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POETICAL WORKS
OF
JAMES MONTGOMERY.

WITH A
Memoir of the Author,
BY
THE REV. RUFUS W. GRISWOLD.

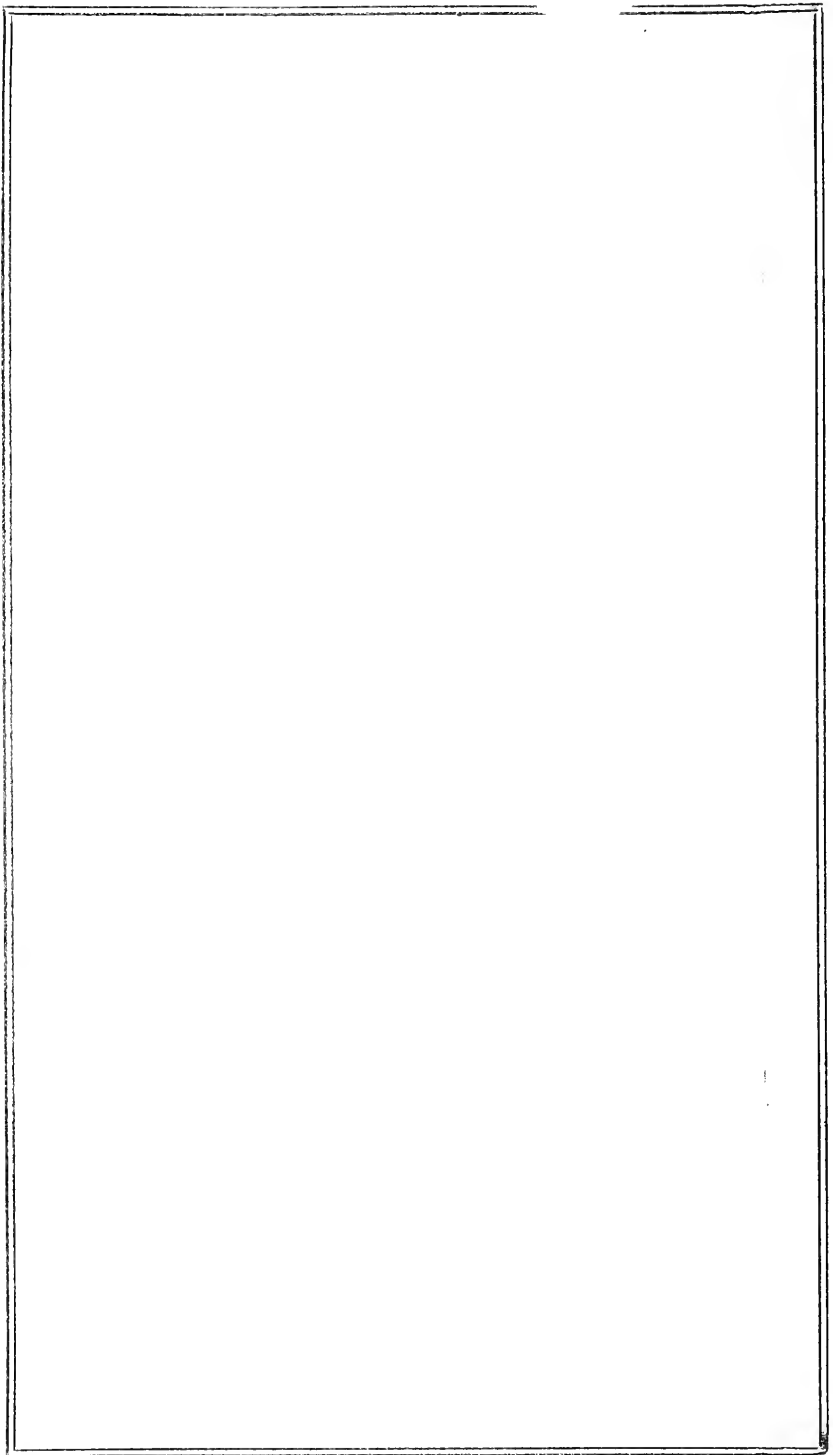
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1853.



CONTENTS.

THOUGHTS ON WHEELS.

	Page
No. I.—The Combat	13
No. II.—The Car of Juggernaut	14
No. III.—The Inquisition	15
No. IV.—The State Lottery	17
No. V.—To Britain	25

THE CLIMBING BOY'S SOLILOQUIES.

Prologue.—A Word with Myself	31
No. I.—The Complaint	33
No. II.—The Dream	35
No. III.—Easter-Monday at Sheffield	41

SONGS OF ZION, BEING IMITATIONS OF THE PSALMS.

Psalm I.	50
Psalm III.	51
Psalm IV.—No. 1	52
Psalm IV.—No. 2	52
Psalm VIII.	53
Psalm XI.	53
Psalm XV.	54
Psalm XIX.—No. 1	55
Psalm XIX.—No. 2	55
Psalm XX.	56
Psalm XXIII.	57
Psalm XXIV.—No. 1	58
Psalm XXIV.—No. 2	58
Psalm XXIV.—No. 1. (The Second Version.)	59
Psalm XXIV.—No. 2. (The Second Version.)	59
Psalm XXVII.—No. 1	60
Psalm XXVII.—No. 2	61
Psalm XXIX.	62
Psalm XXX.	62
Psalm XXXIX.	64
Psalm XLII.—No. 1	65
Psalm XLII.—No. 2	66
Psalm XLIII.—No. 3	66
Psalm XLVI.—No. 1	67

	Page
Psalms XLVI.—No. 2	68
Psalms XLVII.	69
Psalms XLVIII.	69
Psalms LI.	70
Psalms LXIII.	72
Psalms LXIX.	72
Psalms LXX.	73
Psalms LXXI.	74
Psalms LXXII.	75
Psalms LXXIII.	77
Psalms LXXVII.	78
Psalms LXXX.	80
Psalms LXXXIV.	81
Psalms XC.	82
Psalms XCI.	83
Psalms XCIII.	85
Psalms XCV.	85
Psalms C.	86
Psalms CIII.	87
Psalms CIV.	88
Psalms CVII.—No. 1	91
Psalms CVII.—No. 2	91
Psalms CVII.—No. 3	92
Psalms CVII.—No. 4	93
Psalms CVII.—No. 5	94
Psalms CXIII.	95
Psalms CXVI.	95
Psalms CXVII.	96
Psalms CXXI.	97
Psalms CXXII.	98
Psalms CXXIV.	98
Psalms CXXV.	99
Psalms CXXVI.	100
Psalms CXXX.	101
Psalms CXXXI.	102
Psalms CXXXII.—No. 1	102
Psalms CXXXII.—No. 2	103
Psalms CXXXIII.	103
Psalms CXXXIV.	104
Psalms CXXXVII.	104
Psalms CXXXVIII.	105
Psalms CXXXIX.	106
Psalms CXLI.	107
Psalms CXLII.	108
Psalms CXLIII.	109
Psalms CXLV.	110
Psalms CXLVI.	110
Psalms CXLVIII.	111

	Page
NARRATIVES.	
Farewell to War	113
Lord Falkland's Dream. A. D. 1643	115
The Patriot's Pass-word	125
The Voyage of the Blind	128
An Every-Day Tale	136
A Tale without a Name	140
A Snake in the Grass	154
The Cast-away Ship	158
The Sequel	161

TRIBUTARY POEMS.

To the Memory of the late Richard Reynolds	164
I.—The Death of the Righteous	164
II.—The Memory of the Just	165
III.—A Good Man's Monument	168
To the Memory of Rowland Hodgson, Esq., of Sheffield	171
“Occupy till I come.” On the Death of the late Joseph Butterworth, Esq.	175
In Memory of the Rev. James Harvey	177
To the Memory of the late Joseph Browne, of Lothersdale	179
To the Memory of the Rev. Thomas Spencer, of Liverpool	181
The Christian Soldier. Occasioned by the sudden Death of the Rev. Thomas Taylor	184
A Recollection of Mary F.	185
In Memory of E. B., formerly E. R.	186
In Memory of E. G.	187
M. S. To the Memory of “A Female whom Sickness had Reconciled to the Notes of Sorrow”	188
On the Royal Infant	193
A Mother's Lament on the Death of her Infant Daughter	194
The Widow and the Fatherless	195

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

The Lyre	197
Remonstrance to Winter	200
Round Love's Elysian Bowers	201
Lines written under a Drawing of Yardley Oak	202
Written for a Society whose Motto was “Friendship, Love, and Truth”	203
Religion. An occasional Hymn	204
The Joy of Grief	205
The Battle of Alexandria	207
The Pillow	211
Ode to the Volunteers of Britain	215
The Vigil of St. Mark	218
Hannah	223
A Field Flower	225

	Page
The Snow-drop	226
An Epitaph	229
The Ocean	230
The Common Lot	235
The Harp of Sorrow	236
Pope's Willow	238
A Walk in Spring	241
To Agnes	245
A Deed of Darkness	246
The Dial	248
Emblems	249
A Message from the Moon	251
A Bridal Benison	253
The Blackbird	254
The Myrtle	255
A Death-Bed	256
Dale Abbey	257
In Bereavement	258
Coronation Ode for Queen Victoria	259
The Wild Pink, on the Wall of Malmesbury Abbey	260
Parting Words	263
The Roses	264
Elijah in the Wilderness	265
Stanzas on the Death of the late Rev. Thomas Rawson Taylor	269
Christ the Purifier	270
"A Certain Disciple"	271
The Communion of Saints	272
"Perils by the Heathen"	273
A Midnight Thought	275
The Peak Mountains	276
To Ann and Jane	281
Transmigrations	282
Chatterton	284
A Daughter (C. M.) to her Mother, on her Birth-Day	285
On Finding the Feathers of a Linnet scattered on the Ground	288
Occasional Ode for the Anniversary of the Royal British System of Education	290
Departed Days: A Rhapsody	291
The Bible	294
The Wild Rose	295
The Time-Piece	298
A Mother's Love	300
The Visible Creation	302
Reminiscences	303
The Reign of Spring	304
The Reign of Summer	307
Instruction	316
A Night in a Stage-Coach	317

	Page
Incognita: On viewing the Picture of an unknown Lady	320
Winter-Lightning	323
The Little Cloud	324
Abdallah and Sabat	329
Questions and Answers	334
The Alps: A Reverie	335
The Bridal and the Burial	339
Youth Renewed	340
The Daisy in India	341
The Pilgrim	343
Robert Burns	344
The Stranger and his Friend	345
Friends	347
A Theme for a Poet	348
Night	351
Aspirations of Youth	353
A Hermitage	354
Inscription under the Picture of an aged Negro Woman	355
The Adventure of a Star	356
On Planting a Tulip-Root	359
The Drought. Written in the Summer of 1826	360
The Falling Leaf	362
Thoughts and Images	363
The Ages of Man	366
The Grave	367
Bolehill Trees	371
The Old Man's Song	373
The Glow-Worm	374
The Mole-Hill	375
A Voyage Round the World	381
Humility	387
Birds	388
The Gentianella	396
A Lucid Interval	397
Worms and Flowers	399
The Recluse	400
Time: A Rhapsody	401
To a Friend, with a Copy of the foregoing Lucubration	403
The Retreat	404
The Lily. To a Young Lady, E. P.	407
The Sky-Lark. Addressed to a Friend	408
The Fixed Stars	409
A Cry from South Africa. On building a Chapel at Cape Town, for the Negro Slaves of the Colony, in 1828	410
Speed the Prow	412
The Cholera Mount. Lines on the Burying-Place for Patients who died of Cholera Morbus; a pleasant Eminence in Sheffield Park	413

	Page
To Mary	416
Short-Hand. Stanzas addressed to E. P.	416
To my Friend George Bennet, Esq., of Sheffield	417
One Warning more. Written for Distribution on a Race-Course, 1824	420
A Riddle. Addressed to E. R. 1820	421
The Tombs of the Fathers	422
The Sun-Flower	426
For J. S. A Preamble to her Album	427
To Cynthia: A Young Lady, unknown to the Author, who, by Letter, requested "a Stanza," or "a few Lines in his Hand- writing"	428
On a Watch-Pocket worked by A. L.	429
An Infant's Album	431
To Margaret; a little Girl, who begged to have some Verses from the Author, at Scarborough, in 1814	433
The blank Leaf	434
The Gnat. Written with Pencil round an Insect of that kind, which had been accidentally crushed, and remained fixed on a blank Page of a Lady's Album	434
Morna	435
The Valentine Wreath	439
The Widow. Written at the Request of a Lady, who furnished several of the Lines and the Plan of the whole	440
Motto to "a Poet's Portfolio." (Fragment of a Page of Oblivion)	442
At Home in Heaven	443
The Veil	446
Heaven in Prospect	446
On the First Leaf of Miss J.'s Album	447
The Sand and the Rock	448
"Lovest thou Me"	451
Garden Thoughts. On Occasion of a Christian Assembly in the Grounds of a Gentleman at York, for the Purpose of pro- moting Missions among the Heathen	452
To Mr. and Mrs. T., of York, with the foregoing Stanzas	454
The Field of the World	455
Farewell to a Missionary	456
"The Prisoner of the Lord." A Sabbath Hymn for a sick Chamber	457
An After-Thought	458
Our Saviour's Prayers	459
Reminiscence	462
Evening Time	463
The Lot of the Righteous	464
A Benediction for a Baby	466
Evening Song. For the Sabbath-Day	467
A Wedding Wish. To Mr. and Mrs. H.	468

THOUGHTS ON WHEELS.

DURING the greater part of the last forty years it has been my privilege to be connected, rather as an auxiliary than a principal, in many a plan for lessening the sum of human misery at home and abroad, with three gentlemen of this neighbourhood, Mr. SAMUEL ROBERTS, Mr. GEORGE BENNET, and Mr. ROWLAND HODGSON. Of the two latter I need not speak here, because proofs of my esteem for each, distinctly, will be found in another part of this collection. With Mr. Roberts, however, it happened, that I have been more particularly and actively concerned on occasions rather general than local, such as the questions of the Slave Trade and Slavery, the State Lottery, and the practice of employing climbing boys to sweep chimneys. In these, the zeal, the energy, and the indefatigability of my friend far surpassed any corresponding qualifications which I could exercise in aid of the frequent causes in which we have been engaged together. Though, like Jehonadab's with Jehu's, my heart was always with his heart, it was not in every enterprise that I had the courage to accept his invitation to "come up to (him) into the chariot;" for the adversary's watchmen, descriing his approach from their walls, might truly exclaim, "His driving is like the driving of the son of Nimshi, for he driveth furiously." When, however, I could not do this, I girded myself up to run alongside of him, till I could no more keep pace with his speed: I then followed him as far as my breath and strength would carry me. Among those who know him best, and esteem him proportionably, though I may perhaps call myself the foremost,—having, more than any other individual, had opportunities of understanding his motives, and judging his public conduct by these,—I must not attempt, in this place, "to give him honour due," further than by simply recording my own obligations to him, for having, by his intrepidity and example on some trying occasions, caused me to do a little less harm, and a little more good in my generation, than I should otherwise have had forbearance in the one case to avoid, or fortitude in the other to undertake.

This influence was more especially ascendant over my natural indolence and timidity, in our joint efforts through a series of years to rouse the country, and to persuade the legislature against "the State Lottery" as a system of legalized gambling, and "the employment of climbing boys to sweep chimneys as a system of home-slavery."

In reference to the former I may here state, that it had been the practice, as long as I can remember, for the publishers of newspapers to procure lottery tickets for persons who applied for them, from any of the offices with which they had current accounts for advertising.

From 1794, when I entered upon the property of the *Sheffield Iris*, till 1801 or 1802, I was in the habit of executing such commissions to a very small amount annually. I know not what lottery speculations may have been made otherwise in this neighbourhood; but if my sales were the standard of probabilities in so obscure a case, little of the money that was got upon the anvil was thrown into the fire, for the purchase of blanks, where prizes were contemplated in reversion.

Once, however, about the above-mentioned date, I had the misfortune to sell the sixteenth of a ticket which turned up a prize of *twenty thousand pounds*. The price to be paid for the share, I think, was 2*8s. 6d.*, and the person who bespoke it had left a guinea towards payment, as the market price could not be ascertained till the voucher came from London. Accordingly I received it with a few

others which had been ordered in like manner, and pledges deposited. These, with the exception of that particular one, were duly fetched by the parties who had bespoken them. In those days the registering of tickets and shares was entirely done in the metropolitan offices, the names and addresses of the adventurers being transmitted from the country by their respective correspondents. Whatever then might be the fate or the fortune of the numbers delivered by me, I knew nothing of the event unless the buyers themselves informed me, which they usually did when the prizes were small ones, and almost as usually exchanged them for new ventures in the current or next lottery, paying the difference, which was necessarily on the losing side, (the schemes being ingeniously contrived to effect that,) till a blank made amends for all,—if it happened to cure the lottery-fit, though that kind of fever being intermittent, patients once affected were fearfully liable to returns.

In the case above mentioned, the share remained week after week uncalled for in my desk, while the drawing continued, and till it was nearly at an end. In fact, I had given it up as a bad speculation of my own, so far as what was due upon it had been hazarded to a stranger, concluding that it must have been drawn a blank, and that my customer would take no more trouble about it. I well recollect throwing it aside among some indifferent papers, and muttering to myself,—“There lies half-a-crown.” One evening, however, a man from a village in Derbyshire called upon me in considerable agitation, and presented an open letter addressed to a female in whose name the share had been registered at the office (Nicholson’s) in London, announcing that the ticket had been drawn a prize of twenty thousand pounds, with a hint, that, when the lady received the money, it was hoped she would remember the clerks in the office. Till then the said lady did not so much as know the number of which a sixteenth had been thus registered to her. I was not a little bewildered myself at first, scarcely remembering when I had last seen the precious scrap of paper; and, doubting whether the intelligence were not a hoax, and whether the applicant, who professed himself a relation of the owner, were a true man. But, having found the share, and ascertained the other points, I delivered it into the messenger’s hands, and received the small balance due to me upon it. I was afterwards told, that the guinea which had been paid to me in advance was put into the lottery “for luck’s sake,” having been found unexpectedly in a paper with some sugar-candy, in a neglected drawer. The fortunate recoverer of the unredeemed prize that had fallen to her, like one of the forgotten things which the moon has been said to contain,

“Where heroes’ wits are kept in ponderous vases,
And beaux’ in small boxes and tweezer-cases,”

(*Fape of the Lock, canto v.*)

proved to be a very respectable matron in good circumstances, and of prudent habits. Instead of eagerly seizing the spoil at the expense of the small discount, she waited till the money was full due, and never afterwards, so far as I was concerned, risked more than the price of another sixteenth at once in a lottery or two following.

But the *strangeness* of this great event in provincial lottery annals did not end here. The successful ticket had been distributed, if I rightly remember, entirely in sixteenths, and sold in different parts of the kingdom. This being blazoned in all the newspapers, occasioned an extraordinary demand for shares in the ensuing lottery, and mine being deemed “a Lucky Office,” commissions came pouring upon me in a manner and multitude beyond precedent. These I was enabled to supply on a new plan, which, I confess, I thought very hazardous to the metropolitan office keepers, who, availing themselves of this “tide” in the sea of bubbles, took it “at the flood,” not doubting that it would “lead on to fortune” in their “affairs.” Accordingly they appointed agencies throughout the country, and one of these being offered to me by a first-rate house, I accepted it as a mere matter of business, and for several years I was in the habit of dis-

posing from twenty to fifty times as many tickets and shares as I had ever done before. Besides the small commission on the amount sold, being from that time allowed the perquisite for registering the numbers myself, and communicating the results to my customers, I received from day to day the lists of the drawings, and became practically acquainted with the risks and the returns,—indeed so well acquainted, that, during the term of my agency, I was never for a moment tempted to hazard a shilling on a turn of the wheels for myself. On one occasion only, when the drawing was to be closed on an early day, and I had to send back to my principals the unsold shares in my hands, I retained two-eighths in expectation of having calls for them before the last drawing. One was sold, the other remained with me, but proving a small prize I escaped comparatively unscathed.

Now of all the thousands in every variety of numbers which passed through my hands, including sold and returned, I do not recollect more than three shares of prizes above 25*l.*—namely, two of 50*l.* and a third of 120*l.*; the former disposed of, the latter sent back. I thought at first that the rage for this losing game would soon abate of itself. I was mistaken; and though after a year or two it was less prodigally and promiscuously, yet it was more steadily pursued by regular customers, to whom the habitual stimulus became as necessary to provoke and appease, while in both cases it mocked, the "*auri sacra fames*," as dram-drinking and opium-eating are to diseased appetites of another kind. In addition to these *perennials*, there was an *annual* succession of inexperienced votaries of wealth, who came and tried, and withdrew, when they had grown wiser or warier at a reasonable cost. And here I must observe that the grosser evils of lotteries, flagrant as they were in the metropolis, came not within my observation here; what I knew personally of the original sin of the system was learned by its ordinary effects. My dealings were principally with persons in moderate circumstances, yet with a considerable proportion of work-people and others who might have invested their small savings (if savings they were) on much better securities than the notes which my bank issued. It was one of the lame pleas for the State Lottery in Parliament, that after the suppression of the infamous insurance-offices—which never existed here—there remained no longer a snare to tempt the poor to take this royal way to riches, the lowest fraction of a ticket in the market being beyond their power of purchase. Whatever the case might be in London, the rich in this neighbourhood, if they speculated at all, did not come to me. One of these, a friend of mine, told me that he had obtained an eighth of a 20,000*l.*, and I heard of another who was said to have had a sixteenth of a 10,000*l.* prize. On this part of the subject, from an article in my newspaper of March 25, 1817, in which I questioned some statements made by high authorities in the House of Commons, I may quote a memorandum, that, in three lotteries drawn in 1803, I "sold, Whole Tickets—*not one*; Halves—*one*; Quarters—*twenty*; Eighths—*eighty-eight*; Sixteenths—*five hundred and sixty-six*! and in previous years far greater numbers of the latter; many, very many of which were bought by poor people."

Familiarity with some kinds of sin deadens the consciousness of it. This was not the case with me in reference to the State Lottery. It was familiarity with it which convinced me of the sin of dealing in its deceptive wares. I was occasionally surprised to notice the different kinds of money which were brought to me by persons of the humbler class,—boarded guineas, old crowns, half crowns, and fine impressions of smaller silver coins, at a time when bank-paper, Spanish dollars, and tokens of inferior standard, issued by private individuals and companies, formed a kind of *mob-currency* throughout the realm, instead of the sterling issues of the Royal Mint. These, like the guinea of my Derbyshire matron, were ventured "for the sake of luck," in several instances by poor women who had inherited them from their parents, received them as birth or wedding-day gifts, saved them for their children's thrift-pots, or laid them up against a rainy day for family wants or sickness. With these they came to buy *hope*, and I sold

them *disappointment!*—It was this very thought passing through my mind like a flash of lightning, in the very words, and leaving an indelible impression, (deepening with every recurrence of the haunting idea,) which decided a long-meditated but often procrastinated purpose; and I said to myself, at length, “I will immediately give up this traffic of delusion.” I did so, and from that moment never sold another share.

This, however, was only cutting off the left hand of a profitable sin, while with the right I was still accepting the hire of iniquity. The proprietors of newspapers do not deem themselves responsible for the contents of advertisements which appear on their pages, so long as these are free from libellous, immoral, or blasphemous matter. During the palmy days of the State Lottery, and even when it began to fall into disrepute, the office keepers were among the most liberal contributors of such precious articles to the public journals. The columns of mine were never much burdened with these *opina spolia*,—wealth won without labour of the hands or the brains, gratuitously bestowed, collected at little risk, and small additional expense in the economy of the printing-office. Lottery advertisements, therefore, formed a considerable proportion of the very moderate amount of pecuniary means, by which I was enabled, under many disadvantages, some local, and others personal, to maintain my paper at all. But when my friend Mr. Roberts and I, several years after my relinquishment of lottery sales, determined to attack the great state evil itself, with open, uncompromising hostility, I felt that I could not consistently, nor indeed honestly, support him in his plans of aggression, while I was an actual accessory before the fact to the mischiefs which it was perpetrating throughout the length and breadth of the land, and especially, so far as I was implicated, within the range of my editorial influence. The question had long troubled me in secret; but, as in the former case, a final decision upon it was deferred, till my friend one day unexpectedly attacked me with a recommendation to renounce all connection with “the accursed thing,” which we both had now made up our minds to hold up to public abhorrence and reprobation. The counsel was hard to a person in my circumstances: conscience and cupidity had a sharp conflict; but the battle was not a drawn one; the better principle prevailed; and after the autumn of 1816 I never admitted another lottery advertisement into my paper. Nor did I ever, for one moment, repent the sacrifice.

From that time till the abandonment of the State Lottery by government itself in 1821, Mr. Roberts and I, in various ways, but principally by paragraphs and philippics in my columns, and pamphlets from my press, waged a desultory warfare with those ministers of the day and their supporters in Parliament who persisted in employing these unhallowed means of recruiting the revenue. With the late Lord Lyttelton (then Mr. Lyttelton) and other members of the House of Commons who held the same sentiments as ourselves on the subject, we had frequent correspondence; nor did the Chancellor of the Exchequer (otherwise one of the most upright and conscientious statesmen of the age) escape the annoyance of our remonstrances and solicitations. In March, 1817, we promoted a petition to Parliament from Sheffield against this national nuisance. Whether this example was followed at that time by any other towns I do not remember. We know, however, that our various labours were not altogether in vain,—but that two obscure individuals in a remote part of the kingdom, by strenuous perseverance in advocating a good cause, contributed something (however little it may have been) towards the removal of the greatest plague that ever infested the country in the shape of a tax, upon the poverty, the morals, and the happiness of the people.

In 1817, Mr. Roberts published *The State Lottery, a Dream*, a work of startling eccentricity in its plan, and no small ingenuity in the execution. Its frontispiece, representing *A Petty State Lottery* within the walls of Christ’s Hospital, in which not the drawers only, but all the adventurers, were children of that venerable establishment, was not without its effect in abating one of the most

plausible but pernicious exhibitions at Guildhall and elsewhere, in the annual pantomime of *The Grand State Lottery*.

My THOUGHTS ON WHEELS were but the glimmering tail of my friend's portentous comet. The latter, having long ago passed its perihelion, is no more visible in the literary hemisphere; and the former would have disappeared with it, had not the last section, the address *To Britain*, been deemed worthy of preservation by judges more competent to decide upon its claims than the public will allow an author to be in his own case.

October 20, 1840.

NO. I.—THE COMBAT.

OF old when fiery warriors met,
 On edge of steel their lives were set;
 Eye watching eye, shield crossing shield,
 Foot wedged to foot, they fought the field,
 Dealt and withstood as many strokes
 As might have fell'd two forest-oaks,
 Till one, between the harness-joint,
 Felt the resistless weapon's point
 Quick through his heart,—and in a flood
 Pour'd his hot spirit with his blood.

The victor, rising from the blow
 That laid his brave assailant low,
 Then blush'd not from his height to bend,
 Foully a gallant deed to end;
 But whirl'd in fetters round the plain,
 Whirl'd at his chariot wheels, the slain;
 Beneath the silent curse of eyes,
 That look'd for vengeance to the skies;
 While shame, that could not reach the dead,
 Pour'd its whole vial on *his* head.

Who falls in honourable strife
 Surrenders nothing but his life;
 Who basely triumphs casts away
 The glory of the well-won day;
 —Rather than feel the joy he feels,
 Commend me to his chariot wheels.

NO. II.—THE CAR OF JUGGERNAUT.

ON plains beneath the morning star,
Lo! Juggernaut's stupendous car ;
So high and menacing its size,
The Tower of Babel seems to rise ;
Darkening the air, its shadow spreads
O'er thrice an hundred thousand heads ;
Darkening the soul, it strikes a gloom,
Dense as the night beyond the tomb.
Full in mid-heaven, when mortal eye
Up this huge fabric climbs the sky,
The Idol scowls, in dragon-pride,
Like Satan's conscience deified ;
—Satan himself would scorn to ape
Divinity in *such* a shape.

Breaking the billows of the crowd,
As countless, turbulent, and loud
As surges on the windward shore,
That madly foam, and idly roar ;
Th' unwieldy wain compels its course,
Crushing resistance down by force ;
It creaks, and groans, and grinds along,
Midst shrieks and prayers,—midst dance and song ;
With orgies in the eye of noon,
Such as would turn to blood the moon ;
Impieties so bold, so black,
The stars to shun them would reel back ;
And secret horrors, which the Sun
Would put on sackcloth to see done.
Thrice happy they, whose headlong souls,
Where'er th' enormous ruin rolls,
Cast their frail bodies on the stones,
Pave its red track with crashing bones,
And pant and struggle for the fate
—To die beneath the sacred weight.

“O fools and mad !” your Christians cry :
Yet wise, methinks, are those who die :

For me,—if Juggernaut were God,
Rather than writhe beneath his rod :
Rather than live his devotee,
And bow to such a brute the knee ;
Rather than be his favourite priest,
Wallow in wantonness, and feast
On tears and blood, on groans and cries,
The fume and fat of sacrifice ;
Rather than share his love,—or wrath ;
I'd fling my carcass in his path,
And almost bless his name, to feel
The murdering mercy of his wheel.



NO. III.—THE INQUISITION.

THERE was in Christendom, of yore,
—And would to heaven it were no more !—
There *was* an Inquisition-Court,
Where priestcraft made the demons sport :
—Priestcraft,—in form a giant monk,
With wine of Rome's pollutions drunk,
Like captive Samson, bound and blind,
In chains and darkness of the mind,
There show'd such feats of strength and skill
As made it charity to kill,
And well the blow of death might pass
For what he call'd it—*coup de grace* ;
While in his little hell on earth,
The foul fiends quaked amidst their mirth :—
But *not* like him, who to the skies
Turn'd the dark embers of his eyes,
(Where lately burn'd a fire divine,
Where still it burn'd, but could not shine,)
And won by violence of prayer,
(Hope's dying accents in despair,)

Power to demolish, from its base,
 Dagon's proud fane, on Dagon's race ;
 Not *thus* like Samson ;—false of heart,
 The tonsured juggler play'd his part,
 God's law in God's own name made void,
 Men for their Saviour's sake destroy'd,
 Made pure religion his pretence
 To rid the earth of innocence ;
 While Spirits from th' infernal flood
 Cool'd their parch'd tongues in martyrs' blood,
 And half forgot their stings and flames
 In conning, at those hideous games,
 Lessons,—which he who taught should know
 How well they had been learn'd below.

Among the engines of his power
 Most dreaded in the trying hour,
 When impotent were fire and steel,
 All but almighty was the Wheel,
 Whose harrowing revolution wrung
 Confession from the slowest tongue ;
 From joints unlock'd made secrets start,
 Twined with the cordage of the heart ;
 From muscles in convulsion drew
 Knowledge the sufferer never knew ;
 From failing flesh, in Nature's spite,
 Brought deeds that ne'er were done to light ;
 From snapping sinews wrench'd the lie,
 That gain'd the victim leave to die ;
 When self-accused,—condemn'd at length,
 His only crime was want of strength ;
 From holy hands with joy he turn'd,
 And kiss'd the stake at which he burn'd.
 But from the man of soul sublime,
 Who lived above the world of time,
 Fervent in faith, in conscience clear,
 Who knew *to love*,—but not *to fear* ;
 When every artifice of pain
 Was wasted on his limbs in vain,

And baffled cruelty could find
 No hidden passage to his mind,
 The Wheel extorted naught in death,
 Except—forgiveness, and his breath.

Such a victorious death to die
 Were prompt translation to the sky :
 —Yet with the weakest, I would meet
 Racks, scourges, flames, and count them sweet ;
 Nay, might I choose, I would not 'scape
 "The question," put in any shape,
 Rather than sit in judgment there,
 Where the stern bigot fills the chair :
 —Rather than turn his torturing Wheel,
 Give me its utmost stretch to feel.

—◆—

NO. IV.—THE STATE LOTTERY.

ESCAPED from ancient battle-field,
 Though neither *with* nor *on* my shield :
 Escaped—how terrible the thought
 Even of escape !—from Juggernaut ;
 Escaped from tenfold worse perdition
 In dungeons of the Inquisition ;
 Oh with what ecstasy I stand
 Once more on Albion's refuge-land !
 Oh with what gratitude I bare
 My bosom to that island-air,
 Which tyrants gulp and cease to be,
 Which slaves inhale and slaves are free !
 For though the wheels, behind my back,
 Still seem to rumble in my track,
 Their sound is music on the breeze ;
 I dare them all to cross the seas :
 —Nay, *should* they reach our guarded coast,
 Like Pharaoh's chariots and his host,

Monks, Brahmins, warriors, sworn and dead,
Axles and orbs in wrecks were spread.

And are there on this holy ground
No wheels to trail the vanquish'd found?
None, framed the living bones to break,
Or rend the nerves for conscience-sake?
No:—Britons scorn th' unhallow'd touch,
They will not use, nor suffer such;
Alike *they* shun, with fearless heart,
The victim's and tormentor's part.

Yet here are wheels of feller kind,
To drag in chains the captive mind;
To crush, beneath their horrid load,
Hearts panting prostrate on the road;
To wind desire from spoke to spoke,
And break the spirit stroke by stroke.

Where Gog and Magog, London's pride,
O'er city bankruptcies preside;
Stone-blind at *nisi prius* sit,
Hearken stone-deaf to lawyers' wit;
Or scowl on men, that play the beasts
At Common Halls and Lord Mayors' feasts,
When venison or the public cause,
Taxes or turtle, stretch their jaws:
There,—in a whisper be it said,
Lest honest Beckford shake his head;
Lest Chatham, with indignant cheek,
Start from his pedestal and speak;
Lest Chatham's son in marble groan,
As if restored to skin and bone;*
There,—speak,—speak out,—abandon fear;
Let both the dead and living hear;
—The dead, that they may blush for shame
Amidst their monumental fame;
—The living, that, forewarn'd of fate,
Conscience may force them, ere too late,

* These lines refer to the statues of British worthies which adorn the Guild-hall of London.

Those Wheels of infamy to shun,
Which thousands touch, and are undone.

There,—built by legislative hands,
On Christian ground, an altar stands.
—“ Stands? gentle Poet, tell me where ?”
Go to Guildhall :—“ It stands not *there!*”
True ;—’tis my brain that raves and reels
Whene’er it turns on Lottery Wheels ;
Such things in youth can I recall
Nor think of thee,—of thee, Guildhall ?
Where erst I play’d with glittering schemes,
And lay entranced in golden dreams ;
Bright round my head those bubbles broke,
Poorer from every dream I woke ;
Wealth came,—but not the wealth I sought ;
Wisdom was wealth to me ; and taught
My feet to *miss* thy gates,—that lay,
Like toll-bars on the old “ broad way,”
Where pilgrims paid,—oh grief to tell !
Tribute for going down to hell.

Long on thy floor an altar stood,
To human view unstain’d with blood,
But red and foul in Heaven’s pure eyes,
Groaning with infant sacrifice,
From year to year ;—till sense or shame,
Or some strange cause without a name,
—’Twas *not* the cry of innocence,—
Drove such abomination thence :
Thence drove it,—but destroy’d it not ;
It blackens some obscurer spot ;
Obscurer,—yet so well defined,
Thither the blind might lead the blind,
While heralds shout in every ear,
“ This is the temple,—worship here.”
Thither the deaf may *read* their way ;
’Tis plain ;—to *find* it, *go astray!*
Thither the lame, on wings of paper,
May come to nothing, like a vapour ;

Thither may all the world repair ;
 A word, a wish, will waft you there ;
 And, O so smooth and steep the track,
 'Tis worth your life to venture back ;
 Easy the step to *Cooper's Hall*,*
 As headlong from a cliff to fall ;
 Hard to recover from the shock,
 As broken-limb'd to climb a rock.

There, built by legislative hands,
 Our country's shame, an altar stands ;
 Not votive brass, nor hallow'd stone,
 Humbly inscribed—"To God unknown ;"
 Though sure, if earth afford a space
 For such an altar, here's the place :
 —Not breathing incense in a shrine,
 Where human art appears divine,
 And man by his own skill hath wrought
 So bright an image of his thought,
 That nations, barbarous or refined,
 Might worship there th' immortal mind,
 That gave their ravish'd eyes to see
 A meteor glimpse of Deity ;
 A ray of Nature's purest light,
 Shot through the gulf of Pagan night,
 Dazzling,—but leaving darkness more
 Profoundly blinding than before.
 —Ah ! no such power of genius calls
 Sublime devotion to these walls ;
 No pomp of art, surpassing praise,
 Britannia's altar here displays :
 A MONEY-CHANGER'S TABLE,—spread
 With hieroglyphics, black and red.
 Exhibits, on deceitful scrolls,
 "The price of Tickets,"—and of Souls ;
 For thus are Souls to market brought,
 Barter'd for vanity,—for naught ;

* Where the State Lottery was drawn for many years.

Till the poor venders find the cost,
 —Time to eternal ages lost !
 No sculptured idol decks the place,
 Of such excelling form and face,
 That Grecian pride might feign its birth
 A statue fallen from heaven to earth :
 The goddess here is best design'd,
 —A flimsy harlot, bold and blind ;
 Invisible to standers-by,
 And yet in everybody's eye !
 FORTUNE her name ;—a gay deceiver,
 Cheat as she may, the crowd believe her ;
 And she, abuse her as they will,
 Showers on the crowd her favours still :
 For 'tis the bliss of both to be
 Themselves unseen, and not to see ;
 Had she discernment,—pride would scout
 The homage of her motley rout ;
 Were she reveal'd,—the poorest slave
 Would blush to be her luckiest knave.

Not good OLD FORTUNE here we scorn,
 In classic fable heavenly born :
 She who for *nothing* deigns to deal
Her blanks and prizes from *One* Wheel ;
 And who, like Justice, wisely blind,
 Scatters her bounties on mankind
 With such a broad impartial aim,
 If none will praise her, none should blame ;
 For were ten thousand fancies tried,
 Wealth more discreetly to divide
 Among the craving race of man,
 Wit could not frame a happier plan.

Here, 'tis her *Counterfeit*, who reigns
 O'er haunted heads and moon-struck brains ;
 A *Two-wheel'd* Jade, admired by sots,
 Who flings, *for cash in hand*, her lots
 To those, who, fain "their luck to try,"
 Sell Hope, and Disappointment buy.

The wily sorceress here reveals,
With proud parade, her mystic Wheels ;
—Those Wheels, on which the nation runs
Over the morals of its Sons ;
—Those Wheels, at which the nation draws
Through shouting streets its broken laws !
Engines of plotting Fortune's skill
To lure, entangle, torture, kill.
Behold her, in imperial pride,
King, Lords, and Commons at her side ;
Arm'd with authority of state,
The public peace to violate ;
More might be told,—but not by me
Must this “ eternal blazon ” be.
Between her Wheels the Phantom stands,
With Syren voice, and Harpy hands :
She turns th' enchanted axle round ;
Forth leaps the “ TWENTY THOUSAND POUND ! ”
That “ twenty thousand ” *one* has got ;
But twenty thousand more have *not*.
These curse her to her face, deplore
Their loss, then—take her word once more ;
Once more deceived, they rise like men
Bravely resolved—to try again ;
Again they fail ;—again trapann'd,
She mocks them with her sleight of hand ;
Still fired with rage, with avarice steel'd,
Perish they may, but never yield ;
They woo her till their latest breath,
Then snatch *their* prize—a blank in death.
The priests, that in her temple wait,
Her minor ministers of fate,
Like Dian's silversmith's of old,
True to the craft that brings them gold,
Lungs, limbs, and pens unwearied ply
To puff their Goddess to the sky ;
Oh that their puffs could *fix* Her there,
Who builds such castles in the air,

And in the malice of her mirth
Lets them to simpletons on earth !
—Who steals the rainbow's peaceful form,
But *is* the demon of the storm ;
—Assumes a star's benignant mien,
But wears a comet's tail unseen ;
—Who smiles a Juno to the crowd,
But all that win her catch a cloud,
And, doom'd Ixion's fate to feel,
Are whirl'd upon a giddier wheel.
—Oh that her priests could fix *her* there,
Whose breath and being are but air !
Yet not for this their spells they try,
They bawl to keep her *from* the sky,
A harmless meteor in that sphere ;
A baleful *Ignis fatuus* here,
With wandering and bewildering light,
To cheer, and then confound the sight,
Guide the lone traveller,—then betray,
Where Death in ambush lurks for prey.

Fierce, but familiar, at their call,
The veriest fiend of Satan's fall ;
—The fiend that tempted him to stake
Heaven's bliss against the burning lake ;
—The fiend that tempted him again,
To burst the darkness of his den,
And risk whate'er of wrath untried
Eternal justice yet could hide,
For one transcendent chance, by sin,
Man and his new-made world to win ;
—That fiend, while Satan play'd his part
At Eve's fond ear, assail'd her heart,
And tempted her to hazard more
Than fallen Angels lost before ;
They ruin'd but themselves—her crime
Brought death on all the race of time :
—That fiend comes forth, like *Ætna's* flame ;
The SPIRIT OF GAMBLING call his name ;

So flush'd and terrible in power,
The Priests themselves he would devour ;
But straight, by Act of Parliament,
Loose through the land his plagues are sent.
The Polypus himself divides,
A legion issues from his sides ;
Ten thousand shapes he wears at will,
In every shape a devil still ;
Eager and restless to be known
By any mark, except his own ;
In airy, earthly, heavenly guise,
No matter,—if it strike the eyes ;
Yet ever at the clink of pelf,
He starts, and shrinks into himself :
—A traitor now, with face of truth,
He dupes the innocence of youth ;
A shrewd pretender, smooth and sage,
He tempts the avarice of age ;
A wizard, versed in damned arts,
He trammels uncorrupted hearts ;
He lulls Suspicion, Sense waylays,
Honour and Honesty betrays,
Finds Virtue sleeping, and by stealth
Beguiles her with a dream of wealth ;
Till rich and poor, till fools and wise,
Haste to the headlong sacrifice,
Gaze till they slip into the snare ;
—Angels might weep to see them there ;
Then to the Lottery Wheels away,
The SPIRIT OF GAMBLING drags his prey.
Hail to the fiery bigot's rack !
Hail Juggernaut's destructive track !
Hail to the warrior's iron car !
But oh, be Lottery Wheels afar !
I'll die by torture, war, disease,
I'll die—by any Wheels but these !

NO. V.—TO BRITAIN.

I LOVE Thee, O my native Isle !
Dear as my mother's earliest smile ;
Sweet as my father's voice to me
Is all I hear, and all I see,
When, glancing o'er thy beauteous land,
In view thy *Public Virtues* stand,
The Guardian-angels of thy coast,
Who watch the dear *domestic Host*,
The *Heart's Affections*, pleased to roam
Around the quiet heaven of Home.

I love Thee,—when I mark thy soil
Flourish beneath the peasant's toil,
And from its lap of verdure throw
Treasures which neither Indies know.

I love Thee,—when I hear around
Thy looms, and wheels, and anvils sound,
Thine engines heaving all their force,
Thy waters labouring on their course,
And arts, and industry, and wealth
Exulting in the joys of health.

I love Thee,—when I trace thy tale
To the dim point where records fail ;
Thy deeds of old renown inspire
My bosom with our fathers' fire ;
A proud inheritance I claim
In all their sufferings, all their fame ;
Nor less delighted, when I stray
Down History's lengthening, widening way,
And hail Thee in thy present hour,
From the meridian arch of power,
Shedding the lustre of thy reign,
Like sunshine, over land and main.

I love Thee,—when I read the lays
Of British bards, in elder days,
Till, rapt on visionary wings,
High o'er thy cliffs my spirit sings ;

For I, amidst thy living choir,
I, too, can touch the sacred lyre.

I love Thee,—when I contemplate
The full-orb'd grandeur of thy state ;
Thy laws and liberties, that rise,
Man's noblest works beneath the skies,
To which the Pyramids are tame,
And Grecian temples bow their fame :
These, thine immortal sages wrought
Out of the deepest mines of thought ;
These, on the scaffold, in the field,
Thy warriors won, thy patriots seal'd ;
These, at the parricidal pyre,
Thy martyrs sanctified in fire,
And, with the generous blood they spilt,
Wash'd from thy soil their murderers' guilt,
Cancell'd the curse which Vengeance sped,
And left a blessing in its stead.
Can words, can numbers count the price,
Paid for this little Paradise ?
Never, oh ! never be it lost ;
The land is *worth* the price it cost.

I love Thee,—when thy Sabbath dawns
O'er woods and mountains, dales and lawns,
And streams, that sparkle while they run,
As if their fountain were the Sun :
When, hand in hand thy tribes repair,
Each to their chosen house of prayer,
And all in peace and freedom call
On Him who is the Lord of all.

I love Thee,—when my soul can feel
The seraph-ardours of thy zeal :
Thy charities, to none confined,
Bless, like the sun, the rain, the wind ;
Thy schools the human brute shall raise,
Guide erring youth in wisdom's ways,
And leave, when we are turn'd to dust,
A generation of the just.

I love Thee,—when I see thee stand
The hope of every other land ;
A sea-mark in the tide of time,
Rearing to heaven thy brow sublime ;
Whence beams of Gospel-splendour shed
A sacred halo round thine head ;
And Gentiles from afar behold
(Not as on Sinai's rocks of old)
God,—from eternity conceal'd,—
In his own light, on Thee reveal'd.

I love Thee,—when I hear thy voice
Bid a despairing world rejoice,
And loud from shore to shore proclaim,
In every tongue, Messiah's name ;
That name, at which, from sea to sea,
All nations *yet* shall bow the knee.

I love Thee :—next to heaven above,
Land of my fathers ! *thee* I love ;
And, rail thy slanderers as they will,
“With all thy *faults* I love Thee” still :
For faults thou hast, of heinous size ;
Repent, renounce them, ere they rise
In judgment ;—lest thine ocean-wall
With boundless ruin round thee fall,
And that, which was thy mightiest stay,
Sweep all thy rocks like sand away.

Yes, thou hast faults of heinous size,
From which I turn with weeping eyes ;
On these let them that hate Thee dwell :
Yet *one* I spare not,—*one* I tell,
Tell with a whisper in thine ear ;
Oh ! might it wring thy heart with fear !
Oh ! that my weakest word might roll,
Like heaven's own thunder, through thy soul !

There is *a lie* in thy right hand ;
A bribe, corrupting all the land ;
There is within thy gates a pest,
—*Gold* and a *Babylonish vest* ;

Not hid in shame-concealing shade,
But broad against the sun display'd.
These,—tell it *not*,—it *must* be told ;
These from thy LOTTERY WHEELS are sold ;
Sold,—and thy children, train'd to sin,
Hazard both worlds these plagues to win ;
Nay, thy deluded statesmen stake
Thyself,—and lose Thee for their sake !
—Lose Thee ?—They *shall not* ;—HE, whose will
Is Nature's law, preserves Thee still ;
And while th' uplifted bolt impends,
One warning more his mercy sends.

O BRITAIN ! O my country ! bring
Forth from thy camp th' accursed thing ;
Consign it to remorseless fire ;
Watch till the latest spark expire,
Then cast the ashes on the wind,
Nor leave one atom-wreck behind.

