
In our isle's enchanted hall,  
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,  
Fairy streams of music fall.  
Every sense in slumber dewing.  
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,  
Dream of fighting fields no more;  
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,  
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.



No rude sound shall reach thine ear,  
 Armour's clang, or war-steed champing,  
 Trump nor pibroch summon here  
 Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.  
 Yet the lark's shrill fife may come,  
 At the daybreak from the fallow,  
 And the bittern sound his drum,  
 Booming from the sedgy shallow.  
 Ruder sounds shall none be near,  
 Guards nor warders challenge here,  
 Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,  
 Shouting clans or squadrons stamping.

"Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,  
 While our slumbrous spells assail ye,  
 Dream not with the rising sun  
 Bugles here shall sound reveillé.  
 Sleep! the deer is in his den;  
 Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying;  
 Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen,  
 How thy gallant steed lay dying.  
 Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,  
 Think not of the rising sun,  
 For at dawning to assail ye,  
 Here no bugles sound reveillé."

#### HAIL TO THE CHIEF.\*

HAIL to the chief who in triumph  
 advances!  
 Honoured and blessed be the ever-green  
 pine!  
 Long may the tree in his banner that  
 glances,  
 Flourish, the shelter and grace of our  
 line!  
 Heaven send it happy dew,  
 Earth lend it sap anew;  
 Gaily to bourgeon, and broadly to  
 grow,  
 While every Highland glen  
 Sends our shout back agen,  
 "Roderich Vich Alpine dhu, ho!  
 ieroe!"

\* This song is intended as an imitation of the *forrans*, or boat-songs of the Highlanders, which were usually composed in honour of a favourite chief. They are so adapted as to keep time with the sweep of the oars, and it is easy to distinguish between those intended to be sung to the oars of a galley, where the stroke is lengthened and doubled, as it were, and those which were timed to the rowers of an ordinary boat.

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the  
 fountain,  
 Blooming at Beltane, in winter to  
 fade;

When the whirlwind has stripped every  
 leaf on the mountain,  
 The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in  
 her shade.

Moored in the rifted rock,  
 Proof to the tempest's shock,  
 Firmer he roots him the ruder it  
 blow;

Menteith and Breadalbane, then,  
 Echo his praise agen,  
 "Roderich Vich Alpine dhu, ho!  
 ieroe!"

Proudly our pibroch has thrilled in Glen  
 Fruin,  
 And Banochar's groans to our slogan  
 replied:

Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smok-  
 ing in ruin,  
 And the best of Loch-Lomond lie dead  
 on her side.

Widow and Saxon maid  
 Long shall lament our raid,  
 Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and  
 with woe;

Lennox and Leven-glen  
 Shake when they hear agen,  
 "Roderich Vich Alpine dhu, ho!  
 ieroe!"

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the  
 Highlands!

Stretch to your oars, for the ever-green  
 pine!

O! that the rosebud that graces yon  
 islands,

Were wreathed in a garland around  
 him to twine!

O that some seedling gent  
 Worthy such noble stem,

Honoured and blessed in their shadow  
 might grow!

Loud should Clan-Alpine then  
 Ring from her deepest glen,

"Roderich Vich Alpine dhu, ho!  
 ieroe!"

#### THE HEATH THIS NIGHT MUST BE MY BED.

*The Lady of the Lake.*

THE heath this night must be my bed,  
 The bracken curtain for my head,  
 My lullaby the warder's tread,  
 Far, far from love and thee, Mary;  
 To-morrow eve, more stilly laid,  
 My couch may be my bloody plaid,  
 My vesper song, thy wail, sweet maid!  
 It will not waken me, Mary!

I may not, dare not, fancy now  
 The grief that clouds thy lovely brow;  
 I dare not think upon thy vow,  
 And all it promise me, Mary.  
 No fond regret must Norman know;  
 When bursts Clan-Alpine on the foe,  
 His heart must be like bended bow,  
 His foot like arrow free, Mary.

A time will come with feeling fraught!  
 For, if I fall in battle fought,  
 Thy hapless lover's dying thought  
 Shall be a thought on thee, Mary.  
 And if returned from conquered foes,  
 How blithely will the evening close,  
 How sweet the linnet sing repose  
 To my young bride and me, Mary!

#### HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

AVE MARIA! Maiden mild!  
 Listen to a maiden's prayer:  
 Thou canst hear though from the wild,  
 Thou can save amid despair.  
 Safe may we sleep beneath thy care,  
 Though banished, outcast, and reviled—  
 Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer;  
 Mother, hear a suppliant child!

*Ave Maria!*

*Ave Maria!* undefiled!  
 The flinty couch we now must share,  
 Shall seem with down of eider piled,  
 If thy protection hover there.  
 The murky cavern's heavy air  
 Shall breathe of balm if thou hast  
 smiled;

Then, Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer,  
 Mother, list a suppliant child!

*Ave Maria!*

*Ave Maria!* stainless styled!  
 Foul demons of the earth and air,  
 From this their wonted haunt exiled,  
 Shall flee before thy presence fair,  
 We bow us to our lot of care,  
 Beneath thy guidance reconciled;  
 Hear for a maid a maiden's prayer!  
 And for a father hear a child!

*Ave Maria!*

#### LOVE AND THE ROSE.

THE rose is fairest when 'tis budding  
 new,  
 And hope is brightest when it dawns  
 from fears; [sing dew,  
 The rose is sweetest washed with morn-  
 And love is loveliest when embalmed  
 in tears.  
 O wilding rose, whom fancy thus en-  
 dears, [wave,  
 I bid your blossoms in my bonnet  
 Emblem of hope and love through future  
 years!

#### KING JAMES OF SCOTLAND.

THE castle gates were open flung,  
 The quivering drawbridge rocked and  
 rung,

And echoed loud the flinty street  
 Beneath the coursers' clattering feet,  
 As slowly down the steep descent  
 Fair Scotland's King and nobles went,  
 While all along the crowded way  
 Was jubilee and loud huzza.  
 And ever James was bending low,  
 To his white jennet's saddle-bow,  
 Doffing his cap to city dame,  
 Who smiled and blushed for pride and  
 shame:

And well the simperer might be vain—  
 He chose the fairest of the train  
 Gravely he greets each city sire,  
 Commends each pageant's quaint attire,  
 Gives to the dancers thanks aloud,  
 And smiles and nods upon the crowd,  
 Who rend the heavens with their ac-  
 claims,  
 "Long live the Commons' King, King  
 James!"

LAY OF THE IMPRISONED  
HUNTSMAN.

My hawk is tired of perch and hood,  
My idle greyhound loathes his food,  
My horse is weary of his stall,  
And I am sick of captive thrall.  
I wish I were as I have been,  
Hunting the hart in forests green,  
With bended bow and bloodhound free,  
For that's the life is meet for me.

I hate to learn the ebb of time  
From yon dull steeple's drowsy chime,  
Or mark it as the sunbeams crawl,  
Inch after inch, along the wall.  
The lark was wont my matins ring,  
The sable rook my vespers sing;  
These towers, although a king's they be,  
Have not a hall of joy for me.

No more at dawning morn I rise,  
And sun myself in Ellen's eyes,  
Drive the fleet deer the forest through,  
And homeward wend with evening dew;  
A blithesome welcome blithely meet,  
And lay my trophies at her feet,  
While fled the eve on wing of glee,—  
That life is lost to love and me!

## MAN THE ENEMY OF MAN.

*Rokeby.*

THE hunting tribes of air and earth  
Respect the brethren of their birth;  
Nature, who loves the claim of kind,  
Less cruel chase to each assigned.  
The falcon, poised on soaring wing,  
Watches the wild-duck by the spring;  
The slow-hound wakes the fox's lair;  
The greyhound presses on the hare;  
The eagle pounces on the lamb;  
The wolf devours the fleecy dam;  
Even tiger fell, and sullen bear,  
Their likeness and their lineage spare.  
Man, only, mars kind Nature's plan,  
And turns the fierce pursuit on man;  
Plying war's desultory trade,  
Incursion, flight, and ambushade,  
Since Nimrod, Cush's mighty son,  
At first the bloody game begun.

## A WEARY LOT IS THINE.

"A WEARY lot is thine, fair maid,  
A weary lot is thine!  
To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,  
And press the rue for wine!  
A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,  
A feather of the blue,  
A doublet of the Lincoln green,—  
No more of me you knew,  
My love!  
No more of me you knew.