So may thy wealth and power increase ;
So may thy people dwell in peace ;
On Thee th' Almighty's glory rest,
And all the world in Thee be blest.

Sheffield, Oct. 10, 1816.

THE CLIMBING BOY'S SOLILOQUIES.

IN the summer of 1807, a local association for the purpose of "superseding the employment of Climbing Boys in sweeping chimneys, and bettering the condition of those who were already so engaged," was established in Sheffield. Through three-and-thirty years, that object has been kept in view, though many and long interruptions have crippled or retarded our active exertions towards the desired accomplishment. But our interest in the subject, and our sympathy towards the infantine and juvenile victims of so unnatural a practice, have been periodically quickened, on every return of Easter Monday, when a good dinner has been given by our small Committee to all the Climbing Children of this district. The change,—which this attention to their welfare has gradually occasioned in the personal appearance, decent behaviour, and improved intelligence (most of them having been Sunday scholars) of the successive generations of these poor creatures, which have passed before us during that period,—has been very creditable to their Masters and very encouraging to ourselves under the disheartening hinderances to our progress, in attempting otherwise to lessen the evils of the occupation in our own neighbourhood, and the repeated failures of our endeavours to obtain legislative redress for the grievance itself throughout the whole kingdom.

The experience of ten years convinced us, that all efforts as well as plans materially and permanently to benefit this class of boys must be unavailing, because so long as the employment was authorized by the legislature, it would never be superseded by the introduction of mechanical apparatus:—it being the interest, or rather the practice, of the masters, as much as possible, to disgust their customers, by wilfully negligent, or slovenly mismanagement of such substitutes when required to use them. This repugnance arose principally from a desire to spare themselves, and lay upon their apprentices (who were often their own children) the labour and torture of a villanous trade, which cannot be taught without cruelty, learnt without suffering, or practised without peril to life and limb, under the most humane master, and by the most obedient scholar. This fact is the unanswerable objection to the whole system,—it cannot be mended, though its inevitable miseries may be, and are, in numberless instances, frightfully aggravated.

Wherefore, in March, 1817, we roused our townspeople to set the first example of moving the legislature against this sin of the nation. A public meeting was accordingly held, and a petition adopted, earnestly imploring the House of Commons, to whom it was primarily addressed, to take the subject into early and serious consideration. This was presented by Lord Milton, (now Earl Fitzwilliam,) one of the representatives for Yorkshire, with a view merely of its being received and laid upon the table; for no expectation was entertained of any immediate steps being taken upon it by those to whom we appealed. Though temperately worded, and supported only by a few frank and plain expressions of his own kind disposition towards the suffering children, the reading of this document produced so happy an impression upon the minds of the members present, that his Lordship, availing himself of the propitious omen, immediately moved for the appointment of a Committee to investigate the subject and report on the same. Meanwhile similar petitions coming in from other quarters, and the result of the Committee's inquiries proving highly satisfactory,—the Metropolitan Society, (instituted in 1803, for the same benevolent purposes as ours at a later period,) using their utmost zeal and diligence to promote

the object,—on the 25th of June following a Bill was brought into the House of Commons, for prohibiting the employment of Climbing Boys in sweeping chimneys, from as brief a prospective date as should be found practicable under existing circumstances. Certain technical difficulties, however, respecting the nature of the Bill, and the probability of Parliament being prorogued before an Act could be passed, caused the postponement of further proceedings till the next Session.

In the following year, 1818, the Bill was revived, carried triumphantly through the Commons, sent up to the Lords, read, committed, counsel heard, evidence examined, favourably reported, but withdrawn before the third reading, to give to the government surveyors, and other professional gentlemen, opportunity to make certain experiments and estimates, recommended by their Lordships' Committee, previous to their ultimate decision on the merits of the case.

In the third year, 1819, the Bill was again introduced in the House of Peers, when, after some very strange discussion, it was summarily thrown out. Two causes, exceedingly dissimilar, concurred to effect this catastrophe: namely, certain grave doubts, expressed by high legal authority, whether, in making laws, more tenderness were due to old chimneys or to young children;—the former being inveterately crooked and therefore incurable, whereas (though this was left to be inferred) the latter (the children) might easily be made crooked, by accommodating their pliable bodies to the perverse ways through which they followed their craft. The second stumbling-block, on which indeed the neck of the Bill was broken, deserves more distinct exposure. A noble Earl, who resisted the Bill less by argument than by banter, among other illustrations of the calamities which would befall the nation, if the use of Climbing Boys were abolished, is reported to have said:—"I might illustrate the confined humanity of the supporters of this measure, by repeating a story, commonly told in Ireland. It was usual in that country to sweep chimneys by tying a string to the leg of a goose, and dragging the unfortunate bird down the chimney. This practice was reprobated by many humane persons, who looked upon the goose as very ill treated; but an honest Irishman having asked what he should use instead of the goose, one of the humane gentlemen replied, '*Why don't you get a couple of ducks?*'—Such was the humanity that dictated this measure, which, dwelling on the sufferings of the Climbing Boys, forgot every care for the safety of society, which, considering the few children employed in sweeping chimneys, threw out of its protection the many children who should be exposed to the hazards of fire, and to be tossed out of the windows."

This pleasant sally put their Lordships into such good humour, that, to borrow a couple of the noble Earl's phrases, the Bill was either "tossed out of the window," or "exposed to the hazard of fire," for aught that I could ever learn of its fate.

The report of the foregoing debate and decision in the House of Peers was published in my newspaper of *March 23, 1819*. Under the date of *April the 13th* following, I find this paragraph, written by myself, and for the authenticity of which I can as conscientiously vouch, as his Lordship could for the truth of "a story commonly told in Ireland:"—

"Yesterday (being Easter Monday), at the Cutlers' Hall, in this town, the Committee for abolishing the use of Climbing Boys, and bettering the condition of Chimney Sweepers' Apprentices, gave their annual dinner to the children employed in that business here. Twenty-two were present; and though the lads of this town and neighbourhood fare as well, if not better, than others in the like situation elsewhere, their friends here are more and more convinced, from experience, observation, and reflection during *twelve* years past, that the practice of employing Climbing Boys to sweep chimneys is a national crime as well as a national disgrace, and ought to be prohibited.

"A boy, about thirteen years of age, who attended the dinner at the Cutlers' Hall, on last Easter Monday, lately came to a shocking and premature end, in the following manner, as we were, on this occasion, informed by his companions.

Their master being asleep in a public house, in a village in Derbyshire, his two apprentices, who had been sweeping in the neighbourhood, were left with a company of fellows who were drinking together, and became the butts of their brutal conversation. Among other things, it was wantonly proposed to the younger apprentice to go up the chimney of the room in which they were sitting, while there was a fire in the range. He refused; but the elder, tempted by a promise of sixpence, ventured, and was helped up into the flue. Before he reached the top, however, the soot fell down in such quantities upon the fire below, that the chimney was soon in a blaze, and the poor boy struggled to the bottom through the flames, and was dragged out by the legs before he came direct upon the live coals in the grate. He was so miserably scorched, that he died, after lingering three weeks in excruciating torture."

I need not further pursue the history of parliamentary proceedings on this subject, in which my friends and I bore our part from time to time, till, during the last Session, an Act for the total discontinuance of the evil practice passed both Houses, almost without a murmur of opposition, under the direct sanction of Her Majesty's Government.

Among other intervening means for eventually bringing to pass this great purpose, Mr. Roberts projected the publication of a volume, to be entitled "*The Chimney Sweepers' Friend, and Climbing Boys' Album*," of which he persuaded me to undertake the editorship. The first part of the work, when completed, contained, in various forms, a summary of such information on the general question as we had been enabled to collect, during seventeen years, from the commencement of our labours and inquiries. The second part consisted of essays and tales, in prose and verse, illustrative of the unpitied and unalleviated sufferings of children, under this unnatural bondage, through more than a century since its introduction. These were chiefly furnished, at my solicitation, by living authors of distinction. The volume was dedicated, by permission, to His Majesty, George IV., and being soon out of print, a new edition was issued at York, by a benevolent bookseller, and sold extensively through the northern provinces.

The following small pieces were my quota of contributions to this work.

October 22, 1840.

PROLOGUE.—A WORD WITH MYSELF.

I KNOW they scorn the Climbing Boy,
 The gay, the selfish, and the proud;
 I know his villanous employ
 Is mockery with the thoughtless crowd.
 So be it;—brand with every name
 Of burning infamy his art,
 But let his *country* bear the shame,
 And feel the iron at her heart.
 I cannot coldly pass him by,
 Stript, wounded, left by thieves half dead;

Nor see an infant Lazarus lie
At rich men's gates, imploring bread.
A frame as sensitive as mine,
Limbs moulded in a kindred form,
A soul degraded yet divine,
Endear to me my brother-worm.
He was my equal at his birth,
A naked, helpless, weeping child ;
—And such are born to thrones on earth,
On such hath every mother smiled.
My equal he will be again,
Down in that cold, oblivious gloom,
Where all the prostrate ranks of men
Crowd, without fellowship, the tomb.
My equal in the judgment day,
He shall stand up before the throne,
When every veil is rent away,
And good and evil only known.
And is he not mine equal now ?
Am I less fall'n from God and truth,
Though "Wretch" be written on his brow,
And leprosy consume his youth ?
If holy nature yet have laws
Binding on man, of woman born,
In her own court I'll plead his cause,
Arrest the doom, or share the scorn.
Yes, let the scorn that haunts his course
Turn on me like a trodden snake,
And hiss and sting without remorse,
If I the fatherless forsake.

NO. I.—THE COMPLAINT.

Who loves the Climbing Boy? Who cares
If well or ill I be?
Is there a living soul that shares
A thought or wish with me?
I've had no parents since my birth,
Brothers and sisters none;
Ah! what to me is all this earth
Where I am only one?
I wake and see the morning shine,
And all around me gay;
But nothing I behold is mine,
No, not the light of day;—
No, not the very breath I draw:
These limbs are not my own;
A master calls me his by law,
My griefs are mine alone:
Ah! these they could not make him feel—
Would they themselves had felt!
Who bound me to that man of steel
Whom mercy cannot melt.
Yet not for wealth or ease I sigh,
All are not rich or great;
Many may be as poor as I,
But none so desolate.
For all I know have kin and kind,
Some home, some hope, some joy;
But these I must not look to find,—
Who knows the Climbing Boy?
The world has not a place of rest
For outcast so forlorn;
'Twas all bespoken, all possest,
Long before I was born.
Affection, too, life's sweetest cup,
Goes round from hand to hand,

But I am never ask'd to sup,—
Out of the ring I stand.

If kindness beats within my heart,
What heart will beat again ?
I coax the dogs, they snarl and start ;
Brutes are as bad as men.

The beggar's child may rise above
The misery of his lot ;
The gipsy may be loved, and love ;
But I—but I must not.

Hard fare, cold lodgings, cruel toil,
Youth, health, and strength consume :
What tree could thrive in such a soil ?
What flower so scathed could bloom ?

Should I outgrow this crippling work,
How shall my bread be sought ?
Must I to other lads turn Turk,
And teach what I am taught ?

Oh, might I roam with flocks and herds
In fellowship along !
Oh, were I one among the birds,
All wing, and life, and song !

Free with the fishes might I dwell
Down in the quiet sea !
The snail in his cob-castle shell—
The snail's a king to me !

For out he glides in April showers,
Lies snug when storms prevail ;
He feeds on fruit, he sleeps on flowers—
I wish I was a snail !

No, never ; do the worst they can
I may be happy still ;
For I was born to be a man,
And if I live I will.

NO. II.—THE DREAM.

I DREAMT ; but what care I for dreams ?
And yet I tremble too ;
It look'd so like the truth, it seems
As if it would come true.

I dreamt that, long ere peep of day,
I left my cold straw bed,
And o'er a common far away,
As if I flew, I fled.

The tempest hurried me behind
Like a mill-stream along ;
I could have lean'd against the wind,
It was so deadly strong.

The snow—I never saw such snow—
Raged like the sea all round,
Tossing and tumbling to and fro ;
I thought I must be drown'd.

Now up, now down, with main and might
I plunged through drift and stour ;
Nothing, no, nothing baulk'd my flight,
I had a giant's power.

Till suddenly the storm stood still,
Flat lay the snow beneath ;
I curdled to an icicle,
I could not stir—not breathe.

My master found me rooted there ;
He flogg'd me back to sense,
Then pluck'd me up, and by the hair,
Sheer over ditch and fence,—

He dragg'd, and dragg'd, and dragg'd me on,
For many and many a mile ;
At a grand house he stopp'd anon ;
It was a famous pile.

Up to the moon it seem'd to rise,
Broad as the earth to stand ;
The building darken'd half the skies,
Its shadow half the land.

All round was still—as still as death ;
I shivering, chattering, stood ;
And felt the coming, going breath,
The tingling, freezing blood.

Soon, at my master's rap, rap, rap,
The door wide open flew ;
In went we ;—with a thunder clap
Again the door bang'd to.

I trembled, as I've felt a bird
Tremble within my fist ;
For none I saw, and none I heard,
But all was lone and whist.

The moonshine through the windows show'd
Long stripes of light and gloom ;
The carpet with all colours glow'd,
Stone men stood round the room :

Fair pictures in their golden frames,
And looking-glasses bright ;
Fine things, I cannot tell their names,
Dazed and bewitch'd me quite.

Master soon thwack'd them out my head—
The chimney must be swept !
Yet in the grate the coals were red ;
I stamp'd, and scream'd, and wept.

I kneel'd, I kiss'd his feet, I pray'd ;
For then—which shows I dreamt—
Methought I ne'er before had made
The terrible attempt.

But, as a butcher lifts the lamb
That struggles for its life,

(Far from the ramping, bleating dam,
Beneath his desperate knife ;

With his two iron hands he grasp'd
And hoisted me aloof ;
His naked neck in vain I clasp'd,
The man was pity-proof.

So forth he swung me through the space,
Above the smouldering fire ;
I never can forget his face,
Nor his gruff growl, "Go higher."

As if I climb'd a steep house-side,
Or scaled a dark draw-well,
The horrid opening was so wide,
I had no hold,—I fell :

Fell on the embers, all my length,
But scarcely felt their heat,
When, with a madman's rage and strength,
I started on my feet ;

And, ere I well knew what I did,
Had clear'd the broader vent ;
From his wild vengeance to be hid,
I cared not where I went.

The passage narrow'd as I drew
Limb after limb by force,
Working and worming, like a screw,
My hard, slow, up-hill course.

Rougher than harrow-teeth within,
Sharp lime and jagged stone
Stripp'd my few garments, gored the skin,
And grided to the bone.

Gall'd, wounded, bleeding, ill at ease,
Still I was stout at heart ;
Head, shoulders, elbows, hands, feet, knees,
All play'd a stirring part.

I climb'd, and climb'd, and climb'd in vain,
No light at top appear'd ;
No end to darkness, toil, and pain,
While worse and worse I fear'd.

I climb'd, and climb'd, and had to climb,
Yet more and more astray ;
A hundred years I thought the time,
A thousand miles the way.

Strength left me, and breath fail'd at last,
Then had I headlong dropp'd,
But the straight funnel wedged me fast,
So there dead-lock'd I stopp'd.

I groan'd, I gasp'd, to shriek I tried,
No sound came from my breast ;
There was a weight on every side,
As if a stone-delf press'd.

Yet still my brain kept beating on
Through night-mares of all shapes,
Foul fiends, no sooner come than gone,
Dragons, and wolves, and apes.

They gnash'd on me with bloody jaws,
Chatter'd, and howl'd, and hiss'd :
They clutch'd me with their cat-like claws,
While off they whirl'd in mist.

Till, like a lamp-flame, blown away,
My soul went out in gloom ;
Thought ceased, and dead-alive I lay,
Shut up in that black tomb.

Oh, sweetly on the mother's lap
Her pretty baby lies,
And breathes so freely in his nap,
She can't take off her eyes.

Ah ! thinks she then,—ah, thinks she not !
How soon the time may be

When all her love will be forgot,
And he a wretch like me ?

She in her grave at rest may lie,
And daisies speck the sod,
Nor see him bleed, nor hear him cry,
Beneath a ruffian's rod.

No mother's lap was *then* my bed,
O'er me no mother smiled ;
No mother's arm went round my head,
—Am I no mother's child ?

Life, on a sudden, ran me through,
Light, light, all round me blazed,
Red flames rush'd roaring up the flue,
—Flames by my master raised.

I heard his voice, and ten-fold might
Bolted through every limb ;
I saw his face, and shot upright :
Brick walls made way from him.

Swift as a squirrel seeks the bough
Where he may turn and look
Down on the school-boy, chop-fallen now,
My ready flight I took.

The fire was quickly quench'd beneath,
Blue light above me glanced,
And air, sweet air, I 'gan to breathe,
The blood within me danced.

I climb'd, and climb'd, and climb'd away,
Till on the top I stood,
And saw the glorious dawn of day
Come down on field and flood.

Oh, me ! a moment of such joy
I never knew before ;
Right happy was the climbing-boy,
One moment,—but no more.

Sick, sick I turn'd, the world ran round,
The stone I stood on broke,
And plumb I toppled to the ground,
—Like a scared owl, I woke.

I woke, but slept again, and dream'd
The self-same things anew :
The storm, the snow, the building seem'd
All true, as daylight's true.

But, when I tumbled from the top,
The world itself had flown ;
There was no ground on which to drop,
'Twas emptiness alone.

On winter nights I've seen a star
Leap headlong from the sky ;
I've watch'd the lightning from afar
Flash out of heaven and die.

So,—but in darkness,—so I fell
Through nothing to no place,
Until I saw the flames of hell
Shoot upward to my face.

Down, down, as with a mill-stone weight,
I plunged right through their smoke !
To cry for mercy 'twas too late,—
They seized me,—I awoke :

Woke, slept, and dream'd the like again
The third time, through and through,
Except the winding up ;—ah ! then
I wish it had been true.

For when I climb'd into the air,
Spring-breezes flapt me round ;
Green hills, and dales, and woods were there,
And May-flowers on the ground.

The moon was waning in the west,
The clouds were golden red ;

The lark, a mile above his nest,
Was cheering o'er my head.

The stars had vanish'd, all but one,
The darling of the sky,
That glitter'd like a tiny sun,
No bigger than my eye.

I look'd at this,—I thought it smiled,
Which made me feel so glad,
That I became another child,
And not the climbing lad :

A child as fair as you may see,
Whom soot has never soil'd
As rosy-cheek'd as I might be
If I had not been spoil'd.

Wings, of themselves, about me grew,
And, free as morning-light,
Up to that single star I flew,
So beautiful and bright.

Through the blue heaven I stretch'd my hand
To touch its beams,—it broke
Like a sea-bubble on the sand ;
Then all fell dark.—I woke.



NO. III.—EASTER-MONDAY AT SHEFFIELD.

YES, there are some that think of me ;
The blessing on their heads ! I say ;
May all their lives as happy be,
As mine has been with them to-day !

When I was sold, from Lincolnshire
To this good town, I heard a noise,
What merry-making would be here
At Easter-tide, for climbing boys.

'Twas strange, because where I had been,
The better people cared no more
For such as me, than had they seen
A young crab crawling on their shore.

Well, Easter came ;—in all the land
Was e'er a 'prentice lad so fine !
A bran-new suit at second-hand,
Cap, shoes, and stockings, all were mine.

The coat was green, the waistcoat red,
The breeches leather, white and clean ;
I thought I must go off my head,
I could have jump'd out of my skin.

All Sunday through the streets I stroll'd,
Fierce as a turkey-cock, to see
How all the people, young and old,
At least I thought so, look'd at me.

At night, upon my truss of straw,
'Those gaudy clothes hung round the room ;
By moon-glimpse oft their shapes I saw
Like bits of rainbow in the gloom.

Yet scarce I heeded them at all,
Although I never slept a wink ;
The feast, next day, at Cutlers' Hall,
Of *that* I could not help but think.

Wearily trail'd the night away ;
Between the watchman and the clock,
I thought it never would be day ;
At length out-crew the earliest cock.

A second answer'd, then a third,
At a long distance,—one, two, three,—
A dozen more in turn were heard ;
—I crew among the rest for glee.

Up gat we, I and little Bill,
And donn'd our newest and our best ;

Nay, let the proud say what they will,
As grand as fiddlers we were drest.

We left our litter in the nook,
And wash'd ourselves as white as snow ;
On brush and bag we scorn'd to look,
—It was a holiday, you know.

What ail'd me then I could not tell,
I yawn'd the whole forenoon away,
And hearken'd while the vicar's bell
Went ding dong, ding dong, pay, pay, pay !

The clock struck twelve—I love the twelves
Of all the hours 'twixt sun and moon ;
For then poor lads enjoy themselves,
—We sleep at midnight, rest at noon.

This noon was not a resting time !
At the first stroke we started all,
And, while the tune rang through the chime,
Muster'd, like soldiers, at the hall.

Not much like soldiers in our gait ;
Yet never soldier, in his life,
Tried, as he march'd, to look more straight
Than Bill and I,—to drum and fife.

But now I think on't, what with scars,
Lank, bony limbs, and spavin'd feet,
Like broken soldiers from the wars,
We limp'd, yet strutted through the street.

Then, while our meagre, motley crew
Came from all quarters of the town,
Folks to their doors and windows flew ;
I thought the world turn'd upside down.

For now, instead of oaths and jeers,
The sauce that I have found elsewhere,
Kind words, and smiles, and hearty cheers
Met us,—with halfpence here and there.

The mothers held their babies high,
To chuckle at our hobbling train,
But clipt them close while we went by ;
—I heard their kisses fall like rain,—
And wiped my cheek, that never felt
The sweetness of a mother's kiss ;
For heart and eyes began to melt,
And I was sad, yet pleased, with this.

At Cutlers' Hall we found the crowd,
That shout the gentry to *their* feast ;
They made us way, and bawl'd so loud,
We might have been young lords at least.

We enter'd, twenty lads and more,
While gentlemen, and ladies too,
All bade us welcome at the door,
And kindly ask'd us,—“How d'ye do?”

“Bravely,” I answer'd, but my eye
Prickled, and leak'd, and twinkled still ;
I long'd to be alone, to cry,
—To be alone, and cry my fill.

Our other lads were blithe and bold,
And nestling, nodding as they sat,
Till dinner came, their tales they told,
And talk'd of this, and laugh'd at that.

I pluck'd up courage, gaped, and gazed
On the fine room, fine folks, fine things,
Chairs, tables, knives, and forks, amazed,
With pots and platters fit for kings.

Roast-beef, plum-pudding, and what not,
Soon smoked before us,—such a size,
Giants their dinners might have got ;
We open'd all our mouths and eyes.

Aun, upon the board, a stroke
Warn'd each to stand up in his place ;

One of our generous friends then spoke
Three or four words—they call'd it *Grace*.

I think he said—"God bless our food!"
—Oft had I heard *that* name, in tones
Which ran like ice, cold through my blood,
And made the flesh creep on my bones.

But now, and with a power so sweet,
The name of God went through my heart,
That my lips trembled to repeat
Those words, and tears were fain to start.

Tears, words, were in a twinkling gone,
Like sparrows whirring through the street,
When, at a sign, we all fell on,
As geese in stubble, to our meat.

The large plum-puddings first were carved,
And well we youngers plied them o'er;
You would have thought we *had* been starved,
Or *were to be*,—a month or more.

Next the roast-beef flew reeking round
In glorious slices, mark ye that!
The dishes were with gravy drown'd;
A sight to make a weasel fat.

A great meat-pie, a good meat-pie,
Baked in a cradle-length of tin,
Was open'd, emptied, scoop'd so dry,
You might have seen your face within.

The ladies and the gentlemen
Took here and there with us a seat;
They might be hungry, too,—but then
We gave them little time to eat.

Their arms were busy helping us,
Like cobblers' elbows at their work,
Or see-saw, see-saw, thus and thus;
A merry game at knife and fork.

Oh then the din, the deafening din,
Of plates, cans, crockery, spoons and knives,
And waiters running out and in ;
We might be eating for our lives.

Such feasting I had never seen,
So presently had got enough ;
The rest, like fox-hounds, stanch and keen,
Were made of more devouring stuff.

They cramm'd like cormorants their claws,
As though they never would have done ;
It was a feast to watch their jaws
Grind, and grow weary, one by one.

But there's an end to every thing ;
And this grave dinner pass'd away,
I wonder if great George our king
Has such a dinner every day.

Grace after meat again was said,
And my good feelings sprang anew,
But at the sight of gingerbread,
Wine, nuts, and oranges, they flew.

So while we took a turn with these,
Almost forgetting we had dined ;
As though we might do what we please,
We loll'd, and joked, and told our mind.

Now I had time, if not before,
To take a peep at every lad ;
I counted them to twenty-four,
Each in his Easter-finery clad.

All wash'd and clean as clean could be,
And yet so dingy, marr'd, and grim,
A mole with half an eye might see
Our craft in every look and limb.

All shapes but straight ones you might find,
As sapling-firs on the high moors,

Black, stunted, crook'd, through which the wind,
Like a wild bull, all winter roars.

Two toddling five-year olds were there,
Twins, that had just begun to climb,
With cherry-cheeks, and curly hair,
And skins not yet engrain'd with grime.

I wish'd, I did, that they might die,
Like "Babes i' th' Wood," the little slaves,
And "Robin redbreast" painfully
Hide them "with leaves," for want of graves;—

Rather than live, like me, and weep
To think that ever they were born;
Toil the long day, and from short sleep
Wake to fresh miseries every morn.

Gay as young goldfinches in spring,
They chirp'd and peck'd, top-full of joy,
As if it was some mighty thing
To be a chimney-sweeper's boy.

And so it is, on such a day
As welcome Easter brings us here,
—In London, too, the first of May,—
But oh, what is it all the year!

Close at a Quaker-lady's side,
Sate a young girl;—I know not how
I felt when me askance she eyed,
And a quick blush flew o'er her brow.

For then, just then, I caught a face
Fair,—but I oft had seen it black,
And mark'd the owner's tottering pace
Beneath a vile two-bushel sack.

Oh! had I known it was a lass,
Could I have scorn'd her with her load?
—Next time we meet, she shall not pass
Without a lift along the road.

Her mother,—mother but in name !
Brought her to-day to dine with us :
Her father,—she's his 'prentice :—shame
On both, to use their daughter thus !

Well, *I* shall grow, and *she* will grow
Older,—it may be taller,—yet ;
And if she'll smile on me, I know
Poor Poll shall be poor Reuben's pet.

Time, on his two unequal legs,
Kept crawling round the church-clock's face,
Though none could see him shift his pegs,
Each was for ever changing place.

Oh, why are pleasant hours so short ?
And why are wretched ones so long ?
They fly like swallows when we sport,
They stand like mules when all goes wrong.

Before we parted, one kind friend,
And then another, talk'd so free ;
They went from table-end to end,
And spoke to each, and spoke to me.

Books, pretty books, with pictures in,
Were given to those who learn to read,
Which show'd them how to flee from sin,
And to be happy boys indeed.

These climbers go to Sunday-schools,
And hear what things to do or shun,
Get good advice, and golden rules
For all their lives,—but I'm not one.

Nathless I'll go next Sabbath day
Where masters, without thrashing, teach
Lost children how to read, and pray,
And sing, and hear the parsons preach.

For I'm this day determined—not
With bad companions to grow old,

But, weal or wo, whate'er my lot,
To mind what our good friends have told.

They told us things I never knew
Of Him who heaven and earth did make ;
And my heart felt their words were true,
It burn'd within me while they spake.

Can I forget that God is love,
And sent his son to dwell on earth ?
Or that our Saviour from above
Lay in a manger at his birth,—

Grew up in humble poverty,
A life of grief and sorrow led ?
No home to comfort Him had He ;
No, not a place to lay his head.

Yet He was merciful and kind,
Heal'd with a touch all sort of harms ;
The sick, the lame, the deaf, the blind ;
And took young children in his arms.

Then He was kill'd by wicked men,
And buried in a deep stone cave ;
But of Himself He rose again,
On Easter-Sunday, from the grave.

Caught up in clouds,—at God's right hand,
In heaven He took the highest place ;
There dying Stephen saw him stand,
—Stephen, who had an angel's face.

He loves the poor, He always did ;
The little ones are still his care ;
I'll seek Him,—let who will forbid,—
I'll go to Him this night in prayer.

Oh, soundly, soundly should I sleep,
And think no more of sufferings past,
If God would only bless, and keep,
And make me his,—his own, at last.

Sheffield, March, 1834.

SONGS OF ZION,

BEING

IMITATIONS OF THE PSALMS.

IN the following imitations of portions of the true "*Songs of Zion*," the author pretends not to have succeeded better than any that have gone before him; but, having followed in the track of none, he would venture to hope, that, by avoiding the rugged literality of some, and the diffusive paraphrases of others, he may, in a few instances, have approached nearer than either of them have generally done to the ideal model of what devotional poems, in a modern tongue, grounded upon the subjects of ancient psalms, yet suited for Christian edification, ought to be. Beyond this he dare not say more than that, whatever symptoms of feebleness or bad taste may be betrayed in the execution of these pieces, he offers not to the public the premature fruits of idleness or haste. So far as he recollects, he has endeavoured to do his best, and, in doing so, he has never hesitated to sacrifice ambitious ornament to simplicity, clearness, and force of thought and expression. If, in the event, it shall be found that he has added a little to the small national stock of "psalms and hymns, and spiritual songs," in which piety speaks the language of poetry, and poetry the language of inspiration, he trusts that he will be humbly contented and unfeignedly thankful.

Sheffield, May 21, 1822.

PSALM I.

THRICE happy he, who shuns the way
That leads ungodly men astray ;
Who fears to stand where sinners meet,
Nor with the scorner takes his seat.

The law of God is his delight ;
That cloud by day, that fire by night,
Shall be his comfort in distress,
And guide him through the wilderness.

His works shall prosper ;—he shall be
A fruitful, fair, unwithering tree,
That, planted where the river flows,
Nor drought, nor frost, nor mildew knows.

Not so the wicked ;—they are cast
Like chaff upon the eddying blast ;
In judgment they shall quake for dread,
Nor with the righteous lift their head.

For God hath spied their secret path,
And they shall perish in his wrath ;
He too hath mark'd his people's road,
And brings them to his own abode.



PSALM III.

THE Tempter to my soul hath said,
“There is no help in God for thee :”
Lord ! lift thou up thy servant's head,
My glory, shield, and solace be.

Thus to the Lord I raised my cry ;
He heard me from his holy hill ;
At his command the waves roll'd by ;
He beckon'd, and the winds were still.

I laid me down and slept ;—I woke ;
Thou, Lord ! my spirit didst sustain ;
Bright from the east the morning broke,
Thy comforts rose on me again.

I will not fear, though armed throngs
Compass my steps, in all their wrath :
Salvation to the Lord belongs ;
His presence guards his people's path.

PSALM IV.—No. 1.

How long, ye sons of men, will ye
The servant of the Lord despise,
Delight yourselves with vanity,
And trust in refuges of lies ?

Know that the Lord hath set apart
The godly man in every age :
He loves a meek and lowly heart ;
His people are his heritage.

Then stand in awe, nor dare to sin ;
Commune with your own heart ; be still ;
The Lord requireth truth within,
The sacrifice of mind and will.

—◆—
PSALM IV.—No. 2.

WHILE many cry, in Nature's night,
Ah ! who will show the way to bliss ?
Lord ! lift on us thy saving light ;
We seek no other guide than this.

Gladness thy sacred presence brings,
More than the joyful reaper knows ;
Or he who treads the grapes, and sings,
While with new wine his vat o'erflows.

In peace I lay me down to sleep ;
Thine arm, O Lord ! shall stay my head,
Thine angel spread his tent, and keep
His midnight watch around my bed.

PSALM VIII.

O LORD, our King! how excellent
Thy name on earth is known!
Thy glory in the firmament
How wonderfully shown!

Yet are the humble dear to Thee;
Thy praises are confest
By infants lisping on the knee,
And sucklings at the breast.

When I behold the heavens on high,
The work of thy right hand;
The moon and stars amid the sky,
Thy lights in every land:—

Lord! what is man, that thou shouldst deign
On him to set thy love,
Give him on earth a while to reign,
Then fill a throne above?

O Lord, how excellent thy name!
How manifold thy ways!
Let Time thy saving truth proclaim,
Eternity thy praise.



PSALM XI.

THE Lord is in his holy place,
And from his throne on high
He looks upon the human race
With omnipresent eye.

He proves the righteous, marks their path;
In him the weak are strong;
But violence provokes his wrath,
The Lord abhorreth wrong.

God on the wicked will rain down
 Brimstone, and fire, and snares ;
 The gloom and tempest of his frown ;
 —This portion shall be theirs.

The righteous Lord will take delight
 Alone in righteousness ;
 The just are pleasing in his sight,
 The humble He will bless.

—♦—

PSALM XV.

LORD ! who is he that shall abide
 Within thy tabernacle here ?
 Who on thy holy hill reside ?
 —He that maintains a conscience clear.

He that in his uprightⁿess walks,
 Who from his heart the truth will tell ;
 Of others ne'er malignly talks,
 Nor lets his tongue on slanders dwell :—

He who his neighbour never wrongs,
 But, while the base ones are abhorr'd,
 Pays the high honour that belongs
 To those who fear and love the Lord :—

He that to his own hurt will swear,
 Nor change his word, his covenant break ;
 Nor lend on usury to ensnare,
 Nor bribes to slay the righteous take :—

He who doth these shall not be moved,
 For God will surely him uphold,
 And bring, when in the furnace tried,
 Forth from the fire, refined like gold.

PSALM XIX.—No. 1.

Thy glory, Lord! the heavens declare,
The firmament displays thy skill;
The changing clouds, the viewless air,
Tempest and calm thy word fulfil;
Day unto day doth utter speech,
And night to night thy knowledge teach.

Though voice nor sound inform the ear,
Well known the language of their song,
When one by one the stars appear,
Led by the silent moon along,
Till round the earth, from all the sky,
Thy beauty beams on every eye.

Waked by thy touch, the morning sun
Comes like a bridegroom from his bower,
And, like a giant, glad to run
His bright career with speed and power;
—Thy flaming messenger, to dart
Life through the depth of Nature's heart.

While these transporting visions shine
Along the path of Providence,
Glory eternal, joy divine,
Thy word reveals, transcending sense;
—My soul thy goodness longs to see,
Thy love to man, thy love to me.



PSALM XIX.—No. 2.

Thy law is perfect, Lord of light!
Thy testimonies sure;
The statutes of thy realm are right,
And thy commandment pure.

Holy, inviolate thy fear,
 Enduring as thy throne ;
 Thy judgments, chastening or severe,
 Justice and truth alone.

More prized than gold,—than gold whose waste
 Refining fire expels ;
 Sweeter than honey to my taste,
 Than honey from the cells.

Let these, O God ! my soul convert,
 And make thy servant wise ;
 Let these be gladness to my heart,
 The day-spring to mine eyes.

By these may I be warn'd betimes ;
 Who knows the guile within ?
 Lord ! save me from presumptuous crimes,
 Cleanse me from secret sin !

So may the words my lips express,
 The thoughts that throng my mind,
 O Lord, my strength and righteousness !
 With thee acceptance find.



PSALM XX.

Jehovah hear thee in the day
 Of thine adversity ;
 The God of Jacob be thy stay,
 His name thy stronghold be :—

Help from his sanctuary send,
 Strength from his holy hill ;
 Accept thy vows, thy prayers attend,
 Thy heart's desires fulfil.

In thy deliverance we rejoice,
 And in Jehovah's name

Lift up our banners and our voice,
His triumphs to proclaim.

Now know we that the Lord will hear
His own Anointed One,
And rescue him from every fear ;
—So let his will be done.

While some in chariots put their trust,
On horses some rely,
Those shall be broken, these like dust
Before the whirlwind fly.

But we remember God alone,
And hope in Him, whose hand
Will raise us up though overthrown,
Though fall'n will make us stand.

God save the King,—the people save !
Lord ! hear a nation's cries :
From death redeem us, and the grave,
To life beyond the skies.



PSALM XXIII.

THE Lord is my shepherd, no want shall I know ;
I feed in green pastures, safe-folded I rest ;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when opprest.

Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since Thou art my guardian, no evil I fear ;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay,
No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.

In the midst of affliction my table is spread,
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er ;
With perfume and oil Thou anointest my head ;
O what shall I ask of thy Providence more ?

Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God !
 Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above ;
 I seek,—by the path which my forefathers trod
 Through the land of their sojourn,—thy kingdom of love.



PSALM XXIV.—No. 1.

THE earth is thine, Jehovah !—thine
 Its peopled realms and wealthy stores ;
 Built on the flood, by power divine,
 The waves are ramparts to the shores.
 But who shall reach thine holy place,
 Or who, O Lord ! ascend thine hill ?
 The pure in heart shall see thy face,
 The perfect man that doth thy will.
 He who to bribes hath closed his hand,
 To idols never bent the knee,
 Nor sworn in falsehood,—He shall stand
 Redeem'd, and own'd, and kept by Thee.



PSALM XXIV.—No. 2.

LIFT up your heads, ye gates ! and wide
 Your everlasting doors display ;
 Ye angel-guards ! like flames divide,
 And give the King of Glory way.
 Who is the King of Glory ?—He,
 The Lord Omnipotent to save,
 Whose own right arm in victory
 Led captive death, and spoil'd the grave.
 Lift up your heads, ye gates ! and high
 Your everlasting portals heave ;
 Welcome the king of Glory nigh ;
 Him let the heaven of heavens receive.

Who is the King of Glory?—Who?
The Lord of Hosts;—behold his name;
The kingdom, power, and honour due
Yield Him, ye saints, with glad acclaim.



PSALM XXIV.—No. 1.

(THE SECOND VERSION.)

THE earth is God's with all its stores,
The world and all therein that be;
Upon the flood He fix'd the shores,
And gave his law unto the sea.

His holy mountain who shall climb,
Or tread his courts without offence?
—He who hath cleansed his heart from crime,
And wash'd his hands in innocence:—

From vanity hath turn'd his eyes,
Nor put to shame his neighbour's trust,
Practised deceit, or utter'd lies;—
He that is upright, pure, and just.

These shall enjoy Jehovah's grace;
To them his mercy shall be shown;
For these are they that seek thy face;
These, God of Jacob! Thou wilt own.



PSALM XXIV.—No. 2.

(THE SECOND VERSION.)

LIFT up your heads, ye gates! behold
The King of Glory draweth nigh;
Ye everlasting doors! unfold
And give Him welcome to the sky.

Who is this King of Glory,—who ?
 —Jehovah, strong and mighty :—He
 His foes in battle overthrew,
 And crown'd Himself with victory.

Lift up your heads, ye gates ! on high ;
 Eternal doors ! throw wide your leaves ;
 The King of Glory draweth nigh,
 And Him the heaven of heavens receive.

Who is this King of Glory,—say ?
 —The Lord of Hosts, whom we proclaim ;
 He is the King of Glory :—they
 That know his power will fear his Name.



PSALM XXVII.—No. 1.

God is my strong salvation,
 What foe have I to fear ?
 In darkness and temptation,
 My light, my help is near :
 Though hosts encamp around me,
 Firm to the fight I stand ;
 What terror can confound me,
 With God at my right hand ?

Place on the Lord reliance,
 My soul, with courage wait ;
 His truth be thine affiance,
 When faint and desolate :
 His might thine heart shall strengthen,
 His love thy joy increase ;
 Mercy thy days shall lengthen ;
 —The Lord will give thee peace.

PSALM XXVII.—No. 2.

ONE thing, with all my soul's desire,
I sought and will pursue ;
What thine own Spirit doth inspire,
Lord ! for thy servant do.

Grant me within thy courts a place,
Among thy saints a seat,
For ever to behold thy face,
And worship at thy feet :—

In thy pavilion to abide,
When storms of trouble blow,
And in thy tabernacle hide,
Secure from every foe.

“Seek ye my face ;”—without delay,
When thus I hear Thee speak,
My heart would leap for joy, and say,
“Thy face, Lord, will I seek.”

Then leave me not when griefs assail,
And earthly comforts flee ;
When father, mother, kindred fail,
My God ! remember me.

Oft had I fainted, and resign'd
Of every hope my hold,
But mine afflictions brought to mind
Thy benefits of old.

Wait on the Lord, with courage wait ;
My soul ! disdain to fear ;
The righteous Judge is at the gate,
And thy redemption near.

PSALM XXIX.

GIVE glory to God in the highest! give praise,
 Ye noble, ye mighty, with joyful accord;
 All-wise are his counsels, all-perfect his ways;
 In the beauty of holiness worship the Lord!

The voice of the Lord on the ocean is known,
 The God of eternity thundereth abroad;
 The voice of the Lord, from the depth of his throne,
 Is terror and power;—all nature is aw'd.

At the voice of the Lord the cedars are bow'd,
 And towers from their base into ruin are hurl'd;
 The voice of the Lord, from the dark-bosom'd cloud,
 Dissevers the lightning in flames o'er the world.

See Lebanon bound, like the kid on his rocks,
 And wild as the unicorn Sirion appear:
 The wilderness quakes with the resonant shocks;
 The hinds cast their young in the travail of fear.

The voice of the Lord through the calm of the wood
 Awakens its echoes, strikes light through its caves;
 The Lord sitteth King on the turbulent flood;
 The winds are his servants, his servants the waves.

The Lord is the strength of his people; the Lord
 Gives health to his people, and peace evermore;
 Then throng to his temple, his glory record,
 But, oh! when he speaketh, in silence adore.



PSALM XXX.

YEA, I will extol Thee,
 Lord of life and light!
 For thine arm upheld me,
 Turn'd my foes to flight:

I implored thy succour,
Thou wert swift to save,
Heal my wounded spirit,
Bring me from the grave.

Sing, ye saints, sing praises !
Call his love to mind :
For a moment angry,
But for ever kind :
Grief may, like a stranger,
Through the night sojourn,
Yet shall joy to-morrow
With the sun return.

In my wealth I vaunted,
“ Naught shall move me hence ;”
Thou hadst made my mountain
Strong in thy defence :
—Then thy face was hidden,
Trouble laid me low,
“ Lord,” I cried, most humbly,
“ Why forsake me so ?

“ Would my blood appease Thee,
In atonement shed ?
Can the dust give glory,—
Praise employ the dead ?
Hear me, Lord ! in mercy ;
God, my helper, hear ;”
—Long Thou didst not tarry,
Help and health were near.

Thou hast turn'd my mourning
Into minstrelsy,
Girded me with gladness,
Set from thralldom free :
Thee my ransom'd powers
Henceforth shall adore,—
Thee, my great Deliverer,
Bless for evermore !

PSALM XXXIX.

LORD ! let me know mine end,
My days, how brief their date,
That I may timely comprehend
How frail my best estate.

My life is but a span,
Mine age as naught with Thee ;
Man, in his highest honour, man
Is dust and vanity.

A shadow even in health,
Disquieted with pride,
Or rack'd with care, he heaps up wealth
Which unknown heirs divide.

What seek I now, O Lord ?
My hope is in thy name ;
Blot out my sins from thy record,
Nor give me up to shame.

Dumb at thy feet I lie,
For Thou hast brought me low :
Remove thy judgments, lest I die ;
I faint beneath thy blow.

At thy rebuke, the bloom
Of man's vain beauty flies ;
And grief shall, like a moth, consume
All that delights our eyes.

Have pity on my fears,
Hearken to my request,
Turn not in silence from my tears,
But give the mourner rest.

A stranger, Lord ! with Thee,
I walk on pilgrimage,
Where all my fathers once, like me,
Sojourn'd from age to age.

O spare me yet, I pray !
Awhile my strength restore,
Ere I am summon'd hence away,
And seen on earth no more.



PSALM XLII.—No. 1.

As the hart, with eager looks,
Panteth for the water-brooks,
So my soul, athirst for Thee,
Pants the living God to see :
When, O when, with filial fear,
Lord ! shall I to Thee draw near ?

Tears my food by night, by day
Grief consumes my strength away :
While his craft the Tempter plies,
“ Where is now thy God ? ” he cries ;
This would sink me to despair,
But I pour my soul in prayer.

For in happier times I went
Where the multitude frequent :
I, with them, was wont to bring
Homage to thy courts, my King !
I, with them, was wont to raise
Festal hymns on holy days.

Why art thou cast down, my soul ?
God, thy God, shall make thee whole :
Why art thou disquieted ?
God shall lift thy fallen head ;
And his countenance benign
Be the saving health of thine.

PSALM XLII.—No. 2.

HEARKEN, Lord, to my complaints,
 For my soul within me faints ;
 Thee, far off, I call to mind,
 In the land I left behind,
 Where the streams of Jordan flow,
 Where the heights of Hermon glow.

Tempest-tost, my failing bark
 Founders on the ocean dark ;
 Deep to deep around me calls,
 With the rush of water-falls ;
 While I plunge to lower caves,
 Overwhelm'd by all thy waves.

Once the morning's earliest light
 Brought thy mercy to my sight,
 And my wakeful song was heard
 Later than the evening bird ;
 Hast Thou all my prayers forgot ?
 Dost Thou scorn, or hear them not ?

Why, my soul, art thou perplex'd ?
 Why with faithless trouble vex'd ?
 Hope in God, whose saving name
 Thou shalt joyfully proclaim,
 When his countenance shall shine
 Through the clouds that darken thine.



PSALM XLIII.—No. 3.

[CONTINUATION OF PSALM XLII.]

JUDGE me, Lord, in righteousness ;
 Plead for me in my distress :
 Good and merciful Thou art,
 Bind this bleeding, broken heart ;

Cast me not despairing hence,
Be thy love my confidence.

Send thy light and truth to guide
Me, too prone to turn aside,
On thy holy hill to rest,
In thy tabernacles blest ;
There, to God, my chiefest joy,
Praise shall all my powers employ.

Why, my soul, art thou dismay'd ?
Why of earth or hell afraid ?
Trust in God ;—disdain to yield,
While o'er thee He casts his shield,
And his countenance divine
Sheds the light of Heaven on thine.



PSALM XLVI.—No. 1.

God is our refuge and defence,
In trouble our unfailing aid ;
Secure in his omnipotence,
What foe can make our soul afraid ?

Yea, though the earth's foundations rock,
And mountains down the gulf be hurl'd,
His people smile amid the shock,
They look beyond this transient world.

There is a river pure and bright,
Whose streams make glad the heavenly plains ;
Where, in eternity of light,
The city of our God remains.

Built by the word of his command,
With his unclouded presence blest,
Firm as his throne the bulwarks stand ;
There is our home, our hope, our rest.

Thither let fervent faith aspire ;
 Our treasure and our heart be there :
 Oh for a seraph's wing of fire !
 No,—on the mightier wings of prayer,—
 We reach at once the last retreat,
 And, ranged among the ransom'd throng,
 Fall with the Elders at *his* feet,
 Whose name alone inspires their song.
 Ah, soon, how soon ! our spirits droop ;
 Unwont the air of heaven to breathe :
 Yet God in very deed will stoop,
 And dwell Himself with men beneath.
 Come to thy living temples, then,
 As in the ancient times appear ;
 Let earth be paradise again,
 And man, O God ! thine image here.

—◆—
 PSALM XLVI.—No. 2.

COME and behold the works of God,
 What desolations he will make ;
 In vengeance when He wields his rod,
 The heathen rage, their kingdoms quake :
 He utters forth his voice ;—'tis felt ;
 Like wax the world's foundations melt ;
 The Lord of Hosts is in the field,
 The God of Jacob is our shield.
 Again he maketh wars to cease,
 He breaks the bow, unpoints the spear,
 And burns the chariot ;—joy and peace
 In all his glorious march appear :
 Silence, O Earth ! thy Maker own ;
 Ye Gentiles, He is God alone ;
 The Lord of Hosts is in the field,
 The God of Jacob is our shield.

PSALM XLVII.

EXTOL the Lord, the Lord most high,
King over all the earth ;
Exalt his triumphs to the sky
In songs of sacred mirth.

Where'er the sea-ward rivers run,
His banner shall advance,
And every realm beneath the sun
Be his inheritance.

God is gone up with loud acclaim,
And trumpets' tuneful voice ;
Sing praise, sing praises to his name ;
Sing praises, and rejoice !

Sing praises to our God ! sing praise
To every creature's King !
His wondrous works, his glorious ways,
All tongues, all kindred sing.

God sits upon his holy throne,
God o'er the heathen reigns ;
His truth through all the world is known,
That truth his throne sustains.

Princes around his footstool throng,
Kings in the dust adore ;
Earth and her shields to God belong :
Sing praises evermore !



PSALM XLVIII.

JEHOVAH is great, and great be his praise ;
In the city of God He is King ;
Proclaim ye his triumphs in jubilant lays,
On the mount of his holiness sing.

The joy of the earth, from her beautiful height,
Is Zion's impregnable hill ;

The Lord in her temple still taketh delight,
God reigns in her palaces still.

At the sight of her splendour, the kings of the earth
Grew pale with amazement and dread ;

Fear seized them like pangs of a premature birth ;
They came, they beheld her, and fled.

Thou breakest the ships from the sea-circled climes,
When the storm of thy jealousy lowers ;

As our fathers have told of thy deeds, in their times,
So, Lord, have we witness'd in ours.

In the midst of thy temple, O God ! hath our mind
Remember'd thy mercy of old ;

Let thy name, like thy praise, to no realm be confined ;
Thy power may all nations behold.

Let the daughters of Judah be glad for thy love,
The mountain of Zion rejoice,

For Thou wilt establish her seat from above,
—Wilt make her the throne of thy choice.

Go, walk about Zion, and measure the length,
Her walls and her bulwarks mark well ;

Contemplate her palaces, glorious in strength,
Her towers and their pinnacles tell.

Then say to your children:—Our stronghold is tried ;
This God is our God to the end ;

His people for ever his counsels shall guide,
His arm shall for ever defend.

PSALM LI.

HAVE mercy on me, O my God !

In loving-kindness hear my prayer ;

Withdraw the terror of thy rod ;

Lord ! in thy tender mercy, spare.

Offences rise where'er I look ;
But I confess their guilt to Thee :
Blot my transgressions from thy book,
Cleanse me from mine iniquity.
Whither from vengeance can I run ?
Just are thy judgments, Lord, and right :
For all the evil I have done,
I did it only in thy sight.
Shapen in frailty, born in sin,
From error how shall I depart ?
Lo, thou requirest truth within ;
Lord ! write thy truth upon my heart.
Me through the blood of sprinkling make
Pure from defilement, white as snow ;
Heal me for my Redeemer's sake ;
Then joy and gladness I shall know.
A perfect heart in me create,
Renew my soul in innocence ;
Cast not the suppliant from thy gate,
Nor take thine Holy Spirit hence.
Thy consolations, as of old,
Now to my troubled mind restore ;
By thy free Spirit's might uphold
And guide my steps, to fall no more.
Then sinners will I teach thy ways,
And rebels to thy sceptre bring ;
—Open my lips, O God ! in praise,
So shall my mouth thy goodness sing.
Not streaming blood, nor purging fire,
Thy righteous anger can appease ;
Burnt-offerings thou dost not require,
Or gladly I would render these.
The broken heart in sacrifice,
Alone may thine acceptance meet ;
My heart, O God ! do not despise,
Broken and contrite, at thy feet.

PSALM LXIII.

O God ! Thou art my God alone,
Early to Thee my soul shall cry ;
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land whose springs are dry.
Oh that it were as it hath been,
When, praying in the holy place,
Thy power and glory I have seen,
And mark'd the footsteps of thy grace !
Yet, through this rough and thorny maze,
I follow hard on Thee, my God !
Thine hand unseen upholds my ways,
I safely tread where Thou hast trod.
Thee, in the watches of the night,
When I remember on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness light,
Thy guardian wings are round my head.
Better than life itself thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me ;
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth compared with Thee ?
Praise with my heart, my mind, my voice,
For all thy mercy I will give ;
My soul shall still in God rejoice,
My tongue shall bless Thee while I live.



PSALM LXIX.

God ! be merciful to me,
For my spirit trusts in Thee,
And to Thee, her refuge, springs :
Be the shadow of thy wings

Round the trembling sinner cast,
Till the storm is overpast.

From the water-floods that roll
Deep and deeper round my soul,
Me, thine arm almighty take,
For thy loving-kindness' sake :
If thy truth from me depart,
Thy rebuke would break my heart.

Foes increase, they close me round,
Friend nor comforter is found ;
Sore temptations now assail,
Hope, and strength, and courage fail ;
Turn not from thy servant's grief,
Hasten, Lord ! to my relief.

Poor and sorrowful am I ;
Set me, O my God ! on high :
Wonders Thou for me hast wrought ;
Nigh to death my soul is brought ;
Save me, Lord ! in mercy save,
Lest I sink below the grave.



PSALM LXX.

HASTEN, Lord, to my release,
Haste to help me, O my God !
Foes, like armed bands, increase ;
Turn them back the way they trod.

Dark temptations round me press,
Evil thoughts my soul assail ;
Doubts and fears, in my distress,
Rise, till flesh and spirit fail.

Those that seek Thee shall rejoice ;
I am bow'd with misery ;

Yet I make thy law my choice ;
 Turn, my God ! and look on me.

Thou mine only Helper art,
 My Redeemer from the grave ;
 Strength of my desiring heart,
 Do not tarry, haste to save !

—♦—
 PSALM LXXI.

LORD ! I have put my trust in Thee,
 Turn not my confidence to shame ;
 Thy promise is a rock to me,
 A tower of refuge is thy name.

Thou hast upheld me from the womb ;
 Thou wert my strength and hope in youth ;
 Now, trembling, bending o'er the tomb,
 I lean upon thine arm of truth.

Though I have long outlived my peers,
 And stand amid the world alone,
 (A stranger, left by former years,)
 I know my God,—by Him an known.

Cast me not off in mine old age,
 Forsake me not in my last hour ;
 The foe hath not foregone his rage,
 The lion ravens to devour.

Not far, my God, not far remove :
 Sin and the world still spread their snares ;
 Stand by me now, or they will prove
 Too crafty yet for my gray hairs.

Me, through what troubles hast Thou brought !
 Me, with what consolations crown'd !
 Now be thy last deliverance wrought ;
 My soul in peace with Thee be found !

PSALM LXXII.

HAIL to the Lord's anointed !
Great David's greater Son :
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun !
He comes to break oppression,
To let the captive free ;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

He comes, with succour speedy,
To those who suffer wrong ;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong ;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemn'd and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

By such shall He be feared,
While sun and moon endure,
Beloved, obey'd, revered ;
For He shall judge the poor,
Through changing generations,
With justice, mercy, truth,
While stars maintain their stations,
Or moons renew their youth.

He shall come down, like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth ;
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall Peace the herald go ;
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

Arabia's desert-ranger,
To Him shall bow the knee ;

The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see ;
With offerings of devotion,
Ships from the isles shall meet
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at his feet.

Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring ;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing ;
For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.

For Him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend ;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end ;
The mountain-dews shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

O'er every foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest ;
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove ;
His name shall stand for ever :
That name to us is—Love.

PSALM LXXIII.

TRULY the Lord is good to those,
The pure in heart, who love his name ;
But as for me, temptation rose,
And well-nigh cast me down to shame.

For I was envious at their state,
When I beheld the wicked rise,
And flourish in their pride elate,
No fear of death before their eyes.

Not troubled they, as others are,
Nor plagued, with all their vain pretence ;
Pride like a chain of gold they wear,
And clothe themselves with violence.

Sworn are their eyes with wine and lust,
For more than heart can wish have they ;
In fraud and tyranny they trust
To make the multitude their prey.

Their mouth assails the heavens ; their tongue
Walks arrogantly through the earth ;
Pleasure's full cups to them are wrung ;
They reel in revelry and mirth.

“ Who is the Lord, that we should fear
Lest He our dark devices know ?
Who the Most High, that He should hear,
Or heed, the words of men below ? ”

Thus cry the mockers, flush'd with health,
Exulting while their joys increase ;
These are th' ungodly ;—men, whose wealth
Flows like a river, ne'er to cease.

And have I cleansed my heart in vain,
And wash'd in innocence my hands ?
All day afflicted, I complain,
All night I mourn in straitening bands.

Too painful this for me to view,
 Till to thy temple, Lord, I went,
 And then their fearful end I knew,
 How suddenly their light is spent.

Surely, in slippery places set,
 Down to perdition these are hurl'd ;
 Snared in the toils of their own net,
 A spectacle to all the world.

As, from a dream when one awakes,
 The phantoms of the brain take flight ;
 So, when thy wrath in thunder breaks,
 Their image shall dissolve in night.

Abash'd, my folly then I saw ;
 I seem'd before Thee like a brute ;
 Smit to the heart, o'erwhelm'd with awe,
 I bow'd, and worshipp'd, and was mute.

Yet Thou art ever at my side ;
 O ! still uphold me, and defend ;
 Me by thy counsel Thou shalt guide,
 And bring to glory in the end.

Whom have I, Lord ! in heaven but Thee ?
 On earth shall none divide my heart ;
 Then fail my flesh, my spirit flee,
 Thou mine eternal portion art.



PSALM LXXVII.

IN time of tribulation,
 Hear, Lord ! my feeble cries ;
 With humble supplication,
 To Thee my spirit flies :
 My heart with grief is breaking,
 Scarce can my voice complain ;
 Mine eyes, with tears kept waking,
 Still watch and weep in vain.

The days of old, in vision,
Bring vanish'd bliss to view ;
The years of lost fruition
Their joys in pangs renew :
Remember'd songs of gladness,
Through night's lone silence brought,
Strike notes of deeper sadness,
And stir desponding thought.

Hath God cast off for ever ?
Can time his truth impair ?
His tender mercy, never
Shall I presume to share ?
Hath He his loving-kindness
Shut up in endless wrath ?
—No ;—this is my own blindness,
That cannot see his path.

I call to recollection
The years of his right hand ;
And, strong in his protection,
Again through faith I stand :
Thy deeds, O Lord ! are wonder ;
Holy are all thy ways ;
The secret place of thunder
Shall utter forth thy praise.

Thee, with the tribes assembled,
O God ! the billows saw ;
They saw Thee, and they trembled,
Turn'd, and stood still, with awe :
The clouds shot hail—they lighten'd ;
The earth reel'd to and fro ;
Thy fiery pillar brighten'd
The gulf of gloom below.

Thy way is in great waters,
Thy footsteps are not known ;
Let Adam's sons and daughters
Confide in Thee alone :

Through the wild sea Thou leddest
 Thy chosen flock of yore ;
 Still on the waves Thou treadest,
 And thy redeem'd pass o'er.



PSALM LXXX.

OF old, O God ! thine own right hand
 A pleasant vine did plant and train ;
 Above the hills, o'er all the land,
 It sought the sun, and drank the rain.
 Its boughs like goodly cedars spread,
 Forth to the river went the root ;
 Perennial verdure crown'd its head,
 It bore, in every season, fruit.
 That vine is desolate and torn,
 Its scions in the dust are laid ;
 Rank o'er the ruin springs the thorn,
 The wild boar wallows in the shade.
 Lord God of Hosts ! thine ear incline,
 Change into songs thy people's fears ;
 Return, and visit this thy vine,
 Revive thy work amidst the years.
 The plenteous and continual dew
 Of thy rich blessing here descend ;
 So shall thy vine its leaf renew,
 Till o'er the earth its branches bend.
 Then shall it flourish wide and far,
 While realms beneath its shadow rest ;
 The morning and the evening star
 Shall mark its bounds from east to west.
 So shall thine enemies be dumb,
 Thy banish'd ones no more enslaved,
 The fulness of the Gentiles come,
 And Israel's youngest born be saved.

PSALM LXXXIV.

How amiable, how fair,
O Lord of Hosts ! to me
Thy tabernacles are !
My flesh cries out for Thee ;
My heart and soul, with heaven-ward fire
To Thee, the living God, aspire.

The sparrow here finds place
To build her little nest ;
The swallow's wandering race
Hither return and rest ;
Beneath thy roof their young ones cry,
And round thine altar learn to fly.

Thrice-blessed they who dwell
Within thine house, my God !
Where daily praises swell,
And still the floor is trod
By those, who in thy presence bow,
By those, whose King and God art Thou.

Through Baca's arid vale,
As pilgrims when they pass,
The well-springs never fail,
Fresh rain renews the grass ;
From strength to strength they journey still,
Till all appear on Zion's hill.

Lord God of Hosts ! give ear,
A gracious answer yield ;
O God of Jacob ! hear ;
Behold, O God ! our shield ;
Look on thine own Anointed One,
And save through thy beloved Son.

Lord ! I would rather stand
A keeper at thy gate,
Than on the king's right hand
In tents of worldly state ;

One day within thy courts, one day,
Is worth a thousand cast away.

God is a sun of light,
Glory and grace to shed ;
God is a shield of might,
To guard the faithful head :
O Lord of Hosts ! how happy he,
The man who puts his trust in Thee !

— • —
PSALM XC.

LORD ! Thou hast been thy people's rest
Through all their generations,
Their refuge when by danger prest,
Their hope in tribulations ;
Thou, ere the mountains sprang to birth,
Or ever thou hadst form'd the earth,
Art God from everlasting !

The sons of men return to clay,
When Thou the word hast spoken,
As with a torrent borne away,
Gone like a dream when broken :
A thousand years are, in thy sight,
But as a watch amid the night,
Or yesterday departed.

At morn, we flourish like the grass
With dew and sunbeams lighted,
Eut ere the cool of evening pass,
The rich array is blighted :
Thus do thy chastisements consume
Youth's tender leaf and beauty's bloom ;
We fade at thy displeasure.

Our life is like the transient breath
That tells a mournful story ;

Early or late, stopt short by death ;
And where is all our glory ?
Our days are threescore years and ten,
And if the span be lengthen'd then,
Their strength is toil and sorrow.

Lo ! thou hast set before thine eyes
All our misdeeds and errors ;
Our secret sins from darkness rise,
At thine awakening terrors :
Who shall abide the trying hour ?
Who knows the thunder of thy power ?
We flee unto thy mercy.

Lord ! teach us so to mark our days,
That we may prize them duly ;
So guide our feet in Wisdom's ways,
That we may love Thee truly ;
Return, O Lord, our griefs behold,
And with thy goodness, as of old,
O satisfy us early !

Restore our comforts as our fears,
Our joy as our affliction ;
Give to thy church, through changing years,
Increasing benediction ;
Thy glorious beauty there reveal,
And with thy perfect image seal
Thy servants and their labours.



PSALM XCI.

CALL Jehovah thy salvation,
Rest beneath th' Almighty's shade ;
In his secret habitation
Dwell, nor ever be dismay'd :
There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare ;

Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.

From the sword at noon-day wasting,
From the noisome pestilence,
In the depth of midnight blasting,
God shall be thy sure defence :
Fear not thou the deadly quiver,
When a thousand feel the blow ;
Mercy shall thy soul deliver,
Though ten thousand be laid low.

Only with thine eye, the anguish
Of the wicked thou shalt see,
When by slow disease they languish,
When they perish suddenly :
Thee, though winds and waves be swelling,
God, thine hope, shall bear through all ;
Plague shall not come nigh thy dwelling,
Thee no evil shall befall.

He shall charge his angel-legions,
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep,
Though thou walk through hostile legions,
Though in desert-wilds thou sleep :
On the lion vainly roaring,
On his young thy foot shall tread ;
And, the dragon's den exploring,
Thou shalt bruise the serpent's head.

Since, with pure and warm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of his protection
He will shield thee from above :
Thou shalt call on Him in trouble,
He will hearken, He will save,
Here for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.

PSALM XCIII.

THE Lord is King ;—upon his throne
 He sits in garments glorious ;
 Or girds for war his armour on,
 In every field victorious :
 The world came forth at his command ;
 Built on his word, its pillars stand ;
 They never can be shaken.

The Lord was King ere time began,
 His reign is everlasting ;
 When high the floods in tumult ran,
 Their foam to heaven up-casting,
 He made the raging waves his path ;
 —The sea is mighty in its wrath,
 But God on high is mightier.

Thy testimonies, Lord ! are sure ;
 Thy realm fears no commotion,
 Firm as the earth, whose shores endure
 Th' eternal toil of ocean :
 And Thou with perfect peace wilt bless
 Thy faithful flock ;—for holiness
 Becomes thine house for ever.

PSALM XCV.

O COME, let us sing to the Lord,
 In God our salvation rejoice ;
 In psalms of thanksgiving record
 His praise, with one spirit, one voice !
 For Jehovah is King, and He reigns,
 The God of all gods, on his throne ;
 The strength of the hills he maintains,
 The ends of the earth are his own.

The sea is Jehovah's ;—He made
 The tide its dominion to know ;
 The land is Jehovah's ;—He laid
 Its solid foundations below :
 Oh come, let us worship, and kneel
 Before our Creator, our God !
 —The people who serve Him with zeal,
 —The flock whom He guides with his rod
 As Moses, the fathers of old
 Through the sea and the wilderness led,
 His wonderful works we behold,
 With manna from heaven are fed :
 To-day, let us hearken, to-day,
 To the voice that yet speaks from above,
 And all his commandments obey,
 For all his commandments are love.

His wrath let us fear to provoke,
 To dwell in his favour unite ;
 His service is freedom, his yoke
 Is easy, his burden is light :
 But, oh ! of rebellion beware,
 Rebellion, that hardens the breast,
 Lest God in his anger should swear
 That *we* shall not enter his rest.

—◆—

PSALM C.

BE joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth !
 Oh, serve Him with gladness and fear !
 Exult in his presence with music and mirth,
 With love and devotion draw near.
 For Jehovah is God,—and Jehovah alone,
 Creator and ruler o'er all ;
 And we are his people, his sceptre we own ;
 His sheep, and we follow his call.

Oh, enter his gates with thanksgiving and song,
 Your vows in his temple proclaim ;
 His praise with melodious accordance prolong,
 And bless his adorable name !

For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good,
 And we are the work of his hand ;
 His mercy and truth from eternity stood,
 And shall to eternity stand.



PSALM CIII.

O MY soul ! with all thy powers,
 Bless the Lord's most holy name ;
 O my soul ! till life's last hours,
 Bless the Lord, his praise proclaim :
 Thine infirmities He heal'd ;
 He thy peace and pardon seal'd.

He with loving-kindness crown'd thee,
 Satisfied thy mouth with good ;
 From the snares of death unbound thee,
 Eagle-like thy youth renew'd :
 Rich in tender mercy He,
 Slow to wrath, to favour free.

He will not retain displeasure,
 Though awhile He hide his face ;
 Nor his God-like bounty measure
 By our merit, but his grace :
 As the heaven the earth transcends,
 Over us his care extends.

Far as east and west are parted,
 He our sins hath sever'd thus :
 As a father, loving-hearted,
 Spares his son, He spareth us ;
 For He knows our feeble frame,
 He remembers whence we came.

Mark the field-flower, where it groweth,
 Frail and beautiful ;—anon,
 When the south-wind softly bloweth,
 Look again,—the flower is gone !
 Such is man ; his honours pass,
 Like the glory of the grass.

From eternity, enduring
 To eternity,—the Lord,
 Still his people's bliss insuring,
 Keeps his covenanted word :
 Yea, with truth and righteousness,
 Children's children He will bless.

As in heaven, his throne and dwelling,
 King on earth he holds his sway ;
 Angels ! ye in strength excelling,
 Bless the Lord, his voice obey ;
 All his works beneath the pole,
 Bless the Lord, with thee, my soul !

—◆—

PSALM CIV.

My soul ! adore the Lord of might :
 With uncreated glory crown'd,
 And clad in royalty of light,
 He draws the curtain'd heavens around ;
 Dark waters his pavilion form,
 Clouds are his car, his wheels the storm.

Lightning before Him, and behind
 Thunder rebounding to and fro ;
 He walks upon the winged wind,
 And reins the blast, or lets it go :
 —This goodly globe his wisdom plann'd,
 He fix'd the bounds of sea and land.

When o'er a guilty world, of old,
He summon'd the avenging main,
At his rebuke the billows roll'd
Back to their parent gulf again ;
The mountains raised their joyful heads,
Like new creations, from their beds.

Thenceforth the self-revolving tide
Its daily fall and flow maintains ;
Through winding vales fresh fountains glide,
Leap from the hills, or course the plains ;
There thirsty cattle throng the brink,
And the wild asses bend to drink.

Fed by the currents, fruitful groves
Expand their leaves, their fragrance fling,
Where the cool breeze at noon-tide roves,
And birds among the branches sing ;
Soft fall the showers when day declines,
And sweet the peaceful rainbow shines.

Grass through the meadows, rich with flowers,
God's bounty spreads for herds and flocks :
On Lebanon his cedar towers,
The wild goats bound upon his rocks ;
Fowls in his forests build their nests,
—The stork amid the pine-tree rests.

To strengthen man, condemn'd to toil,
He fills with grain the golden ear ;
Bids the ripe olive melt with oil,
And swells the grape, man's heart to cheer ;
—The moon her tide of changing knows,
Her orb with lustre ebbs and flows.

The sun goes down, the stars come out ;
He maketh darkness, and 'tis night ;
Then roam the beasts of prey about,
The desert rings with chase and flight ;
The lion, and the lion's brood,
Look up,—and God provides them food.

Morn dawns far east ; ere long the sun
 Warms the glad nations with his beams ;
Day, in their dens, the spoilers shun,
 And night returns to them in dreams :
 Man from his couch to labour goes,
 Till evening brings again repose !

How manifold thy works, O Lord !
 In wisdom, power, and goodness wrought ;
The earth is with thy riches stored,
 And ocean with thy wonders fraught :
 Unfathom'd caves beneath the deep
 For Thee their hidden treasures keep.

There go the ships, with sails unfurl'd,
 By Thee directed on their way ;
There, in his own mysterious world,
 Leviathan delights to play ;
 And tribes that range immensity,
 Unknown to man, are known to Thee.

By Thee alone the living live ;
 Hide but thy face, their comforts fly ;
They gather what thy seasons give ;
 Take Thou away their breath, they die :
 Send forth thy Spirit from above,
 And all is life again, and love.

Joy in his works Jehovah takes,
 Yet to destruction they return :
He looks upon the earth, it quakes ;
 Touches the mountains, and they burn :
 —Thou, God ! for ever art the same ;
 I AM is thine unchanging name.

PSALM CVII.—No. 1.

THANK and praise Jehovah's name,
For his mercies, firm and sure,
From eternity the same,
To eternity endure.

Let the ransom'd thus rejoice,
Gather'd out of every land ;
As the people of his choice,
Pluck'd from the destroyer's hand.

In the wilderness astray,
Hither, thither, while they roam,
Hungry, fainting by the way,
Far from refuge, shelter, home :—

Then unto the Lord they cry,
He inclines a gracious ear,
Sends deliverance from on high,
Rescues them from all their fear.

To a pleasant land He brings,
Where the vine and olive grow,
Where from flowery hills the springs
Through luxuriant valleys flow.

Oh that men would praise the Lord,
For his goodness to their race ;
For the wonders of his word,
And the riches of his grace !



PSALM CVII.—No. 2.

THEY that mourn in dungeon gloom,
Bound in iron and despair,
Sentenced to a heavier doom
Than the pangs they suffer there ;—

Foes and rebels once to God,
They disdain'd his high control ;
Now they feel his fiery rod
Striking terrors through their soul.

Wrung with agony, they fall
To the dust, and, gazing round,
Call for help ;—in vain they call,
Help, nor hope, nor friend are found.

Then unto the Lord they cry ;
He inclines a gracious ear,
Sends deliverance from on high,
Rescues them from all their fear.

He restores their forfeit breath,
Breaks in twain the gates of brass,
From the bands and grasp of death,
Forth to liberty they pass.

Oh that men would praise the Lord,
For his goodness to their race ;
For the wonders of his word,
And the riches of his grace !



PSALM CVII.—No. 3.

Fools, for their transgression, see
Sharp disease their youth consume,
And their beauty, like a tree,
Withering o'er an early tomb.

Food is loathsome to their taste,
And the eye revolts from light ;
All their joys to ruin haste,
As the sunset into night.

Then unto the Lord they cry ;
He inclines a gracious ear,

Sends deliverance from on high,
Rescues them from all their fear.

He with health renews their frame,
Lengthens out their number'd days ;
Let them glorify his name
With the sacrifice of praise.

O that men would praise the Lord,
For his goodness to their race ;
For the wonders of his word,
And the riches of his grace.



PSALM CVII.—No. 4.

THEY that toil upon the deep,
And, in vessels light and frail,
O'er the mighty waters sweep
With the billow and the gale,—

Mark what wonders God performs,
When He speaks, and unconfined,
Rush to battle all his storms
In the chariots of the wind.

Up to heaven their bark is whirl'd
On the mountain of the wave ;
Down as suddenly 'tis hurl'd
To th' abysses of the grave.

To and fro they reel, they roll,
As intoxicate with wine ;
Terrors paralyze their soul,
Helm they quit, and hope resign.

Then unto the Lord they cry ;
He inclines a gracious ear,
Sends deliverance from on high,
Rescues them from all their fear.

Calm and smooth the surges flow,
 And, where deadly lightning ran,
 God's own reconciling bow
 Metes the ocean with a span.

O that men would praise the Lord,
 For his goodness to their race ;
 For the wonders of his word,
 And the riches of his grace.



PSALM CVII.—No. 5.

LET the elders praise the Lord,
 Him let all the people praise,
 When they meet with one accord
 In his courts, on holy days.

God for sin will vengeance take,
 Smite the earth with sore distress,
 And a fruitful region make
 As the howling wilderness.

But when mercy stays his hand,
 Famine, plague, and death depart ;
 Yea, the rock, at his command,
 Pours a river from its heart.

There the hungry dwell in peace,
 Cities build, and plough the ground,
 While their flocks and herds increase,
 And their corn and wine abound.

Should they yet rebel,—his arm
 Lays their pride again in dust :
 But the poor he shields from harm,
 And in Him the righteous trust.

Whoso wisely marks his will,
 Thus evolving bliss from wo,
 Shall, redeem'd from every ill,
 All his loving-kindness know.

PSALM CXIII.

SERVANTS of God! in joyful lays
 Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise;
 His glorious name let all adore,
 From age to age, for evermore.

Blest be that name, supremely blest,
 From the sun's rising to its rest;
 Above the heavens his power is known,
 Through all the earth his goodness shown.

Who is like God?—so great, so high,
 He bows Himself to view the sky,
 And yet, with condescending grace,
 Looks down upon the human race.

He hears the uncomplaining moan
 Of those who sit and weep alone;
 He lifts the mourner from the dust,
 And saves the poor in him that trust.

Servants of God! in joyful lays
 Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise;
 His saving name let all adore,
 From age to age, for evermore.



PSALM CXVI.

I LOVE the Lord;—He lent an ear
 When I for help implored;
 He rescued me from all my fear;
 Therefore I love the Lord.

Bound hand and foot with chains of sin,
 Death dragg'd me for his prey;
 The pit was moved to take me in;
 All hope was far away.

I cried, in agony of mind,
 "Lord ! I beseech Thee, save :"
 He heard me ;—Death his prey resign'd,
 And Mercy shut the grave.

Return, my soul, unto thy rest,
 From God no longer roam ;
 His hand hath bountifully blest,
 His goodness call'd thee home.

What shall I render unto Thee,
 My Saviour in distress,
 For all thy benefits to me,
 So great and numberless ?

This will I do, for thy love's sake,
 And thus thy power proclaim ;
 The sacramental cup I'll take,
 And call upon thy name.

Thou God of covenanted grace,
 Hear and record my vow,
 While in thy courts I seek thy face,
 And at thine altar bow :—

Henceforth to Thee myself I give ;
 With single heart and eye,
 To walk before Thee while I live,
 And bless Thee when I die.

—♦—
 PSALM CXVII.

ALL ye Gentiles, praise the Lord ;
 All ye lands, your voices raise :
 Heaven and earth, with loud accord,
 Praise the Lord, for ever praise !

For his truth and mercy stand,
 Past, and present, and to be

Like the years of his right hand,
 Like his own eternity.
 Praise Him, ye who know his love,
 Praise Him from the depths beneath,
 Praise Him in the heights above ;
 Praise your Maker, all that breathe !

—•—
 PSALM CXXI.

ENCOMPASS'D with ten thousand ills,
 Press'd by pursuing foes,
 I lift mine eyes unto the hills,
 From whence salvation flows.
 My help is from the Lord, who made
 And governs earth and sky ;
 I look to his almighty aid,
 And ever-watching eye.
 —He who thy soul in safety keeps
 Shall drive destruction hence ;
 The Lord thy keeper never sleeps :
 The Lord is thy defence.
 The sun, with his afflictive light,
 Shall harm thee not by day ;
 Nor thee the moon molest by night
 Along thy tranquil way.
 Thee shall the Lord preserve from sin,
 And comfort in distress ;
 Thy going out and coming in,
 The Lord thy God shall bless.

PSALM CXXII.

GLAD was my heart to hear
My old companions say,
Come—in the house of God appear,
For 'tis an holy day.

Our willing feet shall stand
Within the temple door,
While young and old, in many a band,
Shall throng the sacred floor.

Thither the tribes repair,
Where all are wont to meet,
And, joyful in the house of prayer,
Bend at the mercy seat.

Pray for Jerusalem,
The city of our God ;
The Lord from heaven be kind to them
That love the dear abode.

Within these walls may peace
And harmony be found ;
Zion ! in all thy palaces,
Prosperity abound !

For friends and brethren dear,
Our prayer shall never cease ;
Oft as they meet for worship here,
God send his people peace !



PSALM CXXIV.

THE Lord is on our side,
His people now may say ;
The Lord is on our side,—or we
Had fallen a sudden prey.

Sin, Satan, Death, and Hell,
Like fire, against us rose ;
Then had the flames consumed us quick,
But God repell'd our foes.

Like water they return'd,
When wildest tempests rave ;
Then had the floods gone o'er our head,
But God was there to save.

From jeopardy redeem'd,
As from the lion's wrath,
Mercy and truth uphold our life,
And safety guards our path.

Our soul escaped the toils ;
As from the fowler's snare,
The bird, with disentangled wings,
Flits through the boundless air.

Our help is from the Lord ;
In Him we will confide,
Who stretch'd the heavens, who form'd the earth :
—The Lord is on our side.



PSALM CXXV.

Who make the Lord of Hosts their tower,
Shall like Mount Zion be,
Immovable by mortal power,
Built on eternity.

As round about Jerusalem
The guardian mountains stand,
So shall the Lord encompass them
Who hold by his right hand.

The rod of wickedness shall ne'er
Against the just prevail,
Lest innocence should find a snare,
And tempted virtue fail.

Do good, O Lord ! do good to those
 Who cleave to Thee in heart,
 Who on thy truth alone repose,
 Nor from thy law depart.

While rebel souls, who turn aside,
 Thine anger shall destroy,
 Do Thou in peace thy people guide
 To thine eternal joy.



PSALM CXXVI.

WHEN God from sin's captivity
 Sets his afflicted people free,
 Lost in amaze, their mercies seem
 The transient raptures of a dream.

But soon their ransom'd souls rejoice,
 And mirth and music swell their voice,
 Till foes confess, nor dare condemn,
 "The Lord hath done great things for them."

They catch the strain and answer thus,
 "The Lord hath done great things for us ;
 Whence gladness fills our hearts, and songs,
 Sweet and spontaneous, wake our tongues."

Turn our captivity, O Lord !
 As southern rivers, at thy word,
 Bound from their channels, and restore
 Plenty, where all was waste before.

Who sow in tears shall reap in joy ;
 Naught shall the precious seed destroy,
 Nor long the weeping exiles roam,
 But bring their sheaves rejoicing home.

PSALM CXXX.

Out of the depths of wo
To Thee, O Lord ! I cry ;
Darkness surrounds me, but I know
That Thou art ever nigh.

Then hearken to my voice,
Give ear to my complaint ;
Thou bidst the mourning soul rejoice,
Thou comfortest the faint.

I cast my hope on Thee,
Thou canst, Thou wilt forgive ;
Wert Thou to mark iniquity,
Who in Thy sight could live ?

Humbly on Thee I wait,
Confessing all my sin ;
Lord ! I am knocking at thy gate ;
Open, and take me in !

Like them, whose longing eyes
Watch, till the morning star
(Though late, and seen through tempests) rise,
Heaven's portals to unbar :

Like them I watch and pray,
And, though it tarry long,
Catch the first gleam of welcome day
Then burst into a song.

Glory to God above !
The waters soon will cease ;
For, lo ! the swift returning dove
Brings home the sign of peace.

Though storms his face obscure,
And dangers threaten loud,
Jehovah's covenant is sure,
His bow is in the cloud.

PSALM CXXXI.

LORD! for ever at thy side
 Let my place and portion be ;
 Strip me of my robe of pride,
 Clothe me with humility.

Meekly may my soul receive
 All thy Spirit hath reveal'd ;
 Thou hast spoken,—I believe,
 Though the prophecy were seal'd.

Quiet as a weaned child,
 Weaned from the mother's breast ;
 By no subtilty beguiled,
 On thy faithful word I rest.

Saints ! rejoicing evermore,
 In the Lord Jehovah trust ;
 Him in all his ways adore,
 Wise, and wonderful, and just.



PSALM CXXXII.—No. 1.

God in his temple let us meet,
 Low on our knees before Him bend ;
 Here hath He fix'd his mercy-seat,
 Here on his Sabbath we attend.

Arise into thy resting-place,
 Thou, and thine ark of strength, O Lord !
 Shine through the veil, we seek thy face ;
 Speak, for we hearken to thy word.

With righteousness thy priests array ;
 Joyful thy chosen people be ;
 Let those who teach and those who pray,
 Let all—be holiness to Thee !

PSALM CXXXII.—No. 2.

LORD! for thy servant David's sake,
 Perform thine oath to David's Son ;—
 Thy truth Thou never wilt forsake ;—
 Look on thine own Anointed One !
 The Lord in faithfulness hath sworn
 His throne for ever to maintain ;
 From realm to realm, the sceptre borne
 Shall stretch o'er earth Messiah's reign.
 Zion, my chosen hill of old,
 My rest, my dwelling, my delight,
 With loving-kindness I uphold,
 Her walls are ever in my sight.
 I satisfy her poor with bread,
 Her tables with abundance bless,
 Joy on her sons and daughters shed,
 And clothe her priests with righteousness.
 There David's horn shall bud and bloom,
 The branch of glory and renown ;
 His foes my vengeance shall consume ;
 Him with eternal years I crown.



PSALM CXXXIII.

How beautiful the sight
 Of brethren who agree
 In friendship to unite,
 And bonds of charity !
 'Tis like the precious ointment, shed
 O'er all his robes, from Aaron's head.
 'Tis like the dews that fill
 The cups of Hermon's flowers ;
 Or Zion's fruitful hill,
 Bright with the drops of showers.

When mingling odours breathe around,
And glory rests on all the ground.

For there the Lord commands
Blessings, a boundless store,
From his unsparing hands ;
Yea, life for evermore ;
Thrice happy they who meet above
To spend eternity in love !



PSALM CXXXIV.

BLESS ye the Lord with solemn rite,
In hymns extol his name,
Ye who, within his house by night,
Watch round the altar's flame.

Lift up your hands amid the place
Where burns the sacred sign,
And pray, that thus Jehovah's face
O'er all the earth may shine.

From Zion, from his holy hill,
The Lord our Maker send
The perfect knowledge of his will,
Salvation without end !



PSALM CXXXVII.

WHERE Babylon's broad rivers roll,
In exile we sat down to weep,
For thoughts of Zion o'er our soul
Came, like departed joys, in sleep,
Whose forms to sad remembrance rise,
Though fled for ever from our eyes.

Our harps upon the willows hung,
 Where, worn with toil, our limbs reclined ;
 The chords, untuned and trembling, rung
 With mournful music on the wind ;
 While foes, insulting o'er our wrongs,
 Cried,—“Sing us one of Zion's songs.”
 How can we sing the songs we love,
 Far from our own delightful land ?
 —If I prefer thee not above
 My chiefest joy, may this right hand,
 Jerusalem ! forget its skill,
 My tongue be dumb, my pulse be still !



PSALM CXXXVIII.

THEE will I praise, O Lord ! in light,
 Where seraphim surround thy throne ;
 With heart and soul, with mind and might,
 Thee will I worship, Thee alone.

I bow toward thy holy place ;
 For Thou, in mercy still the same,
 Hast magnified thy word of grace
 O'er all the wonders of thy name.

In peril, when I cried to Thee,
 How did thy strength renew my soul !
 Kings and their realms might bend the knee,
 Could I to man reveal the whole.

Thou, Lord ! above all height art high,
 Yet with the lowly wilt Thou dwell ;
 The proud far off, thy jealous eye
 Shall mark, and with a look repel.

Though in the depth of trouble thrown,
 With grief I shall not always strive ;
 Thou wilt thy suffering servant own,
 And Thou the contrite heart revive.

Thy purpose then in me fulfil;
 Forsake me not, for I am thine;
 Perfect in me thine utmost will;
 —Whate'er it be, that will be mine!



PSALM CXXXIX.

SEARCHER of hearts! to Thee are known
 The inmost secrets of my breast;
 At home, abroad, in crowds, alone,
 Thou mark'st my rising and my rest,
 My thoughts far off, through every maze,
 Source, stream, and issue,—all my ways.

No word that from my mouth proceeds,
 Evil or good, escapes thine ear;
 Witness Thou art to all my deeds,
 Before, behind, for ever near:
 Such knowledge is for me too high;
 I live but in my Maker's eye.

How from thy presence should I go,
 Or whither from thy Spirit flee,
 Since all above, around, below,
 Exist in thine immensity?
 —If up to heaven I take my way,
 I meet Thee in eternal day.

If in the grave I make my bed
 With worms and dust, lo! Thou art there;
 If, on the wings of morning sped,
 Beyond the ocean I repair,
 I feel thine all-controlling will,
 And thy right hand upholds me still.

“Let darkness hide me,” if I say,
 Darkness can no concealment be;

Night, on thy rising, shines like day,
Darkness and light are one with Thee ;
For Thou mine embryo-form didst view
Ere her own babe my mother knew.

In me thy workmanship display'd,
A miracle of power I stand ;
Fearfully, wonderfully made,
And framed in secret by thy hand ;
I lived, ere into being brought,
Through thine eternity of thought.

How precious are thy thoughts of peace,
O God, to me ! how great the sum !
New every morn, they never cease ;
They were, they are, and yet shall come,
In number and in compass more
Than ocean's sand, or ocean's shore.

Search me, O God ! and know my heart ;
Try me, my secret soul survey,
And warn thy servant to depart
From every false and evil way ;
So shall thy truth my guidance be
To life and immortality.



PSALM CXLI.

LORD ! let my prayer like incense rise,
And when I lift my hands to Thee,
As on the evening sacrifice,
Look down from heaven, well-pleased, on me.

Set Thou a watch to keep my tongue,
Let not my heart to sin incline ;
Save me from men who practise wrong,
Let me not share their mirth and wine.

But let the righteous, when I stray,
 Smite me in love ;—his strokes are kind ;
 His mild reproofs, like oil, allay
 The wounds they make, and heal the mind.

Mine eyes are unto Thee, my God !
 Behold me humbled in the dust ;
 I kiss the hand that wields the rod,
 I own thy chastisements are just.

But oh ! redeem me from the snares
 With which the world surrounds my feet,
 —Its riches, vanities, and cares,
 Its love, its hatred, its deceit.



PSALM CXLII.

I CRIED unto the Lord most just,
 Most merciful in prayer ;
 I cried unto Him from the dust,
 I told Him my despair.

When sunk my soul within me,—then
 Thou knew'st the path I chose ;
 Unharm'd I pass'd the spoiler's den,
 I walk'd through ambush'd foes.

I look'd for friends,—there was not one
 In sorrow to condole ;
 I look'd for refuge,—there was none ;
 None cared for my soul.

I cried unto the Lord ;—I said,—
 Thou art my refuge ; Thou,
 My portion ;—hasten to mine aid ;
 Hear and deliver *now*.

Now, from the dungeon, from the grave,
 Exalt thy suppliant's head ;
 Thy voice is freedom to the slave,
 Revival to the dead.

PSALM CXLIII.

HEAR me, O Lord ! in my distress,
Hear me in truth and righteousness ;
For, at thy bar of judgment tried,
None living can be justified.

Lord ! I have foes without, within,
The world, the flesh, indwelling sin,
Life's daily ills, temptation's power,
And Satan roaring to devour.

These, these my fainting soul surround,
My strength is smitten to the ground ;
Like those long dead, beneath their weight
Crush'd is my heart and desolate.

Yet, in the gloom of silent thought,
I call to mind what God hath wrought,
Thy wonders in the days of old,
Thy mercies great and manifold.

Ah ! then to Thee I stretch my hands,
Like failing streams through desert-sands ;
I thirst for Thee, as harvest plains
Parch'd by the summer thirst for rains.

O ! let me not thus hopeless lie,
Like one condemn'd at morn to die,
But with the morning may I see
Thy loving-kindness visit me.

Teach me thy will, subdue my own ;
Thou art my God, and Thou alone ;
By thy good Spirit guide me still,
Safe from all foes, to Zion's hill.

Release my soul from trouble, Lord !
Quicken and keep me by thy word ;
May all its promises be mine !
Be Thou my portion—I am thine.

PSALM CXLV.

THE Lord is gracious to forgive,
And slow to let his anger move ;
The Lord is good to all that live,
And all his tender mercy prove.

Thy works, O God ! thy praise proclaim ;
The saints thy wond'rous deeds shall sing,
Extol thy power, and to thy name
Homage from every nation bring.

Glorious in majesty art Thou ;
Thy throne for ever shall endure ;
Angels before thy footstool bow,
Yet dost Thou not despise the poor.

The Lord upholdeth them that fall ;
He raiseth men of low degree ;
O God ! our health, the eyes of all,
Of all the living, wait on Thee.

Thou openest thine exhaustless store,
And rainest food on every land ;
The dumb creation Thee adore,
And eat their portion from thy hand.

Man, most indebted, most ingrate,
Man only, is a rebel here ;
Teach him to know Thee, ere too late ;
Teach him to love Thee, and to fear.



PSALM CXLVI.

PRAISE ye the Lord from pole to pole !
Praise Thou the Lord, my soul, my soul !
Long as I live, my voice shall raise,
My pulse repeat, the song of praise.

In men, in princes, put no trust ;
 Their breath goes forth, they turn to dust ;
 Then, fleeting like the flower of grass,
 Perish their thoughts, their glories pass.

Thrice happy he whose heart can say
 "The God of Jacob is my stay ;
 The Lord of Hosts my help shall be,
 Who made the heaven, the earth, the sea."

The Lord avenges the oppress,
 He sends the wandering stranger rest ;
 The Lord unbinds the prisoner's chain,
 He sets the fallen up again.

The Lord restores the blind to sight,
 Gives strength to them that have no might ;
 The Lord relieves, in their distress,
 The widow and the fatherless.

The Lord supplies the poor with food,
 He loves to do the righteous good ;
 But for the wicked, in his wrath,
 He turns destruction on their path.

The Lord shall reign for evermore,
 Thy King, O Zion !—Him adore ;
 Let unborn generations raise
 To God, thy God, the song of praise !



PSALM CXLVIII.

HERALDS of creation ! cry,
 —Praise the Lord, the Lord most high !
 Heaven and earth ! obey the call,
 Praise the Lord, the Lord of all.

For He spake, and forth from night
 Sprang the universe to light ;
 He commanded,—Nature heard,
 And stood fast upon his word.

Praise Him, all ye hosts above !
Spirits perfected in love ;
Sun and moon ! your voices raise,
Sing, ye stars ! your Maker's praise.

Earth ! from all thy depths below,
Ocean's hallelujahs flow ;
Lightning, vapour, wind, and storm,
Hail and snow, his will perform.

Vales and mountains ! burst in song ;
Rivers ! roll with praise along ;
Clap your hands, ye trees ! and hail
God, who comes in every gale.

Birds ! on wings of rapture, soar,
Warble at his temple-door ;
Joyful sounds, from herds and flocks,
Echo back, ye caves and rocks !

Kings ! your Sovereign serve with awe ;
Judges ! own his righteous law ;
Princes ! worship Him with fear ;
Bow the knee, all people here !

Let his truth by babes be told,
And his wonders by the old ;
Youths and maidens ! in your prime,
Learn the lays of heaven betime.

High above all height his throne,
Excellent his name alone ;
Him let all his works confess !
Him let every being bless !

NARRATIVES.

FAREWELL TO WAR:

BEING A PROLOGUE TO

“LORD FALKLAND’S DREAM,” AND
“ARNOLD DE WINKELRIED, OR THE PATRIOT’S PASS-
WORD.”

PEACE to the trumpet!—no more shall my breath
Sound an alarm in the dull ear of death.
Nor startle to life from the truce of the tomb
The relics of heroes, to combat till doom.
Let Marathon sleep to the sound of the sea.
Let Hannibal’s spectre haunt Cannæ for me:
Let Cressy and Agincourt tremble with corn,
And Waterloo blush with the beauty of morn:
I turn not the furrow for helmets and shields,
Nor sow dragon’s teeth in their old fallow fields:
I will not, as bards have been wont, since the flood,
With the river of song swell the river of blood,
—The blood of the valiant, that fell in all climes.
—The song of the gifted, that hallow’d all crimes.
—All crimes in the war-fiend incarnate in one:
War, withering the earth—war, eclipsing the sun.
Despoiling, destroying, since discord began,
God’s works and God’s mercies,—man’s labours and man.
Yet war have I lov’d, and of war have I sung,
With my heart in my hand and my soul on my tongue:
With all the affections that render life dear,
With the throbbings of hope and the flutterings of fear.
—Of hope, that the sword of the brave might prevail.
—Of fear, lest the arm of the righteous should fail.
But what was the war that extorted my praise?
What battles were fought in my chivalrous lays?

—The war against darkness contending with light ;
 The war against violence trampling down right ;
 —The battles of patriots, with banner unfurl'd,
 To guard a child's cradle against an arm'd world ;
 Of peasants that peopled their ancestors' graves,
 Lest their ancestors' homes should be peopled by slaves.
 I served, too, in wars and campaigns of the mind ;
 My pen was the sword, which I drew for mankind ;
 —In war against tyranny throned in the West,
 —Campaigns to enfranchise the negro oppress'd ;
 In war *against* war, on whatever pretence,
 For glory, dominion, revenge or defence,
 While murder and perfidy, rapine and lust,
 Laid provinces desolate, cities in dust.