"This morn is merry June, I trow,  
The rose is budding fain;  
But she shall bloom in winter snow,  
Ere we two meet again."  
He turned his charger as he spake,  
Upon the river shore,  
He gave his bridle-reins a shake,  
Said, "Adieu for evermore,  
My love!  
And adieu for evermore."

## ALLEN-A-DALE.

ALLEN-A-DALE has no faggot for burning,  
Allen-a-Dale has no furrow for turning,  
Allen-a-Dale has no fleece for the spinning,  
Yet Allen-a-Dale has red gold for the winning,  
Come, read me my riddle! come,  
Hearken my tale!  
And tell me the craft of bold Allen-a-Dale.

The Baron of Ravensworth prances in pride,  
And he views his domains upon Arkin-dale side.  
The mere for his net, and the land for his game,  
The chase for the wild, and the park for the tame;  
Yet the fish of the lake, and the deer of the vale,  
Are less free to Lord Dacre than Allen-a-Dale!

Allen-a-Dale was ne'er belted a knight,  
Though his spur be as sharp, and his blade be as bright;

Allen-a-dale is no baron or lord,  
Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at his word;  
And the best of our nobles his bonnet  
Who at Rere-cross on Stanmore meets  
Allen-a-dale.

Allen-a-Dale to his wooing is come;  
The mother, she asked of his household  
and home:  
"Though the castle of Richmond stand  
fair on the bill,  
My hall," quoth bold Allen, "shows  
gallanter still;  
'Tis the blue vault of heaven, with its  
crescent so pale,  
And with all its bright spangles!" said  
Allen-a-Dale.

The father was steel, and the mother was  
stone;  
They lifted the latch, and they bade him  
But loud, on the morrow, their wail and  
their cry:  
He had laughed on the lass with his  
bonny black eye,  
And she fled to the forest to hear a love-  
And the youth it was told by was Allen-  
a-dale!

## THE HARPER.

SUMMER eve is gone and passed,  
Summer dew is falling fast;  
I have wandered all the day,  
Do not bid me farther stray!  
Gentle hearts of gentle kin,  
Take the wandering harper in!

Bid not me, in battle-field,  
Buckler lift, or broadsword wield!  
All my strength and all my art  
Is to touch the gentle heart,  
With the wizard notes that ring  
From the peaceful minstrel-string.

I have song of war for knight,  
Lay of love for lady bright,  
Fairy tale to lull the heir,  
Goblin grim the maids to scare;  
Dark the night, and long till day,  
Do not bid me farther stray!

Rokeby's lords of martial fame,  
I can count them name by name;  
Legends of their line there be,  
Known to few, but known to me;  
If you honour Rokeby's kin,  
Take the wandering harper in!

Rokeby's lords had fair regard  
For the harp, and for the bard;  
Baron's race throve never well,  
Where the curse of minstrel fell;  
If you love that noble kin,  
Take the weary harper in!

## THE CYPRESS WREATH.

O LADY, twine no wreath for me  
Or twine it of the cypress-tree!  
Too lively glow the lilies light,  
The varnished holly's all too bright,  
The May-flower and the eglantine  
May shade a brow less sad than mine;  
But, lady, weave no wreath for me,  
Or weave it of the cypress-tree!

Let dimpled Mirth his temples twine  
With tendrils of the laughing vine;  
The manly oak, the pensive yew,  
To patriot and to sage be due;  
The myrtle bough bids lovers live,  
But that Matilda will not give;  
Then, lady, twine no wreath for me,  
Or twine it of the cypress-tree!

Let merry England proudly rear  
Her blended roses, bought so dear;  
Let Albin bind her bonnet blue  
With heath and harebell dipped in dew;  
On favoured Erin's crest be seen  
The flower she loves of emerald green—  
But, lady, twine no wreath for me,  
Or twine it of the cypress-tree.

Strike the wild harp, while maids pre-  
pare  
The ivy meet for minstrel's hair;  
And, while his crown of laurel-leaves  
With bloody hand the victor weaves,  
Let the loud trump his triumph tell;  
But when you hear the passing bell,  
Then, lady, twine a wreath for me,  
And twine it of the cypress-tree.