Yes, war *against* war was ever my pride ;
 My youth and my manhood in waging it died,
 And age, with its weakness, its wounds, and its scars,
 Still finds my free spirit unquench'd as the stars,
 And he who would bend it to war must first bind
 The waves of the ocean, the wings of the wind ;
 For I call it not war, which war's counsels o'erthrows,
 I call it not war which gives nations repose ;
 'Tis judgment brought down on themselves by the proud,
 Like lightning, by fools, from an innocent cloud.

I war against *all* war ;—nor, till my pulse cease,
 Will I throw down my weapons, because I love peace,
 Because I love liberty, execrate strife,
 And dread, most of *all* deaths, that slow death call'd life,
 Dragg'd on by a vassal, in purple or chains,
 The breath of whose nostrils, the blood in whose veins,
 He calls not his own, nor holds from his God,
 While it hangs on a king's or a sycophant's nod.

Around the mute trumpet,—no longer to breathe
 War-clangours, my latest war-chaplets I wreath,
 Then hang them aloof on the time-stricken oak,
 And thus, in its shadow, heaven's blessing invoke :—

“Lord God! since the African’s bondage is o’er,
 And war in our borders is heard of no more,
 May never, while Britain adores Thee, again
 The malice of fiends or the madness of men,
 Break the peace of our land, and by villanous wrong
 Find a field for a hero, a hero for song.”

1834.

LORD FALKLAND'S DREAM.

A. D. 1643.

“Io vo gridando, Pace! pace! pace!”

PETRARCHA, *Canzone agli principi d’Italia,*
*Esortazione alla Pace, A. D. 1344.**

“In this unhappy battle (of Newbury) was slain the Lord Viscount Falkland, a person of such prodigious parts of learning and knowledge, of that inimitable sweetness and delight of conversation, of so flowing and obliging a humanity and goodness to mankind, and of that primitive simplicity and integrity of life, that if there were no other brand upon this odious and accursed war, than that single loss, it must be most infamous and execrable to all posterity.

‘Turpe mori, post te, solo non posse dolore.’”

* * * * *

“From the entrance into that unnatural war, his natural cheerfulness and vivacity grew clouded: and a kind of sadness and dejection stole upon him, which he had never been used to. * * * After the King’s return to Oxford, and the furious resolution of the two Houses not to admit any treaty for peace, those indispositions which had before touched him grew into a perfect habit of uncheerfulness; and he who had been so exactly easy and affable to all men, that his face and countenance was always present, and vacant to his company, and held any cloudiness or less pleasantness of the visage a kind of rudeness or incivility, became on a sudden less communicable, and thence very sad, pale, and exceedingly affected with the spleen. In his clothes and habit, which he minded before with more neatness, and industry, and expense, than is usual to so great a soul, he was not only incurious, but too negligent; and in his reception of suitors, and the necessary and casual addresses to his place, (being then Secretary of State to King Charles.) so quick, and sharp, and severe, that there wanted not some men (strangers to his nature and disposition) who believed him proud and imperious, from which no mortal man was ever more free.”

* * * * *

“When there was any overture or hope of peace he would be more erect and vigorous, and exceedingly solicitous to press any thing which he thought might

* “I go exclaiming, Peace! peace! peace!”—From PETRARCH’S *Canzone to the Princes of Italy, entitled “An Exhortation to Peace.”*

promote it ; and, sitting among his friends, often, after a deep silence, and frequent sighs, would, with a shrill and sad accent, ingeminate the word '*Peace ! peace !*' and would profess that the very agony of the war, and the view of the calamities and desolation the kingdom did and must endure, took his sleep from him, and would shortly break his heart."

CLARENDON'S *History*, vol. ii. part i.

WAR, civil war, was raging like a flood,
 England lay weltering in her children's blood ;
 Brother with brother waged unnatural strife,
 Sever'd were all the charities of life :
 Two passions—virtues they assumed to be,—
 Virtues they *were*,—romantic loyalty,
 And stern, unyielding patriotism, possess'd
 Divided empire in the nation's breast ;
 As though two hearts might in one body reign,
 And urge conflicting streams from vein to vein.
 On either side the noblest spirits fought,
 And highest deeds on either side were wrought :
 Hampden in battle yesterday hath bled,
 Falkland to-morrow joins the immortal dead ;
 The one for freedom perish'd—not in vain ;
 The other falls—a courtier without stain.

'Twas on the eve of Newbury's doubtful fight ;
 O'er marsh'd foes came down the peace of night,
 —Peace which, to eyes in living slumber seal'd,
 The mysteries of the night to come reveal'd,
 When that throng'd plain, now warm with heaving breath,
 Should lie in cold, fix'd apathy of death.
 Falkland from court and camp had glid away,
 With Chaucer's shade* through Speenham's woods to stray,
 And pour in solitude, without control,
 Through the dan gloom, the anguish of his soul.
 —Falkland, the plume of England's chivalry,
 The just, the brave, the generous, and the free !
 —Nay, task not poetry to tell his praise,
 Twine but a wreath of transitory bays,

* The estate of Speenhamland, near Newbury, Berks, is said to have been the property and residence of Chaucer.

To crown him, as he lives, from age to age,
In Clarendon's imperishable page ;
Look there upon the very man, and see
What Falkland was,—what thou thyself shouldst be ;
Patriot and loyalist, who veil'd to none,
He loved his country and his king in one,
And could no more, in his affections, part
That wedded pair, than pluck out half his heart :
Hence every wound that each the other gave,
Brought their best servant nearer to the grave.
Thither he hasten'd, withering in his prime,
The worm of sorrow wrought the work of time ;
And England's woes had sunk him with their weight,
Had not the swifter sword foreclosed his date.

In sighs for her his spirit was exhaled,
He wept for her till power of weeping fail'd ;
Pale, wasted, nerveless, absent,—he appear'd
To haunt the scenes which once his presence cheer'd ;
As though some vampire from its cerements crept,
And drain'd health's fountain nightly while he slept ;
But he slept *not* ;—sleep from his eyelids fled,
All restless as the ocean's foam his bed :
The very agony of war,—the guilt
Of blood by kindred blood in hatred spilt,
Crush'd heart and hope ; till foundering, tempest-toss'd,
From gulfs to deeper gulfs, himself he lost.
Yet when he heard the drum to battle beat,
First at the onset, latest in retreat,
Eager to brave rebellion to the face,
Or hunt out peril in its hiding-place.
Falkland was slow to harm th' ignoble crowd,
He sought to raise the fall'n, strike down the proud,
Nor stood there one for parliament or throne
More choice of meaner lives, more reckless of his own.

Oft from his lips a shrill, sad moan would start,
And cold misgivings creep around his heart,
When he beheld the plague of war increase,
And but one word found utterance—“Peace! peace! peace!”

That eve he wander'd in his wayward mood,
 Through thoughts more wildering than the maze of wood,
 Where, when the moon-beam flitted o'er his face,
 He seem'd th' unquiet spectre of the place :
 Rank thorns and briers, the rose and woodbine's bloom
 Perplex'd his path through checker'd light and gloom ;
 Himself insensible of gloom or light,
 Darkness within made all around him night ;
 Till the green beauty of a little glade,
 That open'd up to heaven, his footsteps stay'd :
 Eye, breath, and pulse, the sweet enchantment felt,
 His heart with tenderness began to melt ;
 Trembling, he lean'd against a Druid oak,
 Whose boughs bare token of the thunder-stroke,
 With root unshaken, and with bole unbroke :
 Then thus, while hope almost forgot despair,
 Breathed his soul's burden on the tranquil air :—

“ O, Britain ! Britain ! to thyself be true ;
 Land which the Roman never could subdue :
 Oft though he pass'd thy sons beneath the yoke,
 As oft thy sons the spears they bow'd to broke ;
 Others with home-wrought chains he proudly bound,
 His own too weak to fetter thee he found :
 Though garrison'd by legions, legions fail'd
 To quell thy spirit,—thy spirit again prevail'd.
 By him abandon'd, island-martyr ! doom'd
 To prove the fires of ages unconsumed,
 Though Saxon, Dane, Norwegian, Gallic hordes,
 In dire succession, gave thee laws and lords,
 Conquer'd themselves by peace,—in every field,
 The victor to the vanquish'd lost his shield.
 To win my country, to usurp her throne,
 Canute and William must forsake their own ;
 Invading rivers thus roll back the sea,
 Then lose themselves in its immensity.

“ But 'twas thine own distractions lent them aid,
 Enslaved by strangers, because self-betray'd ;

Still self-distracted ;—yet should foreign foe
Land *now*, another spirit thy sons would show ;
King, nobles, parliament, and people.—all,
Like the Red Sea's returning waves, would fall,
And with one burst o'erwhelm the mightiest host.
—Would such a foe this hour were on thy coast !

“ How oft, O Albion ! since those twilight times,
Have wars intestine laid thee waste with crimes !
Tweed's borderers were hereditary foes,
Nor can one crown even now their feuds compose ;
Thy peasantry were serfs to vassal lords,
Yoked with their oxen, tether'd to their swords :
Round their cross-banners kings thy bowmen ranged,
Till York and Lancaster their roses changed.
Those days, thank Heaven ! those evil days are past,
Yet wilt thou fall by suicide at last ?

O England ! England ! from such frenzy cease,
And on thyself have mercy,—Peace ! peace ! peace !”

“ Who talks of Peace ?—sweet Peace is in her grave :
Save a lone widow,—from her offspring save !”
Exclaim'd a voice, scarce earthly, in his ear,
Withering his nerves with unaccustom'd fear ;
His hand was on his sword, but ere he drew
The starting blade, a suppliant cross'd his view ;
Forth from the forest rush'd a female form,
Like the moon's image hurrying through the storm :
Down in a moment at his feet, aghast,
Lock'd to his smiting knees, herself she cast.
Rent were her garments, and her hair unbound,
All fleck'd with blood from many an unstaunch'd wound,
Inflicted by the very hands that press'd,
In rose-lipp'd infancy, her yearning breast ;
And ever and anon she look'd behind,
As though pursuing voices swell'd the wind ;
Then shriek'd insanely,—“ Peace is in her grave !
Save a lost mother,—from her children save !”
Wan with heart-sickness, ready to expire,
Her cheeks were ashes, but her eye was fire,

—Fire fix'd, as through the horror of the mine,
 Sparks from the diamond's still water shine ;
 So where the cloud of death o'ershadowing hung,
 Light in her eye from depth of darkness sprung,
 Dazzling his sight, and kindling such a flame
 Within his breast as nature could not name ;
 He knew her not ;—that face he never saw ;
 He loved her not,—yet love, chastised by awe
 And reverence, with mysterious terror mix'd,
 His looks on hers in fascination fix'd. [at length :

“Who?—whence?—what wouldst thou?” Falkland cried
 His voice inspired her ; up she rose in strength,
 Gather'd her robe and spread her locks, to hide
 The unsightly wounds ; then fervently replied :—
 “Behold a matron, widow'd and forlorn,
 Yet many a noble son to me was born,
 Flowers of my youth, and morning-stars of joy !
 —They quarrell'd, fought, and slew my youngest boy ;
 Youngest and best beloved !—I rush'd between,
 My darling from the fratricides to screen ;
 He perish'd ; from my arms he dropp'd in death ;
 I felt him kiss my feet with his last breath ;
 The swords that smote him, flashing round my head,
 Pierced me,—the murderers saw my blood, and fled,—
 Their parent's blood ; and she, unconceious why
 She sought *thee* out, came here—came here to die.
 'Tis a strange tale ;—'tis true,—and yet 'tis not ;
 Follow me, Falkland, thou shalt see the spot,—
 See my slain boy,—my life's own life, the pride
 And hope of his poor mother,—but he died ;
He died,—and *she* did *not* ;—how can it be ?
 But I'm immortal !—Falkland, come and see.”

She spake ; while Falkland, more and more amazed,
 On her ineffable demeanour gazed ;
 So vitally her form and features changed,
 He thought his own clear senses were deranged ;
 Outraged and desolate she seem'd no more ;
 He follow'd ; stately, she advanced before ;

The thickets, at her touch, gave way, and made
A wake of moonlight through their deepest shade.
Anon he found himself on Newbury's plain,
Walking among the dying and the slain ;
At every step in blood his foot was dyed,
He heard expiring groans on every side.
The battle-thunder had roll'd by ; the smoke
Was vanish'd ; calm and bright the morning broke,
While such estrangement o'er his mind was cast,
As though another day and night had past.
There, midst the nameless crowd, oft met his view
An eye, a countenance, which Falkland knew,
But knew not him ;—that eye to ice congeal'd,
That countenance by death's blank signet seal'd :
Rebel and royalist alike laid low,
Where friend embraced not friend, but foe grasp'd foe ;
Falkland had tears for each, and patriot sighs,
For both were Britons in that Briton's eyes.

Silent before him trod the lofty dame,
Breathlessly looking round her, till they came
Where shatter'd fences mark'd a narrow road :
Tracing that line, with prostrate corpses strow'd,
She turn'd their faces upward, one by one,
Till, suddenly, the newly-risen sun
Shot through the level air a ruddy glow,
That fell upon a visage white as snow ;
Then with a groan of agony, so wild,
As if the soul within her spake,—“ My child !
My child !” she said, and pointing, shrinking back,
Made way for Falkland.—Prone along the track
(A sight at once that warm'd and thrill'd with awe)
The perfect image of himself he saw,
Shape, feature, limb, the arms, the dress he wore,
And one wide, honourable wound before.
Then flash'd the fire of pride from Falkland's eye,
“ 'Tis glorious for our country thus to die ;
'Tis sweet to leave an everlasting name,
A heritage of clear and virtuous fame.”

While thoughts like these his maddening brain possess'd,
 And lightning pulses thunder'd through his breast ;
 While Falkland living stood o'er Falkland dead,
 Fresh at his feet the corse's death-wound bled,
 The eye met his with inexpressive glance,
 Like the sleep-walker's in benumbing trance,
 And o'er the countenance of rigid clay,
 The flush of life came quick, then pass'd away ;
 A momentary pang convulsed the chest,
 As though the heart, awaking from unrest,
 Broke with the effort ;—all again was still ;
 Chill through his tingling veins the blood ran, chill.
 "Can this," he sigh'd, "be virtuous fame and clear ?
 Ah ! what a field of fratricide is here !
 Perish who may,—'tis England, England falls ;
 Triumph who will,—his vanquish'd country calls,
 As I have done,—as I will never cease,
 While I have breath and being—Peace ! peace ! peace !"

Here stoop'd the matron o'er the dead man's face,
 Kiss'd the cold lips, then caught in her embrace
 The living Falkland ;—as he turn'd to speak,
 He felt his mother's tears upon his cheek :
 He knew her, own'd her, and at once forgot
 All but her earliest love, and his first lot.
 Her looks, her tones, her sweet caresses, then
 Brought infancy and fairy land again,
 —Youth in the morn and maidenhood of life,
 Ere fortune curst his father's house with strife,
 And in an age when nature's laws were changed,
 Mother and son, as heaven from earth, estranged.*
 "Oh, Falkland ! Falkland !" when her voice found
 speech,
 The lady cried ; then took a hand of each,
 And joining clasp'd them in her own,—“My son !
 Behold thyself, for thou and he are one.”

* There had been unhappy divisions in the family, both with respect to an inheritance which Falkland held from his grandfather, and the religion of his mother, who was a Roman Catholic.

The dead man's hand grasp'd Falkland's with such force,
He fell transform'd into that very corse,
As though the wound which slew his counterpart
That moment sent the death-shot through his heart.

When from that ecstasy he oped his eyes,
He thought his soul translated to the skies ;
The battle-field had disappear'd ; the scene
Had changed to beauty, silent and serene ;
City nor country look'd as heretofore ;
A hundred years and half a hundred more
Had travell'd o'er him while entranced he lay ;
England appear'd as England at *this* day,
In arts, arms, commerce, enterprise, and power,
Beyond the dreams of his devoutest hour,
When, with prophetic call, the patriot brought
Ages to come before creative thought.

With doubt, fear, joy, he look'd above, beneath.
Felt his own pulse, inhaled, and tried to breathe :
Next raised an arm, advanced a foot, then broke
Silence, yet only in a whisper spoke :—
" My mother ! are we risen from the tomb ?
Is this the morning of the day of doom ?"
No answer came ; his mother was not there,
But, tall and beautiful beyond compare,
One, who might well have been an angel's bride,
Were angels mortal, glitter'd at his side.
It seem'd some mighty wizard had unseal'd
The book of fate, and in that hour reveal'd
The object of a passion all his own,
—A lady unexistent, or unknown,
Whose saintly image, in his heart enshrined,
Was but an emanation of his mind,
The ideal form of glory, goodness, truth,
Imbodied now in all the flush of youth,
Yet not too exquisite to look upon :
He kneel'd to kiss her hand,—the spell was gone.
Even while his brain the dear illusion cross'd,
Her form of soft humanity was lost.

—Then, nymph nor goddess, of poetic birth,
 E'er graced Jove's heaven, or stept on classic earth,
 Like her in majesty ;—the stars came down
 To wreath her forehead with a fadeless crown ;
 The sky enrobed her with ethereal blue,
 And girt with orient clouds of many a hue ;
 The sun, enamour'd of that loveliest sight,
 So veil'd his face with her benigner light,
 That woods and mountains, valleys, rocks, and streams,
 Were only visible in her pure beams.

While Falkland, pale and trembling with surprise,
 Admired the change, her stature seem'd to rise,
 Till from the ground, on which no shadow spread,
 To the arch'd firmament she rear'd her head ;
 And in th' horizon's infinite expanse,
 He saw the British islands at a glance,
 With intervening and encircling seas,
 O'er which, from every port, with every breeze,
 Exulting ships were sailing to all realms,
 Whence vessels came, with strangers at their helms,
 On Albion's shores all climes rejoiced to meet,
 And pour their native treasures at her feet.

Then Falkland, in that glorious dame, descried
 Not a dead parent, nor a phantom bride,
 But *her* who ruled his soul, in either part,
 At once the spouse and mother of his heart,
 —His country, thus personified, in grace
 And grandeur unconceived, before his face.
 Then spake a voice, as from the primal sphere,
 Heard by his spirit rather than his ear :—

“ Henceforth let civil war for ever cease ;
 Henceforth, my sons and daughters, dwell in peace ;
 Amidst the ocean-waves that never rest,
 My lovely Isle, be thou the halcyon's nest ;
 Amidst the nations, evermore in arms,
 Be thou a haven, safe from all alarms ;
 Alone immovable 'midst ruins stand,
 Th' unfailing hope of every failing land :

To thee for refuge kings enthroned repair ;
 Slaves flock to breathe the freedom of thine air.
 Hither, from chains and yokes, let exiles bend
 Their footsteps ; here the friendless find a friend ;
 The country of mankind shall Britain be,
 The home of peace, the whole world's sanctuary."

The pageant fled ; 'twas but a dream : he woke,
 And found himself beneath the Druid-oak,
 Where first the phantom on his vigil broke.

Around him gleam'd the morn's reviving light ;
 But distant trumpets summon'd to the fight,
 And Falkland slept among the slain at night.

1831.

THE PATRIOT'S PASS-WORD.

On the achievement of Arnold de Winkelried, at the battle of Sempach, in which the Swiss insurgents secured the freedom of their country, against the power of Austria, in the fourteenth century.

"MAKE way for liberty!" he cried,
 Made way for liberty, and died.

In arms the Austrian phalanx stood,
 A living wall, a human wood ;
 A wall,—where every conscious stone
 Seem'd to its kindred thousands grown,
 A rampart all assaults to bear,
 Till time to dust their frames should wear :
 A wood,—like that enchanted grove*
 In which with fiends Rinaldo strove,
 Where every silent tree possess'd
 A spirit imprison'd in its breast,
 Which the first stroke of coming strife
 Might startle into hideous life :
 So still, so dense, the Austrians stood,
 A living wall, a human wood.

* *Gerusalemme Liberata*, canto xviii.

Impregnable their front appears,
All-horrent with projected spears,
Whose polish'd points before them shine,
From flank to flank, one brilliant line,
Bright as the breakers' splendours run
Along the billows to the sun.

Opposed to these, a hovering band
Contended for their father-land ;
Peasants, whose new-found strength had broke
From manly necks th' ignoble yoke,
And beat their fetters into swords,
On equal terms to fight their lords,
And what insurgent rage had gain'd,
In many a mortal fray maintain'd.
Marshall'd once more, at freedom's call
They came to conquer or to fall,
Where he who conquer'd, he who fell,
Was deem'd a dead or living Tell ;
Such virtue had that patriot breathed,
So to the soil his soul bequeathed,
That wheresoe'er his arrows flew,
Heroes in his own likeness grew,
And warriors sprang from every sod
Which his awakening footstep trod.

And now the work of life and death
Hung on the passing of a breath ;
The fire of conflict burn'd within,
The battle trembled to begin ;
Yet while the Austrians held their ground,
Point for assault was nowhere found ;
Where'er th' impatient Switzers gazed,
Th' unbroken line of lances blazed ;
That line 'twere suicide to meet,
And perish at their tyrants' feet :
How could they rest within their graves,
To leave their homes the haunts of slaves ?
Would they not feel their children tread,
With clanking chains, above their head ?

It must not be ; this day, this hour
Annihilates th' invader's power ;
All Switzerland is in the field,
She will not fly, she cannot yield,
She must not fall ; her better fate
Here gives her an immortal date.
Few were the numbers she could boast,
Yet every freeman was a host,
And felt as 'twere a secret known,
That one should turn the scale alone,
While each unto himself was he,
On whose sole arm hung victory.

It did depend on one indeed ;
Behold him,—Arnold Winkelried ;
There sounds not to the trump of fame
The echo of a nobler name.
Unmark'd he stood amidst the throng,
In rumination deep and long,
Till you might see, with sudden grace,
The very thought come o'er his face,
And by the motion of his form
Anticipate the bursting storm,
And by th' uplifting of his brow
Tell where the bolt would strike, and how.

But 'twas no sooner thought than done,
The field was in a moment won ;
"Make way for liberty !" he cried,
Then ran, with arms extended wide,
As if his dearest friend to clasp ;
Ten spears he swept within his grasp ;
"Make way for liberty !" he cried,
Their keen points cross'd from side to side ;
He bow'd amidst them, like a tree,
And thus made way for liberty.

Swift to the breach his comrades fly,
"Make way for liberty !" they cry,
And through the Austrian phalanx dart,
As rush'd the spears through Arnold's heart,

While, instantaneous as his fall,
Rout, ruin, panic seized them all;
An earthquake could not overthrow
A city with a surer blow.

Thus Switzerland again was free;
Thus death made way for liberty.

Redcar, 1827.

THE VOYAGE OF THE BLIND.

"It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark."

MILTON'S *Lycidas*.

The subject of the following poem was suggested by certain well-authenticated facts, published at Paris, in a medical journal, some years ago; of which a few particulars may be given here.

"The ship *Le Redeur*, Captain B., of two hundred tons burden, left Havre on the 21th of January, 1819, for the coast of Africa, and reached her destination on the 11th of March following, anchoring at Bonny, on the river Calabar. The crew, consisting of twenty-two men, enjoyed good health during the outward voyage, and during their stay at Bonny, where they continued till the 6th of April. They had observed no trace of ophthalmia among the natives; and it was not until fifteen days after they had set sail on the return voyage, and the vessel was near the equator, that they perceived the first symptoms of this frightful malady. It was then remarked, that the negroes, who, to the number of one hundred and sixty, were crowded together in the hold, and between the decks, had contracted a considerable redness of the eyes, which spread with singular rapidity. No great attention was at first paid to these symptoms, which were thought to be caused only by the want of air in the hold, and by the scarcity of water, which had already begun to be felt. At this time they were limited to eight ounces of water a day for each person, which quantity was afterwards reduced to the half of a wine-glass. By the advice of M. Manguan, the surgeon of the ship, the negroes, who had hitherto remained shut up in the hold, were brought upon deck in succession, in order that they might breathe a purer air. But it became necessary to abandon this expedient, salutary as it was, because many of the negroes, affected with *nostalgia*, (a passionate longing to return to their native land) threw themselves into the sea, locked in each other's arms.

"The disease which had spread itself so rapidly and frightfully among the Africans, soon began to infect all on board. The danger also was greatly increased by a malignant dysentery which prevailed at the time. The first of the crew who caught it was a sailor who slept under the deck near the grated hatch which communicated with the hold. The next day a landsman was seized with ophthalmia; and in three days more, the captain and the whole ship's company, except one sailor, who remained at the helm, were blinded by the disorder.

"All means of cure which the surgeon employed, while he was able to act, proved ineffectual. The sufferings of the crew, which were otherwise intense,

were aggravated by apprehension of revolt among the negroes, and the dread of not being able to reach the West Indies, if the only sailor who had hitherto escaped the contagion, and on whom their whole hope rested, should lose his sight like the rest. This calamity had actually befallen the *Leon*, a Spanish vessel which the *Rodeur* met on her passage, and the whole of whose crew, having become blind, were under the necessity of altogether abandoning the direction of their ship. These unhappy creatures, as they passed, earnestly entreated the charitable interference of the seamen of the *Rodeur*; but these, under their own affliction, could neither quit their vessel to go on board the *Leon*, nor receive the crew of the latter into the *Rodeur*, where, on account of the cargo of negroes, there was scarcely room for themselves. The vessels, therefore, soon parted company, and the *Leon* was never seen or heard of again, so far as could be traced at the publication of this narrative. In all probability, then, it was lost. On the fate of *this* vessel the poem is founded.

"The *Rodeur* reached Guadaloupe on the 21st of June, 1819; her crew being in a most deplorable condition. Of the negroes, thirty-seven had become perfectly blind, twelve had lost each an eye, and fourteen remained otherwise blemished by the disease. Of the crew, twelve, including the surgeon, had entirely lost their sight; five escaped with an eye each, and four were partially injured."

PART I.

O'ER Africa the morning broke,
 And many a negro-land reveal'd,
 From Europe's eye and Europe's yoke,
 In nature's inmost heart conceal'd:
 Here roll'd the Nile his glittering train,
 From Ethiopia to the main;
 And Niger there uncoil'd his length,
 That hides his fountain and his strength,
 Among the realms of noon;
 Casting away their robes of night,
 Forth stood in nakedness of light,
 The mountains of the moon.

Hush'd were the howlings of the wild,
 The leopard in his den lay prone;
 Man, while creation round him smiled,
 Was sad or savage, man alone;
 —Down in the dungeons of Algiers,
 The Christian captive woke in tears;
 Caffraria's lean, marauding race
 Prowl'd forth on pillage or the chase;

—In Libyan solitude,
Th' Arabian horseman scour'd along ;
—The caravan's obstreperous throng,
Their dusty march pursued.

But wo grew frantic in the west ;
A wily rover of the tide
Had mark'd the hour of Afric's rest,
To snatch her children from her side :
At early dawn, to prospering gales,
The eager seamen stretch their sails ;
The anchor rises from its sleep
Beneath the rocking of the deep ;
Impatient from the shore,
A vessel steals ;—she steals away,
Mute as the lion with his prey,
—A human prey *she* bore.

Curst was her trade and contraband,
Therefore that keel, by guilty stealth,
Fled with the darkness from the strand,
Laden with living bales of wealth :
Fair to the eye her streamers play'd
With undulating light and shade ;
White from her prow the gurgling foam
Flew backward tow'rd's the negro's home,
Like his unheeded sighs ;
Sooner that melting foam shall reach
His inland home, than yonder beach
Again salute his eyes.

Tongue hath not language to unfold
The secrets of the space between
That vessel's flanks,—whose dungeon-hold
Hides what the sun hath never seen ;
Three hundred writhing prisoners there
Breathe one mephitic blast of air
From lip to lip ;—like flame suppress,
It bursts from every tortured breast,

With dreary groans and strong ;
Lock'd side to side, they feel, by starts,
The beating of each other's hearts,
—Their breaking too, ere long.

Light o'er the blue untroubled sea,
Fancy might deem that vessel held
Her voyage to eternity,
By one unchanging breeze impell'd ;
—Eternity is in the sky,
Whose span of distance mocks the eye ;
Eternity upon the main,
The horizon there is sought in vain ;
Eternity below
Appears in heaven's inverted face ;
And on, through everlasting space,
Th' unbounded billows flow.

Yet, while his wandering bark career'd,
The master knew, with stern delight,
That full for port her helm was steer'd,
With aim unerring, day and night.
—Pirate ! that port thou ne'er shalt hail ;
Thine eye in search of it shall fail :
But, lo ! thy slaves expire beneath ;
Haste, bring the wretches forth to breathe :
Brought forth,—away they spring,
And headlong in the whelming tide,
Rescued from thee, their sorrows hide
Beneath the halcyon's wing.

PART II.

There came an angel of eclipse,
Who haunts at times th' Atlantic flood,
And smites with blindness, on their ships,
The captives and the men of blood.
—*Here*, in the hold the blight began,
From eye to eye contagion ran ;

Sight, as with burning brands, was quench'd ;
None from the fiery trial blench'd,

 But, panting for release,
They call'd on death, who, close behind,
Brought pestilence to lead the blind,
 From agony to peace.

The two-fold plague no power could check ;

 Unseen its withering arrows flew ;
It walk'd in silence on the deck,
 And smote from stem to stern the crew :
—As glow-worms dwindle in the shade,
As lamps in charnel-houses fade,
From every orb, with vision fired,
In flitting sparks the light retired ;
 The sufferers saw it go,
And o'er the ship, the sea, the skies,
Pursued it with their failing eyes,
 Till all was black below.

A murmur swell'd along the gale,

 All rose, and held their breath to hear ;
All look'd, but none could spy a sail,
 Although a sail was near ;
—“Help ! help !” our beckoning sailors cried ;
“Help ! help !” a hundred tongues replied :
Then hideous clamour rent the air,
Questions and answers of despair :
 Few words the mystery clear'd ;
The pest had found that second bark,
Where every eye but his was dark,
 Whose hand the vessel steer'd.

He, wild with panic, turn'd away,

 And thence his shrieking comrades bore ;
From either ship the winds convey
 Farewells, that soon are heard no more :
—A calm of horror hush'd the waves ;
Behold them !—merchant, seamen, slaves,

The blind, the dying, and the dead ;
All help, all hope, for ever fled ;
 Unseen, yet face to face !
Wo past, wo present, wo to come,
Held for a while each victim dumb,
 —Impaled upon his place.

It is not in the blood of man
 To crouch ingloriously to fate ;
Nature will struggle while she can ;
 Misfortune makes her children great ;
The head which lightning hath laid low,
Is hallow'd by the noble blow :
The wretch who yields a felon's breath,
Emerges from the cloud of death,
 A spirit on the storm :
But virtue perishing unknown,
Watch'd by the eye of Heaven alone,
 Is earth's least earthly form.

What were the scenes on board that bark ?
 The tragedy which none beheld,
When (as the deluge bore the ark),
 By power invisible impell'd,
The keel went blindfold through the surge,
Where stream might drift, or tempest urge ;
—Plague, famine, thirst, their numbers slew,
And frenzy seized the hardier few
 Who yet were spared to try
How everlasting are the pangs,
When life upon a moment hangs,
 And death stands mocking by.

Imagination's daring glance
 May pierce that vale of mystery,
As in the rapture of a trance,
 Things which no eye hath seen to see ;
And hear by fits along the gales,
Screams, maniac-laughter, hollow wails :

—They stand, they lie, above, beneath,
 Groans of unpitied anguish breathe,
 Tears unavailing shed ;
 Each, in abstraction of despair,
 Seems to himself a hermit there,
 Alive among the dead.

Yet respite,—respite from his woes,
 Even here, the conscious sufferer feels ;
 Worn down by torture to repose,
 Slumber the vanish'd world reveals :
 —Ah ! then the eyes, extinct in night,
 Again behold the blessed light ;
 Ah ! then the frame of rack'd disease
 Lays its delighted limbs at ease ;
 Swift to his own dear land,
 The unfetter'd slave with shouts returns,
 Hard by his dreaming tyrant burns
 At sight of Cuba's strand.

To blank reality they wake,
 In darkness opens every eye :
 Peace comes ;—the negro's heart-strings break,
 To him 'tis more than life to die :
 —How feels, how fares the man of blood ?
 In endless exile on the flood,
 Rapt, as though fiends his vessel steer'd,
 Things which he once believed and fear'd,
 —Then scorn'd as idle names,—
 Death, judgment, conscience, hell conspire,
 With thronging images of fire,
 To light up guilt in flames.

Who cried for mercy in that hour,
 And found it on the desert sea ?
 Who to the utmost grasp of power
 Wrestled with life's last enemy ?
 Who, Marius-like, defying fate,
 (Marius on fallen Carthage) sate ?

Who, through a hurricane of fears,
 Clung to the hopes of future years?
 And who, with heart unquail'd,
 Look'd from time's trembling precipice
 Down on eternity's abyss,
 Till breath and footing fail'd?

Is there among this crew not one,
 One whom a widow'd mother bare,—
 Who mourns far off her only son,
 And pours for him her soul in prayer?
 Even *now*, when o'er his soften'd thought,
 Remembrance of her love is brought,
 To soothe death's agony, and dart
 A throb of comfort through his heart,—
 Even *now* a mystic knell
 Sounds through *her* pulse;—she lifts her eye,
 Sees a pale spirit passing by,
 And hears *his* voice, “farewell!”

Mother and son shall meet no more :
 —The floating tomb of its own dead,
 That ship shall never reach a shore ;
 But, far from track of seamen led,
 The sun shall watch it, day by day,
 Careering on its lonely way ;
 Month after month, the moon shine pale
 On falling mast and riven sail ;
 The stars, from year to year,
 Mark the bulged flanks, and sunken deck,
 Till not a ruin of the wreck
 On ocean's face appear.

AN EVERY-DAY TALE.

Written for a benevolent Society in the metropolis, the object of which is to relieve poor women during *the first month of their widowhood*, to preserve what little property they may have from wreck and ruin, in a season of embarrassment, when kindness and good counsel are especially needed; and, so far as may be practicable, to assist the destitute with future means of maintaining themselves and their fatherless children.

“The short and simple annals of the poor.”—GRAY.

MINE is a tale of every day,
 Yet turn not thou thine ear away;
 For 'tis the bitterest thought of all,
 The worm-wood *added* to the gall,
 That such a wreck of mortal bliss,
 That such a weight of wo as this,
 Is no strange thing,—but, strange to say!
 The tale, the truth of every day.

At Mary's birth, her mother smiled
 Upon her first, last, only child,
 And, at the sight of that young flower,
 Forgot the anguish of her hour;
 Her pains return'd;—she soon forgot
 Love, joy, hope, sorrow,—she was not.

Her partner stood, like one bereft
 Of all,—not all, their babe was left;
 By the dead mother's side it slept,
 Slept sweetly;—when it woke, it wept.
 “Live, Mary. live, and I will be
 Father and mother both to thee!”
 The mourner cried, and while he spake,
 His breaking heart forebore to break;
 Faith, courage, patience, from above,
 Flew to the help of fainting love.
 While o'er his charge that parent yearn'd,
 All woman's tenderness he learn'd,
 All woman's waking, sleeping care,
 —That sleeps not to her babe,—her prayer,

Of power to bring upon its head,
The richest blessings heaven can shed ;
All these he learn'd, and lived to say,
" My strength was given me as my day."

So the Red Indian of those woods,
That echo to Lake Erie's floods,
Reft of his consort in the wild,
Became the mother of his child !
Nature (herself a mother) saw
His grief, and loosed her kindest law :
Warm from its fount life's stream, propell'd,
His breasts with sweet nutrition swell'd,
At whose strange springs, his infant drew
Milk, as the rose-bud drinks the dew.

Mary from childhood rose to youth,
In paths of innocence and truth ;
—Train'd by her parent, from her birth,
To go to heaven by way of earth,
She was to him, in after-life,
Both as a daughter and a wife.

Meekness, simplicity, and grace,
Adorn'd her speech, her air, her face ;
The spirit, through its earthly mould,
Broke, as the lily's leaves unfold ;
Her beauty open'd on the sight,
As a star trembles into light.

Love found that maiden ; love will find
Way to the coyest maiden's mind ;
Love found and tried her many a year,
With hope deferr'd, and boding fear ;
To the world's end her hero stray'd ;
Tempests and calms his bark delay'd ;
What then could her heart-sickness soothe ?
" The course of true love ne'er ran smooth !"
Her bosom ached with drear suspense,
Till sharper trouble drove it thence :
Affliction smote her father's brain,
And he became a child again.

Ah! then, the prayers, the pangs, the tears,
 He breathed, felt, shed on her young years,
 That duteous daughter well repaid,
 Till in the grave she saw him laid,
 Beneath her mother's church-yard stone :
 —*There* first she felt herself alone ;
 But while she gazed on that cold heap,
 Her parents' bed, and could not weep,
 A still small whisper seem'd to say,
 "Strength shall be given thee as thy day :"
 Then rush'd the tears to her relief ;
 A bow was in the cloud of grief.

Her wanderer now, from clime to clime,
 Return'd, unchanged by tide or time,
 True as the morning to the sun ;
 —Mary and William soon were one ;
 And never rang the village bells
 With sweeter falls or merrier swells,
 Than while the neighbours, young and old,
 Stood at their thresholds, to behold,
 And bless them, till they reach'd the spot,
 Where woodbines girdled Mary's cot,
 Where throstles, perch'd on orchard trees,
 Sang to the hum of garden bees :
 And there—no longer forced to roam—
 William found all the world at home ;
 Yea, more than all the world beside,
 —A warm, kind heart to his allied.

Twelve years of humble life they spent,
 With food and raiment well content ;
 In flower of youth and flush of health,
 They envied not voluptuous wealth ;
 The wealth of poverty was theirs,
 —Those riches without wings or snares,
 Which honest hands, by daily toil,
 May dig from every generous soil.
 A little farm, while William till'd,
 Mary her household cares fulfill'd ;

And love, joy, peace, with guileless mirth,
Sate round the table, warm'd their hearth ;
Whence rose, like incense, to the skies,
Morning and evening sacrifice,
And contrite spirits found, in prayer,
That home was heaven, for God was there.

Meanwhile the May-flowers on their lands
Were yearly pluck'd by younger hands ;
New comers watch'd the swallows float,
And mock'd the cuckoo's double note ;
Till, head o'er head, in slanting line,
They stood,—a progeny of nine,
That *might* be ten ;—but ere that day,
The father's life was snatch'd away ;
Faint from the field one night he came ;
Fever had seized his sinewy frame,
And left the strong man, when it pass'd,
Frail as the sere leaf in the blast ;
A long, long winter's illness, bow'd
His head ;—spring-daisies deck'd his shroud.
Oh ! 'twas a bitter day for all,
The husband's, father's funeral ;
The dead, the living, and the unborn
Met there,—were there asunder torn.

Scarce was he buried out of sight,
Ere his tenth infant sprang to light,
And Mary, from her child-bed throes,
To instant, utter ruin rose ;
Harvests had fail'd, and sickness drain'd
Her frugal stock-purse, long retain'd ;
Rents, debts, and taxes all fell due,
Claimants were loud, resources few,
Small, and remote ;—yet time and care
Her shatter'd fortunes might repair,
If but a friend,—a friend in need,—
Such friend would be a friend indeed,—
Would, by a mite of succour lent,
Wrongs irretrievable prevent !

She look'd around for such an one,
 And sigh'd but spake not,—“*Is there none?*”
 —Oh! if he come not ere an hour,
 All will elapse beyond her power,
 And homeless, helpless, hopeless, lost,
 Mary on this cold world be tost
 With all her babes! * * * * *
 Came such a friend!—I must not say;
 Mine is a tale of every day:
 But wouldst thou know the worst of all,
 The wormwood mingled with the gall,
 Go visit thou, in their distress,
 The widow and the fatherless,
 And thou shalt find such wo as this,
 Such breaking up of earthly bliss,
 Is no strange thing,—but, strange to say!
 The tale—the truth—of every day.
 Go, visit *thou*, in their distress,
 THE WIDOW and the FATHERLESS.

1830.

A TALE WITHOUT A NAME.

“O woman! in our hours of ease,
 Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
 —When pain and anguish wring the brow,
 A ministering angel thou!”

SCOTT'S *Marmion*, canto vi.

PART I.

HE had no friend on earth but thee;
 No hope in heaven above;
 By day and night, o'er land and sea,
 No solace but thy love:
 He wander'd here, he wander'd there,
 A fugitive like Cain;
 And mourn'd like him, in dark despair,
 A brother rashly slain.

Rashly, yet not in sudden wrath,
They quarrell'd in their pride;
He sprang upon his brother's path,
And smote him that he died.
A nightmare sat upon his brain,
All stone within he felt;
A death-watch tick'd through every vein,
Till the dire blow was dealt.

As from a dream, in pale surprise,
Waking, the murderer stood;
He met the victim's closing eyes,
He saw his brother's blood:
That blood pursued him on his way,
A living, murmuring stream;
Those eyes before him flash'd dismay,
With ever-dying gleam.

In vain he strove to fly the scene,
And breathe beyond that time;
Tormented memory glared between;
Immortal seem'd his crime:
His thoughts, his words, his actions all
Turn'd on his fallen brother;
That hour he never could recall,
Nor ever live another.

To him the very clouds stood still,
The ground appear'd unchanged;
One light was ever on the hill,
—That hill where'er he ranged:
He heard the brook, the birds, the wind,
Sound in the glen below;
The self-same tree he cower'd behind,
He struck the self-same blow.

Yet was not reason quite o'erthrown,
Nor so benign his lot,
To dwell in frenzied grief alone,
All other wo forgot:

The world within and world around,
Clash'd in perpetual strife ;
Present and past close interwound
Through his whole thread of life.

That thread, inextricably spun,
Might reach eternity ;
For ever doing, never done,
That moment's deed might be ;
This was a worm that would not die,
A fire unquenchable :
Ah ! whither shall the sufferer fly ?
Fly from a bosom-hell ?

He had no friend on earth but thee,
No hope in heaven above ;
By day and night, o'er land and sea,
No refuge but thy love ;
Not time nor place, nor crime, nor shame,
Could change thy spousal truth ;
In desolate old age the same
As in the joy of youth.

Not death, but infamy, to 'scape,
He left his native coast ;
To death in any other shape,
He long'd to yield the ghost :
But infamy his steps pursued,
And haunted every place,
While death, though like a lover wooed,
Fled from his loathed embrace.

He wander'd here, he wander'd there,
And she his angel-guide,—
The silent spectre of despair,
With mercy at his side ;
Whose love and loveliness alone
Shed comfort round his gloom,
—Pale as the monumental stone
That watches o'er a tomb.

PART II.

They cross'd the blue Atlantic flood ;
A storm their bark assail'd ;
Stern through the hurricane he stood,
All hearts, all efforts fail'd :
With horrid hope, he eyed the waves,
That flash'd like wild-fires dim ;
But ocean, midst a thousand graves,
Denied a grave to him.

On shore he sought delirious rest,
In crowds of busy men,
When suddenly the yellow pest
Came reeking from its den :
The city vanish'd at its breath ;
He caught the taint, and lay
A suppliant at the gate of death,
—Death spurn'd the wretch away.

In solitude of streams and rocks,
Mountains and forests dread,
Where nature's free and fearless flocks
At her own hand are fed,
They hid their pangs ;—but oh ! to live
In peace,—In peace to die,—
Was more than solitude could give,
Or earth's whole round supply.

The swampy wilderness their haunt,
Where fiery panthers prowl,
Serpents their fatal splendours flaunt,
And wolves and lynxes howl ;
Where alligators throng the floods,
And reptiles, venom-arm'd,
Infest the air, the fields, the woods,
They slept, they waked unharm'd.

Where the Red Indians, in their ire,
 With havoc mark the way,
 Skulk in dark ambush, waste with fire,
 Or gorge inhuman prey :
 Their blood no wild marauder shed ;
 Secure without defence,
 Alike, were his devoted head,
 And her meek innocence.

Weary of loneliness, they turn'd
 To Europe's carnage-field ;
 At glory's Moloch-shrine, he burn'd
 His hated breath to yield :
 He plunged into the hottest strife ;
 He dealt the deadliest blows ;
 To every foe exposed his life ;
 Powerless were all his foes.

The iron thunder-bolts, with wings
 Of lightning, shunn'd his course ;
 Harmless the hail of battle rings,
 The bayonet spends its force ;
 The sword to smite him flames aloof,
 Descends,—but strikes in vain ;
 His branded front was weapon-proof,
 He wore the mark of Cain.

“I cannot live,—I cannot die !”
 He mutter'd in despair ;
 “This curse of immortality,
 Oh, could I quit,—or bear !”
 —Of every frantic hope bereft,
 To meet a nobler doom,
 One refuge,—only one,—was left,—
 To storm th' unyielding tomb.

Through his own breast the passage lay,
 The steel was in his hand ;
 But fiends upstarting fenced the way,
 And every nerve unmann'd :

The heart that ached its blood to spill,
With palsying horror died ;
The arm, rebellious to his will,
Hung withering at his side.

O woman ! wonderful in love,
Whose weakness is thy power,
How did thy spirit rise above
The conflict of that hour !
—She found him prostrate ;—not a sigh
Escaped her tortured breast,
Nor fell one tear-drop from her eye,
Where torrents were suppress.

Her faithful bosom stay'd his head,
That throbb'd with fever heat ;
Her eye serene compassion shed,
Which his could never meet :
Her arms enclasp'd his shuddering frame,
While at his side she kneel'd,
And utter'd nothing but his name,
Yet all her soul reveal'd.

Touch'd to the quick, he gave no sign
By gentle word or tone :
In him affection could not shine,
'Twas fire within a stone ;
Which no collision by the way
Could startle into light,
Though the poor heart that held it, lay
Wrapt in Cimmerian night.

It was not always thus ;—erewhile
The kindness of his youth,
His brow of innocence, and smile
Of unpretending truth,—
Had left such strong delight,—that she
Would oft recall the time,
And live in golden memory,
Unconscious of his crime.

Though self-abandon'd now to fate,
 The passive prey of grief,
 Sullen, and cold, and desolate,
 He shunn'd, he spurn'd relief:
 Still onward in its even course
 Her pure affection press'd,
 And pour'd with soft and silent force
 Its sweetness through his breast.

Thus Sodom's melancholy lake
 No turn or current knows;
 Nor breeze, nor billow sounding, break
 The horror of repose;
 While Jordan, through the sulphurous brine,
 Rolls a translucent stream,
 Whose waves with answering beauty shine
 To every changing beam.

PART III.

At length the hardest trial came,
 Again they cross the seas;
 The waves their wilder fury tame,
 The storm becomes a breeze:
 Homeward their easy course they hold,
 And now in radiant view,
 The purple forelands, tinged with gold,
 Larger and lovelier grew.

The vessel on the tranquil tide
 Then seem'd to lie at rest,
 While Albion, in maternal pride,
 Advanced with open breast
 To bid them welcome on the main:
 —Both shrunk from her embrace;
 Cold grew the pulse through every vein;
 He turn'd away his face.

Silent, apart, on deck he stands
In ecstasy of wo:
A brother's blood is on his hands,
He sees, he hears it flow:
Wilder than ocean tempest-wrought,
Though deadly calm his look;
His partner read his inmost thought,
And strength her limbs forsook.

Then first, then last, a pang she proved
Too exquisite to bear:
She fell,—he caught her,—strangely moved,
Roused from intense despair;
Alive to feelings long unknown,
He wept upon her cheek,
And call'd her in as kind a tone
As love's own lips could speak.

Her spirit heard that voice, and felt
Arrested on its flight;
Back to the mansion where it dwelt,
Back from the gates of light,
That open'd paradise in trance,
It hasten'd from afar,
Quick as the startled seaman's glance
Turns from the polar star.

She breathed again, look'd up, and lo!
Those eyes that knew not tears,
With streams of tenderness o'erflow;
That heart, through hopeless years,
The den of fiends in darkness chain'd,
That would not, dared not rest,
Affection fervent, pure, unfeign'd,
In speechless sighs express'd.

Content to live, since now she knew
What love believed before;
Content to live, since he was true,
And love could ask no more,—

This vow to righteous heaven she made,
—“ Whatever ills befall,
Patient, unshrinking, undismay'd,
I'll freely suffer all.”

They land,—they take the wonted road,
By twice ten years estranged ;
The trees, the fields, their old abode,
Objects and men had changed :
Familiar faces, forms endear'd,
Each well-remember'd name,
From earth itself had disappear'd,
Or seem'd no more the same.

The old were dead, the young were old ;
Children to men had sprung ;
And every eye to them was cold,
And silent every tongue ;
Friendless, companionless, they roam
Amidst their native scene ;
In drearier banishment at home,
Than savage climes had been.

PART IV.

Yet worse she fear'd ;—nor long they lay
In safety or suspense ;
Unslumbering justice seized her prey,
And dragg'd the culprit thence :
Amid the dungeon's darken'd walls,
Down on the cold damp floor,
A wreck of misery he falls,
Close to the bolted door.

And she is gone,—while he remains,
Bewilder'd in the gloom,
To brood in solitude and chains
Upon a felon's doom :

Yes, she is gone,—and he forlorn
Must groan the night away,
And long to see her face at morn,
More welcome than the day.

The morning comes,—she re-appears
With grief-dissembling wiles ;
A sad serenity of tears,
An agony of smiles,
Her looks assume ; his spectral woes
Are vanish'd at the sight ;
And all within him seem'd repose,
And all around him light.

Never since that mysterious hour,
When kindred blood was spilt,—
Never had aught in nature power
To soothe corroding guilt,
Till the glad moment when she cross'd
The threshold of that place,
And the wild rapture, when he lost
Himself in her embrace.

Even then, while on her neck he hung,
Ere yet a word they spoke,
As by a fiery serpent stung,
Away at once he broke :
Frenzy, remorse, confusion, burst
In tempest o'er his brain ;
He felt accused, condemn'd, accurst,
He was himself again.

Days, weeks, and months had mark'd the flight
Of time's unwearied wing,
Ere winter's long, lugubrious night
Relented into spring :
To him who pined for death's release,
An age the space between !
To her who could not hope for peace,
How fugitive the scene !

In vain she chid forewarning fears,
In vain repress'd her wo,
Alone, unseen, her sighs and tears
Would freely heave and flow :
Yet ever in his sight, by day,
Her looks were calm and kind,
And when at evening torn away,
She left her soul behind.

Hark !—hark !—the judge is at the gate,
The trumpets' thrilling tones
Ring through the cells, the voice of fate !
Re-echo'd thence in groans :
The sound hath reach'd her ear,—she stands
In marble-chillness dumb ;
He too hath heard, and smites his hands :
“I come,” he cried, “I come.”

Before the dread tribunal now,
Firm in collected pride,
Without a scowl upon his brow,
Without a pang to hide,
He stood ;—superior in that hour
To recreant fear and shame ;
Peril itself inspired the power
To meet the worst that came.

'Twas like the tempest when he sought
Fate in the swallowing flood ;
'Twas like the battle, when he fought
For death through seas of blood :
—A violence which soon must break
The heart that would not bend,
—A heart that almost ceased to ache
In hope of such an end.

On him, while every eye was fix'd,
And every lip express'd,
Without a voice, the rage unmix'd,
That boil'd in every breast ;

It seem'd, as though that deed abhorr'd,
In years far distant done,
Had cut asunder ever cord
Of fellowship but one,—
That *one* indissolubly bound
A feeble woman's heart :
—Faithful in every trial found,
Long had she borne her part ;
Now at his helpless side alone,
Girt with infuriate crowds,
Like the new moon her meekness shone,
Pale through a gulf of clouds.
Ah ! well might every bosom yearn,
Responsive to her sigh ;
And every visage, dark and stern,
Soften beneath that eye :
Ah ! well might every lip of gall
Th' unutter'd curse suspend ;
Its tones for her in blessings fall,
Its breath in prayer ascend.
“ Guilty ! ”—that thunder-striking sound,
All shudder'd when they heard ;
A burst of horrid joy around
Hail'd the tremendous word ;
Check'd in a moment,—*she* was there !
The instinctive groan was hush'd ;
Nature, that forced it, cried, “ Forbear ; ”
Indignant justice blush'd.

PART V.

One wo is past, another speeds
To brand and seal his doom ;
The third day's failing beam recedes,
She watch'd it into gloom :
That night, how swift in its career,
It flew from sun to sun !

That night, the last of many a dear,
And many a dolorous one!—

That night, by special grace she wakes
In the lone convict's cell,
With him for whom the morrow breaks,
To light to heaven or hell :
Dread sounds of preparation rend
The dungeon's ponderous roof ;
The hammer's doubling strokes descend,
The scaffold creaks aloof.

She watch'd his features through the shade,
Which glimmering embers broke ;
Both from their inmost spirit pray'd ;
They pray'd, but seldom spoke :
Moments meanwhile were years to him ;
Her grief forgot their flight,
Till on the hearth the fire grew dim ;
She turn'd, and lo ! the light ;—

The light less welcome to her eyes,
The loveliest light of morn,
Than the dark glare of felon's eyes
Through grated cells forlorn :
The cool fresh breeze from heaven that blew,
The free lark's mounting strains,
She felt in drops of icy dew,
She heard, like groans and chains.

“Farewell!”—’twas but a word, yet more
Was utter'd in that sound,
Than love had ever told before,
Or sorrow yet had found :
They kiss like meeting flames,—they part,
Like flames asunder driven ;
Lip cleaves to lip, heart beats on heart,
Till soul from soul is riven.

Quick hurried thence,—the sullen bell
Its pausing peal began ;

She hearkens,—'tis the dying knell,
Rung for the living man :
The mourner reach'd her lonely bower,
Fell on her widow'd bed,
And found, through one entrancing hour,
The quiet of the dead.

She woke,—and knew he was no more :
“Thy dream of life is past ;
That pang with thee, that pang is o'er,
The bitterest and the last !”
She cried :—then scenes of sad amaze
Flash'd on her inward eye ;
A field, a troop, a crowd to gaze,
A murderer led to die !

He eyed the ignominious tree,
Look'd round, but saw no friend ;
Was plunged into eternity ;
—Is this—is this the end ?
Her spirit follow'd him afar
Into the world unknown,
And saw him standing at that bar,
Where each must stand alone.

Silence and darkness hide the rest
—Long she survived to mourn ;
But peace sprang up within her breast,
From trouble meekly borne :
And higher, holier joys had she,
A Christian's hopes above,
The prize of suffering constancy,
The crown of faithful love.

A SNAKE IN THE GRASS.

A TALE FOR CHILDREN: FOUNDED ON FACTS.

SHE had a secret of her own,
That little girl of whom we speak,
O'er which she oft would muse alone,
Till the blush came across her cheek,
A rosy cloud, that glow'd awhile,
Then melted in a sunny smile.

There was so much to charm the eye,
So much to move delightful thought,
Awake at night she loved to lie,
Darkness to her that image brought ;
She murmur'd of it in her dreams,
Like the low sounds of gurgling streams.

What secret thus the soul possess'd
Of one so young and innocent ?
Oh ! nothing but a robin's nest,
O'er which in ecstasy she bent ;
That treasure she herself had found,
With five brown eggs, upon the ground.

When first it flash'd upon her sight,
Bolt flew the dam above her head ;
She stoop'd, and almost shriek'd with fright ;
But spying soon that little bed
With feathers, moss, and horse-hairs twined,
Rapture and wonder fill'd her mind.

Breathless and beautiful she stood,
Her ringlets o'er her bosom fell ;
With hands uplift, in attitude,
As though a pulse might break the spell,
While through the shade her pale, fine face
Shone like a star amidst the place.

She stood so silent, stay'd so long,
The parent-birds forgot their fear ;
Cock-robin trill'd his small, sweet song,
In notes like dew-drops trembling, clear ;
From spray to spray the shyer hen
Dropt softly on her nest again.

There Lucy mark'd her slender bill
On this side, and on that her tail,
Peer'd o'er the edge,—while, fix'd and still,
Two bright black eyes her own assail,
Which, in eye-language, seem to say.
“Peep, pretty maiden ! then, away !”

Away, away, at length she crept,
So pleased, she knew not how she trode,
Yet light on tottering tiptoe stept,
As if birds' eggs strew'd all the road ;
With folded arms, and lips compress'd,
To keep her joy within her breast.

Morn, noon, and eve, from day to day,
By stealth she visited that spot :
Alike her lessons and her play
Were slightly conn'd, or half forgot ;
And when the callow young were hatch'd,
With infant fondness Lucy watch'd :—

Watch'd the kind parents dealing food
To clamorous suppliants all agape ;
Watch'd the small, naked, unform'd brood
Improve in size, and plume, and shape,
Till feathers clad the fluttering things,
And the whole group seem'd bills and wings.

Unconsciously within her breast,
Where many a brooding fancy lay,
She plann'd to bear the tiny nest,
And chirping choristers away,
In stately cage to tune their throats,
And learn untaught their mother-notes.

One morn, when fairly fledged for flight,
Blithe Lucy, on her visit, found
What seem'd a necklace, glittering bright,
Twined round the nest, twined round and round,
With emeralds, pearls, and sapphires set,
Rich as my lady's coronet.

She stretch'd her hand to seize the prize,
When up a serpent popt its head,
But glid like wild-fire from her eyes,
Hissing and rustling as it fled ;
She utter'd one short shrilling scream,
Then stood, as startled from a dream.

Her brother Tom, who long had known
That something drew her feet that way,
Curious to catch her there alone,
Had follow'd her that fine May-day ;
—Lucy, bewilder'd by her trance,
Came to herself at his first glance.

Then in her eyes sprang welcome tears ;
They fell as showers in April fall ;
He kiss'd her, coax'd her, soothed her fears,
Till she in frankness told him all :
—Tom was a bold, adventurous boy,
And heard the dreadful tale with joy.

For he had learnt,—in some far land,—
How children catch the sleeping snake ;
Eager himself to try his hand,
He cut a hazel from the brake,
And like a hero set to work,
To make a lithe, long-handled fork.

Brother and sister then withdrew,
Leaving the nestlings safely there ;
Between their heads the mother flew,
Prompt to resume her nursery care :
But Tom, whose breast for glory burn'd,
In less than half an hour return'd.

With him came Ned, as cool and sly
As Tom was resolute and stout ;
So, fair and softly, they drew nigh,
Cowering and keeping sharp look-out,
Till they had reach'd the copse,—to see,
But not alarm the enemy.

Guess, with what transport they descried,
How, as before, the serpent lay
Coil'd round the nest, in slumbering pride ;—
The urchins chuckled o'er their prey,
And Tom's right hand was lifted soon,
Like Greenland whaler's with harpoon.

Across its neck the fork he brought,
And pinn'd it fast upon the ground ;
The reptile woke, and quick as thought
Curl'd round the stick, curl'd round and round ;
While, head and tail, Ned's nimble hands
Tied at each end, with pack-thread bands.

Scarce was the enemy secured,
When Lucy timidly drew near,
But by their shouting well assured,
Eyed the green captive void of fear ;
The lads, stark wild with victory, flung
Their caps aloft,—they danced, they sung.

But Lucy, with an anxious look,
Turn'd to her own dear nest, when lo !
To legs and wings the young ones took,
Hopping and tumbling to and fro ;
The parents chattering from above
With all the earnestness of love.

Alighting now among their train,
They peck'd them on new feats to try ;
But many a lesson seem'd in vain,
Before the giddy things would fly ;
Lucy both laugh'd and cried, to see
How ill they play'd at liberty.

I need not tell the snake's sad doom,
 You may be sure he lived not long ;
 Cork'd in a bottle for a tomb,
 Preserved in spirits and in song,
 His skin in Tom's museum shines,
 You read his story in these lines.

1831.

THE CAST-AWAY SHIP.

The subjects of the following poems were suggested by the loss of the *Blenheim*, commanded by Sir Thomas Trowbridge, which was separated from the vessels under its convoy, during a storm in the Indian Ocean.—The Admiral's son afterwards made a voyage, without success, in search of his father.—Trowbridge was one of Nelson's captains at the Battle of the Nile, but his ship unfortunately ran a-ground as he was bearing down on the enemy.

A VESSEL sail'd from Albion's shore,
 To utmost India bound,
 Its crest a hero's pendant bore,
 With broad sea-laurels crown'd
 In many a fierce and noble fight,
 Though foil'd on that Egyptian night
 When Gallia's host was drown'd,
 And NELSON o'er his country's foes,
 Like the destroying angel rose.

A gay and gallant company,
 With shouts that rend the air,
 For warrior-wreaths upon the sea,
 Their joyful brows prepare :
 But many a maiden's sigh was sent,
 And many a mother's blessing went,
 And many a father's prayer,
 With that exulting ship to sea,
 With that undaunted company.

The deep, that like a cradled child
 In breathing slumber lay,

More warmly blush'd, more sweetly smiled,
As rose the kindling day :
Through ocean's mirror, dark and clear,
Reflected clouds and skies appear
In morning's rich array ;
The land is lost, the waters glow,
'Tis heaven above, around, below.

Majestic o'er the sparkling tide,
See the tall vessel sail,
With swelling winds in shadowy pride,
A swan before the gale :
Deep-laden merchants rode behind ;
—But, fearful of the fickle wind,
Eritannia's cheek grew pale,
When, lessening through the flood of light,
Their leader vanish'd from her sight.

Oft had she hail'd its trophied prow,
Victorious from the war,
And banner'd masts that would not bow,
Though riven with many a scar ;
Oft had her oaks their tribute brought,
To rib its flanks, with thunder fraught ;
But late her evil star
Had cursed it on its homeward way,
—“The spoiler shall become the prey.”

Thus warn'd, Britannia's anxious heart
Throbb'd with prophetic wo,
When she beheld that ship depart,
A fair ill-omen'd show !
So views the mother, through her tears,
The daughter of her hopes and fears,
When hectic beauties glow
On the frail cheek, where sweetly bloom
The roses of an early tomb.

No fears the brave adventurers knew,
Peril and death they spurn'd ;

Like full-fledged eagles forth they flew ;
 Jove's birds, that proudly burn'd
 In battle-hurricanes to wield
 His lightnings on the billowy field ;
 And many a look they turn'd
 O'er the blue waste of waves to spy
 A Gallic ensign in the sky.

But not to crush the vaunting foe,
 In combat on the main,
 Nor perish by a glorious blow,
 In mortal triumph slain,
 Was their unutterable fate ;
 —That story would the Muse relate,
 The song might rise in vain ;
 In ocean's deepest, darkest bed,
 The secret slumbers with the dead.

On India's long-expecting strand
 Their sails were never furl'd ;
 Never on known or friendly land,
 By storms their keel was hurl'd ;
 Their native soil no more they trod,
 They rest beneath no hallow'd sod ;
 Throughout the living world,
 This sole memorial of their lot
 Remains,—they *were*, and they are *not*.

The spirit of the Cape* pursued
 Their long and toilsome way ;
 At length, in ocean-solitude,
 He sprang upon his prey ;
 “Havoc !” the shipwreck-demon cried,
 Loosed all his tempests on the tide,
 Gave all his lightnings play ;

* The Cape of Good Hope, formerly called the Cape of Storms.—See *Camoen's Lusiad*, book v.

The abyss recoil'd before the blast,
Firm stood the seamen till the last.

Like shooting stars, athwart the gloom
The merchant-sails were sped ;
Yet oft, before its midnight doom,
They mark'd the high mast-head
Of that devoted vessel, tost
By winds and floods, now seen, now lost ;
While every gun-fire spread
A dimmer flash, a fainter roar ;
—At length they saw, they heard no more.

There are to whom that ship was dear,
For love and kindred's sake ;
When these the voice of Rumour hear,
Their inmost heart shall quake,
Shall doubt, and fear, and wish, and grieve,
Believe, and long to unbelieve,
But never cease to ache ;
Still doom'd, in sad suspense, to bear
The Hope that keeps alive Despair.

THE SEQUEL.

HE sought his sire from shore to shore,
He sought him day by day ;
The prow he track'd was seen no more,
Breasting the ocean-spray :
Yet, as the winds his voyage sped,
He sail'd above his father's head,
Unconscious where it lay,
Deep, deep beneath the rolling main ;
—He sought his sire ; he sought in vain.

Son of the brave ! no longer weep ;
Still with affection true,
Along the wild disastrous deep,
Thy father's course pursue :
Full in his wake of glory steer,
His spirit prompts thy bold career,
His compass guides thee through ;
So, while thy thunders awe the sea,
Britain shall find thy sire in thee.

1810.

TRIBUTARY POEMS.

TO THE MEMORY OF

THE LATE RICHARD REYNOLDS,

Who died on the 10th of September, 1816.

THE author has nothing to say in favour of the following verses, except that they are the sincere tribute of his affections, as well as his mind, to the Christian virtues of the deceased.

Richard Reynolds was one of the Society of Friends, but, as far as human judgment can extend, he was one of those who also *are* Christians, not in word only but in deed. To *his* memory the inhabitants of Bristol have already instituted—and may their posterity perpetuate it!—the noblest monument, perhaps, that man ever raised in honour of his fellow-man. This will be sufficiently explained by the following advertisement:—

“At a general meeting of the inhabitants of Bristol, held in the Guildhall of that city, on Wednesday, the 2d October, 1818, the right worshipful the Mayor in the chair:—It was unanimously resolved, That, in consequence of the severe loss which society has sustained by the death of the venerable Richard Reynolds, and in order to perpetuate, as far as may be, the great and important benefits he has conferred upon the city of Bristol and its vicinity, and to excite others to imitate the example of the departed philanthropist, an Association be formed under the designation of ‘Reynolds’s Commemoration Society.’ That the members of the Society do consist of life subscribers of ten guineas or upwards, and annual subscribers of one guinea or upwards; and that the object of this Society be to grant relief to persons in necessitous circumstances, and also occasional assistance to other benevolent institutions in or near the city, to enable them to continue or increase their usefulness, and that especial regard be had to the Samaritan Society, of which Richard Reynolds was the founder. That the cases to be assisted and relieved be entirely in the discretion of the committee; but it is recommended to them not to grant any relief or assistance without a careful investigation of the circumstances of each case; and that, in imitation of the example of the individual whom the Society is designed to commemorate, it be considered as a sacred duty of the committee, to the latest period of its existence, to be wholly uninfluenced in the distribution of its funds by any considerations of sect or party.”

The third piece in the ensuing series, entitled “A Good Man’s Monument,” was intended for a figurative representation of this sublime and universal charity. The resemblance ought to have been sufficiently obvious, without being pointed out here.

I.—THE DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

THIS place is holy ground ;
 World, with thy cares, away !
 Silence and darkness reign around,
 But, lo ! the break of day :
 What bright and sudden dawn appears,
 To shine upon this scene of tears ?

'Tis not the morning light,
 That wakes the lark to sing ;
 'Tis not a meteor of the night,
 Nor track of angel's wing :
 It is an uncreated beam,
 Like that which shone on Jacob's dream.

Eternity and Time
 Met for a moment here ;
 From earth to heaven, a scale sublime
 Rested on either sphere,
 Whose steps a saintly figure trod,
 By Death's cold hand led home to God.

He landed in our view,
 Midst flaming hosts above ;
 Whose ranks stood silent, while he drew
 Nigh to the throne of love,
 And meekly took the lowest seat,
 Yet nearest his Redeemer's feet.

Thrill'd with ecstatic awe,
 Entranced our spirits fell,
 And saw—yet wist not what they saw
 And heard—no tongue can tell
 What sounds the ear of rapture caught,
 What glory fill'd the eye of thought.

Thus far above the pole,
 On wings of mounting fire,
 Faith may pursue th' enfranchised soul,
 But soon her pinions tire ;

It is not given to mortal man
Eternal mysteries to scan.

—Behold the bed of death ;
This pale and lovely clay ;
Heard ye the sob of parting breath ?
Mark'd ye the eye's last ray ?
No ;—life so sweetly ceased to be,
It lapsed in immortality.

Could tears revive the dead,
Rivers should swell our eyes ;
Could sighs recall the spirit fled,
We would not quench our sighs,
Till love relumed this alter'd mien,
And all th' imbodied soul were seen.

Bury the dead ;—and weep
In stillness o'er the loss ;
Bury the dead ;—in Christ *they* sleep,
Who bore on earth his cross,
And from the grave their dust shall rise,
In his own image to the skies.



II.—THE MEMORY OF THE JUST.

STRIKE a louder, loftier lyre ;
Bolder, sweeter strains employ ;
Wake, Remembrance !—and inspire
Sorrow with the song of joy.

Who was He, for whom our tears
Flow'd, and will not cease to flow ?
—Full of honours and of years,
In the dust his head lies low.

Yet resurgent from the dust,
Springs aloft his mighty name ;
For the memory of the Just
Lives in everlasting fame.

He was One, whose open face
Did his inmost heart reveal;
One, who wore with meekest grace,
On his forehead, Heaven's broad seal.

Kindness all his looks express'd,
Charity was every word;
Him the eye beheld, and bless'd,
And the ear rejoiced that heard.

Like a patriarchal sage,
Holy, humble, courteous, mild,
He could blend the awe of age
With the sweetness of a child.

As a cedar of the LORD,
On the height of Lebanon,
Shade and shelter doth afford,
From the tempest and the sun :—

While in green luxuriant prime,
Fragrant airs its boughs diffuse,
From its locks it shakes sublime,
O'er the hills, the morning dews :—

Thus he flourish'd, tall and strong,
Glorious in perennial health ;
Thus he scatter'd, late and long,
All his plenitude of wealth !—

Wealth, which prodigals had deem'd
Worth the soul's uncounted cost ;
Wealth, which misers had esteem'd
Cheap, though heaven itself were lost.

This, with free unsparing hand
To the poorest child of need,
This he threw around the land,
Like the sower's precious seed.

In the world's great harvest day,
Every grain on every ground,

Stony, thorny, by the way,
Shall an hundred fold be found.

Yet, like noon's refulgent blaze,
Though he shone from east to west,
Far withdrawn from public gaze,
Secret goodness pleased him best.

As the sun, retired from sight,
Through the purple evening gleams,
Or, unrisen, clothes the night,
In the morning's golden beams :

Thus beneath th' horizon dim,
He would hide his radiant head,
And on eyes that saw not him,
Light and consolation shed.

Oft his silent spirit went,
Like an angel from the throne,
On benign commissions bent,
In the fear of God alone.

Then the widow's heart would sing,
As she turn'd her wheel, for joy ;
Then the bliss of hope would spring
On the outcast orphan boy.

To the blind, the deaf, the lame,
To the ignorant and vile,
Stranger, captive, slave, he came
With a welcome and a smile.

Help to all he did dispense,
Gold, instruction, raiment, food,
Like the gifts of Providence,
To the evil and the good.

Deeds of mercy, deeds unknown,
Shall eternity record,
Which he durst not call his own,
For he did them to the LORD.

As the Earth puts forth her flowers,
 Heaven-ward breathing from below ;
 As the clouds descend in showers,
 When the southern breezes blow ;

Thus his renovated mind,
 Warm with pure celestial love,
 Sheds its influence on mankind,
 While its hopes aspired above.

Full of faith at length he died,
 And, victorious in the race,
 Won the crown for which he vied
 —Not of merit, but of grace.



III.—A GOOD MAN'S MONUMENT.

THE pyre, that burns the aged Bramin's bones,
 Runs cold in blood, and issues living groans,
 When the whole Harem with the husband dies,
 And demons dance around the sacrifice.

In savage realms, when tyrants yield their breath,
 Herds, flocks, and slaves, attend their lord in death :
 Arms, chariots, carcasses, a horrid heap,
 Rust at his side, or share his mouldering sleep.

When heroes fall triumphant on the plain :
 For millions conquer'd, and ten thousands slain :
 For cities levell'd, kingdoms drench'd in blood,
 Navies annihilated on the flood ;
 —The pageantry of public grief requires
 The splendid homage of heroic lyres ;
 And genius moulds impassion'd brass to breathe
 The dauntless spirit of the dust beneath.
 Calls marble honour from its cavern'd bed,
 And bids it live—the proxy of the dead.

Reynolds expires, a nobler chief than these :
 No blood of widows stains his obsequies ;

But widows' tears, in sad bereavement, fall,
And foundling voices on their father call :
No slaves, no hecatombs, his relics crave,
To gorge the worm, and crowd his quiet grave ;
But sweet repose his slumbering ashes find,
As if in Salem's sepulchre enshrined ;
And watching angels waited for the day,
When Christ should bid them roll the stone away.

Not in the fiery hurricane of strife,
'Midst slaughter'd legions, he resign'd his life ;
But peaceful as the twilight's parting ray,
His spirit vanish'd from its house of clay,
And left on kindred souls such power imprest,
They seem'd with him to enter into rest.
Hence no vain pomp, his glory to prolong,
No airy immortality of song ;
No sculptured imagery, of bronze or stone,
To make his lineaments for ever known,
Reynolds requires :—his labours, merits, name,
Demand a monument of surer fame ;
Not to record and praise his virtues *past*,
But show them *living*, while the world shall last ;
Not to bewail one Reynolds, snatch'd from earth,
But give, in every age, a Reynolds birth ;
In every age a Reynolds ; born to stand
A prince among the worthies of the land,
By Nature's title, written in his face :
More than a prince—a sinner saved by grace,
Prompt at his meek and lowly Master's call
To prove himself the minister of all.

Bristol ! to thee the eye of Albion turns ;
At thought of thee thy country's spirit burns ;
For in thy walls, as on her dearest ground,
Are "British minds and British manners" found :
And 'midst the wealth, which Avon's waters pour
From every clime, on thy commercial shore,
Thou hast a native mine of worth untold :
Thine heart is *not* encased in rigid gold,

Wither'd to mummy, steel'd against distress ;
 No—free as Severn's waves, that spring to bless
 Their parent hills, but as they roll expand
 In argent beauty through a lovelier land,
 And widening, brightening to the western sun,
 In floods of glory through thy channel run ;
 Thence, mingling with the boundless tide, are hurl'd
 In Ocean's chariot round the utmost world :
 Thus flow thine heart-streams, warm and unconfined,
 At home, abroad, to wo of every kind.
 Worthy wert thou of Reynolds ;—worthy he
 To rank the first of Britons even in thee.
 Reynolds is dead ;—thy lap receives his dust
 Until the resurrection of the just :
 Reynolds is dead ; but while thy rivers roll,
 Immortal in thy bosom live his soul !

Go, build his monument :—and let it be
 Firm as the land, but open as the sea.
 Low in *his* grave the strong foundations lie,
 Yet be the dome expansive as the sky,
 On crystal pillars resting from above,
 Its sole supporters—*works of faith and love* ;
 So clear, so pure, that to the keenest sight,
 They cast no shadow : all within be light ;
 No walls divide the area, nor enclose ;
 Charter the whole to every wind that blows ;
 Then rage the tempest, flash the lightnings blue,
 And thunders roll,—they pass unharmed through.

One simple altar in the midst be placed,
 With this, and only this, inscription graced,
 The song of angels at Immanuel's birth,
 "Glory to God ! good will and peace on earth."
 There be thy duteous sons a tribe of priests,
 Not offering incense, nor the blood of beasts,
 But with their gifts upon that altar spread ;
 —Health to the sick, and to the hungry bread,
 Beneficence to all, their hands shall deal,
 With Reynolds' single eye and hallow'd zeal

Pain, want, misfortune, thither shall repair ;
 Folly and vice reclaim'd shall worship there
 The God of *him*—in whose transcendent mind
 Stood *such* a temple, free to all mankind :
Thy God, thrice-honour'd city ! bids thee raise
 That fallen temple, to the end of days :
 Obey his voice ; fulfil thine high intent ;
 —Yea, be thyself the *Good Man's Monument* !

1818.

 TO THE MEMORY OF

ROWLAND HODGSON, ESQ.,

OF SHEFFIELD ;

Who departed this life January 27, 1837, aged 63 years. Through a long period of severe bodily affliction, aggravated in the sequel by loss of sight, he signally exemplified the Christian graces of *faith*, *hope*, and *charity*, with humble resignation to the will of God. He had been from his youth one of the most active, liberal, and unwearied supporters of benevolent and evangelical institutions throughout this neighbourhood and elsewhere, in foreign lands as well as at home. The writer of these lines had the happiness to be his travelling companion on annual visits and temporary sojourns, which they made together in many parts of the kingdom, from the autumn of 1817 to the same season of 1836.

PART I.

Go where thy heart had gone before,
 And thy heart's treasure lay ;
 Go, and with open'd eye explore
 Heaven's uncreated day :
 Light in the LORD, light's fountain, see,
 And light in Him for ever be.

But darkness thou has left behind ;
 No sign, no sight, nor sound,
 At home, abroad, of thee I find,
 Where thou wert ever found ;
 Then gaze I on thy vacant place,
 Till my soul's eye meets thy soul's face :—

As, many a time, quite through the veil
Of flesh 'twas wont to shine,
When thy meek aspect, saintly pale,
In kindness turn'd to mine,
And the quench'd eye its film forgot,
Look'd full on me,—yet saw me not!

Then, through the body's dim eclipse,
What humble accents broke,
While, breathing prayer or praise, thy lips
Of light within thee spoke;
Midst Egypt's darkness to be felt,
Thy mind in its own Goshen dwelt.

Nor less in days of earlier health,
When life to thee was dear,
Borne on the flowing tide of wealth,
To me this truth was clear,
That hope in Christ was thy best health,
Riches that make not wings thy wealth.

When frequent sickness bow'd thy head,
And every labouring breath,
As with a heavier impulse, sped
Thy downward course to death,
Faith falter'd not that hope to show,
Though words, like life's last drops, fell slow.

How often when I turn'd away,
As having seen the last
Of thee on earth, my heart would say,
—“When my few days are past,
Such strength be mine, though nature shrink,
The cup my Father gives, to drink!”

I saw thee slumbering in thy shroud,
As yonder moon I view,
Now glimmering through a snow-white cloud,
Midst heaven's eternal blue;
—I saw thee lower'd into the tomb,
Like that cloud deepening into gloom.

All darkness thou hast left behind ;
 —It was not thee they wound
 In dreary grave-clothes, and consign'd
 To perish in the ground ;
 'Twas but thy mantle, dropt in sight,
 When thou wert vanishing in light.

That mantle, in earth's wardrobe lain,
 A frail but precious trust,
 Thou wilt reclaim and wear again,
 When, freed from worms and dust,
 The bodies of the saints shall be
 Their robes of immortality.

PART II.

These fragments of departed years,
 I gather up and store,
 Since thou,—in mercy to our tears
 And prayers,—art heal'd no more.
 In that last war was no discharge ;
 —Yet walks thy ransom'd soul at large.

For what, my friend, was death to thee ?
 A king ? a conqueror ?—No ;
 Death, swallow'd up in victory,
 Himself a captive foe,
 Was sent in chains to thy release,
 By Him who on the cross made peace.

When year by year, on pilgrimage,
 We journey'd side by side,
 And pitch'd and struck, from stage to stage,
 Our tents, had we one guide ?
 One aim ?—are *all* our meetings past ?
 Must our last parting *be* our last ?

Nay, God forbid !—if hand and heart,
 On earth we loved to roam,
 —Where *once* to meet is *ne'er* to part,
 In heaven's eternal home,

Our Father's house, not made with hands,
May we renew our friendship's bands!

Thus, as I knew thee well and long,
Thy private worth be told:
What thou wert more, affection's song
Presumes not to unfold:
Thy works of faith and zeal of love,
Are they not register'd above?

Are they not register'd below?
—If few their praise record,
Yet, in the judgment, all shall know,
Thou didst them to thy LORD;
For 'twas thy soul's delight to cheer
The least of all his brethren here.

Though less than even the least of these,
Thou didst thyself esteem,
Thou wert a flower-awakening breeze,
A meadow-watering stream:
The breeze unseen its odours shed,
The stream unheard its bounty spread.

What art thou now?—Methinks for thee
Heaven brightens round its king;
New beams of the Divinity,
New-landing spirits bring,
As God on each his image seals,
And ray by ray himself reveals.

While ray by ray those thronging lines
To one great centre tend,
Fulness of grace and glory shines
In CHRIST, their source and end,
To show, where all perfections meet,
The orb of Deity complete.

PART III.

So rest in peace, thou blessed soul !
 Where sin and sorrow I end ;
 So may *I* follow to the goal,
 —Not *thee*, not *thee*, my friend !
 But *Him*, whom thou, through joy and wo,
 Thyself didst follow on to know.

Faint yet pursuing, I am strong,
 Whene'er *his* steps I trace ;
 Else, slow of heart, and prone to wrong,
 I yet may lose the race,
 If on *thy* course I fix mine eye,
 And *Him* in *thee* not glorify.

The wild, the mountain-top, the sea,
 The throng'd highway he trode,
 The path to quiet Bethany,
 And Calvary's dolorous road :
 Where He then leads me must be right ;
 —I walk by faith, and not by sight.

 “OCCUPY TILL I COME.”

ON THE DEATH OF

THE LATE JOSEPH BUTTERWORTH, ESQ.

AN EXEMPLARY CHRISTIAN, PATRIOT, AND PHILANTHROPIST.

“HE was a burning and a shining light :”
 —And is he now eclipsed in hopeless night ?
 No ; faith beholds him near the sapphire throne ;
 Shining more bright than e'er on earth he shone ;
 While, where created splendour all looks dim,
 Heaven's host are glorifying GOD in him.

If faith's enraptured vision now be true,
 And things invisible stand forth to view,
 Though eye to eye th' imbodied soul can see,
 Self-lost amidst unclouded Deity,
 He chooses, rather than a seraph's seat,
 The lowest place at his Redeemer's feet ;
 And, with th' eternal weight of glory prest,
 Turns even in paradise to Christ for rest.

Come we who once beheld his noontide blaze,
 And hid before him our diminish'd rays ;
 Since his translation to a higher sphere,
 We may, we must by our own light appear ;
 When sun and moon their greater beams resign,
 The stars come out ; they cannot choose but shine ;
 With force like his all eyes we cannot strike,
 We may not equal him, but may be like :
 Nor let the meanest think his lamp too dim,
 In a dark world the LORD hath need of *him* ;
 By feeble instruments in providence,
 God is well pleased his bounties to dispense ;
 In his economy of grace the same ;
 —The weakest are almighty in his name.

What though the great, the good, the glorious fall,
 HE reigns whose kingdom ruleth over all.
 —Talk not of talents ;—what hast thou to do ?
 Thy duty, be thy portion *five* or *two* ;
 Talk not of talents ;—is thy duty done ?
 Thou hadst sufficient, were they *ten* or *one*.
 LORD, what *my* talents are I cannot tell,
 Till thou shalt give me grace to use them well :
 That grace impart, the bliss will then be mine,
 But all the power and all the glory thine.

IN MEMORY OF
THE REV. JAMES HARVEY,

OF WESTON FAVELL, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE,

Who died on Christmas-day, 1758, aged forty-three years.

COMPOSED ON AN OCCASIONAL CELEBRATION OF HIS VIRTUES AND TALENTS,
AT THAT VILLAGE, IN 1823.

WHERE is the house for all the living found ?
—Go ask the deaf, the dumb, the dead ;
All answer, without voice or sound,
Each resting in his bed ;
Look down and see,
Beneath thy feet,
A place for thee ;
—There all the living meet.

Whence come the beauteous progeny of spring !
—They hear a still, small voice, “ Awake ! ”
And while the lark is on the wing,
From dust and darkness break ;
Flowers of all hues
Laugh in the gale,
Sparkle with dews,
And dance o’er hill and dale.

Who leads through trackless space the stars of night ?
—The Power that made them guides them still ;
They know Him not, yet, day and night,
They do his perfect will :
Unchanged by age,
They hold on high
Their pilgrimage
Of glory round the sky.

Stars, flowers, and tombs were themes for solemn thought
With him whose memory we recall ;
Yet more than eye can see he sought :
His spirit look'd through all,
Keenly discern'd
The truths they teach,
Their lessons learn'd,
And gave their silence speech.

Go, meditate with him among the tombs,
And there the end of all things view ;
Visit with him spring's earliest blooms,
See all things there made new ;
Thence rapt aloof
In ecstasy,
Hear, from heaven's roof,
Stars preach eternity.

We call him blessed whom the LORD hath blest
And made a blessing ;—long to shed
Light on the living, from his rest,
And hope around the dead :
Oh ! for his lot,
Who dwells in light,
Where flowers fade not,
And stars can find no night.

TO THE MEMORY OF
THE LATE JOSEPH BROWNE,

OF LOTHERSDALE,

ONE OF THE PEOPLE CALLED QUAKERS,

Who, with seven others of his religious community, had suffered a long confinement in the Castle of York, and loss of all his worldly property, for conscience sake, in the years 1795 and 1796. He was a thoughtful, humble-minded man, and occasionally solaced himself with "*Prison Amusements*" in verse, at the time when the Author of these Stanzas, in a neighbouring room, was whiling away the hours of a shorter captivity in the same manner.

"SPIRIT, leave thine house of clay ;
Lingering Dust, resign thy breath !
Spirit, cast thy chains away ;
Dust, be thou dissolved in death !"

Thus thy GUARDIAN ANGEL spoke,
As he watch'd thy dying bed ;
As the bonds of life he broke ;
And the ransom'd captive fled.

"Prisoner, long detain'd below ;
Prisoner, now with freedom blest ;
Welcome from a world of wo,
Welcome to a land of rest !"

Thus thy GUARDIAN ANGEL sang,
As he bore thy soul on high ;
While with Hallelujahs rang
All the region of the sky.

—Ye that mourn a FATHER's loss,
Ye that weep a FRIEND no more,
Call to mind the CHRISTIAN cross,
Which your FRIEND, your FATHER, bore.

Grief, and penury, and pain
Still attended on his way ;

And Oppression's scourge and chain,
More unmerciful than they.

Yet while travelling in distress
('Twas the eldest curse of sin)
Through the world's waste wilderness,
He had paradise within.

And along that vale of tears,
Which his humble footsteps trod,
Still a shining path appears,
Where the MOURNER walk'd with GOD.

Till his MASTER, from above,
When the promised hour was come,
Sent the chariot of his love
To convey the WANDERER home.

Saw ye not the wheels of fire,
And the steeds that cleft the wind ?
Saw ye not his soul aspire,
When his mantle dropp'd behind ?

Ye who caught it as it fell,
Bind that mantle round your breast ;
So in you his meekness dwell,
So on you his spirit rest !

Yet rejoicing in his lot,
Still shall Memory love to weep
O'er the venerable spot
Where his dear cold relics sleep.

Grave ! the guardian of his dust,
Grave ! the treasury of the skies,
Every atom of thy trust
Rests in hope again to rise.

Hark ! the judgment-trumpet calls—
" Soul, rebuild thine house of clay :
IMMORTALITY thy walls,
And ETERNITY thy day !"

TO THE MEMORY OF
THE REV. THOMAS SPENCER,
OF LIVERPOOL,

Who was drowned while bathing in the tide, on the 5th of August,
1811, in his 21st year.

“Thy way is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters; and thy footsteps
are not known.”—*Psalm lxxvii.* 19.

I WILL not sing a mortal's praise ;
To Thee I consecrate my lays,
 To whom my powers belong !
These gifts upon thine altar strown,
O GOD ! accept—accept thine own ;
My gifts are Thine,—be Thine alone
 The glory of my song.

In earth and ocean, sky and air,
All that is excellent and fair,
 Seen, felt, or understood,
From one eternal cause descends,
To one eternal centre tends,
With GOD begins, continues, ends,
 The source and stream of good.

I worship not the Sun at noon,
The wandering Stars, the changing Moon,
 The Wind, the Flood, the Flame ;
I will not bow the votive knee
To Wisdom, Virtue, Liberty ;
“There *is* no God but GOD” for me ;
 —Jehovah is his name.

Him through all nature I explore,
Him in his creatures I adore,

Around, beneath, above ;
 But clearest in the human mind,
 His bright resemblance when I find,
 Grandeur with purity combined,
 I most admire and love.

Oh ! there was ONE,—on earth a while
 He dwelt ;—but transient as a smile
 That turns into a tear,
 His beauteous image pass'd us by ;
 He came, like lightning from the sky,
 He seem'd as dazzling to the eye,
 As prompt to disappear.

Mild in his undissembling mien,
 Were genius, candour, meekness seen ;
 —The lips, that loved the truth ;
 The single eye, whose glance sublime
 Look'd to eternity through time ;
 The soul, whose hopes were wont to climb
 Above the joys of youth.

Of old, before the lamp grew dark,
 Reposing near the curtain'd ark,
 The child of Hannah's prayer
 Heard, through the temple's silent round,
 A living voice, nor knew the sound,
 —That thrice alarm'd him, ere he found
 The Lord, who chose him there.*

Thus early call'd, and strongly moved,
 A prophet from a child, approved,
 SPENCER his course began ;
 From strength to strength, from grace to grace,
 Swiftest and foremost in the race,
 He carried victory in his face ;
 He triumph'd as he ran.

* 1 Sam. iii.

How short his day!—the glorious prize,
To our slow hearts and failing eyes,
 Appear'd too quickly won :
—The warrior rush'd into the field,
With arm invincible to wield
The Sprit's sword, the Spirit's shield,
 When, lo ! the fight was done.

The loveliest star of evening's train
Sets early in the western main,
 And leaves the world in night ;
The brightest star of morning's host,
Scarce risen, in brighter beams is lost ;
Thus sunk his form on ocean's coast,
 Thus sprang his soul to light.

Who shall forbid the eye to-weep,
That saw him, from the ravening deep,
 Pluck'd like the lion's prey ?
For ever bow'd his honour'd head,
The spirit in a moment fled,
The heart of friendship cold and dead,
 The limbs a wreath of clay !

Revolving his mysterious lot,
I mourn him, but I praise him not ;
 Glory to God be given,
Who sent him, like the radiant bow,
His covenant of peace to show ;
Athwart the breaking storm to glow,
 Then vanish into heaven.

O Church ! to whom that youth was dear,
The Angel of thy mercies here,
 Behold the path he trod,
“ A milky way ” through midnight skies !
—Behold the grave in which he lies ;
Even from this dust thy prophet cries,
 “ *Prepare to meet thy GOD.* ”

THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

OCCASIONED BY THE SUDDEN DEATH OF

THE REV. THOMAS TAYLOR,

After having declared, in his last Sermon, on a preceding evening, that he hoped to die as an old soldier of Jesus Christ, with his sword in his hand.

“SERVANT of GOD ! well done,
 Rest from thy loved employ ;
 The battle fought, the victory won,
 Enter thy Master’s joy.”
 —The voice at midnight came ;
 He started up to hear :
 A mortal arrow pierced his frame,
 He fell,—but felt no fear.

Tranquil amidst alarms,
 It found him in the field,
 A veteran slumbering on his arms,
 Beneath his red-cross shield :
 His sword was in his hand,
 Still warm with recent fight,
 Ready that moment at command,
 Through rock and steel to smite.

It was a two-edged blade
 Of heavenly temper keen ;
 And double were the wounds it made,
 Where’er it smote between :
 ’Twas death to sin ;—’twas life
 To all that mourn’d for sin ;
 It kindled and it silenced strife,
 Made war and peace within.

Oft with its fiery force,
 His arm had quell’d the foe,
 And laid, resistless in his course,
 The alien-armies low :

Bent on such glorious toils,
 The world to him was loss ;
 Yet all his trophies, all his spoils,
 He hung upon the cross.

At midnight came the cry,
 "To meet thy God prepare !"
 He woke, and caught his Captain's eye ;
 Then strong in faith and prayer,
 His spirit, with a bound,
 Bursts its encumbering clay :
 His tent, at sunrise, on the ground,
 A darken'd ruin lay.

The pains of death are past,
 Labour and sorrow cease,
 And life's long warfare closed at last,
 His soul is found in peace.
 Soldier of Christ ! well done ;
 Praise be thy new employ ;
 And while eternal ages run,
 Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

A RECOLLECTION OF MARY F.,

A YOUNG LADY UNEXPECTEDLY REMOVED FROM A LARGE FAMILY CIRCLE.

Her life had twice been saved, once from the flames, and again from the water,
 by an affectionate father.

THIRICE born for earth and twice for heaven,
 A lovely maiden once I knew,
 To whom 'tis now in glory given
 To grow, as here in shade she grew ;
 Brief was her course, but starry bright ;
 The linnet's song, the lily's white,
 The fountain's freshness,—these shall be
 Meet emblems of that maid to me.

A weeping babe to light she came,
 And changed for smiles a mother's throes;
 In childhood from devouring flame,
 Rescued, to second life she rose;
 A father's arm had pluck'd her thence;
 That arm again was her defence,
 When buried in the strangling wave,
 He snatch'd her from an ocean grave.

Twice born for heaven as thrice for earth,
 When God's eternal Spirit moved
 On her young heart, a nobler birth
 Than nature can confer, she proved:
 —The dew-drop in the breeze of morn,
 Trembling and sparkling on the thorn,
 Falls to the ground, escapes the eye,
 Yet mounts on sunbeams to the sky.

Thus in the dew of youth she shone,
 Thus in the morn of beauty fell;
 Even while we gazed, the form was gone,
 Her life became invisible;
 Her last best birth, with her last breath,
 Came in the dark disguise of death;
 Grief fill'd her parents' home of love,
 But joy her Father's house above.

1833.

 IN MEMORY OF E. B.

FORMERLY E. R.

HERS was a soul of fire that burn'd
 Too soon for *us*, its earthly tent,
 But not too soon for *her* return'd
 To Him from whom it first was sent:
 Grave! keep the ashes, till, redeem'd from thee,
 This mortal puts on immortality.

Hers was a frame so frail, so fine,
 The soul was seen through every part,
 A light that could not choose but shine
 In eye and utterance, hand and heart ;
 That soul rests now, till God, in his great day,
 Remoulds his image from this perish'd clay.
 Body and soul, eternally,
 No more conflicting nor estranged,
 One saint made perfect then shall be,
 From glory into glory changed ;
 This was her hope in life, in death ;—may I
 Live like the righteous, like the righteous die.

1833.