Yes! twine for me the cypress bough;  
 But, O Matilda, twine not now!  
 Stay till a few brief months are passed,  
 And I have looked and loved my last!  
 When villagers my shroud bestrew  
 With pansies, rosemary, and rue,—  
 Then, lady, weave a wreath for me,  
 And weave it of the cypress-tree.

## STAFFA AND IONA.

MERRILY, merrily, goes the bark  
 On a breeze from the northward free,  
 So shoots through the morning sky the  
 lark,

Or the swan through the summer sea.  
 The shores of Mull on the eastward lay,  
 And Ulva dark and Colonsay,  
 And all the group of islets gay

That guard famed Staffa round.  
 Then all unknown its columns rose,  
 Where dark and undisturbed repose

The cormorant had found,  
 And the shy seal had quiet home,  
 And weltered in that wondrous dome,  
 Where, as to shame the temples decked

By skill of earthly architect,  
 Nature herself, it seemed, would raise  
 A minster to her Maker's praise!  
 Not for a meaner use ascend

Her columns, or her arches bend;  
 Nor of a theme less solemn tells  
 That mighty surge that ebbs and swells,  
 And still, between each awful pause,

From the high vault an answer draws,  
 In varied tone prolonged and high,  
 That mocks the organ's melody.  
 Nor doth its entrance front in vain

To old Iona's holy fane,  
 That Nature's voice might seem to say,  
 "Well hast thou done, frail child of  
 clay!"

Thy humble powers that stately shrine  
 Tasked high and hard—but witness  
 mine!"

## ANNOT LYLE'S SONG.

WERT thou, like me, in life's low vale,  
 With thee how blest, that lot I'd share;  
 With thee I'd fly wherever gale  
 Could waft, or bounding galley bear.

But, parted by severe decree,  
 Far different must our fortunes prove;  
 May thine be joy—enough for me  
 To weep and pray for him I love.

The pangs this foolish heart must feel,  
 When hope shall be forever flown,  
 No sullen murmur shall reveal,  
 No selfish murmurs ever own.

Nor will I, through life's weary years,  
 Like a pale drooping mourner move,  
 While I can think my secret tears  
 May wound the heart of him I love.

## THE HUNTSMAN'S DIRGE.

THE smiling morn may light the sky,  
 And joy may dance in beauty's eye,  
 Aurora's beams to see:  
 The mellow horn's inspiring sound

May call the blithe companions round,  
 But who shall waken thee,  
 Ronald?

Thou ne'er wilt hear the mellow horn,  
 Thou ne'er wilt quaff the breath of morn,  
 Nor join thy friends with glee;  
 No glorious sun shall gild thy day,

And beauty's fascinating ray  
 No more shall shine on thee,  
 Ronald!

WAKEN, LORDS AND LADIES  
GAY.

WAKEN, lords and ladies gay,  
 On the mountain dawns the day,  
 All the jolly chase is here,  
 With horse, and hawk, and hunting spear!  
 Hounds are in their couples yelling,  
 Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling.  
 Merrily, merrily, mingle they,  
 "Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,  
 The mist has left the mountain gray,  
 Springlets in the dawn are streaming,  
 Diamonds on the brake are gleaming,

And foresters have busy been  
 To track the buck in thicket green;  
 Now we come to chant our lay,  
 "Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,  
 To the greenwood haste away;  
 We can show you where he lies,  
 Fleet of foot, and tall of size;  
 We can show the marks he made  
 When 'gainst the oak his antlers frayed;  
 You shall see him brought to bay,—  
 "Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Louder, louder chant the lay,  
 Waken lords and ladies gay;  
 Tell them youth, and mirth, and glee,  
 Run a course as well as we;  
 Time, stern huntsman, who can baulk,  
 Stanch as hound, and fleet as hawk?  
 Think of this, and rise with day,  
 Gentle lords and ladies gay.

SONG OF MEG MERRILIES AT  
THE BIRTH OF THE INFANT.

TWIST ye, twine ye! even so,  
 Mingle shades of joy and woe,  
 Hope, and fear, and peace, and strife,  
 In the thread of human life.