IN MEMORY OF E. G.

SOFT be the turf on thy dear breast,
 And heavenly calm thy lone retreat ;
 How long'd the wearied frame for rest ;
 That rest is come, and oh how sweet !
 There's nothing terrible in death ;
 'Tis but to cast our robes away,
 And sleep at night, without a breath
 To break repose till dawn of day.
 'Tis not a night without a morn,
 Though glooms impregnable surround ;
 Nor lies the buried corse forlorn,
 A hopeless prisoner in the ground.
 The darkest clouds give lightnings birth,
 The pearl is form'd in ocean's bed ;
 The gem, unperishing in earth,
 Springs from its grave as from the dead.
 So shall the relics of the just ;
 In weakness sown, but raised in power,

The precious seed shall leave the dust,
A glorious and immortal flower.

But art thou dead?—must we deplore
Joys gone for ever from our lot?
And shall we see thy face no more,
Where all reminds us—thou art not?

No,—live while those who love thee live,
The sainted sister of our heart;
And thought to thee a form shall give
Of all thou wast, and all thou art:—

Of all thou *wast*, when from thine eyes
The latest beams of kindness shone;
Of all thou *art*, when faith descries
Thy spirit bow'd before the throne.

1821.

M. S.

TO THE MEMORY OF

“A FEMALE WHOM SICKNESS HAD RECONCILED TO THE NOTES OF
SORROW,”

Who corresponded with the Author under this signature, on the first publication of his Poems, in 1806, but died soon after; when her real name and merits were disclosed to him by one of her surviving friends.

My Song of Sorrow reach'd her ear;
She raised her languid head to hear,
And, smiling in the arms of Death,
Consoled me with her latest breath.

What is the Poet's highest aim,
His richest heritage of fame?
—To track the warrior's fiery road,
With havoc, spoil, destruction strew'd,
While nations bleed along the plains,
Dragg'd at his chariot-wheels in chains?

—With fawning hand to woo the lyre,
 Profanely steal celestial fire,
 And bid an idol's altar blaze
 With incense of unhallow'd praise ?

—With syren strains, Circean art,
 To win the ear, beguile the heart,
 Wake the wild passions into rage,
 And please and prostitute the age ?

NO !—to the generous bard belong
 Diviner themes and purer song :

—To hail Religion from above,
 Descending in the form of Love,
 And pointing through a world of strife
 The narrow way that leads to life :

—To pour the balm of heavenly rest
 Through Sorrow's agonizing breast ;
 With Pity's tender arms embrace
 The orphans of a kindred race ;

And in one zone of concord bind
 The lawless spoilers of mankind :

—To sing in numbers boldly free
 The wars and woes of liberty ;
 The glory of her triumphs tell,

Her noble suffering when she fell,*
 Girt with the phalanx of the brave,
 Or widow'd on the patriot's grave,
 Which tyrants tremble to pass by,
 Even on the car of Victory.

These are the Bard's sublimest views,
 The angel-visions of the Muse,
 That o'er his morning slumbers shine ;
 These are his themes,—and these were mine.

But pale Despondency, that stole
 The light of gladness from my soul,
 While youth and folly blindfold ran
 The giddy circle up to Man,

* " Piu val d'ogni vittoria un bel soffrire."

Breathed a dark spirit through my lyre,
Dimm'd the noon-radiance of my fire,
And cast a mournful evening hue
O'er every scene my fancy drew.
Then though the proud despised my strain,
It flow'd not from my heart in vain ;
The lay of freedom, fervour, truth,
Was dear to undissembling youth,
From manly breasts drew generous sighs,
And Virtue's tears from Beauty's eyes.

My Song of Sorrow reach'd HER ear ;
She raised her languid head to hear,
And, smiling in the arms of Death,
She bless'd me with her latest breath.

A secret hand to me convey'd
The thoughts of that inspiring Maid ;
They came like voices on the wind,
Heard in the stillness of the mind,
When round the Poet's twilight walk
Aerial beings seem to talk :
Not the twin-stars of Leda shine
With vernal influence more benign,
Nor sweeter, in the sylvan vale,
Sings the lone-warbling nightingale,
Than through my shades her lustre broke,
Than to my griefs her spirit spoke.

My fancy form'd her young and fair,
Pure as her sister-lilies were,
Adorn'd with meekest maiden grace,
With every charm of soul and face,
That Virtue's awful eye approves,
And fond Affection dearly loves ;
Heaven in her open aspect seen,
Her Maker's image in her mien.

Such was the picture fancy drew,
In lineaments divinely true ;
The Muse, by her mysterious art,
Had shown her likeness to my heart,

And every faithful feature brought
O'er the clear mirror of my thought.
But she was waning to the tomb ;
The worm of death was in her bloom ;
—Yet as the mortal frame declined,
Strong through the ruins rose the mind ;
As the dim moon, when night ascends,
Slow in the east the darkness rends,
Through melting clouds, by gradual gleams,
Pours the mild splendour of her beams,
Then bursts in triumph o'er the pole,
Free as a disembodied soul !
Thus, while the veil of flesh decay'd,
Her beauties brighten'd through the shade ;
Charms which her lowly heart conceal'd,
In nature's weakness were revealed
And still the unrobing spirit cast
Diviner glories to the last,
Dissolved its bonds, and clear'd its flight,
Emerging into perfect light.

Yet shall the friends who loved her weep,
Though shrined in peace the sufferer sleep,
Though rapt to heaven the saint aspire,
With seraph guards on wings of fire ;
Yet shall they weep ;—for oft and well
Remembrance shall her story tell,
Affection of her virtues speak,
With beaming eye and burning cheek,
Each action, word, and look recall,
The last, the loveliest of all,
When on the lap of death she lay,
Serenely smiled her soul away,
And left surviving Friendship's breast
Warm with the sunset of her rest.

O thou, who wert on earth unknown,
Companion of my thought alone !
Unchanged in heaven to me thou art,
Still hold communion with my heart ;

Cheer thou my hopes, exalt my views,
Be the good angel of my Muse ;
—And if to thine approving ear
My plaintive numbers once were dear ;
If, falling round thy dying hours,
Like evening dews on closing flowers,
They soothed thy pains, and through thy soul
With melancholy sweetness stole,
HEAR ME:—When slumber from mine eyes,
That roll in irksome darkness, flies ;
When the lorn spectre of unrest
At conscious midnight haunts my breast ;
When former joys and present woes,
And future fears, are all my foes ;
Spirit of my departed friend,
Calm through the troubled gloom descend,
With strains of triumph on thy tongue,
Such as to dying saints are sung ;
Such as in Paradise the ear
Of God himself delights to hear ;
—Come, all unseen ; be only known
By Zion's harp of higher tone,
Warbling to thy mysterious voice ;
Bid my desponding powers rejoice :
And I will listen to thy lay,
Till night and sorrow flee away,
Till gladness o'er my bosom rise,
And morning kindle round the skies.

If thus to me, sweet saint, be given
To learn from thee the hymns of heaven,
Thine inspiration will impart
Seraphic ardours to my heart ;
My voice thy music shall prolong,
And echo thy entrancing song ;
My lyre with sympathy divine
Shall answer every chord of thine,
Till their consenting tones give birth
To harmonies unknown on earth.

Then shall my thoughts, in living fire
 Sent down from heaven, to heaven aspire,
 My verse through lofty measures rise,
 A scale of glory, to the skies,
 Resembling, on each hallow'd theme,
 The ladder of the Patriarch's dream,
 O'er which descending angels shone,
 On earthly missions from the throne,
 Returning by the steps they trod,
 Up to the Paradise of God.

1803.

ON THE ROYAL INFANT,

STILL-BORN: NOV. 5, 1817.

A THRONE on earth awaited thee ;
 A nation long'd to see thy face,
 Heir to a glorious ancestry,
 And father of a mightier race.

Vain hope ! that throne thou must not fill ;
 Thee may that nation ne'er behold ;
 Thine ancient house is heirless still,
 Thy line shall never be unroll'd.

Yet while we mourn thy flight from earth,
 Thine was a destiny sublime ;
 Caught up to Paradise in birth,
 Pluck'd by Eternity from Time.

The Mother knew her offspring dead :
 Oh ! was it grief, or was it love
 That broke her heart ?—The spirit fled
 To seek her nameless child above.

Led by his natal star, she trod
 The path to heaven:—the meeting there,
 And how they stood before their God,
 The day of judgment shall declare.

A MOTHER'S LAMENT

ON THE DEATH OF HER INFANT DAUGHTER.

I LOVED thee, Daughter of my heart ;
My Child, I loved thee dearly ;
And though we only met to part,
—How sweetly ! how severely !—
Nor life nor death can sever
My soul from thine for ever.

Thy days, my little one, were few,—
An Angel's morning visit,
That came and vanish'd with the dew :
'Twas here, 'tis gone, where is it ?
Yet didst thou leave behind thee
A clew for love to find thee.

The eye, the lip, the cheek, the brow,
The hands stretch'd forth in gladness,
All life, joy, rapture, beauty now,
Then dash'd with infant sadness,
Till, brightening by transition,
Return'd the fairy vision :—

Where are they now ?—those smiles, those tears,
Thy Mother's darling treasure ?
She sees them still, and still she hears
Thy tones of pain or pleasure,
To her quick pulse revealing
Unutterable feeling.

Hush'd in a moment on her breast,
Life, at the well-spring drinking,
Then cradled on her lap to rest,
In rosy slumber sinking,
Thy dreams—no thought can guess them ;
And mine—no tongue express them.

For then this waking eye could see,
In many a vain vagary,
The things that never were to be,
Imaginations airy ;
Fond hopes that mothers cherish,
Like still-born babes to perish.
Mine perish'd on thy early bier ;
No—changed to forms more glorious,
They flourish in a higher sphere,
O'er time and death victorious ;
Yet would these arms have chain'd thee,
And long from heaven detain'd thee.
Sarah ! my last, my youngest love,
The crown of every other !
Though thou art born in heaven above,
I am thine only Mother,
Nor will affection let me
Believe thou canst forget me.
Then,—thou in heaven and I on earth,—
May this one hope delight us,
That thou wilt hail my second birth
When death shall re-unite us,
Where worlds no more can sever
Parent and child for ever.

THE WIDOW AND THE FATHERLESS.

WELL, thou art gone, and I am left ;
But, oh ! how cold and dark to me
This world, of every charm bereft,
Where all was beautiful with thee !
Though I have seen thy form depart
For ever from my widow'd eye,
I hold thee in my inmost heart ;
There, there at least, thou canst not die.

Farewell on earth ; Heaven claim'd its own ;
Yet, when from me thy presence went,
I was exchanged for God alone :
Let dust and ashes learn content.

Ha ! those small voices silver-sweet
Fresh from the fields my babes appear ;
They fill my arms, they clasp my feet ;
—“ Oh ! could your father see us here !”

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE LYRE.

“Ah! who would love the lyre !”
W. B. STEVENS.

WHERE the roving rill meander'd
Down the green retiring vale,
Poor, forlorn ALCÆUS wander'd,
Pale with thought, serenely pale :
Timeless sorrow o'er his face
Breathed a melancholy grace,
And fix'd on every feature there
The mournful resignation of despair.

O'er his arm, his lyre neglected,
Once his dear companion, hung,
And, in spirit deep dejected,
Thus the pensive poet sung ;
While at midnight's solemn noon,
Sweetly shone the cloudless moon,
And all the stars, around his head,
Benignly bright, their mildest influence shed.

“Lyre ! O Lyre ! my chosen treasure,
Solace of my bleeding heart ;
Lyre ! O Lyre ! my only pleasure
We must now for ever part ;
For in vain thy poet sings,
Wooes in vain thine heavenly strings ;
The Muse's wretched sons are born
To cold neglect, and penury, and scorn.

"That which ALEXANDER sigh'd for,
 That which CÆSAR's soul possess'd,
 That which heroes, kings, have died for—
 Glory!—animates my breast :
 Hark! the charging trumpets' throats
 Pour their death-defying notes ;
 'To arms!' they call: to arms I fly,
 Like WOLFE to conquer, and like WOLFE to die.

"Soft!—the blood of murder'd legions
 Summons vengeance from the skies ;
 Flaming towns and ravaged regions,
 All in awful judgment rise.—
 O then, innocently brave,
 I will wrestle with the wave :
 Lo! Commerce spreads the daring sail,
 And yokes her naval chariots to the gale.

"Blow, ye breezes!—gently blowing,
 Waft me to that happy shore,
 Where, from fountains ever flowing,
 Indian realms their treasures pour ;
 Thence returning, poor in health,
 Rich in honesty and wealth,
 O'er thee, my dear paternal soil,
 I'll strew the golden harvest of my toil.

"Then shall Misery's sons and daughters
 In their lowly dwellings sing :
 Bounteous as the Nile's dark waters,
 Undiscover'd as their spring,
 I will scatter o'er the land
 Blessings with a secret hand ;
 For such angelic tasks design'd,
 I give the lyre and sorrow to the wind."

On an oak, whose branches hoary
 Sigh'd to every passing breeze,
 Sigh'd and told the simple story
 Of the patriarch of trees ;

High in air his harp he hung,
 Now no more to rapture strung ;
 Then warm in hope, no longer pale,
 He blush'd adieu, and rambled down the dale.

Lightly touch'd by fairy fingers,
 Hark !—the Lyre enchants the wind ;
 Fond ALCÆUS listens, lingers
 —Lingering, listening, looks behind.
 Now the music mounts on high,
 Sweetly swelling through the sky ;
 To every tone, with tender heat,
 His heart-strings vibrate, and his pulses beat.

Now the strains to silence stealing,
 Soft in ecstasies expire ;
 Oh ! with what romantic feeling
 Poor ALCÆUS grasps the Lyre.
 Lo ! his furious hand he flings
 In a tempest o'er the strings ;
 He strikes the chords so quick, so loud,
 'Tis Jove that scatters lightning from a cloud.

“Lyre ! O Lyre ! my chosen treasure,
 Solace of my bleeding heart ;
 Lyre ! O Lyre ! my only pleasure,
 We will never, never part :
 Glory, Commerce, now in vain
 Tempt me to the field, the main ;
 The Muse's sons are blest, though born
 To cold neglect, and penury, and scorn.
 “What, though all the world neglect me,
 Shall my haughty soul repine ?
 And shall poverty deject me,
 While this hallow'd Lyre is mine ?
 Heaven—that o'er my helpless head
 Many a wrathful vial shed,—
 Heaven gave this Lyre,—and thus decreed,
 Be thou a *bruised*, but not a *broken* reed.”

REMONSTRANCE TO WINTER.

Al! why, unfeeling WINTER, why
Still flags thy torpid wing?
Fly, melancholy Season, fly,
And yield the year to SPRING.
Spring,—the young harbinger of love,
An exile in disgrace,—
Flits o'er the scene, like NOAH'S dove
Nor finds a resting place.
When on the mountain's azure peak
Alights her fairy form,
Cold blow the winds,—and dark and bleak
Around her rolls the storm.
If to the valley she repair
For shelter and defence,
Thy wrath pursues the mourner there,
And drives her, weeping, thence.
She seeks the brook, the faithless brook,
Of her unmindful grown,
Feels the chill magic of thy look,
And lingers into stone.
She woos her embryo-flowers in vain
To rear their infant heads;—
Deaf to her voice, her flowers remain
Enchanted in their beds.
In vain she bids the trees expand
Their green luxuriant charms;—
Bare in the wilderness they stand,
And stretch their withering arms.
Her favourite birds, in feeble notes,
Lament thy long delay;
And strain their little stammering throats
To charm thy blasts away.

Ah! WINTER, calm thy cruel rage,
 Release the struggling year;
 Thy power is past, decrepit Sage,
 Arise and disappear.

The stars that graced thy splendid night
 Are lost in warmer rays;
 The Sun, rejoicing in his might,
 Unrolls celestial days.

Then why, usurping WINTER, why
 Still flags thy frozen wing?
 Fly, unrelenting tyrant, fly—
 And yield the year to SPRING.

ROUND LOVE'S ELYSIAN BOWERS.

ROUND LOVE's Elysian bowers
 The fairest prospects rise;
 There bloom the sweetest flowers,
 There shine the purest skies:
 And joy and rapture gild awhile
 The cloudless heaven of BEAUTY's smile.

ROUND LOVE's deserted bowers
 Tremendous rocks arise;
 Cold mildews blight the flowers,
 Tornadoes rend the skies:
 And PLEASURE's waning moon goes down
 Amid the night of BEAUTY's frown.

Then YOUTH, thou fond believer!
 The wily Syren shun;
 Who trusts the dear deceiver
 Will surely be undone:
 When BEAUTY triumphs, ah! beware;—
 Her smile is hope—her frown despair.

LINES

WRITTEN UNDER

A DRAWING OF YARDLEY OAK,

CELEBRATED BY COWPER.

See Hayley's Life and Letters of W. Cowper, Esq.

THIS sole survivor of a race
Of giant oaks, where once the wood
Rang with the battle or the chase,
In stern and lonely grandeur stood.
From age to age it slowly spread
Its gradual boughs to sun and wind ;
From age to age its noble head
As slowly wither'd and declined.
A thousand years are like a day,
When fled ;—no longer known than seen ;
This tree was doom'd to pass away,
And be as if it *ne'er* had been ;—
But mournful COWPER, wandering nigh,
For rest beneath its shadow came,
When, lo ! the voice of days gone by
Ascended from its hollow frame.
O that the Poet had reveal'd
The words of those prophetic strains,
Ere death the eternal mystery seal'd
— Yet in his song the Oak remains.
And fresh in undecaying prime,
There may it live, beyond the power
Of storm and earthquake, Man and Time,
Till Nature's conflagration-hour.

WRITTEN FOR A SOCIETY,

WHOSE MOTTO WAS "FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND TRUTH."

WHEN "Friendship, Love, and Truth" abound
Among a band of BROTHERS,
The cup of joy goes gaily round,
Each shares the bliss of others :
Sweet roses grace the thorny way
Along this vale of sorrow ;
The flowers that shed their leaves to-day
Shall bloom again to-morrow :
How grand in age, how fair in youth,
Are holy "FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, and TRUTH !"

On halcyon wings our moments pass,
Life's cruel cares beguiling ;
Old TIME lays down his scythe and glass,
In gay good-humour smiling :
With ermine beard and forelock gray,
His reverend front adorning,
He looks like Winter turn'd to May,
Night soften'd into morning.
How grand in age, how fair in youth,
Are holy "FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, and TRUTH !"

From these delightful fountains flow
Ambrosial rills of pleasure :
Can man desire, can Heaven bestow
A more resplendent treasure ?
Adorn'd with gems so richly bright,
We'll form a Constellation,
Where every Star, with modest light,
Shall gild his proper station.
How grand in age, how fair in youth,
Are holy "FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, and TRUTH !"

RELIGION.

AN OCCASIONAL HYMN.

THROUGH shades and solitudes profound
The fainting traveller winds his way ;
Bewildering meteors glare around,
And tempt his wandering feet astray.

Welcome, thrice welcome, to his eye
The sudden moon's inspiring light,
When forth she sallies through the sky,
The guardian angel of the night.

Thus mortals, blind and weak, below
Pursue the phantom Bliss, in vain ;
The world's a pilgrimage of wo,
And life a pilgrimage of pain,

Till mild RELIGION, from above,
Descends, a sweet engaging form—
The messenger of heavenly love,
The bow of promise in a storm.

Then guilty passions wing their flight,
Sorrow, remorse, affliction cease ;
RELIGION's yoke is soft and light,
And all her paths are paths of peace.

Ambition, pride, revenge depart,
And folly flies her chastening rod ;
She makes the humble contrite heart
A temple of the living God.

Beyond the narrow vale of time,
Where bright celestial ages roll,
To scenes eternal, scenes sublime,
She points the way, and leads the soul.

At her approach the Grave appears
 The Gate of Paradise restored ;
 Her voice the watching Cherub hears,
 And drops his double-flaming sword.
 Baptized with her renewing fire,
 May we the crown of glory gain ;
 Rise when the Host of Heaven expire,
 And reign with God, for ever reign !

1799.

 THE JOY OF GRIEF.

SWEET the hour of tribulation,
 When the heart can freely sigh,
 And the tear of resignation
 Twinkles in the mournful eye.
 Have you felt a kind emotion
 Tremble through your troubled breast ;
 Soft as evening o'er the ocean,
 When she charms the waves to rest ?
 Have you lost a friend, or brother ?
 Heard a father's parting breath ?
 Gazed upon a lifeless mother,
 'Till she seem'd to wake from death ?
 Have you felt a spouse expiring
 In your arms before your view ?
 Watch'd the lovely soul retiring
 From her eyes that broke on you ?
 Did not grief then grow romantic,
 Raving on remember'd bliss ?
 Did you not, with fervour frantic,
 Kiss the lips that felt no kiss ?
 Yes ! but when you had resign'd her,
 Life and you were reconciled ;

ANNA left—she left behind her,
One, one dear, one only child.
But before the green moss peeping,
His poor mother's grave array'd,
In that grave the infant sleeping
On the mother's lap was laid.
Horror then, your heart congealing,
Chill'd you with intense despair:
Can you call to mind the feeling?
No! there was no feeling there.
From that gloomy trance of sorrow,
When you woke to pangs unknown,
How unwelcome was the morrow,
For it rose on YOU ALONE!
Sunk in self-consuming anguish,
Can the poor heart always ache?
No, the tortured nerve will languish,
Or the strings of life must break.
O'er the yielding brow of Sadness
One faint smile of comfort stole;
One soft pang of tender gladness
Exquisitely thrill'd your soul.
While the wounds of wo are healing,
While the heart is all resign'd;
'Tis the solemn feast of feeling,
'Tis the sabbath of the mind.
Pensive memory then retraces
Scenes of bliss for ever fled,
Lives in former times and places,
Holds communion with the dead.
And when night's prophetic slumbers
Rend the veil to mortal eyes,
From their tombs the sainted numbers
Of our lost companions rise.

You have seen a friend, a brother,
 Heard a dear dead father speak ;
 Proved the fondness of a mother,
 Felt her tears upon your cheek.
 Dreams of love your grief beguiling,
 You have clasp'd a consort's charms,
 And received your infant smiling
 From his mother's sacred arms.
 Trembling, pale, and agonizing,
 While you mourn'd the vision gone,
 Bright the morning-star arising,
 Open'd heaven, from whence it shone.
 Thither all your wishes bending,
 Rose in ecstasy sublime,
 Thither all your hopes ascending
 Triumph'd over death and time.
 Thus afflicted, bruised, and broken,
 Have you known such sweet relief ?
 Yes, my friend ; and by this token,
 You have felt "THE JOY OF GRIEF."

1803.

THE BATTLE OF ALEXANDRIA.

At Thebes, in Ancient Ezypt, was erected a statue of Memnon, with a harp in his hand, which is said to have hailed with delightful music the rising sun, and in melancholy tones to have mourned his departure. The introduction of this celebrated Lyre, on a modern occasion, will be censured as an anachronism by those only who think that its chords have been touch'd unskilfully.

HARP of Memnon ! sweetly strung
 To the music of the spheres ;
 While the HERO's dirge is sung,
 Breathe enchantment to our ears.
 As the SUN's descending beams,
 Glancing o'er thy feeling wire,
 Kindle every chord that gleams,
 Like a ray of heavenly fire :

Let thy numbers, soft and slow,
O'er the plain with carnage spread,
Soothe the dying while they flow
To the memory of the dead.

Bright as Beauty, newly born,
Blushing at her maiden charms ;
Fresh from Ocean rose the Morn,
When the trumpet blew to arms.

Terrible soon grew the light
On the Egyptian battle-plain,
As the darkness of that night,
When the eldest born was slain.

Lash'd to madness by the wind,
As the Red Sea surges roar,
Leave a gloomy gulf behind,
And devour the shrinking shore ;

Thus, with overwhelming pride,
GALLIA's brightest, boldest boast,
In a deep and dreadful tide,
Roll'd upon the BRITISH host.

Dauntless these their station held,
Though with unextinguish'd ire
GALLIA's legions, thrice repell'd,
Thrice return'd through blood and fire.

Thus, above the storms of time,
Towering to the sacred spheres,
Stand the Pyramids sublime,—
Rocks amid the flood of years.

Now the veteran CHIEF drew nigh,
Conquest towering on his crest,
Valour beaming from his eye,
Pity bleeding in Iris breast.

BRITAIN saw him thus advance
In her Guardian-Angel's form ;
But he lower'd on hostile FRANCE,
Like the Demon of the Storm.

On the whirlwind of the war
High he rode in vengeance dire ;
To his friends a leading star,
To his foes consuming fire.

Then the mighty pour'd their breath,
Slaughter feasted on the brave !
'Twas the Carnival of Death ;
'Twas the Vintage of the Grave.

Charged with ABERCROMBIE'S doom,
Lightning wing'd a cruel ball :
'Twas the Herald of the Tomb,
And the HERO felt the call—

Felt—and raised his arm on high ;
Victory well the signal knew,
Darted from his awful eye,
And the force of FRANCE o'erthrew.

But the horrors of that fight,
Were the weeping MUSE to tell,
Oh 'twould cleave the womb of night,
And awake the dead that fell !

Gash'd with honourable scars,
Low in Glory's lap they lie ;
Though they fell, they fell like stars,
Streaming splendour through the sky.

Yet shall Memory mourn that day,
When, with expectation pale,
Of her soldier far away
The poor widow hears the tale.

In imagination wild,
She shall wander o'er this plain,
Rave,—and bid her orphan-child
Seek his sire among the slain.

Gently, from the western deep,
O ye evening breezes, rise !

O'er the Lyre of MEMNON sweep,
Wake its spirit with your sighs.
Harp of MEMNON! sweetly strung
To the music of the spheres;
While the HERO's dirge is sung,
Breathe enchantment to our ears.
Let thy numbers soft and slow
O'er the plain with carnage spread,
Soothe the dying while they flow
To the memory of the dead.
None but solemn, tender tones
Tremble from thy plaintive wires:
Hark! the wounded WARRIOR groans:
Hush thy warbling!—he expires.
Hush!—while Sorrow wakes and weeps:
O'er his relics cold and pale,
Night her silent vigil keeps,
In a mournful moonlight vale.
Harp of MEMNON! from afar,
Ere the lark salute the sky,
Watch the rising of the star
That proclaims the morning nigh.
Soon the Sun's ascending rays,
In a flood of hallow'd fire,
O'er thy kindling chords shall blaze,
And thy magic soul inspire.
Then thy tones triumphant pour,
Let them pierce the HERO's grave;
Life's tumultuous battle o'er,
Oh how sweetly sleep the brave!
From the dust their laurels bloom,
High they shoot and flourish free;
Glory's Temple is the tomb;
Death is immortality.

THE PILLOW

THE head that oft this PILLOW press'd,
That aching head, is gone to rest ;
Its little pleasures now no more,
And all its mighty sorrows o'er,
For ever, in the worm's dark bed,
For ever sleeps that humble head !

MY FRIEND was young, the world was new ;
The world was false, MY FRIEND was true ;
Lowly his lot, his birth obscure,
His fortune hard, MY FRIEND was poor ;
To wisdom he had no pretence,
A child of suffering, not of sense ;
For NATURE never did impart
A weaker or a warmer heart.
His fervent soul, a soul of flame,
Consumed its frail terrestrial frame ;
That fire from Heaven so fiercely burn'd,
That whence it came it soon return'd :
And yet, O PILLOW ! yet to me,
My gentle FRIEND survives in thee ;
In thee, the partner of his bed,
In thee, the widow of the dead.

On HELICON's inspiring brink,
Ere yet MY FRIEND had learn'd to think,
Once as he pass'd the careless day
Among the whispering reeds at play,
The MUSE of SORROW wander'd by ;
Her pensive beauty fix'd his eye ;
With sweet astonishment he smiled ;
The Gipsy saw—she stole the child ;
And soft on her ambrosial breast
Sang the delighted babe to rest ;
Convey'd him to her inmost grove,
And loved him with a Mother's love.

Awaking from his rosy nap,
 And gaily sporting on her lap,
 His wanton fingers o'er her lyre
 Twinkled like electric fire :
 Quick and quicker as they flew,
 Sweet and sweeter tones they drew ;
 Now a bolder hand he flings,
 And dives among the deepest strings ;
 Then forth the music brake like thunder ;
 Back he started, wild with wonder.
 The MUSE OF SORROW wept for joy,
 And clasp'd and kiss'd her chosen boy.

Ah ! then no more his smiling hours
 Were spent in Childhood's Eden-bowers ;
 The fall from Infant-innocence,
 The fall to knowledge drives us thence :
 O Knowledge ! worthless at the price,
 Bought with the loss of PARADISE.
 As happy ignorance declined,
 And reason rose upon his mind,
 Romantic hopes and fond desires
 (Sparks of the soul's immortal fires)
 Kindled within his breast the rage
 To breathe through every future age,
 To clasp the fitting shade of fame,
 To build an everlasting name,
 O'erleap the narrow vulgar span,
 And live beyond the life of man.

Then NATURE's charms his heart possess'd,
 And NATURE's glory fill'd his breast :
 The sweet Spring-morning's infant rays,
 Meridian Summer's youthful blaze,
 Maturer Autumn's evening mild,
 And hoary Winter's midnight wild,
 Awoke his eye, inspired his tongue ;
 For every scene he loved, he sung.
 Rude were his songs, and simple truth,
 Till Boyhood blossom'd into Youth ;

Then nobler themes his fancy fired,
To bolder flights his soul aspired ;
And as the new moon's opening eye
Broadens and brightens through the sky,
From the dim streak of western light
To the full orb that rules the night ;
Thus, gathering lustre in its race,
And shining through unbounded space,
From earth to heaven his GENIUS soar'd,
Time and eternity explored,
And hail'd, where'er its footsteps trod,
In NATURE's temple, NATURE's God :
Or pierced the human breast to scan
The hidden majesty of Man ;
Man's hidden weakness too descried,
His glory, grandeur, meanness, pride :
Pursued along their erring course
The streams of passion to their source ;
Or in the mind's creation sought
New stars of fancy, worlds of thought.
—Yet still through all his strains would flow
A tone of uncomplaining wo,
Kind as the tear in Pity's eye,
Soft as the slumbering Infant's sigh,
So sweetly, exquisitely wild,
It spake the MUSE OF SORROW's child.

O PILLOW ! then, when light withdrew,
To thee the fond enthusiast flew ;
On thee, in pensive mood reclined,
He pour'd his contemplative mind,
Till o'er his eyes with mild control
Sleep like a soft enchantment stole,
Charm'd into life his airy schemes,
And realized his waking dreams.

Soon from those waking dreams he woke,
The fairy spell of fancy broke ;
In vain he breathed a soul of fire
Through every chord that strung his lyre.

No friendly echo cheer'd his tongue ;
Amidst the wilderness he sung ;
Louder and bolder bards were crown'd,
Whose dissonance his music drown'd :
The public ear, the public voice,
Despised his song, denied his choice,
Denied a name,—a life in death,
Denied—a bubble and a breath.

Stript of his fondest, dearest claim,
And disinherited of fame,
To thee, O PILLOW ! thee alone,
He made his silent anguish known ;
His haughty spirit scorn'd the blow
That laid his high ambition low ;
But, ah ! his looks assumed in vain
A cold, ineffable disdain,
While deep he cherish'd in his breast
The scorpion that consumed his rest.

Yet other secret griefs had he,
O PILLOW ! only told to thee :
Say, did not hopeless love intrude
On his poor bosom's solitude ?
Perhaps on thy soft lap reclined,
In dreams the cruel FAIR was kind,
That more intensely he might know
The bitterness of waking wo.

Whate'er those pangs from me conceal'd,
To thee in midnight groans reveal'd,
They stung remembrance to despair :
"A wounded spirit who can bear !"
Meanwhile disease, with slow decay,
Moulder'd his feeble frame away ;
And as his evening sun declined,
The shadows deepen'd o'er his mind.
What doubts and terrors then possess'd
The dark dominion of his breast !
How did delirious fancy dwell
On Madness, Suicide, and Hell !

There was on earth no POWER to save :
 — But, as he shudder'd o'er the grave,
 He saw from realms of light descend
 The friend of him who has no friend,
 RELIGION !—Her almighty breath
 Rebuked the winds and waves of death ;
 She bade the storm of frenzy cease,
 And smiled a calm, and whisper'd peace :
 Amidst that calm of sweet repose,
 To HEAVEN his gentle Spirit rose.

1803.

ODE

TO THE VOLUNTEERS OF BRITAIN

ON THE PROSPECT OF INVASION.

O FOR the death of those
 Who for their country die,
 Sink on her bosom to repose,
 And triumph where they lie !

How beautiful in death
 The WARRIOR's corse appears,
 Embalm'd by fond AFFECTION's breath,
 And bathed in WOMAN's tears !

Their loveliest native earth
 Enshrines the fallen brave ;
 In the dear land that gave them birth
 They find their tranquil grave.

— But the wild waves shall sweep
 BRITANNIA's foes away,
 And the blue monsters of the deep
 Be surfeited with prey.—

No !—they have 'scaped the waves,
 'Scaped the sea-monsters' maws ;

They come ! but oh ! shall GALLIC SLAVES
Give ENGLISH FREEMEN laws ?

By ALFRED's Spirit, No !
—Ring, ring the loud alarms ;
Ye drums, awake ! ye clarions, blow !
Ye heralds, shout “To arms !”

To arms our Heroes fly ;
And, leading on their lines,
The BRITISH BANNER in the sky,
The star of conquest shines.

The lowering battle forms
Its terrible array ;
Like clashing clouds in mountain-storms,
That thunder on their way :—

The rushing armies meet ;
And while they pour their breath,
The strong earth shudders at their feet,
The day grows dim with death.

—Ghosts of the mighty dead !
Your children's hearts inspire ;
And while they on your ashes tread,
Rekindle all your fire.

The dead to life return ;
Our Fathers' spirits rise ;
—My brethren, in your breasts they burn,
They sparkle in your eyes.

Now launch upon the foe
The lightning of your rage ;
Strike, strike the assailing giants low,
The TITANS of the age.

They yield,—they break,—they fly ;
The victory is won :
Pursue !—they faint,—they fall,—they die :
Oh, stay !—the work is done.

SPIRIT OF VENGEANCE ! rest :
Sweet MERCY cries, " Forbear !"
She clasps the vanquish'd to her breast ;
Thou wilt not pierce them there ?

—Thus vanish BRITAIN'S foes
From her consuming eye ;
But rich be the reward of those
Who conquer,—those who die.

O'ershadowing laurels deck
The living HERO'S brows ;
But lovelier wreaths entwine his neck,
—His children and his spouse.

Exulting o'er his lot,
The dangers he has braved,
He clasps the dear ones, hails the cot,
Which his own valour saved.

DAUGHTERS OF ALBION, weep :
On this triumphant plain,
Your fathers, husbands, brethren sleep,
For you and freedom slain.

Oh ! gently close the eye
That loved to look on you ;
Oh ! seal the lip whose earliest sigh,
Whose latest breath was true :

With knots of sweetest flowers
Their winding-sheet perfume ;
And wash their wounds with true-love showers,
And dress them for the tomb.

For beautiful in death
The WARRIOR'S corse appears,
Embalm'd by fond AFFECTION'S breath,
And bathed in WOMAN'S tears.

—Give me the death of those
Who for their country die ;

And oh ! be mine like their repose,
 When cold and low they lie !
 Their loveliest mother Earth
 Enshrines the fallen brave ;
 In her sweet lap who gave them birth
 They find their tranquil grave.

1804.

THE VIGIL OF ST. MARK.

RETURNING from their evening walk,
 On yonder ancient stile,
 In sweet, romantic, tender talk,
 Two lovers paused awhile :

EDMUND, the monarch of the dale,
 All conscious of his powers ;
 ELLA, the lily of the vale,
 The rose of AUBURN'S bowers.

In airy Love's delightful bands
 He held her heart in vain :
 The Nymph denied her willing hands
 To HYMEN'S awful chain.

"Ah ! why," said he, "our bliss delay ?
 Mine ELLA, why so cold ?
 Those who but love from day to day,
 From day to day grow old.

"The bounding arrow cleaves the sky,
 Nor leaves a trace behind ;
 And single lives like arrows fly,
 —They vanish through the wind.

"In Wedlock's sweet endearing lot,
 Let us improve the scene,
 That some may be, when we are not,
 To tell—that we have been."

“’Tis now,” replied the village Belle,
“St. Mark’s mysterious Eve ;
And all that old traditions tell
I tremblingly believe ;—

“How, when the midnight signal tolls,
Along the churchyard green
A mournful train of sentenced souls
In winding-sheets are seen.

“The ghosts of all whom death shall doom
Within the coming year,
In pale procession walk the gloom,
Amid the silence drear.

“If EDMUND, bold in conscious might,
By love severely tried,
Can brave the terrors of to-night,
ELLA will be his bride.”

She spake,—and, like the nimble fawn,
From EDMUND’S presence fled :
He sought, across the rural lawn,
The dwelling of the dead ;—

That silent, solemn, simple spot,
The mouldering realm of peace,
Where human passions are forgot,
Where human follies cease.

The gliding moon through heaven serene
Pursued her tranquil way,
And shed o’er all the sleeping scene
A soft nocturnal day.

With swelling heart and eager feet
Young EDMUND gain’d the church,
And chose his solitary seat
Within the dreadful porch.

Thick, threatening clouds assembled soon,
Their dragon wings display'd ;
Eclipsed the slow retiring moon,
And quench'd the stars in shade.

Amid the deep abyss of gloom
No ray of beauty smiled,
Save, glistening o'er some haunted tomb,
The glow-worm's lustre wild.

The village watch-dogs bay'd around,
The long grass whistled drear,
The steeple trembled to the ground,
Ev'n EDMUND quaked with fear.

All on a sudden died the blast,
Dumb horror chill'd the air,
While NATURE seem'd to pause aghast,
In uttermost despair.

—Twelve times the midnight herald toll'd,
As oft did EDMUND start ;
For every stroke fell dead and cold
Upon his fainting heart.

Then glaring through the ghastly gloom,
Along the churchyard green,
The destined victims of the tomb
In winding-sheets were seen.

In that strange moment EDMUND stood,
Sick with severe surprise !
While creeping horror drank his blood,
And fix'd his flinty eyes.

He saw the secrets of the grave ;
He saw the face of DEATH :
No pitying power appear'd to save—
He gasp'd away his breath. °

Yet still the scene his soul beguiled,
And every spectre cast
A look, unutterably wild,
On EDMUND as they pass'd.

All on the ground entranced he lay ;
At length the vision broke :
—When, lo !—a kiss, as cold as clay,
The slumbering youth awoke.

That moment through a rifted cloud,
The darting moon display'd,
Robed in a melancholy shroud,
The image of a maid.

Her dusky veil aside she drew,
And show'd a face most fair :
—“ My Love ! my ELLA ! ” EDMUND flew,
And clasp'd the yielding air.

“ Ha ! who art thou ? ” His cheek grew pale ;
A well-known voice replied,
“ ELLA, the lily of the vale ;
ELLA—thy destined bride. ”

To win his neck her airy arms
The pallid phantom spread ;
Recoiling from her blasted charms,
The affrighted lover fled.

To shun the visionary maid,
His speed outstript the wind ;
But,—though unseen to move,—the shade
Was evermore behind.

So DEATH'S unerring arrows glide,
Yet seem suspended still ;
Nor pause, nor shrink, nor turn aside,
But smite, subdue, and kill.

O'er many a mountain, moor, and vale,
On that tremendous night,
The ghost of ELLA, wild and pale,
Pursued her lover's flight.

But when the dawn began to gleam,
Ere yet the morning shone,
She vanish'd like a nightmare-dream,
And EDMUND stood alone.

Three days, bewilder'd and forlorn,
He sought his home in vain ;
At length he hail'd the hoary thorn
That crown'd his native plain.

'Twas evening ;—all the air was balm,
The heavens serenely clear ;
When the soft music of a psalm
Came pensive o'er his ear.

Then sunk his heart ;—a strange surmise
Made all his blood run cold :
He flew,—a funeral met his eyes :
He paused,—a death-bell toll'd.

“'Tis she ! 'tis she !”—He bursts away ;
And bending o'er the spot
Where all that once was ELLA lay,
He all beside forgot.

A maniac now, in dumb despair,
With love-bewilder'd mien,
He wanders, weeps, and watches there,
Among the hillocks green.

And every Eve of pale St. MARK,
As village hinds relate,
He walks with ELLA in the dark,
And reads the rolls of Fate.

HANNAH.

At fond sixteen my roving heart
Was pierced by Love's delightful dart :
Keen transport throbb'd through every vein,
—I never felt so sweet a pain !

Where circling woods embower'd the glade,
I met the dear romantic maid :
I stole her hand,—it shrunk,—but no ;
I would not let my captive go.

With all the fervency of youth,
While passion told the tale of truth,
I mark'd my HANNAH's downcast eye—
'Twas kind, but beautifully shy :

Not with a warmer, purer ray,
The sun, enamour'd, woos young May ;
Nor May, with softer maiden grace,
Turns from the sun her blushing face.

But, swifter than the frightened dove,
Fled the gay morning of my love ;
Ah ! that so bright a morn. so soon
Should vanish in so dark a noon.

The angel of Affliction rose,
And in his grasp a thousand woes ;
He pour'd his vial on my head,
And all the heaven of rapture fled.

Yet, in the glory of my pride,
I stood,—and all his wrath defied ;
I stood,—though whirlwinds shook my brain,
And lightnings cleft my soul in twain.

I shunn'd my nymph ;—and knew not why
 I durst not meet her gentle eye ;
 I shunn'd her, for I could not bear
 To marry her to my despair.

Yet, sick at heart with hope delay'd,
 Oft the dear image of that maid
 Glanced, like the rainbow, o'er my mind,
 And promised happiness behind.

The storm blew o'er, and in my breast
 The halcyon Peace rebuilt her nest :
 The storm blew o'er, and clear and mild
 The sea of Youth and Pleasure smiled.

'Twas on the merry morn of May,
 To HANNAH's cot I took my way :
 My eager hopes were on the wing,
 Like swallows sporting in the spring.

Then as I climb'd the mountains o'er,
 I lived my wooing days once more ;
 And fancy sketch'd my married lot,
 My wife, my children, and my cot.

I saw the village steeple rise,—
 My soul sprang, sparkling, in my eyes :
 The rural bells rang sweet and clear,—
 My fond heart listen'd in mine ear.

I reach'd the hamlet :—all was gay ;
 I love a rustic holyday :
 I met a wedding,—stepp'd aside ;
 It pass'd,—my HANNAH was the bride.

—There is a grief that cannot feel ;
 It leaves a wound that will not heal ;
 —My heart grew cold,—it felt not then ;
 When shall it cease to feel again ?

A FIELD FLOWER.

ON FINDING ONE IN FULL BLOOM, ON CHRISTMAS DAY, 1803.

THERE is a flower, a little flower,
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field
In gay but quick succession shine,
Race after race their honours yield,
They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to Nature dear,
While moons and stars their courses run,
Wreathes the whole circle of the year,
Companion of the Sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May,
To sultry August spreads its charms,
Lights pale October on his way,
And twines December's arms.

The purple heath and golden broom
On moory mountains catch the gale,
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
The violet in the vale.

But this bold floweret climbs the hill,
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
Plays on the margin of the rill,
Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultured round
It shares the sweet carnation's bed ;
And blooms on consecrated ground
In honour of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem,
The wild-bee murmurs on its breast,
The blue-fly bends its pensile stem,
Light o'er the sky-lark's nest.
'Tis FLORA's page ;—in every place,
In every season fresh and fair,
It opens with perennial grace,
And blossoms every where.
On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise ;
The ROSE has but a summer-reign,
The DAISY never dies.

THE SNOW-DROP.

WINTER, retire,
Thy reign is past ;
Hoary Sire,
Yield the sceptre of thy sway,
Sound thy trumpet in the blast,
And call thy storms away.
Winter, retire ;
Wherefore do thy wheels delay ?
Mount the chariot of thine ire,
And quit the realms of day ;
On thy state
Whirlwinds wait ;
And blood-shot meteors lend thee light ;
Hence to dreary arctic regions
Summon thy terrific legions ;
Hence to caves of northern night
Speed thy flight.
From halcyon seas
And purer skies,
O southern breeze !
Awake, arise :

Breath of heaven, benignly blow,
Melt the snow :
Breath of heaven, unchain the floods,
Warm the woods,
And make the mountains flow.
Auspicious to the Muse's prayer,
The freshening gale
Embalms the vale,
And breathes enchantment through the air ;
On its wing
Floats the Spring,
With glowing eye, and golden hair :
Dark before her Angel-form
She drives the demon of the storm,
Like Gladness chasing Care.

Winter's gloomy night withdrawn,
Lo ! the young romantic Hours
Search the hill, the dale, the lawn,
To behold the SNOW-DROP white
Start to light,
And shine in FLORA's desert bowers,
Beneath the vernal dawn,
The Morning Star of Flowers.

Oh ! welcome to our isle,
Thou Messenger of Peace !
At whose bewitching smile
The embattled tempests cease :
Emblem of Innocence and Truth,
First born of Nature's womb,
When strong in renovated youth
She bursts from Winter's tomb ;
Thy parent's eye hath shed
A precious dew-drop on thine head,
Frail as a mother's tear
Upon her infant's face,
When ardent hope to tender fear,
And anxious love, gives place.

But, lo! the dew-drop flits away,
The sun salutes thee with a ray
Warm as a mother's kiss
Upon her infant's cheek,
When the heart bounds with bliss,
And joy that cannot speak.

—When I meet thee by the way,
Like a pretty sportive child,
On the winter-wasted wild,
With thy darling breeze at play,
Opening to the radiant sky
All the sweetness of thine eye ;
—Or bright with sunbeams, fresh with showers,
O thou Fairy-Queen of flowers !
Watch thee o'er the plain advance
At the head of FLORA's dance ;
Simple SNOW-DROP, then in thee
All thy sister-train I see ;
Every brilliant bud that blows,
From the blue-bell to the rose ;
All the beauties that appear
On the bosom of the Year,
All that wreath the locks of Spring,
Summer's ardent breath perfume,
Or on the lap of Autumn bloom,
—All to thee their tribute bring,
Exhale their incense at thy shrine,
—Their hues, their odours, all are thine,
For while thy humble form I view,
The Muse's keen prophetic sight
Brings fair Futurity to light,
And Fancy's magic makes the vision true.

—There is a Winter in my soul,
The winter of despair ;
Oh, when shall Spring its rage control ?
When shall the SNOW-DROP blossom there ?
Cold gleams of comfort sometimes dart

A dawn of glory on my heart,
 But quickly pass away :
 Thus Northern-lights the gloom adorn,
 And give the promise of a morn
 That never turns to day !

—But, hark ! methinks I hear
 A still small whisper in mine ear ;
 “ Rash youth, repent :
 Afflictions, from above,
 Are angels sent
 On embassies of love.
 A fiery legion at thy birth,
 Of chastening woes were given,
 To pluck the flowers of hope from earth,
 And plant them high
 O'er yonder sky,
 Transform'd to stars,—and fix'd in heaven.”

1805.

AN EPITAPH.

ART thou a man of honest mould,
 With fervent heart, and soul sincere ?
 A husband, father, friend ?—Behold,
 Thy brother slumbers here.

The sun that wakes yon violet's bloom,
 Once cheer'd his eye, now dark in death,
 The wind that wanders o'er his tomb
 Was once his vital breath.

The roving wind shall pass away,
 The warming sun forsake the sky ;
 Thy brother, in that dreadful day,
 Shall live and never die.

THE OCEAN.

WRITTEN AT SCARBOROUGH, IN THE SUMMER OF 1805.

ALL hail to the ruins,* the rocks and the shores !
Thou wide-rolling OCEAN, all hail !
Now brilliant with sunbeams, and dimpled with oars,
Now dark with the fresh-blowing gale,
While soft o'er thy bosom the cloud-shadows sail,
And the silver wing'd sea-fowl on high,
Like meteors bespangle the sky,
Or dive in the gulf, or triumphantly ride
Like foam on the surges, the swans of the tide.

From the tumult and smoke of the city set free,
With eager and awful delight,
From the crest of the mountain I gaze upon thee ;
I gaze,—and am changed at the sight ;
For mine eye is illumined, my Genius takes flight,
My soul, like the sun, with a glance
Embraces the boundless expanse,
And moves on thy waters, wherever they roll,
From the day-darting zone to the night-shadow'd pole.

My spirit descends where the day-spring is born,
Where the billows are rubies on fire,
And the breezes that rock the light cradle of morn
Are sweet as the Phœnix's pyre :
O regions of beauty, of love, and desire !
O gardens of Eden ! in vain
Placed far on the fathomless main,
Where Nature with Innocence dwelt in her youth,
When pure was her heart, and unbroken her truth.

* Scarborough Castle.

But now the fair rivers of Paradise wind
Through countries and kingdoms o'erthrown :
Where the giant of Tyranny crushes mankind,
Where he reigns,—and will soon reign alone ;
For wide and more wide, o'er the sun-beaming zone,
He stretches his hundred-fold arms,
Despoiling, destroying its charms ;
Beneath his broad footstep the Ganges is dry,
And the mountains recoil from the flash of his eye.

Thus the pestilent Upas, the Demon of trees,
Its boughs o'er the wilderness spreads,
And with livid contagion polluting the breeze,
Its mildewing influence sheds :
The birds on the wing, and the flowers in their beds,
Are slain by its venomous breath,
That darkens the noonday with death ;
And pale ghosts of travellers wander around,
While their mouldering skeletons whiten the ground.

Ah! why hath JEHOVAH, in forming the world,
With the waters divided the land,
His ramparts of rocks round the continent hurl'd,
And cradled the Deep in his hand,
If man may transgress his eternal command,
And leap o'er the bounds of his birth,
To ravage the uttermost earth,
And violate nations and realms that should be
Distinct as the billows, yet one as the sea ?

There are, gloomy OCEAN! a brotherless clan,
Who traverse thy banishing waves
The poor disinherited outcasts of man,
Whom Avarice coins into slaves :
From the homes of their kindred, their forefathers' graves,
Love, friendship, and conjugal bliss,
They are dragg'd on the hoary abyss ;
The shark hears their shrieks, and, ascending to day,
Demands of the spoiler his share of the prey.

Then joy to the tempest that whelms them beneath,
 And makes their destruction its sport !
 But wo to the winds that propitiously breathe,
 And waft them in safety to port,
 Where the vultures and vampires of Mammon resort ;
 Where Europe exultingly drains
 The life-blood from Africa's veins ;
 Where man rules o'er man with a merciless rod,
 And spurns at his footstool the image of God !

The hour is approaching,—a terrible hour !
 And Vengeance is bending her bow ;
 Already the clouds of the hurricane lour,
 And the rock-rending whirlwinds blow :
 Back rolls the huge OCEAN, Hell opens below :
 The floods return headlong,—they sweep
 The slave-cultured lands to the deep ;
 In a moment entomb'd in the horrible void,
 By their Maker Himself in his anger destroy'd !

Shall this be the fate of the cane-planted isles,
 More lovely than clouds in the west,
 When the sun o'er the ocean descending in smiles
 Sinks softly and sweetly to rest ?
 —NO !—Father of mercy ! befriend the opprest ;
 At the voice of thy Gospel of peace
 May the sorrows of Africa cease ;
 And the slave and his master devoutly unite
 To walk in thy freedom, and dwell in thy light !*

As homeward my weary-wing'd Fancy extends
 Her star-lighted course through the skies,
 High over the mighty Atlantic ascends,
 And turns upon Europe her eyes ;
 Ah me ! what new prospects, new horrors arise !

* Alluding to the glorious success of the Moravian Missionaries among the Negroes in the West Indies.

I see the war-tempested flood
 All foaming, and panting with blood;
 The panic-struck OCEAN in agony roars,
 Rebounds from the battle, and flies to his shores;

For BRITANNIA is wielding the trident to-day,
 Consuming her foes in her ire,
 And hurling the thunder of absolute sway
 From her wave-ruling chariots of fire:
 —She triumphs;—the winds and the waters conspire
 To spread her invincible name;
 —The universe rings with her fame;
 —But the cries of the fatherless mix with her praise,
 And the tears of the widow are shed on her bays.*

O Britain! dear Britain! the land of my birth;
 O Isle, most enchantingly fair!
 Thou Pearl of the Ocean! Thou Gem of the Earth!
 O my Mother! my Mother! beware;
 For wealth is a phantom, and empire a snare:
 O let not thy birthright be sold
 For reprobate glory and gold!
 Thy distant dominions like wild graftings shoot,
 They weigh down thy trunk—they will tear up thy root:—

The root of thine OAK, O my country! that stands
 Rock-planted, and flourishing free;
 Its branches are stretch'd o'er the uttermost lands,
 And its shadow eclipses the sea:
 The blood of our ancestors nourish'd the tree;
 From their tombs, from their ashes it sprung;
 Its boughs with their trophies are hung;
 Their spirit dwells in it:—and, hark! for it spoke;
 The voice of our fathers ascends from their Oak:—

* While the author was meditating these stanzas, in sight of the ocean from the northern cliffs, intelligence arrived of the naval victory of Sir Robert Calder, over the French and Spanish fleets off the western coast of Spain.

"Ye Britons, who dwell where we conquer'd of old,
 Who inherit our battle-field graves ;
 Though poor were your fathers,—gigantic and bold,
 We were not, we could not be slaves ;
 But firm as our rocks, and as free as our waves,
 The spears of the Romans we broke,
 We never stoop'd under their yoke ;
 In the shipwreck of nations we stood up alone,—
 The world was great CÆSAR'S,—but Britain our own.

"For ages and ages, with barbarous foes,
 The Saxon, Norwegian, and Gaul,
 We wrestled, were foil'd, were cast down, but we rose
 With new vigour, new life from each fall ;
By all we were conquer'd :—WE CONQUER'D THEM ALL !
 —The cruel, the cannibal mind,
 We soften'd, subdued, and refined :
 Bears, wolves, and sea monsters, they rush'd from their den :
 We taught them, we tamed them, we turn'd them to men.

"Love led the wild hordes in his flower-woven bands,
 The tenderest, strongest of chains :
 Love married our hearts, he united our hands,
 And mingled the blood in our veins :
 One race we became :—on the mountains and plains
 Where the wounds of our country were closed,
 The Ark of Religion reposed,
 The unquenchable Altar of Liberty blazed,
 And the Temple of Justice in Mercy was raised.

"Ark, Altar, and Temple, we left with our breath !
 To our children, a sacred bequest :
 O guard them, O keep them, in life and in death !
 So the shades of your fathers shall rest,
 And your spirits with ours be in Paradise blest :
 —Let Ambition, the sin of the brave,
 And Avarice, the soul of a slave,
 No longer seduce your affections to roam
 From Liberty, Justice, Religion, AT HOME."

THE COMMON LOT.

A Birthday Meditation, during a solitary winter walk, of seven miles, between a village in Derbyshire and Sheffield, when the ground was covered with snow, the sky serene, and the morning air intensely pure.

ONCE in the flight of ages past,
There lived a man:—and who was HE?
—Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,
That Man resembled Thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,
The land in which he died unknown:
His name has perish'd from the earth;
This truth survives alone:—

That joy and grief, and hope and fear,
Alternate triumph'd in his breast;
His bliss and wo,—a smile, a tear!
—Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirits' rise and fall;
We know that these were felt by him,
For these are felt by all.

He suffer'd,—but his pangs are o'er;
Enjoy'd,—but his delights are fled;
Had friends,—his friends are now no more;
And foes,—his foes are dead.

He loved, but whom he loved, the grave
Hath lost in its unconscious womb:
Oh, she was fair!—but nought could save
Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen;
Encounter'd all that troubles thee:
He was—whatever thou hast been;
He is—what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
 Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,
 Erewhile his portion, life and light,
 To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye
 That once their shades and glory threw
 Have left in yonder silent sky
 No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
 Their ruins, since the world began,
 Of HIM afford no other trace
 Than this,—THERE LIVED A MAN!

November 4, 1805.

THE HARP OF SORROW.

I GAVE my Harp to Sorrow's hand,
 And she has ruled the chords so long,
 They will not speak at my command;—
 They warble only to *her* song.

Of dear, departed hours,
 Too fondly loved to last,
 The dew, the breath, the bloom of flowers,
 Snapt in their freshness by the blast:

Of long, long years of future care,
 Till lingering Nature yields her breath,
 And endless ages of despair,
 Beyond the judgment-day of death:—

The weeping Minstrel sings;
 And while her numbers flow,
 My spirit trembles with the strings,
 Responsive to the notes of wo.

Would gladness move a sprightlier strain,
 And wake this wild Harp's clearest tones,

The chords, impatient to complain,
Are dumb, or only utter moans.

And yet, to soothe the mind
With luxury of grief,
The soul to suffering all resign'd
In sorrow's music feels relief.

Thus o'er the light Æolian lyre
The winds of dark November stray,
Touch the quick nerve of every wire,
And on its magic pulses play ;—

Till all the air around,
Mysterious murmurs fill,
A strange bewildering dream of sound,
Most heavenly sweet,—yet mournful still.

O! snatch the Harp from Sorrow's hand,
Hope! who hast been a stranger long ;
O! strike it with sublime command,
And be the Poet's life thy song.

Of vanish'd troubles sing,
Of fears for ever fled,
Of flowers that hear the voice of Spring,
And burst and blossom from the dead ;—

Of home, contentment, health, repose,
Serene delights, while years increase ;
And weary life's triumphant close
In some calm sunset hour of peace ;—

Of bliss that reigns above,
Celestial May of Youth,
Unchanging as JEHOVAH's love,
And everlasting as his truth :—

Sing, heavenly hope !—and dart thine hand
O'er my frail Harp, untuned so long ;
That Harp shall breathe, at thy command,
Immortal sweetness through thy song.

Ah! then, this gloom control,
 And at thy voice shall start
 A new creation in my soul,
 A native Eden in my heart.

1807.

POPE'S WILLOW.

Written for an Urn, made out of the Trunk of the Weeping Willow, imported from the East, and planted by Pope in his grounds at Twickenham, where it flourished many years; but, falling into decay, it was lately cut down.

ERE Pope resign'd his tuneful breath,
 And made the turf his pillow,
 The minstrel hung his harp in death
 Upon the drooping Willow;
 That Willow from Euphrates' strand,
 Had sprung beneath his training hand.

Long as revolving seasons flew,
 From youth to age it flourish'd,
 By vernal winds and starlight dew,
 By showers and sunbeams nourish'd;
 And while in dust the Poet slept,
 The Willow o'er his ashes wept.

Old Time beheld its silvery head
 With graceful grandeur towering,
 Its pensile boughs profusely spread,
 The breezy lawn embowering,
 Till, arch'd around, there seem'd to shoot
 A grove of scions from one root.

Thither, at summer noon, he view'd
 The lovely Nine retreating,

Beneath its twilight solitude
With songs their Poet greeting,
Whose spirit in the Willow spoke,
Like Jove's from dark Dodona's oak.

By harvest moonlight there he spied
The fairy bands advancing ;
Bright Ariel's troop, on Thames's side,
Around the Willow dancing ;
Gay sylphs among the foliage play'd,
And glow-worms glitter'd in the shade.

One morn, while Time thus mark'd the tree
In beauty green and glorious,
"The hand," he cried, "that planted thee,
O'er mine was oft victorious ;
Be vengeance now my calm employ,—
One work of POPE'S I *will* destroy."

He spake, and struck a silent blow
With that dread arm, whose motion
Lays cedars, thrones, and temples low,
And wields o'er land and ocean
The unremitting axe of doom,
That fells the forest of the tomb.

Deep to the Willow's root it went,
And cleft the core asunder,
Like sudden, secret lightning, sent
Without recording thunder :—
—From that sad moment, slow away
Began the Willow to decay.

In vain did Spring those bowers restore,
Where loves and graces revell'd,
Autumn's wild gales the branches tore,
The thin gray leaves dishevell'd,
And every wasting Winter found
The Willow nearer to the ground.

Hoary, and weak, and bent with age,
 At length the axe assail'd it :
 It bow'd before the woodman's rage ;
 The swans of Thames bewail'd it,
 With softer tones, with sweeter breath,
 Than ever charm'd the ear of death.

O POPE ! hadst thou, whose lyre so long
 The wondering world enchanted,
 Amidst thy paradise of song
 This Weeping Willow planted ;
 Among thy loftiest laurels seen,
 In deathless verse for ever green,—

Thy chosen Tree had stood sublime,
 The storms of ages braving,
 Triumphant o'er the wrecks of Time
 Its verdant banner waving,
 While regal pyramids decay'd,
 And empires perish'd in its shade.

An humbler lot, O Tree ! was thine.
 —Gone down in all thy glory ;
 The sweet, the mournful task be mine,
 To sing thy simple story ;
 Though verse like mine in vain would raise
 The fame of thy departed days.

Yet, fallen Willow ! if to me
 Such power of song were given,
 My lips should breathe a soul through thee,
 And call down fire from heaven,
 To kindle in this hallow'd Urn
 A flame that would for ever burn.

A WALK IN SPRING.

I WANDER'D in a lonely glade,
Where, issuing from the forest shade,
 A little mountain stream
Along the winding valley play'd,
 Beneath the morning beam.

Light o'er the woods of dark brown oak
The west-wind wreathed the hovering smoke,
 From cottage roofs conceal'd,
Below a rock abruptly broke,
 In rosy light reveal'd.

'Twas in the infancy of May,—
The uplands glow'd in green array,
 While from the ranging eye
The lessening landscape stretch'd away,
 To meet the bending sky.

'Tis sweet in solitude to hear
The earliest music of the year,
 The Blackbird's loud wild note,
Or, from the wintry thicket drear,
 The Thrush's stammering throat.

In rustic solitude 'tis sweet
The earliest flowers of Spring to greet,—
 The violet from its tomb,
The strawberry, creeping at our feet.
 The sorrel's simple bloom.

Wherefore I love the walks of Spring,—
While still I hear new warblers sing,
 Fresh-opening bells I see ;
Joy flits on every roving wing,
 Hope buds on every tree.

That morn I look'd and listen'd long,
Some cheering sight, some woodland song,
As yet unheard, unseen,
To welcome, with remembrance strong
Of days that once had been ;—

When gathering flowers, an eager child,
I ran abroad with rapture wild ;
Or, on more curious quest,
Peep'd breathless through the copse, and smiled,
To see the linnet's nest.

Already had I watch'd the flight
Of swallows darting through the light,
And mock'd the cuckoo's call ;
Already view'd, o'er meadows bright,
The evening rainbow fall.

Now in my walk, with sweet surprise,
I saw the first Spring cowslip rise,
The plant whose pensile flowers
Bend to the earth their beauteous eyes,
In sunshine as in showers.

Lone on a mossy bank it grew,
Where lichens, purple, white, and blue,
Among the verdure crept ;
Its yellow ringlets, dropping dew,
The breezes lightly swept.

A bee had nestled on its blooms,
He shook abroad their rich perfumes,
Then fled in airy rings :
His place a butterfly assumes,
Glancing his glorious wings.

Oh, welcome, as a friend ! I cried ;
A friend through many a season tried,
Nor ever sought in vain,
When May, with Flora at her side,
Is dancing on the plain.

Sure as the Pleiades adorn
The glittering coronet of morn,
In calm delicious hours,
Beneath their beams thy buds are born,
'Midst love-awakening showers.

Scatter'd by Nature's graceful hand,
In briary glens, o'er pasture-land,
Thy fairy tribes we meet ;
Gay in the milk-maid's path they stand,
They kiss her tripping feet.

From winter's farm-yard bondage freed,
The cattle bounding o'er the mead,
Where green the herbage grows,
Among thy fragrant blossoms feed,
Upon thy tufts repose.

Tossing his forelock o'er his mane,
The foal, at rest upon the plain,
Sports with thy flexile stalk.
But stoops his little neck in vain
To crop it in his walk.

Where thick thy primrose blossoms play,
Lovely and innocent as they,
O'er coppice lawns and dells,
In bands the rural children stray,
To pluck thy nectar'd bells ;

Whose simple sweets, with curious skill,
The frugal cottage-dames distil,
Nor envy France the vine,
While many a festal cup they fill
With Britain's homely wine.

Unchanging still from year to year,
Like stars returning in their sphere,
With undiminish'd rays,
Thy vernal constellations cheer
The dawn of lengthening days.

Perhaps from Nature's earliest May,
Imperishable 'midst decay,
Thy self-renewing race
Have breathed their balmy lives away
In this neglected place.

And, oh ! till Nature's final doom,
Here unmolested may they bloom,
From scythe and plough secure,
This bank their cradle and their tomb,
While earth and skies endure !

Yet, lowly Cowslip, while in thee
An old unalter'd friend I see,
Fresh in perennial prime ;
From Spring to Spring behold in me
The woes and waste of Time.

This fading eye and withering mien
Tell what a sufferer I have been,
Since more and more estranged,
From hope to hope, from scene to scene,
Through Folly's wilds I ranged.

Then fields and woods I proudly spurn'd ;
From Nature's maiden love I turn'd,
And wooed the enchantress Art ;
Yet while for her my fancy burn'd,
Cold was my wretched heart,—

Till, distanced in Ambition's race,
Weary of Pleasure's joyless chase,
My peace untimely slain,
Sick of the world,—I turn'd my face
To fields and woods again.

'Twas Spring ;—my former haunts I found,
My favourite flowers adorn'd the ground,
My darling minstrels play'd ;
The mountains were with sunset crown'd,
The valleys dun with shade.

With lorn delight the scene I view'd,
 Past joys and sorrows were renew'd ;
 My infant hopes and fears
 Look'd lovely, through the solitude
 Of retrospective years.

And still, in Memory's twilight bowers,
 The spirits of departed hours,
 With mellowing tints, portray
 The blossoms of life's vernal flowers
 For ever fall'n away.

Till youth's delirious dream is o'er,
 Sanguine with hope, we look before,
 The future good to find ;
 In age when error charms no more,
 For bliss we look behind.

1808.

 TO AGNES.

REPLY TO SOME LINES, BEGINNING "ARREST, O TIME, THY FLEETING
 COURSE."

TIME will not check his eager flight,
 Though gentle AGNES scold,
 For 'tis the Sage's dear delight
 To make young Ladies old.

Then listen, AGNES, friendship sings ;
 Seize fast his forelock gray,
 And pluck from his careering wings
 A feather every day.

Adorn'd with these, defy his rage,
 And bid him plough your face,
 For every furrow of old age
 Shall be a line of grace.

Start not ; old age is virtue's prime ;
 Most lovely she appears,

Clad in the spoils of vanquish'd Time,
 Down in the vale of years.
 Beyond that vale, in boundless bloom,
 The eternal mountains rise :
 Virtue descends not to the tomb,
Her rest is in the skies.

1804.

A DEED OF DARKNESS.

The body of the Missionary, John Smith, (who died February 6, 1824, in prison, under sentence of death by a court-martial, in Demerara.) was ordered to be buried secretly at night, and no person, not even his widow, was allowed to follow the corpse. Mrs. Smith, however, and her friend Mrs. Elliott, accompanied by a free Negro, carrying a lantern, repaired beforehand to the spot where a grave had been dug, and there they awaited the interment, which took place accordingly. His Majesty's pardon, annulling the condemnation, is said to have arrived on the day of the unfortunate Missionary's death, from the rigours of confinement, in a tropical climate, and under the slow pains of an inveterate malady, previously afflicting him.

Come down in thy profoundest gloom,
 Without one vagrant fire-fly's light,
 Beneath thine ebon arch entomb
 Earth, from the gaze of heaven, O Night !
 A deed of darkness must be done,
 Put out the moon, hold back the sun.
 Are these the criminals, that flee
 Like deeper shadows through the shade ?
 A flickering lamp, from tree to tree
 Betrays their path along the glade,
 Led by a Negro ;—now they stand,
 Two trembling women, hand in hand.
 A grave, an open grave, appears ;
 O'er this in agony they bend,
 Wet the fresh turf with bitter tears ;
 Sighs following sighs their bosoms rend :
 These are not murderers !—these have known
 Grief more bereaving than their own.

Oft through the gloom their straining eyes

Look forth, for what they fear to meet :

It comes ; they catch a glimpse ; it flies :

Quick-glancing lights, slow-tramping feet,

Amidst the cane-crops,—seen, heard, gone,—

Return,—and in dead-march move on.

A stern procession !—gleaming arms,

And spectral countenances dart,

By the red torch-flame, wild alarms,

And withering pangs through either heart ;

A corpse amidst the group is borne,

A prisoner's corpse who died last morn.

Not by the slave-lord's justice slain,

Who doom'd him to a traitor's death ;

While royal mercy sped in vain

O'er land and sea to save his breath ;

No ; the frail life that warm'd this clay

Man could not give nor take away.

His vengeance and his grace, alike,

Were impotent to spare or kill ;

—He may not lift the sword to strike,

Nor turn its edge aside, at will ;

Here, by one sovereign act and deed,

God cancell'd all that man decreed.

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,

That corpse is to the grave consign'd ;

The scene departs :—this buried trust

The Judge of quick and dead shall find,

When things which Time and Death have seal'd,

Shall be in flaming fire reveal'd.

The fire shall try Thee, then, like gold,

Prisoner of hope !—await the test ;

And oh ! when truth alone is told,

Be thy clear innocence confess'd !

The fire shall try thy foes ;—may they

Find mercy in that dreadful day.

THE DIAL.

THIS shadow on the Dial's face,
 That steals from day to day,
 With slow, unseen, unceasing pace,
 Moments, and months, and years away ;
 This shadow, which, in every clime,
 Since light and motion first began,
 Hath held its course sublime ;—
 What is it ?—Mortal Man !
 It is the scythe of TIME :
 —A shadow only to the eye ;
 Yet, in its calm career,
 It levels all beneath the sky ;
 And still, through each succeeding year,
 Right onward, with resistless power,
 Its stroke shall darken every hour,
 Till Nature's race be run,
 And TIME's last shadow shall eclipse the sun.

Nor only o'er the Dial's face,
 This silent phantom, day by day,
 With slow, unseen, unceasing pace,
 Steals moments, months, and years away ;
 From hoary rock and aged tree,
 From proud Palmyra's mouldering walls,
 From Teneriffe, towering o'er the sea,
 From every blade of grass it falls ;
 For still, where'er a shadow sweeps,
 The scythe of Time destroys,
 And man at every footstep weeps
 O'er evanescent joys ;

Like flow'rets glittering with the dews of morn,
 Fair for a moment, then for ever shorn :
 —Ah! soon, beneath the inevitable blow,
 I too shall lie in dust and darkness low.

Then TIME, the Conqueror, will suspend
 His scythe, a trophy, o'er my tomb,
 Whose moving shadow shall portend
 Each frail beholder's doom :
 O'er the wide earth's illumined space,
 Though TIME's triumphant flight be shown,
 The truest index on its face
 Points from the churchyard stone.

1807.

EMBLEMS.

An evening cloud, in brief suspense,
 Was hither driven and thither,
 It came, I saw not whence,
 It went, I knew not whither ;
 I watch'd it changing, in the wind,
 Size, semblance, form, and hue,
 Lessening and fading, till behind
 It left no speck on heaven's pure blue.

Amidst the marshall'd host of night
 Shone a new star supremely bright ;
 With marvelling eye, well pleased to err,
 I hail'd that prodigy :—anon,
 It fell,—it fell like Lucifer,
 A flash,—a blaze,—a train,—'twas gone ;
 And then I sought in vain its place,
 Throughout the infinite of space.

Dew-drops, at day-spring, deck'd a line
 Of gossamer so frail, so fine,
 A gnat's wing shook it :—round and clear
 As if by fairy-fingers strung,
 Like orient pearls at beauty's ear,
 In trembling brilliancy they hung
 Upon a rosy brier, whose bloom
 Shed nectar round them, and perfume.

Ere long exhaled in limpid air,
 Some mingled with the breath of morn,
 While some slid singly, here and there,
 Like tears by their own weight down borne ;
 At length the film itself collapsed, and where
 The pageant glitter'd, lo ! a naked thorn.

What are the living ?—hark ! a sound
 From grave and cradle crying,
 By earth and ocean echoed round,
 —“ *The living are the dying !*”

From infancy to utmost age,
 What is man's scene of pilgrimage ?
 The passage to death's portal !
 The moment we begin to be,
 We enter on the agony,
 —“ *The dead* are the immortal ;
They live not on expiring breath,
They only are exempt from death.

Cloud-atoms, sparkles of a falling star,
 Dew-drops on gossamer, all are :
 What can the state beyond us be ?
 Life ?—Death ?—Ah ! no.—a greater mystery ;
 What thought hath not conceived, ear heard, eye seen ;
 Perfect existence from a point begun ;
 Part of what God's eternity hath been,—
Whole immortality belongs to none,
 But Him, the First, the Last, the *Only One*.

A MESSAGE FROM THE MOON:

A THOUGHT AT EXETER, DURING THE GREAT ECLIPSE OF THE SUN,
MAY 15, 1836.

THE evening star peep'd forth at noon,
To learn what ail'd the sun, her sire,
When, lo! the intervening moon
Plunged her black shadow through his fire;
Of ray by ray his orb bereft,
Till but one slender curve was left,
And that seem'd trembling to expire.

The sickening atmosphere grew dim,
A faint, chill breeze crept over all;
As in a swoon, when objects swim
Away from sight,—a thickening pall
Of horror, boding worse to come,
That struck both field and city dumb,
O'er man and brute was felt to fall.

“Avaunt, insatiate fiend!” I cry,—
“Like vampire stealing from its grave
To drain some sleeper's life-strings dry,
Back to thine interlunar cave;
Ere the last glimpse of fountain-light,
Absorpt by thee, bring on a night
From which nor moon nor morn can save.”

While yet I spake, that single beam
(Bent like Apollo's bow half-strung)
Broaden'd and brighten'd;—gleam o'er gleam,
Splendours that out of darkness sprung,
The sun's unveiling disk o'erflow'd,
Till forth in all his strength he rode,
For ever beautiful and young.

Reviving Nature own'd his power ;
 And joy and mirth with light and heat,
 Music and fragrance, hail'd the hour
 When his deliverance was complete :
 Aloft again the swallow flew,
 The cock, at second day-break crew ;
 When suddenly a voice most sweet ;—

A voice, as from the ethereal sphere,
 Of one unseen yet passing by,
 Came with such rapture on mine ear,
 My soul sprang up into my eye ;
 But naught around could I behold,
 No "mortal mixture of earth's mould,"
 Breathed that enchanting harmony.

"How have I wrong'd thee, angry bard !
 What evil to your world have done ?
 That I, the moon, should be debarr'd
 From free communion with the sun ?
 If, while I turn'd on him my face,
 Your's was o'ercast a little space,
 Already are amends begun.

"The lustre I have gather'd now,
 Not to myself I will confine ;
 Night after night, my crescent brow,
 My full and waning globe shall shine
 On yours,—till every spark is spent,
 Which *for us both to me* was lent ;
 —Thus I fulfil the law divine.

"A nobler sun on thee hath shone,
 On thee bestow'd benigner light ;
 Walk in that light, but not alone,
 Like me to darkling eyes give sight :
 This is the way God's gifts to use,
 First to enjoy them, then diffuse,
 —Learn from the moon that lesson right."

A BRIDAL BENISON.

ADDRESSED TO MY FRIENDS MR. AND MRS. B.

OCEAN and land the globe divide,
Summer and winter share the year,
Darkness and light walk side by side,
And earth and heaven are always near.

Though each be good and fair alone,
And glorious, in its time and place,
In all, when fitly pair'd, is shown
More of their Maker's power and grace.

Then may the union of young hearts,
So early and so well begun,
Like sea and shore, in all their parts,
Appear as twain, but be as one.

Be it like summer; may they find
Bliss, beauty, hope, where'er they roam;
Be it like winter, when confined,
Peace, comfort, happiness at home.

Like day and night,—sweet interchange
Of care, enjoyment, action, rest;
Absence nor coldness e'er estrange
Hearts by unfailing love possess.

Like earth's horizon, be their scene
Of life, a rich and various ground,
And, whether lowering or serene,
Heaven all above it and around.

When land and ocean, day and night,
When time and nature cease to be;
Let their inheritance be light,
Their union an eternity.

THE BLACKBIRD.

Those who are apt to awake early on spring mornings in rural neighbourhoods, must often have been charmed with the solitary song of the Blackbird, when all beside is still, and the Lark himself is yet on the ground.—At evening, too, his broad and homely strain, different from that of every other, and chiming in at intervals with the universal chorus of wild throats, is known from infancy by all who have been accustomed to walk abroad in the hour of twilight.—The yellow bill and glossy plumage of the same conspicuous bird, when he flits from hedge to tree, or across a meadow, are equally familiar to the eye of such, nor less to their ear is the chuckling note with which he bolts out of a bush before the startled passenger, who has unconsciously disturbed him from his perch.

MORNING.

GOLDEN bill ! Golden bill !

Lo, the peep of day ;
All the air is cool and still,
From the elm-tree on the hill,

Chant away :
While the moon drops down the west,
Like thy mate upon her nest,
And the stars before the sun,
Melt like snow-flakes, one by one ;
Let thy loud and welcome lay
Pour along
Few notes but strong.

EVENING.

Jet-bright wing ! jet-bright wing !
Flit across the sunset glade ;
Lying there in wait to sing—
Listen with thy head awry,
Keeping time with twinkling eye,
While from all the woodland shade,
Birds of every plume and note
Strain the throat,
Till both hill and valley ring,
And the warbled minstrelsy,

Ebbing, flowing like the sea,
 Claims brief interludes from thee:
 Then, with simple swell and fall,
 Breaking beautiful through all,
 Let thy Pan-like pipe repeat
 Few notes but sweet.

Askern, near Doncaster, 1835.

THE MYRTLE.

DARK-GREEN and gemm'd with flowers of snow,
 With close uncrowded branches spread,
 Not proudly high, nor meanly low,
 A graceful myrtle rear'd its head.

Its mantle of unwithering leaf,
 Seem'd, in my contemplative mood,
 Like silent joy, or patient grief,
 The symbol of pure gratitude.

Still life, methought, is thine, fair tree!
 —Then pluck'd a sprig, and while I mused,
 With idle hands, unconsciously,
 The delicate small foliage bruised.

Odours, at my rude touch set free,
 Escaped from all their secret cells;
 Quick life, I cried, is thine, fair tree!
 In thee a soul of fragrance dwells:

Which outrage, wrongs, nor wounds destroy,
 But wake its sweetness from repose;
 Ah! could I thus heaven's gifts employ,
 Worth seen, worth hidden, thus disclose:

In health, with unpretending grace,
 In wealth, with meekness and with fear,
 Through every season wear one face,
 And be in truth what I appear.

Then should affliction's chastening rod
 Bruise my frail frame, or break my heart,
 Life, a sweet sacrifice to God,
 Out-breathed like incense would depart.

The Captain of Salvation thus,
 When like a lamb to slaughter led,
 Was, by the Father's will, for us,
 Himself through suffering purified.

1837.

A DEATH-BED.

“So giveth He his beloved sleep.”—*Psalm cxxvii. 2.*

HER path was like the shining light,
 Clear, calm, progressive, perfect day ;
 At even-tide came sudden night,
 Thick darkness fell on all her way ;
 Amazed, alarm'd, she quail'd with dread,
 And cried—“The Comforter is fled !”

It was the tempter's vantage-hour ;
 Eager and flush'd with hope was he ;
 He knew the limit of his power,
 And struggled hard for victory ;
 A deathless soul, at life's last gasp,
 Seem'd but a hair's breadth from his grasp.

The dire deceiver was deceived,
 That soul was in a faithful hand,
 Even his in whom her heart believed ;
 Satan before Him could not stand,
 But fell like lightning to the deep,
 So gave He his beloved sleep.

1837.

DALE ABBEY.

A solitary arch in the middle of an open meadow, and a small oratory more ancient than the monastery itself, now the chapel of ease for the hamlet, are alone conspicuous of all the magnificent structures which once occupied this ground. The site is about five miles south-east from Derby.

I.

THE glory hath departed from thee, Dale !
 Thy gorgeous pageant of monastic pride,
 —A power, that once the power of kings defied,
 Which truth and reason might in vain assail,
 In mock humility usurp'd this vale,
 And lorded o'er the region far and wide ;
 Darkness to light, evil to good allied,
 Had wrought a charm, which made all hearts to quail.

What gave that power dominion on this ground,
 Age after age ?—the Word of God was bound !—
 At length the mighty captive burst from thrall,
 O'erturn'd the spiritual bastile in its march,
 And left of ancient grandeur this sole arch,
 Whose stones cry out,—“ Thus Babylon herself shall
 fall.”

II.

More beautiful in ruin than in prime,
 Methinks this frail, yet firm memorial stands,
 The work of heads laid low, and buried hands :
 —Now slowly mouldering to the touch of time,
 It looks abroad, unconsciously sublime,
 Where sky above and earth beneath expands :
 And yet a nobler relic still demands
 The grateful homage of a passing rhyme.

Beneath the cliff yon humble roof behold !
 Poor as our Saviour's birthplace; yet a fold,
 Where the good shepherd, in this quiet vale,
 Gathers his flock, and feeds them, as of old,
 With bread from heaven :—I change my note ;—all hail!
 The glory of the Lord is risen upon thee, Dale !*

1830.

 IN BEREAVEMENT.

LIFT up thine eyes, afflicted soul !
 From earth lift up thine eyes ;
 Though dark the evening-shadows roll,
 And daylight beauty dies,
 One sun is set,—a thousand more
 Their rounds of glory run,
 Where science leads thee to explore
 In every star a sun.

Thus, when some long-loved comfort ends,
 And Nature would despair,
 Faith to the heaven of heaven ascends,
 And meets ten thousand there :
 First faint and small, then clear and bright,
 They gladden all the gloom,
 As stars that seem but points of light
 The rank of suns assume.

1836.

* This ancient oratory is supposed to have stood between 700 and 800 years. It was built by a person who had previously dwelt as a hermit in a cave which he had hewed in the rock adjacent, where he submitted to great hardships and privations. He was a native of Derby, and believed it was the will of heaven, that he should leave his home and friends and live in solitude. The Abbey was founded in 1201, near the spot where this holy man had thus lived and died. After being successively occupied by monks of various orders, it was broken up in 1539. The buildings occupied a large space of ground; but beside the arch and chapel nothing more than a few fragments of walls and foundations can be traced.

CORONATION ODE FOR QUEEN VICTORIA.

THE sceptre in a maiden-hand,
The reign of beauty and of youth,
Should wake to gladness all the land,
Where love is loyalty and truth :
Rule, Victoria, rule the free,
Hearts and hands we offer Thee.

Not by the tyrant law of might,
But by the grace of God we own,
And by the people's voice, thy right
To sit upon thy Father's throne :
Rule, Victoria, rule the free,
Heaven defend and prosper Thee.

Thee isles and continents obey :
Kindreds and nations nigh and far,
Behold the bound-marks of thy sway,
—The morning and the evening star :
Rule, Victoria, rule the free,
Millions rest their hopes on Thee.

No slave within thine empire breathe !
Before thy steps oppression fly !
The lamb and lion play beneath
The meek dominion of thine eye !
Rule, Victoria, rule the free,
Bonds and shackles yield to Thee.

Still spreading influence more benign,
Light to thy realms of darkness send,
Till none shall name a God but thine,
None at an idol altar bend :
Rule, Victoria, rule the free,
Till all tongues shall pray for Thee.

At home, abroad, by sea, on shore,
 Blessings to thee and thine increase ;
 The sword and cannon rage no more,
 The whole world hail thee Queen of Peace :
 Rule, Victoria, rule the free,
 And th' Almighty rule o'er Thee.

1838.

THE WILD PINK,

ON THE WALL OF MALMESBURY ABBEY.

(Dianthus Cheirophyllus.)

On seeing a solitary specimen near the Great Archway, and being told that the plant was not to be found elsewhere in the neighbourhood.

THE hand that gives the angels wings,
 And plants the forest by its power,
 O'er mountain, vale, and champaign flings
 The seed of every herb and flower ;
 Nor forests stand, nor angels fly,
 More at God's will, more in his eye,
 Than the green blade strikes down its root,
 Expands its bloom, and yields its fruit.

Beautiful daughter of a line
 Of unrecorded ancestry !
 What herald's scroll could vie with thine,
 Where monarchs trace their pedigree ?
 Thy first progenitor had birth
 While man was yet unquicken'd earth.
 And thy last progeny may wave
 Its flag o'er man's last-open'd grave.

Down from the day of Eden lost,
 A generation in a year,
 Unscathed by heat, unmipt by frost.
 True to the sovereign sun, appear

The units of thy transient race,
Each in its turn, each in its place,
To make the world a little while
Lovelier and sweeter with its smile.

How camest thou hither? from what soil,
Where those that went before thee grew,
Exempt from suffering, care, and toil,
Clad by the sunbeams, fed with dew?
Tell me on what strange spot of ground
Thy rock-born kindred yet are found,
And I the carrier-dove will be
To bring them wondrous news of thee.

How, here, by wren or red-breast dropt,
Thy parent-germ was left behind,
Or, in its trackless voyage stopt,
While sailing on th' autumnal wind,
Not rudely wreckt, but safely thrown
On yonder ledge of quarried stone,
Where the blithe swallow builds and sings,
And the pert sparrow pecks his wings.

Then, by some glimpse of moonshine sped,
Queen Mab, methinks, alighting there,
A span-long, hand-breadth terrace spread,
A fairy-garden hung in air,
Of lichens, moss, and earthy mould,
To rival Babylon's of old,
In which that single seed she nurst,
Till forth its embryo-wilding burst.

Now, like that solitary star,
Last in the morn's resplendent crown,
Or first emerging, faint and far,
When evening-glooms the sky embrown,
Thy beauty shines without defence,
Yet safe from gentle violence,
While infant-hands and maiden-eyes
Covet in vain the tempting prize.

Yon arch, beneath whose giant-span,
Thousands of passing feet have trod
Upon the dust that once was man,
Gather'd around the house of God,
—That arch which seems to mock decay,
Fix'd as the firmament to-day,
Is fading like the rainbow's form,
Through the slow stress of time's long storm.

But thou mayst boast perennial prime ;
—The blade, the stem, the bud, the flower,
Not ruin'd but renew'd by time,
Beyond the great destroyer's power,
Like day and night, like spring and fall,
Alternate, on the abbey wall,
May come and go, from year to year,
And vanish but to re-appear.

Nay, when in utter wreck are strown
Arch, buttress, all this mighty mass,
Crumbled, and crush'd, and overgrown
With thorns and thistles, reeds and grass,
While Nature *thus* the waste repairs,
Thine offspring, Nature's endless heirs,
Earth's ravaged fields may re-possess,
And plant once more the wilderness.

So be it :—but the sun is set,
My song must end, and I depart ;
Yet thee I never will forget,
But bear thee in my inmost heart,
Where this shall thy memorial be,
—If God so cares for thine and thee,
How can I doubt that love divine,
Which watches over me and mine ?

PARTING WORDS.

“ And he said, Let me go, for the day breaketh.”

Genesis, xxxii. 26.

LET me go, the day is breaking,
 Dear companions, let me go ;
 We have spent a night of waking
 In the wilderness below ;
 Upward now I bend my way,
 Part we here at break of day.

Let me go, I may not tarry,
 Wrestling thus with doubts and fears ;
 Angels wait my soul to carry,
 Where my risen LORD appears ;
 Friends and kindred, weep not so,
 If ye love me, let me go.

We have travell'd long together,
 Hand in hand, and heart in heart,
 Both through fair and stormy weather,
 And 'tis hard—'tis hard to part,
 Yet we must :—“ *Farewell!*” to you ;
 Answer, one and all, “ *Adieu!*”

'Tis not darkness gathering round me,
 Which withdraws me from your sight ;
 Walls of flesh no more can bound me,
 But, translated into light,
 Like the lark on mounting wing,
 Though unseen, you hear me sing.

Heaven's broad day hath o'er me broken,
 Far beyond earth's span of sky :
 Am I dead ?—Nay, by this token,
 Know that I have ceased to die ;
 Would you solve the mystery,
 Come up hither,—come and see.

THE ROSES.

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND ON THE BIRTH OF HIS FIRST CHILD.

Two Roses on one slender spray
In sweet communion grew,
Together hailed the morning ray,
And drank the evening dew ;
While sweetly wreath'd in mossy green,
There sprang a little bud between.

Through clouds and sunshine, storm and showers,
They open'd into bloom,
Mingling their foliage and their flowers,
Their beauty and perfume ;
While foster'd on its rising stem,
The bud became a purple gem.

But soon their summer splendour pass'd,
They faded in the wind,
Yet were these roses to the last
The loveliest of their kind,
Whose crimson leaves in falling round,
Adorn'd and sanctified the ground.

When thus were all their honours shorn,
The bud unfolding rose,
And blush'd and brighten'd, as the morn
From dawn to sunrise glows,
Till o'er each parent's drooping head,
The daughter's crowning glory spread.

My Friends ! in youth's romantic prime,
The golden age of man,
Like these twin Roses spend your time,
—Life's little, lessening span ;
Then be your breasts as free from cares,
Your hours as innocent as theirs.

And in the infant bud that blows
 In your encircling arms,
 Mark the dear promise of a rose,
 The pledge of future charms,
 That o'er your withering hours shall shine,
 Fair, and more fair, as you decline ;—
 Till, planted in that realm of rest
 Where roses never die,
 Amidst the gardens of the blest,
 Beneath a stormless sky,
 You flower afresh, like Aaron's rod,
 That blossom'd at the sight of God.

1803.

ELIJAH IN THE WILDERNESS.

I KINGS xix.

Thus pray'd the prophet in the wilderness ;
 " God of my fathers ! look on my distress ;
 My days are spent in vanity and strife,
 Oh that the LORD would please to take my life !
 Beneath the clods through this lone valley spread,
 Fain would I join the generations dead ! "

Heaven deign'd no answer to that murmuring prayer,
 Silence that thrill'd the blood alone was there ;
 Down sunk his weary limbs, slow heaved his breath,
 And sleep fell on him with a weight like death ;
 Dreams, raised by evil spirits, hover'd near,
 Throng'd with strange thoughts, and images of fear ;
 Th' abominations of the Gentiles came ;—
 Detested Chemosh, Moloch clad with flame,
 Ashtaroth, queen of heaven, with moony crest,
 And Baäl, sunlike, high above the rest,
 Glared on him, gnash'd their teeth, then sped away,
 Like ravening vultures to their carrion-prey,
 Where every grove grew darker with their rites,
 And blood ran reeking down the mountain-heights :

But to the living God, throughout the land,
 He saw no altar blaze, no temple stand ;
 Jerusalem was dust, and Zion's hill,
 Like Tophet's valley, desolate and still :
 The prophet drew one deep desponding groan,
 And his heart died within him like a stone.

An angel's touch the dire entrancement broke,
 "Arise and eat, Elijah !" — He awoke,
 And found a table in the desert spread,
 With water in the cruise beside his head ;
 He bless'd the Lord, who turn'd away his prayer,
 And feasted on the heaven-provided fare ;
 Then sweeter slumber o'er his senses stole,
 And sunk like life new-breathed into his soul.
 A dream brought David's city on his sight,
 —Shepherd's were watching o'er their flocks by night ;
 Around them uncreated splendour blazed,
 And heavenly hosts their hallelujah's raised ;
 A theme unknown since sin to death gave birth,
 "Glory to God ! good will and peace on earth !"
 They sang ; his heart responded to the strain,
 Though memory sought to keep the words in vain :
 The vision changed ; —amid the gloom serene,
 One star above all other stars was seen,
 It had a light, a motion of its own,
 And o'er an humble shed in Bethlehem shone ;
 He look'd, and, lo ! an infant newly born,
 That seem'd cast out to poverty and scorn,
 Yet Gentile kings its advent came to greet,
 Worshipp'd, and laid their treasures at its feet.
 Musing what this mysterious babe might be,
 He saw a sufferer stretch'd upon a tree ;
 Yet while the victim died, by men abhorr'd,
 Creation's agonies confess'd him Lord.
 Again the Angel smote the slumberer's side ;
 "Arise and eat, the way is long and wide."
 He rose and ate, and with unfainting force,
 Through forty days and nights upheld his course.

Horeb, the mount of God, he reach'd, and lay
Within a cavern till the cool of day.
"What dost thou here, Elijah?"—Like the tide,
Brake that deep voice through silence. He replied,
"I have been very jealous for thy cause,
LORD GOD of hosts! for men make void thy laws;
Thy people have thrown down thine altars, slain
Thy prophets,—I, and I alone, remain;
My life with reckless vengeance they pursue,
And what can I against a nation do?"

"Stand on the mount before the Lord, and know,
That wrath or mercy at my will I show."
Anon the power that holds the winds let fly
Their devastating armies through the sky;
Then shook the wilderness, the rocks were rent,
As when JEHOVAH bow'd the firmament,
And trembling Israel, while he gave the law,
Beheld the symbols but no image saw.
The storm retired, nor left a trace behind;
The LORD pass'd by; he came not with the wind.

Beneath the prophet's feet the shuddering ground
Clave, and disclosed a precipice profound,
Like that which open'd to the gates of hell,
When Korah, Dathan, and Abiram fell;
Again the Lord pass'd by, but unreveal'd;
He came not with the earthquake,—all was seal'd.

A new amazement! vale and mountain turn'd
Red as the battle-field with blood, then barn'd
Up to the stars, as terrible a flame
As shall devour this universal frame;
Elijah watch'd it kindle, spread, expire;
The LORD pass'd by; he came not with the fire.

A still small whisper breathed upon his ear;
He wrapt his mantle round his face with fear;
Darkness that might be felt involved him,—dumb
With expectation of a voice to come,
He stood upon the threshold of the cave,
As one long dead, just risen from the grave,

In the last judgment.—Came the voice and cried,
 “What dost thou here, Elijah?”—He replied,
 “I have been very jealous for thy cause,
 LORD GOD of hosts! for men make void thy laws
 Thy people have thrown down thine altars, slain
 Thy prophets,—I, and I alone, remain;
 My life with ruthless violence they pursue,
 And what can I against a nation do?”