While the mystic twist is spinning,  
 And the infant's life beginning,  
 Dimly seen through twilight bending,  
 Lo, what varied shapes attending!

Passions wild, and follies vain,  
 Pleasure soon exchanged for pain;  
 Doubt, and jealousy, and fear,  
 In the magic dance appear.

Now they wax, and now they dwindle  
 Whirling with the whirling spindle.  
 Twist ye, twine ye! even so,  
 Mingle human bliss and woe.

SONG OF MEG MERRILIES FOR  
THE PARTING SPIRIT.

WASTED, weary, wherefore stay,  
 Wrestling thus with earth and clay?  
 From the body pass away!  
 Hark! the mass is singing.

From thee doff thy mortal weed,  
 Mary Mother be thy speed,  
 Saints to help thee at thy need;—  
 Hark! the knell is ringing.

Fear not snow-drift driving fast,  
 Sleet, or hail, or levin blast;  
 Soon the shroud shall lap thee fast,  
 And the sleep be on thee cast  
 That shall ne'er know waking.

Haste thee, haste thee, to be gone,  
 Earth flits fast, and time draws on,—  
 Gasp thy gasp, and groan thy groan,  
 Day is near the breaking.

## TIME.

"WHY sitt'st thou by that ruined hall,  
 Thou aged carle so stern and gray?  
 Dost thou its former pride recall,  
 Or ponder how it passed away?"—

"Know'st thou not me?" the Deep Voice  
 cried;  
 "So long enjoyed, so oft misused—  
 Alternate, in thy fickle pride,  
 Desired, neglected, and accused!"

"Before my breath, like blazing flax,  
 Man and his marvels pass away:  
 And changing empires wane and wax,  
 Are founded, flourish, and decay.

"Redeem mine hours—the space is brief—  
 While in my glass the sand-grains  
 shiver,  
 And measureless thy joy or grief,  
 When Time and thou shalt part for  
 ever."

## REBECCA'S HYMN.

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,  
 Out from the land of bondage came,  
 Her fathers' God before her moved,  
 An awful guide in smoke and flame.  
 By day, along the astonished lands  
 The cloudy pillar glided slow;  
 By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands  
 Returned the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,  
And trump and timbrel answered keen;  
And Zion's daughters poured their lays,  
With priest's and warrior's voice between.

No portents now our foes amaze,  
Forsaken Israel wanders lone:  
Our fathers would not know Thy ways,  
And Thou hast left them to their own.

But present still, though now unseen!  
When brightly shines the prosperous day,

Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen  
To temper the deceitful ray.  
And oh, when stoops on Judah's path  
In shade and storm the frequent night,  
Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,  
A burning and a shining light!

Our harps we left by foreign streams,  
The tyrant's jest, the gentile's scorn;  
No censer round our altar beams,  
And mute are timbrel, harp, and horn.  
But Thou hast said, the blood of goat,  
The flesh of rams, I will not prize;  
A contrite heart, a humble thought,  
Are mine accepted sacrifice.

#### WAR SONG

OF THE ROYAL EDINBURGH LIGHT  
DRAGOONS.

To horse! to horse! the standard flies,  
The bugles sound the call;  
The Gallic navy stems the seas,  
The voice of battle's on the breeze,—  
Arouse ye, one and all!

From high Dunedin's towers we come,  
A band of brothers true;  
Our casques the leopard's spoils surround,  
With Scotland's hardy thistle crowned;  
We boast the red and blue.

Though tamely crouch to Gallia's frown  
Dull Holland's tardy train;  
Their ravis'd toys though Romans mourn,  
Though gallant Switzers vainly spurn,  
And, foaming, gnaw the chain;

O! had they marked the avenging call  
Their brethren's murder gave,  
Disunion ne'er their ranks had mown,  
Nor patriot valour, desperate grown,  
Sought freedom in the grave!

Shall we, too, bend the stubborn head,  
In Freedom's temple born,  
Dress our pale cheek in timid smile,  
To hail a master in our isle,  
Or brook a victor's scorn?

No! though destruction o'er the land  
Come pouring as a flood,  
The sun, that sees our falling day,  
Shall mark our sabres' deadly sway,  
And set that night in blood.

For gold let Gallia's legions fight,  
Or plunder's bloody gain;  
Unbribed, unbought, our swords we draw,  
To guard our King, to fence our Law,  
Nor shall their edge be vain.

If ever breath of British gale  
Shall fan the tricolor,  
Or footstep of the invader rude,  
With rapine foul, and red with blood,  
Pollute our happy shore,—

Then farewell home! and farewell friends!  
Adieu each tender tie!  
Resolved, we mingle in the tide,  
Where charging squadrons furious ride,  
To conquer, or to die.

To horse! to horse! the sabres gleam;  
High sounds our bugle call;  
Combined by honour's sacred tie,  
Our word is *Laws and Liberty!*  
March forward, one and all!

[LEIGH HUNT. 1784—1859.]

#### ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL.

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase)  
Awoke one night from a deep dream of  
peace,

And saw, within the moonlight in his  
room,  
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,  
An angel, writing in a book of gold:—  
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem  
bold,

And to the presence in the room he said,  
"What writest thou?"—The vision raised  
its head,  
And, with a look made of all sweet  
accord,  
Answered, "The names of those who  
love the Lord."  
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay,  
not so,"  
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more  
low,

But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee,  
then,  
Write me as one that loves his fellow-  
men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. The  
next night  
It came again with a great wakening  
light,  
And showed the names whom love of  
God had blessed,  
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the  
rest.

#### MORNING AT RAVENNA.

'Tis morn, and never did a lovelier  
day  
Salute Ravenna from its leafy bay:  
For a warm eve, and gentle rains at  
night,  
Have left a sparkling welcome for the  
light,  
And April, with his white hands wet with  
flowers,  
Dazzles the bride-maids looking from the  
towers:  
Green vineyards and fair orchards, far and  
near,  
Glitter with drops, and heaven is sapphire  
clear,  
And the lark rings it, and the pine trees  
glow,  
And odours from the citrons come and  
go,

And all the landscape—earth, and sky,  
and sea,  
Breathes like a bright-eyed face that  
laughs out openly.

\* \* \* \* \*  
The seats with boughs are shaded from  
above  
Of bays and roses—trees of wit and love;  
And in the midst, fresh whistling through  
the scene, [the green,  
The lightsome fountain starts from out  
Clear and compact; till, at its height  
o'errun,  
It shakes its loosening silver in the sun.

#### THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS.

KING FRANCIS was a hearty king, and  
loved a royal sport,  
And one day, as his lions strove, sat look-  
ing on the court:  
The nobles filled the benches round, the  
ladies by their side,  
And 'mongst them Count de Lorge, with  
one he hoped to make his bride;  
And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that  
crowning show,  
Valour and love, and a king above, and  
the royal beasts below.

Ramped and roared the lions, with horrid  
laughing jaws;  
They bit, they glared, gave blows like  
beams, a wind went with their paws;  
With wallowing might and stifled roar  
they rolled one on another,  
Till all the pit, with sand and mane, was  
in a thund'rous smother;  
The bloody foam above the bars came  
whizzing through the air;  
Said Francis then, "Good gentlemen,  
we're better here than there!"

De Lorge's love o'erheard the king, a  
beauteous, lively dame,  
With smiling lips, and sharp bright eyes,  
which always seemed the same:  
She thought, "The Count, my lover,  
is as brave as brave can be;  
He surely would do desperate things to  
show his love of me!"

King, ladies, lovers, all look on; the  
chance is wondrous fine;  
I'll drop my glove to prove his love;  
great glory will be mine!"

She dropped her glove to prove his love:  
then looked on him and smiled;

He bowed, and in a moment leaped  
among the lions wild:

The leap was quick; return was quick;  
he soon regained his place;

Then threw the glove, but not with love,  
right in the lady's face!

"In truth!" cried Francis, "rightly done!"  
and he rose from where he sat:

"No love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets  
love a task like that!"

#### AN ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

How sweet it were, if without feeble  
fright,

Or dying of the dreadful beauteous sight,  
An angel came to us, and we could bear

To see him issue from the silent air  
At evening in our room, and bend on ours

His divine eyes, and bring us from his  
bowers

News of dear friends, and children who  
have never [ever.

Been dead indeed,—as we shall know for  
Alas! we think not what we daily see

About our hearths,—angels, that are to be,  
Or may be if they will, and we prepare

Their souls and ours to meet in happy  
air,—

A child, a friend, a wife whose soft heart  
sings

In unison with ours, breeding its future  
wings.

[THOMAS HOOD. 1798—1845.]

#### THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

WITH fingers weary and worn,  
With eyelids heavy and red,

A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,  
Plying her needle and thread—

Stitch—stitch—stitch!  
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,

And still with a voice of dolorous pitch  
She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

"Work—work—work!

While the cock is crowing aloof;

And work—work—work

Till the stars shine through the roof!

It's O! to be a slave

Along with the barbarous Turk,

Where woman has never a soul to save

If this is Christian work!

"Work—work—work

Till the brain begins to swim;

Work—work—work

Till the eyes are heavy and dim!

Seam, and gusset, and band,—

Band, and gusset, and seam,

Till over the buttons I fall asleep,

And sew them on in a dream!

"O! men with Sisters dear!

O! men with Mothers and Wives!

It is not linen you're wearing out,

But human creatures' lives!

Stitch—stitch—stitch,

In poverty, hunger, and dirt,

Sewing at once with a double thread,

A Shroud as well as a Shirt.

"But why do I talk of Death!

That phantom of grisly bone,

I hardly fear his terrible shape,

It seems so like my own—

It seems so like my own,

Because of the fasts I keep;

Oh God! that bread should be so dear,

And flesh and blood so cheap!

"Work—work—work!

My labour never flags;

And what are its wages? A bed of straw,

A crust of bread—and rags.

That shattered roof,—and this naked  
floor,—

A table,—a broken chair,—

And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank

For sometimes falling there.

"Work—work—work!

From weary chime to chime,

Work—work—work

As prisoners work for crime!

Band, and gusset, and seam,

Seam, and gusset, and band,

Till the heart is sick, and the brain be-

numbed,

As well as the weary hand.

"Work—work—work,  
In the dull December light,  
And work—work—work,  
When the weather is warm and bright—  
While underneath the eaves  
The brooding swallows cling,  
As if to show me their sunny backs  
And twit me with the Spring.

"Oh! but to breathe the breath  
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—  
With the sky above my head,  
And the grass beneath my feet,  
For only one short hour  
To feel as I used to feel,  
Before I knew the woes of want  
And the walk that costs a meal!

"Oh! but for one short hour!  
A respite however brief!  
No blessed leisure for Love or Hope,  
But only time for Grief!  
A little weeping would ease my heart,  
But in their briny bed  
My tears must stop, for every drop  
Hinders needle and thread!"

With fingers weary and worn,  
With eyelids heavy and red,  
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,  
Plying her needle and thread—  
Stitch—stitch—stitch!  
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,  
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,—  
Would that its tone could reach the Rich!  
She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"

#### THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

ONE more unfortunate,  
Weary of breath,  
Rashly importunate,  
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,  
Lift her with care;  
Fashioned so slenderly,  
Young, and so fair.

Look at her garments  
Clinging like cerements;

Whilst the wave constantly  
Drips from her clothing;  
Take her up instantly,  
Loving, not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully;  
Think of her mournfully;  
Gently and humanly;  
Not of the stains of her;  
All that remains of her  
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny  
Into her mutiny  
Rash and undutiful;  
Past all dishonour,  
Death has left on her  
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,  
One of Eve's family,  
Wipe those poor lips of hers,  
Oozing so clammy.

Loop up her tresses,  
Escaped from the comb,  
Her fair auburn tresses;  
Whilst wonderment guesses  
Where was her home?  
Who was her father?  
Who was her mother?  
Had she a sister?  
Had she a brother?  
Or was there a dearer one  
Still, or a nearer one  
Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity  
Of Christian charity  
Under the sun!  
Oh! it was pitiful,  
Near a whole city full,  
Home had she none!

Sisterly, brotherly,  
Fatherly, motherly,  
Feelings had changed;  
Love, by harsh evidence  
Thrown from its eminence,  
Even God's providence  
Seeming estranged.