“My day of vengeance is at hand: the year
 Of my redeem’d shall suddenly appear:
 Go Thou,—anoint two kings,—and in thy place,
 A prophet to stand up before my face:
 Then he who ’scapes the Syrian’s sword shall fall
 By his whom to Samaria’s throne I call;
 And he who ’scapes from Jehu, in that day,
 Him shall the judgment of Elisha slay.
 Yet hath a remnant been preserved by me,
 Seven thousand souls, who never bow’d the knee
 To Baäl’s image, nor have kiss’d his shrine;
 These are my jewels, and they shall be mine,
 When to the world my righteousness is shown,
 And, root and branch, idolatry o’erthrown.”

So be it, God of truth! yet why delay?
 With thee a thousand years are as one day;
 O crown thy people’s hopes, dispel their fears!
 And be to-day with Thee a thousand years!
 Cut short the evil, bring the blessed time,
 Avenge thine own elect from clime to clime;
 Let not an idol in thy path be spared,
 All share the fate which Baäl long hath shared;
 Nor let seven thousand only worship Thee;
 Make every tongue confess, bow every knee;
 Now o’er the promised kingdoms reign thy Son,
 One Lord through all the earth,—his name be one!
 Hast Thou not spoken? shall it not be done?

STANZAS

ON THE DEATH OF

THE LATE REV. THOMAS RAWSON TAYLOR,

OF BRADFORD, IN YORKSHIRE;

A young minister of great promise, and a poet of no mean order, whose verses, entitled "*Communion with the Dead*," on the removal in early life of a sister, would endear and perpetuate the remembrance of both, were they as generally known as they deserve to be. The survivor died on the 7th of March, 1835, aged 28 years.

MILLIONS of eyes have wept o'er frames

Once living, beautiful, and young,
Now dust and ashes, and their names

Extinct on earth because unsung:
Yet song itself hath but its day,
Like the swan's dirge,—a dying lay.

A dying lay I would rehearse,

In memory of one whose breath
Pour'd forth a stream of such sweet verse
As might have borne away from death
The trophy of a sister's name,
—Winning at once and giving fame.

But all is mortal here,—that song

Pass'd like the breeze, which steals from flowers
Their fragrance, yet repays the wrong
With dew-drops, shaken down in showers;
Ah! like those flowers with dew-drops fed,
They sprang, they blossom'd, they are dead.

The poet (spared a little while)

Follow'd the sister all too soon;
The hectic rose that flush'd his smile
Grew pale and wither'd long ere noon;
In youth's exulting prime he gave
What death demanded to the grave.

But that which death nor grave could seize,—
 His soul,—into his Saviour's hands
 (Who by the cross's agonies
 Redeem'd a people from all lands)
 He yielded, till "that day"* to keep,
 And then, like Stephen, fell asleep.
 "That day" will come, meanwhile weep not,
 O ye that loved him! and yet more
 Love him for grief that "he is not :"
 —Rather with joy let eyes run o'er,
 And warm hearts hope his face to see,
 Where 'tis for ever "good to be."

CHRIST THE PURIFIER.

MALACHI, iii. 2, 3.

He that from dross would win the precious ore,
 Bends o'er the crucible an earnest eye,
 The subtle, searching process to explore,
 Lest the *one* brilliant moment should pass by,
 When in the molten silver's virgin mass,
 He meets his pictured face as in a glass.

Thus in God's furnace are his children tried ;
 Thrice happy they who to the end endure !
 But who the fiery trial may abide ?

Who from the crucible come forth so pure,
 That He, whose eyes of flame look through the whole,
 May see his image perfect in the soul ?

Not with an evanescent glimpse alone,
 As in that mirror the refiner's face.

But, stamp'd with heaven's broad signet, there be shown
 Immanuel's features, full of truth and grace,—
 And round that seal of love this motto be,
 "Not for a moment, but eternity !"

* 2 Tim. i. 12.

“ A CERTAIN DISCIPLE.”

ACTS ix. 10.

ON THE PORTRAIT OF THE REV. W. M.

LONG may his living countenance express
 The air and lineaments of holiness,
 And, as from theme to theme his thoughts shall range
 In high discourse, its answering aspects change !
 —Like Abraham’s, faith’s sublimest pledge display,
 When bound upon the altar Isaac lay ;
 —Kindle like Jacob’s, when he felt his power
 With God, and wrestled till the day-break hour ;
 —Shine like the face of Moses, when he came,
 All-radiant, from the mount that burn’d with flame ;
 —Flash like Elisha’s, when, his sire in view,
 He caught the mantle and the spirit too ;
 —Darken like Jonah’s, when with “ Wo !” he went
 Through trembling Nineveh, yet cry “ Repent !”
 —Brighten like Stephen’s, when his foes amazed,
 As if an angel stood before them, gazed ;
 And like that martyr’s, at his latest breath,
 Reflect his Saviour’s image full in death.

Yea, ever in the true disciple’s mien,
 His meek and lowly Master must be seen,
 And in the fervent preacher’s boldest word,
 That voice which was the voice of mercy heard :
 —So may the love which drew, as with a chain,
 The Son of God from heaven, his heart constrain,
 Draw him from earth, and fix his hopes above,
 While with the self-same chain, that chain of love,
 In new captivity, he strives to bind
 Sin’s ransom’d slaves, his brethren of mankind ;
 Labouring and suffering still, whate’er the cost,
 By life or death, to seek and save the lost ;

That, following Christ, in pure simplicity,
 As He was in this world, himself may be,
 Till, call'd with Him in glory to sit down,
 And with the crown then given the Giver crown.

1834.

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

JOHN xvii. 20—23.

FREE, yet in chains the mountains stand,
 The valleys link'd run hand in hand,
 In fellowship the forests thrive,
 And streams from streams their strength derive.

The cattle graze in flocks and herds,
 In choirs and concerts sing the birds,
 Insects by millions ply the wing,
 And flowers in peaceful armies spring.

All nature is society,
 All nature's voices harmony,
 All colours blend to form pure light,
 —Why then should Christians not unite?

Thus to the Father pray'd the Son,
 "One may they be as We are one;
 That I in them, and Thou in Me,
 They one with Us may ever be."

Children of God! combine your bands,
 Brethren in Christ! join hearts and hands,
 And pray,—for so the Father will'd,—
 That the Son's prayer may be fulfill'd:—

Fulfill'd in you, fulfill'd in all
 That on the name of Jesus call.
 And every covenant of love
 Ye bind on earth, be bound above!

“PERILS BY THE HEATHEN.”

2 CORINTHIANS XI. 26.

Lines in memory of the Rev. WILLIAM THRELFALL, Wesleyan Missionary, who, with two native converts, (JACOB LINKS and JOHANNES JAGGER,) set out in June, 1825, to carry the gospel into great Namaqua-land, on the western coast of South Africa. The last communication received from him by his brethren was the following brief note, dated “*Warm Baths, August 6, 1825.*” Being rather unkindly handled by this people, in their not finding or not permitting us to have a guide, we returned hither yesterday, after having been to the north four days’ journey, and losing one of the oxen. I feel great need of your prayers, and my patience is much tried. These people are very unfeeling and deceitful; but, thank God, we are all in good health, though we doubt of success. Our cattle are so poor that they cannot, I think, bring us home again; but we shall yet try to get further; and then it is not unlikely, I shall despatch Johannes to you to send oxen to fetch us away. Do not be uneasy about us; we all feel much comforted in our souls, and the Lord give us patience. We are obliged to beg hard to buy meat. Peace be with you!—WILLIAM THRELFALL.

No further intelligence arrived concerning the wanderers for seven months, except unauthorized rumours, that they had, in some way, perished in the desert. In the sequel it was ascertained, that Mr. Threlfall and his faithful companions had left the Warm Baths above mentioned about the 9th or 10th of August, having obtained a vagabond guide to the Great Fish River. This wretch, meeting with two others as wicked as himself, conducted them to a petty kraal of Bushmen, (the outcasts of all the Caffre tribes,) and there murdered them in the night after they had lain down to sleep, for the sake of the few trifling articles which they carried with them for the purchase of food by the way. Two of the assassins were long afterwards taken by some of their own wild countrymen, and by them delivered up to the colonial authorities. One of these was the arch-traitor, called Naangaap, who with his own hand buried the stone which caused the death of the missionary. He was tried at Clanwilliam, and condemned to be shot. On their way to the place appointed for execution, the escort halted at Lily Fountain, where the relatives of his murdered companion, Jacob Links, resided. These came out of their dwellings and spoke to the criminal upon his awful situation, of which he seemed little heedful. Martha, Jacob’s sister, was especially concerned to awaken him to a sense of his guilt and peril, saying to him, with true Christian meekness and sympathy,—“I am indeed very sorry for you, though you have killed my brother, because you are indifferent about the salvation of your own sinful soul.” On the 30th of September, 1827, he was shot, according to his sentence, by six men of his own tribe, at Silver Fountain, on the border of the colony, with the entire concurrence of the chief, who had come from his distant residence to witness the execution.

Mr. Threlfall was a young man who had served on several missionary stations in South Africa, from the year 1822, under great bodily affliction for the most part of the time, but with unquenchable fervency of spirit, and devotion to the work of God among the heathen. His two fellow-labourers and fellow-sufferers, Jacob Links and Johannes Jagger, had voluntarily offered themselves

to the same service and sacrifice with him, for the sake of carrying the gospel of the grace of God to their benighted countrymen in the farther regions of Namaqua-land.

Not by the lion's paw, the serpent's tooth,
By sudden sun-stroke, or by slow decay,
War, famine, plague,—meek messenger of truth!—
Wert thou arrested on thy pilgrim-way.

The sultry whirlwind spared thee in its wrath,
The lightning flash'd before thee, and pass'd by,
The brooding earthquake paused beneath thy path,
The mountain-torrent shunn'd thee, or ran dry.

Thy march was through the savage wilderness,
Thine errand thither, like thy gracious Lord's,
To seek and save the lost, to heal and bless
Its blind and lame, diseased and dying hordes.

How did the love of Christ, that, like a chain,
Drew Christ himself to Bethlehem from his throne,
And bound Him to the cross, thine heart constrain,
Thy willing heart, to make that true love known!

But not to build, was thine appointed part,
Temple where temple never stood before;
Yet was it well the thought was in thine heart,
—Thou know'st it now,—thy Lord required no more.

The wings of darkness round thy tent were spread,
The wild beast's howlings brake not thy repose;
The silent stars were watching overhead,
Thy friends were nigh thee,—nigh thee were thy foes.

The sun went down upon thine evening prayer,
He rose upon thy finish'd sacrifice;
The house of God, the gate of heaven, was there;
Angels and fiends on thee had fix'd their eyes.

At midnight, in a moment, open stood
Th' eternal doors to give thy spirit room;
At morn the earth had drunk thy guiltless blood,
—But where on earth may now be found thy tomb?

At rest beneath the ever-shifting sand,
 This thine unsculptured epitaph remain,
 Till the last trump shall summon sea and land,
 "To me to live was Christ; to die was gain."
 And must with thee thy slain companions lie,
 Unnourn'd, unsung, forgotten where they fell?
 Oh! for the spirit and power of prophecy,
 Their life, their death, the fruits of both to tell!
 They took the cross, they bore it, they lay down
 Beneath it, woke, and found that cross their crown.
 O'er their lost relics, on the spot where guilt
 Slew sleeping innocence, and hid the crime,
 A church of Christ, amidst the desert built,
 May gather converts till the end of time,
 And there, with them, their kindred, dust to dust,
 Await the resurrection of the just.

A MIDNIGHT THOUGHT.

In a land of strange delight,
 My transported spirit stray'd;
 I awake where all is night,
 Silence, solitude, and shade.
 Is the dream of Nature flown?
 Is the universe destroy'd,
 Man extinct, and I alone
 Breathing through the formless void?
 No:—my soul, in God rejoice!
 Through the gloom his light I see,
 In the silence hear his voice,
 And his hand is over me.
 When I slumber in the tomb,
 He will guard my resting-place:
 Fearless in the day of doom
 May I stand before his face!

THE PEAK MOUNTAINS:

IN TWO PARTS.

WRITTEN AT BUXTON, IN AUGUST, 1812.

It may be useful to remark, that the scenery in the neighbourhood of Buxton, when surveyed from any of the surrounding eminences, consists chiefly of numerous and naked hills, of which many are yet unenclosed, and the rest poorly cultivated; the whole district, except in the immediate precincts of the Baths and the village of Fairfield, being miserably bare of both trees and houses.

PART I.

HEALTH on these open hills I seek,
 By these delicious springs, in vain;
 The rose on this deserted cheek
 Shall never bloom again;
 For youth is fled;—and less by time
 Than sorrow torn away,
 The pride, the strength of manhood's prime,
 Falls to decay.

Restless and fluttering to expire,
 Life's vapour sheds a cold dim light,
 Frail as the evanescent fire
 Amidst the murky night,
 That tempts the traveller from afar
 To follow, o'er the heath,
 Its baleful and bewildering star
 To snares of death.

A dreary torpor numbs my brain;
 Now shivering pale,—now flush'd with heat;
 Hurried, then slow, from vein to vein
 Unequal pulses beat;

Quick palpitations heave my heart,
Anon it seems to sink ;
Alarm'd at sudden sounds I start,
From shadows shrink.

Bear me, my failing limbs ! Oh, bear
A melancholy sufferer forth,
To breathe abroad the mountain air
Fresh from the vigorous north ;
To view the prospect, waste and wild,
Tempestuous or serene,
Still dear to me, as to the child
The mother's mien.

Ah ! who can look on Nature's face,
And feel unholy passions move ?
Her forms of majesty and grace
I cannot choose but love :
Her frowns or smiles my woes disarm,
Care and repining cease ;
Her terrors awe, her beauties charm
My thoughts to peace.

Already through mine inmost soul,
A deep tranquillity I feel,
O'er every nerve, with mild control,
Her consolations steal ;
This fever'd frame and fretful mind,
Jarring midst doubts and fears,
Are soothed to harmony :—I find
Delight in tears.

I quit the path, and track with toil
The mountains' unfrequented maze ;
Deep moss and heather clothe the soil,
And many a springlet plays,
That welling from its secret source
Down rugged dells is tost,
Or spreads through rushy fens its course,
Silently lost.

The flocks and herds, that freely range
 These moorlands, turn a jealous eye,
 As if the form of man were strange,
 To watch me stealing by ;
 The heifer stands aloof to gaze,
 The colt comes boldly on :—
 I pause,—he shakes his forelock, neighs,
 Starts, and is gone.

I seek the valley :—all alone
 I seem in this sequester'd place ;
 Not so ; I meet, unseen, yet known,
 My Maker face to face ;
 My heart perceives his presence nigh,
 And hears his voice proclaim,
 While bright his glory passes by,
 His noblest name.

LOVE is that name,—for GOD is LOVE ;
 —Here, where unbuilt by mortal hands,
 Mountains below and heaven above,
 His awful temple stands,
 I worship :—“ Lord ! though I am dust
 And ashes in thy sight,
 Be thou my strength ; in Thee I trust :
 Be thou my light.”

PART II.

EMERGING from the cavern'd glen,
 From steep to steep I slowly climb,
 And far above the haunts of men,
 I tread in air sublime :
 Beneath my path the swallows sweep ;
 Yet higher craggs impend,
 And wild flowers from the fissures peep,
 And rills descend.

Now on the ridges bare and bleak,
 Cool round my temples sighs the gale ;

Ye winds! that wander o'er the Peak;
Ye mountain-spirits! hail!
Angels of health! to man below
Ye bring celestial airs;
Bear back to Him, from whom ye blow,
Our praise and prayers.

Here, like the eagle from his nest,
I take my proud and dizzy stand;
Here, from the cliff's sublimest crest,
Look down upon the land:
Oh! for the eagle's eye to gaze
Undazzled through this light!
Oh! for the eagle's wings to raise
O'er all my flight.

The sun in glory walks the sky,
White fleecy clouds are floating round,
Whose shapes along the landscape fly,
—Here, chequering o'er the ground;
There, down the glens the shadows sweep,
With changing lights between;
Yonder they climb the upland steep,
Shifting the scene.

Above, beneath, immensely spread,
Valleys and hoary rocks I view,
Heights over heights exalt their head,
Of many a sombre hue;
No waving woods their flanks adorn,
No hedge-rows, gay with trees,
Encircle fields, where floods of corn
Roll to the breeze.

My soul this vast horizon fills,
Within whose undulated line
Thick stand the multitude of hills,
And clear the waters shine;
Gray mossy walls the slopes ascend;
While roads, that tire the eye,

Upward their winding course extend,
And touch the sky.

With rude diversity of form,
The insulated mountains tower ;
—Oft o'er these cliffs the transient storm
And partial darkness lower,
While yonder summits far away
Shine sweetly through the gloom,
Like glimpses of eternal day
Beyond the tomb.

Hither, of old, the Almighty came ;
Clouds were his car, his steeds the wind :
Before Him went devouring flame,
And thunder roll'd behind ;
At his approach the mountains reel'd
Like vessels to and fro ;
Earth, heaving like a sea, reveal'd
The gulfs below.

Borne through the wilderness in wrath,
He seem'd in power alone a God ;
But blessings follow'd in his path,
For Mercy seized his rod ;
She smote the rock,—and as He pass'd,
Forth gush'd a living stream ;
The fire, the earthquake, and the blast
Fled as a dream.

Behold the everlasting hills,
In that convulsion scatter'd round ;
Hark ! from their caves the issuing rills
With sweetest music sound ;
Ye lame and impotent ! draw near ;
With healing on her wing,
The cherub Mercy watches here
Her ancient spring.

TO ANN AND JANE:

VERSES WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF IN THE SMALL VOLUME OF
HYMNS FOR INFANT MINDS.

WHEN the shades of night retire
From the morn's advancing beams,
Ere the hills are tipt with fire,
And the radiance lights the streams,
Lo, the lark begins her song,
Early on the wing, and long.

Summon'd by the signal notes,
Soon her sisters quit the lawn,
With their wildly warbling throats,
Soaring in the dappled dawn ;
Brighter, warmer spread the rays,
Louder, sweeter swell their lays.

Nestlings, in their grassy beds,
Harkening to the joyful sound,
Heavenward point their little heads,
Lowly twittering from the ground,
Ere their wings are fledged to fly,
To the chorus in the sky.

Thus, fair Minstrels, while ye sing,
Teaching infant minds to raise
To the universal King
Humble hymns of prayer and praise.
O may all who hear your voice
Look, and listen, and rejoice !

Faltering like the skylark's young,
While your numbers they record,
Soon may every heart and tongue
Learn to magnify the Lord ;
And your strains divinely sweet,
Unborn millions thus repeat.

Minstrels! what reward is due
 For this labour of your love?
 —Through eternity may You,
 In the Paradise above,
 Round the dear Redeemer's feet,
 All your infant readers meet!

TRANSMIGRATIONS.

A HAIL-STONE, from the cloud set free,
 Shot, slanting coastward, o'er the sea,
 And thus, as eastern tales relate,
 Lamented its untimely fate:
 "Last moment born, condemn'd in *this*,
 The *next* absorpt in yon abyss;
 'Twere better ne'er to know the light,
 Than see and perish at first sight."
 —An oyster heard, and as it fell,
 Welcomed the outcast to her shell,
 Where meekly suffering that "sea-change,"
 It grew to "something rich and strange,"
 And thence became the brightest gem
 That decks the Sultan's diadem,
 Turn'd from a particle of ice
 Into a pearl of priceless price.
 —Thus can the power that rules o'er all
 Exalt the humble by their fall.

A dew-drop, in the flush of morn,
 Sparkled upon a blossom'd thorn,
 Reflecting from its mirror pure
 The sun himself in miniature.
 Dancing for gladness on the spray,
 It miss'd its hold, and slid away;
 A lark, just mounting up to sing,
 Caught the frail trembler on its wing,

But, borne aloft through gathering clouds,
Left it entangled with their shrouds:
Lost, and for ever lost, it seem'd,
When suddenly the sun forth gleam'd,
And round the showery vapours threw
A rainbow,—where our drop of dew
Midst the prismatic hues of heaven
Outshone the beams of all the seven.
When virtue falls, 'tis not to die,
But be translated to the sky.

A babe into existence came,
A feeble, helpless, suffering frame;
It breathed on earth a little while,
Then vanish'd, like a tear, a smile,
That springs and falls,—that peers and parts,
The grief, the joy of loving hearts;
The grave received the body dead
Where all that live must find their bed.
Sank then the soul to dust and gloom,
Worms and corruption in the tomb?
No,—midst the rainbow round the throne,
Caught up to paradise, it shone,
And yet shall shine, until the day
When heaven and earth must pass away,
And those that sleep in Jesus here,
With him in glory shall appear.
Then shall that soul and body meet;
And when his jewels are complete,
Midst countless millions, form a gem
In the Redeemer's diadem,
Wherewith as thorns his brows once bound,
He for his sufferings shall be crown'd;
Raised from the ignominious tree
To the right-hand of Majesty,
Head over all created things,
The Lord of lords, the King of kings.

CHATTERTON.

Stanzas on reading the Verses entitled "Resignation," written by Chatterton, a few days before his melancholy end.

A DYING swan of Pindus sings
In wildly mournful strains ;
As Death's cold fingers snap the strings,
His suffering lyre complains.

Soft as the mist of evening wends
Along the shadowy vale ;
Sad as in storms the moon ascends,
And turns the darkness pale ;

So soft the melting numbers flow
From his harmonious lips ;
So sad his wo-wan features show,
Just fading in eclipse.

The Bard, to dark despair resign'd,
With his expiring art,
Sings, midst the tempest of his mind,
The shipwreck of his heart.

If Hope still seem to linger nigh,
And hover o'er his head,
Her pinions are too weak to fly,
Or Hope ere now had fled.

Rash Minstrel ! who can hear thy songs,
Nor long to share thy fire ?
Who read thine errors and thy wrongs,
Nor execrate the lyre ?

The lyre, that sunk thee to the grave,
When bursting into bloom,

That lyre the power to Genius gave
To blossom in the tomb.

Yes ;—till his memory fail with years,
Shall TIME thy strains recite ;
And while thy story swells his tears,
Thy song shall charm his flight.

1502.

A DAUGHTER (C. M.) TO HER MOTHER,

ON HER BIRTH-DAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1811.

THIS the day to me most dear
In the changes of the year ;
Spring, the fields and woods adorning,
Spring may boast a gayer morning ;
Summer noon, with brighter beams,
Gild the mountains and the streams ;
Autumn, through the twilight vale,
Breathe a more delicious gale :
Yet though stern November reigns
Wild and wintry o'er the plains.
Never does the morning rise
Half so welcome to mine eyes ;
Noontide glories never shed
Rays so beauteous round my head :
Never looks the evening scene
So enchantingly serene,
As on this returning day,
When, in spirit rapt away,
Joys and sorrows I have known,
In the years for ever flown,
Wake at every sound and sight,
Reminiscence of delight :
All around me, all above,
Witnessing a Mother's love.

Love, that watch'd my early years
 With conflicting hopes and fears ;
 Love, that through life's showery May
 Led my childhood, prone to stray ;
 Love, that still directs my youth
 With the constancy of Truth,
 Heightens every bliss it shares,
 Softens and divides the cares,
 Smiles away my light distress,
 Weeps for joy, or tenderness :
 —May that love, to latest age,
 Cheer my earthly pilgrimage ;
 May that love, o'er death victorious,
 Rise beyond the grave more glorious ;
 Souls, united here, would be
 One to all eternity.

When these eyes, from native night,
 First unfolded to the light,
 On what object, fair and new,
 Did they fix their fondest view ?
 On my Mother's smiling mien ;
 All the mother there was seen.
 When their weary lids would close,
 And she sang me to repose,
 Found I not the sweetest rest
 On my Mother's peaceful breast ?
 When my tongue from hers had caught
 Sounds to utter infant thought,
 Radiest then what accents came ?
 Those that meant my Mother's name.
 When my timid feet begun,
 Strangely pleased, to stand or run,
 'Twas my Mother's voice and eye
 Most encouraged me to try,
 Safe to run, and strong to stand,
 Holding by her gentle hand.

Time since then hath deeper made
 Lines, where youthful dimples play'd,

Yet to me my Mother's face
Wears a more angelic grace ;
And her tresses, thin and hoary,
Are they not a crown of glory ?
—Cruel griefs have wrung that breast,
Once my Paradise of rest ;
While in these I bear a part,
Warmer grows my Mother's heart,
Closer our affections twine,
Mine with hers, and hers with mine.
—Many a name, since hers I knew,
Have I loved with honour due,
But no name shall be more dear
Than my Mother's to mine ear.
—Many a hand that Friendship plighted,
Have I clasp'd with all delighted,
But more faithful none can be
Than my Mother's hand to me.

Thus by every tie endear'd,
Thus with filial reverence fear'd,
Mother ! on this day 'tis meet
That, with salutation sweet,
I should wish you years of health,
Worldly happiness and wealth,
And when good old age is past,
Heaven's eternal peace at last !
But with these I frame a vow
For a double blessing now ;
One, that richly shall combine
Your felicity with mine ;
One, in which with soul and voice,
Both together may rejoice ;
Oh ! what *shall* that blessing be ?
—Dearest Mother ! may you see
All *your* prayers fulfill'd *for me* !

ON FINDING THE FEATHERS OF A LINNET

SCATTERED ON THE GROUND IN A SOLITARY WALK.

THESE little relics, hapless bird !

That strew the lonely vale,
With silent eloquence record
Thy melancholy tale.

Like Autumn's leaves, that rustle round
From every withering tree,
These plumes, dishevell'd o'er the ground,
Alone remain of thee.

Some hovering kite's rapacious maw
Hath been thy timeless grave :
No pitying eye thy murder saw,
No friend appear'd to save.

Heaven's thunder smite the guilty foe !
No :—spare the tyrant's breath,
Till wintry winds, and famine slow,
Avenge thy cruel death !

But every feather of thy wing
Be quicken'd where it lies,
And at the soft return of spring,
A fragrant cowslip rise !

Few were thy days, thy pleasures few,
Simple and unconfined ;
On sunbeams every moment flew,
Nor left a care behind.

In spring to build thy curious nest,
And woo thy merry bride,
Carol and fly, and sport and rest,
Was all thy humble pride.

Happy beyond the lot of kings,
Thy bosom knew no smart,

Till the last pang, that tore the strings
From thy dissever'd heart.

When late to secret griefs a prey,
I wander'd slowly here,
Wild from the copse an artless lay,
Like magic, won mine ear.

Perhaps 'twas thy last evening song,
That exquisitely stole
In sweetest melody along,
And harmonized my soul.

Now, blithe musician ! now no more,
Thy mellow pipe resounds,
But jarring drums at distance roar,
And yonder howl the hounds :

The hounds that through the echoing wood
The panting hare pursue ;
The drums, that wake the cry of blood,
The voice of Glory too !

Here at my feet thy frail remains,
Unwept, unburied, lie,
Like victims on embattled plains,
Forsaken where they die.

Yet could the muse whose strains rehearse
Thine unregarded doom,
Enshrine thee in immortal verse,
Kings should not scorn thy tomb.

Though brief as thine my tuneful date,
When wandering near this spot,
The sad memorials of thy fate
Shall never be forgot.

While doom'd the lingering pangs to feel
Of many a nameless fear,
One truant sigh from these I'll steal,
And drop one willing tear.

OCCASIONAL ODE

FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE ROYAL BRITISH SYSTEM OF
EDUCATION,

HELD AT FREEMASON'S HALL, MAY 16, 1812.

THE lion, o'er his wild domains,
Rules with the terror of his eye ;
The eagle of the rock maintains
By force his empire in the sky ;
The shark, the tyrant of the flood,
Reigns through the deep with quenchless rage :
Parent and young, unwean'd from blood,
Are still the same from age to age.

Of all that live, and move, and breathe,
Man only rises o'er his birth ;
He looks above, around, beneath,
At once the heir of heaven and earth :
Force, cunning, speed, which Nature gave
The various tribes throughout her plan,
Life to enjoy, from death to save,—
These are the lowest powers of Man.

From strength to strength he travels on :
He leaves the lingering brute behind ;
And when a few short years are gone,
He soars, a disembodied mind :
Beyond the grave, his course sublime
Destined through nobler paths to run,
In his career the end of Time
Is but Eternity begun.

What guides him in his high pursuit,
Opens, illumines, cheers his way,
Discerns the immortal from the brute,
God's image from the mould of clay ?

"Tis knowledge :—Knowledge to the soul
 Is power, and liberty, and peace ;
 And while celestial ages roll,
 The joys of Knowledge shall increase.

Hail! to the glorious plan, that spread
 The light with universal beams,
 And through the human desert led
 Truth's living, pure, perpetual streams,
 —Behold a new creation rise,
 New spirit breathed into the clod,
 Where'er the voice of Wisdom cries,
 "Man, know thyself, and fear thy God."

DEPARTED DAYS :

A RHAPSODY.

WRITTEN ON VISITING FULNECK, IN YORKSHIRE, WHERE THE AUTHOR
 WAS EDUCATED, IN THE SPRING OF 1806.

DAYS of my childhood, hail !
 Whose gentle spirits wandering here,
 Down in the visionary vale,
 Before mine eyes appear,
 Benignly pensive, beautifully pale ;
 O days for ever fled, for ever dear,
 Days of my childhood, hail !
 Joys of my early hours !
 The swallows on the wing,
 The bees among the flowers,
 The butterflies of spring,
 Light as their lovely moments flew,
 Were not more gay, more innocent than you :
 And fugitive as they,
 Like butterflies in spring,
 Like bees among the flowers,
 Like swallows on the wing,
 How swift, how soon ye pass'd away,
 Joys of my early hours !

The loud Atlantic ocean,
 On Scotland's rugged breast,
 Rocks, with harmonious motion,
 His weary waves to rest,
 And gleaming round her emerald isles,
 In all the pomp of sunset smiles.
 On that romantic shore
 My parents hail'd their first-born boy :
 A mother's pangs my mother bore,
 My father felt a father's joy :
 My father, mother,—parents now no more :
 Beneath the Lion-Star they sleep,
 Beyond the western deep,
 And when the sun's noon-glory crests the waves,
 He shines without a shadow on their graves.

Sweet seas, and smiling shores !
 When no tornado-demon roars,
 Resembling that celestial clime
 Where, with the spirits of the blest,
 Beyond the hurricanes of Time,
 From all their toils my parents rest ;
 Their skies, eternally serene,
 Diffuse ambrosial balm
 Through sylvan isles for ever green,
 O'er seas for ever calm ;
 While saints and angels, kindling in his rays,
 On the full glory of the Godhead gaze,
 And taste and prove, in that transporting sight,
 Joy without sorrow, without darkness light.

Light without darkness, without sorrow joy,
 On earth are all unknown to man ;
 Here, while I roved, a heedless boy,
 Here, while through paths of peace I ran,
 My feet were vex'd with puny snares,
 My bosom stung with insect-cares :
 But ah ! what light and little things
 Are childhood's woes !—they break no rest ;

Like dew-drops on the skylark's wings,
While slumbering in his grassy nest,
Gone in a moment when he springs
To meet the morn with open breast,
As o'er the eastern hills her banners glow,
And veil'd in mist the valley sleeps below.

Like him on these delightful plains,
I taught, with fearless voice,
The echoing woods to sound my strains,
The mountains to rejoice,
Hail! to the trees beneath whose shade,
Rapt into worlds unseen I stray'd ;
Hail! to the stream that pur'd along
In hoarse accordance to my song ;
My song that pour'd uncensured lays,
Tuned to a dying Saviour's praise,
In numbers simple, wild, and sweet,
As were the flowers beneath my feet;—
Those flowers are dead,
Those numbers fled,
Yet o'er my secret thought,
From cold Oblivion's silent gloom,
Their music to mine ear is brought,
Like voices from the tomb.
And yet in this untainted breast
No baleful passion burn'd,
Ambition had not banish'd rest,
Nor hope had earthward turn'd ;
Proud Reason still in shadow lay,
And in my firmament alone,
Forerunner of the day,
The dazzling star of wonder shone,
By whose enchanting ray
Creation open'd on my earliest view,
And all was beautiful, for all was new.

Too soon my mind's awakening powers
Made the light slumbers flee,

Then vanish'd with the golden hours,
 The morning dreams of Infancy ;
 Sweet were those slumbers, dear those dreams to me ;
 And yet to mournful memory lingering here,
 Sweet are those slumbers, and those dreams are dear :
 For hither, from my native clime,
 The hand that leads Orion forth,
 And wheels Arcturus round the north,
 Brought me, in Life's exulting prime :
 —Blest be that hand !—Whether it shed
 Mercies or judgments on my head,
 Extend the sceptre or exalt the rod,—
 Blest be that hand !—It is the hand of GOD.†

THE BIBLE.

WHAT is the world !—A wildering maze,
 Where sin hath track'd ten thousand ways,
 Her victims to ensnare ;
 All broad, and winding, and aslope,
 All tempting with perfidious hope,
 All ending in despair.

Millions of pilgrims throng those roads,
 Bearing their baubles, or their loads,
 Down to eternal night ;
 —*One* humble path, that never bends,
 Narrow, and rough, and steep, ascends
 From darkness into light.

Is there a Guide to show that path ?
 The Bible :—He alone, who hath
 The Bible, need not stray :
 Yet he who hath, and will not give
 That heavenly Guide to all that live,
 Himself shall lose the way.

THE WILD ROSE:

ON PLUCKING ONE LATE IN THE MONTH OF OCTOBER.

THOU last pale promise of the waning year,
Poor sickly Rose ! what dost thou here ?
Why, frail flower ! so late a comer,
Hast thou slept away the summer ?
Since now, in Autumn's sullen reign,
When ev'ry breeze
Unrobes the trees,
And strews their annual garments on the plain,
Awaking from repose,
Thy fairy lids unclose.

Feeble, evanescent flower,
Smile away thy sunless hour ;
Every daisy, in my walk,
Scorns thee from its humbler stalk :
Nothing but thy form discloses
Thy descent from royal roses :
How thine ancestors would blush
To behold thee on their bush,
Drooping thy dejected head
Where their bolder blossoms spread ;
Withering in the frosty gale,
Where their fragrance fill'd the vale.

Last and meanest of thy race,
Void of beauty, colour, grace,
No bee delighted sips
Ambrosia from thy lips ;
No spangling dew-drops gem
Thy fine elastic stem ;

No living lustre glistens o'er thy bloom,
Thy sprigs no verdant leaves adorn,
Thy bosom breathes no exquisite perfume ;
But pale thy countenance as snow,
While, unconceal'd below,
All naked glares the threatening thorn.

Around thy bell, o'er mildew'd leaves,
His ample web a spider weaves ;
A wily ruffian, gaunt and grim,
His labyrinthine toils he spreads
Pensile and light ;—their glossy threads
Bestrew'd with many a wing and limb ;
Even in thy chalice he prepares
His deadly poison and delusive snares.

While I pause, a vagrant fly
Giddily comes buzzing by ;
Round and round, on viewless wings,
Lo ! the insect wheels and sings :
Closely couch'd, the fiend discovers,
Sets him with his sevenfold eyes,
And, while o'er the verge he hovers,
Seems to fascinate his prize,
As the snake's magnetic glare
Charms the flitting tribes of air,
Till the dire enchantment draws
Destined victims to his jaws.
Now midst kindred corpses mangled,
On his feet alights the fly ;
Ah ! he feels himself entangled,
Hark ! he pours a piteous cry.
Swift as Death's own arrows dart,
On his prey the spider springs,
Wounds his side,—with dexterous art
Winds the web about his wings ;
Quick as he came, recoiling then,
The villain vanishes into his den.

The desperate fly perceives too late
The hastening crisis of his fate ;
Disaster crowds upon disaster,
And every struggle to get free
Snaps the hopes of liberty,
And draws the knots of bondage faster.

Again the spider glides along the line ;
Hold, murderer ! hold ;—the game is mine.
—Captive ! unwarn'd by danger, go,
Frolic awhile in light and air ;
Thy fate 'tis easy to foreshow,
Preserved—to perish in a safer snare !
Spider ! thy worthless life I spare ;
Advice on thee 'twere vain to spend,
Thy wicked ways thou wilt not mend,—
Then haste thee, spoiler, mend thy net ;
Wiser than I
Must be you fly,
If he escapes thy trammels yet ;
Most eagerly the trap is sought
In which a fool has once been caught.

And thou, poor Rose ! whose livid leaves expand,
Cold to the sun, untempting to the hand,
Bloom unadmired,—uninjured die ;
Thine aspect, squalid and forlorn,
Insures thy peaceful, dull decay ;
Hadst thou with blushes hid thy thorn,
Grown “sweet to sense and lovely to the eye,”
I might have pluck'd thy flower,
Worn it an hour,
“Then cast it like a loathsome weed away.”*

1796.

* Otway's Orphan.

THE TIME-PIECE.

Who is *He*, so swiftly flying,
His career no eye can see ?
Who are *They*, so early dying,
From their birth they cease to be ?
Time :—behold his pictured face !
Moments :—can you count their race ?
Though, with aspect deep-dissembling,
Here he feigns unconscious sleep,
Round and round this circle trembling,
Day and night his symbols creep,
While unseen, through earth and sky,
His unwearying pinions fly.

Hark ! what petty pulses, beating,
Spring new moments into light ;
Every pulse, its stroke repeating,
Sends its moment back to night ;
Yet not one of all the train
Comes uncall'd, or flits in vain.

In the highest realms of glory,
Spirits trace, before the throne,
On eternal scrolls, the story
Of each little moment flown ;
Every deed, and word, and thought,
Through the whole creation wrought.

Were the volume of a minute
Thus to mortal sight unroll'd,
More of sin and sorrow in it,
More of man, might we behold,
Than on History's broadest page,
In the relics of an age.

Who could bear the revelation ?
Who abide the sudden test ?

—With instinctive consternation,
 Hands would cover every breast,
 Loudest tongues at once be hush'd,
 Pride in all its writhings crush'd.

Who, with leer malign exploring,
 On his neighbour's shame durst look ?
 Would not each, intensely poring
 On that record in the book,
 Which his inmost soul reveal'd,
 Wish its leaves for ever seal'd ?

Seal'd they are for years, and ages,
 Till,—the earth's last circuit run,
 Empire changed through all its stages,
 Risen and set the latest sun,—
 On the sea and on the land
 Shall a midnight angel stand :—

Stand ;—and, while th' abysses tremble,
 Swear that Time shall be no more :
 Quick and Dead shall then assemble,
 Men and Demons range before
 That tremendous judgment-seat,
 Where both worlds at issue meet.

Time himself, with all his legions,
Days, Months, Years, since Nature's birth,
 Shall revive,—and from all regions,
 Singling out the sons of earth,
 With their glory or disgrace,
 Charge their spenders face to face.

Every moment of my being
 Then shall pass before mine eyes :
 —God, all-searching ! God, all-seeing !
 Oh ! appease them, ere they rise :
 Warn'd I fly, I fly to thee ;
 God, be merciful to me !

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

A MOTHER'S Love,—how sweet the name!

What *is* a Mother's love?

—A noble, pure, and tender flame,

Enkindled from above,

To bless a heart of earthly mould;

The warmest love that *can* grow cold;

'This is a Mother's Love.

To bring a helpless babe to light,

Then, while it lies forlorn,

To gaze upon that dearest sight,

And feel herself new-born,

In its existence lose her own,

And live and breathe in it alone;

This is a Mother's Love.

Its weakness in her arms to bear;

To cherish on her breast,

Feed it from Love's own fountain there,

And lull it there to rest;

Then, while it slumbers, watch its breath,

As if to guard from instant death;

This is a Mother's Love.

To mark its growth from day to day,

Its opening charms admire,

Catch from its eye the earliest ray

Of intellectual fire;

To smile and listen while it talks,

And lend a finger when it walks;

This is a Mother's Love.

And can a Mother's Love grow cold?

Can she forget her boy?

His pleading innocence behold,

Nor weep for grief—for joy?

A Mother may forget her child,
While wolves devour it on the wild ;

Is *this* a Mother's Love ?

Ten thousand voices answer " No ! "

Ye clasp your babes and kiss ;

Your bosoms yearn, your eyes o'erflow ;

Yet, ah ! remember this,—

The infant, rear'd alone for earth,

May live, may die,—to curse his birth ;

Is *this* a Mother's Love ?

A parent's heart may prove a snare ;

The child she loves so well,

Her hand may lead, with gentlest care,

Down the smooth road to hell ;

Nourish its frame,—destroy its mind :

Thus do the blind mislead the blind,

Even with a Mother's Love.

Blest infant ! whom his mother taught

Early to seek the Lord,

And pour'd upon his dawning thought

The day-spring of the word ;

This was the lesson to her son,

—Time is Eternity begun :

Behold that Mother's Love.*

Blest Mother ! who, in wisdom's path

By her own parent trod,

Thus taught her son to flee the wrath,

And know the fear, of God :

Ah, youth ! like him enjoy your prime ;

Begin Eternity in time,

Taught by that Mother's Love.

That Mother's Love !—how sweet the name !

What *was* that Mother's Love ?

—The noblest, purest, tenderest flame,

That kindles from above,

* 2 Tim. i. 5 ; iii. 14, 15.

Within a heart of earthy mould,
 As much of heaven as heart can hold,
 Nor through eternity grows cold :
This was that Mother's Love.

THE VISIBLE CREATION.

THE GOD of Nature and of Grace
 In all his works appears ;
 His goodness through the earth we trace,
 His grandeur in the spheres.

Behold this fair and fertile globe,
 By Him in wisdom plann'd ;
 'Twas He who girded, like a robe,
 The ocean round the land.

Lift to the firmament your eye,
 Thither his path pursue ;
 His glory, boundless as the sky,
 O'erwhelms the wondering view.

He bows the heavens—the mountains stand
 A highway for their God ;
 He walks amidst the desert land,
 —'Tis Eden where He trod.

The forests in His strength rejoice ;
 Hark ! on the evening breeze,
 As once of old, the LORD GOD's voice
 Is heard among the trees.

Here on the hills He feeds his herds,
 His flocks on yonder plains :
 His praise is warbled by the birds ;
 —Oh ! could we catch their strains !

—Mount with the lark, and bear our song
 Up to the gates of light,

Or with the nightingale prolong
Our numbers through the night !

In every stream his bounty flows,
Diffusing joy and wealth ;
In every breeze his spirit blows,
—The breath of life and health.

His blessings fall in plenteous showers
Upon the lap of earth,
That teems with foliage, fruit, and flowers,
And rings with infant mirth.

If God hath made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound,
How beautiful beyond compare
Will Paradise be found !

REMINISCENCES.

WHERE are ye with whom in life I started,
Dear companions of my golden days ?
Ye are dead, estranged from me, or parted,
—Flown, like morning clouds, a thousand ways.

Where art thou, in youth my friend and brother,
Yea, in soul my friend and brother still ?
Heaven received thee, and on earth none other
Can the void in my lorn bosom fill.

Where is she, whose looks were love and gladness ?
—Love and gladness I no longer see !
She is gone ; and, since that hour of sadness,
Nature seems her sepulchre to me.

Where am I ?—life's current faintly flowing,
Brings the welcome warning of release ;
Struck with death, ah ! whither am I going ?
All is well,—my spirit parts in peace.

THE REIGN OF SPRING.

Who loves not Spring's voluptuous hours,
The carnival of birds and flowers?
Yet who would choose, however dear,
That Spring should revel all the year?
—Who loves not Summer's splendid reign,
The bridal of the earth and main?
Yet who would choose, however bright,
A Dog-day noon without a night?
—Who loves not Autumn's joyous round,
When corn, and wine, and oil abound?
Yet who would choose, however gay,
A year of unrenew'd decay?
—Who loves not Winter's awful form?
The sphere-born music of the storm?
Yet who would choose, how grand soever,
The shortest day to last for ever?
'Twas in that age renown'd, remote,
When all was true that Esop wrote;
And in that land of fair Ideal,
Where all that poets dream is real;
Upon a day of annual state,
The Seasons met in high debate.
There blush'd young Spring in maiden pride,
Blithe Summer look'd a gorgeous bride,
Staid Autumn moved with matron-grace,
And beldame Winter pursed her face.
Dispute grew wild; all talk'd together;
The four at once made wondrous weather;
Nor one (whate'er the rest had shown)
Heard any reason but her own;
While each (for nothing else was clear)
Claim'd the whole circle of the year.
Spring, in possession of the field,
Compell'd her sisters soon to yield:

They part,—resolved elsewhere to try
A twelvemonth's empire of the sky ;
And, calling off their airy legions,
Alighted in adjacent regions.
Spring o'er the eastern campaign smiled,
Fell Winter ruled the northern wild,
Summer pursued the sun's red car,
But Autumn loved the twilight star.

As Spring parades her new domain,
Love, Beauty, Pleasure, hold her train ;
Her footsteps wake the flowers beneath,
That start, and blush, and sweetly breathe ;
Her gales on nimble pinions rove,
And shake to foliage every grove ;
Her voice, in dell and thicket heard,
Cheers on the nest the mother-bird ;
The ice-lock'd streams, as if they felt
Her touch, to liquid diamond melt ;
The lambs around her bleat and play ;
The serpent flings his slough away,
And shines in orient colours dight,
A flexile ray of living light.
Nature unbinds her wintry shroud,
(As the soft sunshine melts the cloud,)
With infant gambols sports along,
Bounds into youth, and soars in song.
The morn impearls her locks with dew,
Noon spreads a sky of boundless blue,
The rainbow spans the evening scene,
The night is silent and serene,
Save when her lonely minstrel wrings
The heart with sweetness while he sings.
—Who would not wish, unrivall'd here,
That Spring might frolic all the year ?
Three months are fled, and still she reigns.
Exulting queen o'er hills and plains :
The birds renew their nuptial vow,
Nestlings themselves are lovers now :

Fresh broods each bending bough receives,
 Till feathers far outnumber leaves ;
 But kites in circles swim the air,
 And sadden music to despair.
 The stagnant pools, the quaking bogs,
 Teem, croak, and crawl with hordes of frogs ;
 The matted woods, th' infected earth,
 Are venomous with reptile-birth ;
 Armies of locusts cloud the skies ;
 With beetles hornets, gnats with flies,
 Interminable warfare wage,
 And madden heaven with insect-rage.

The flowers are wither'd ;—sun nor dew
 Their fallen glories shall renew ;
 The flowers are wither'd ;—germ nor seed
 Ripen in garden, wild, or mead :
 The corn-fields shoot :—their blades, alas !
 Run riot in luxuriant grass.
 The tainted flocks, the drooping kine,
 In famine of abundance pine,
 Where vegetation, sour, unsound,
 And loathsome, rots and rankles round ;
 Nature with nature seems at strife ;
 Nothing can live but monstrous life
 By death engender'd ;—food and breath
 Are turn'd to elements of death ;
 And where the soil his victims strew,
 Corruption quickens them anew.

But ere the year was half expired,
 Spring saw her folly, and retired ;
 Yoked her light chariot to a breeze,
 And mounted to the Pleiades ;
 Content with them to rest or play
 Along the calm nocturnal way ;
 Till, heaven's remaining circuit run,
 They meet the pale hybernal sun,
 And, gaily mingling in his blaze,
 Hail the true dawn of vernal days.

THE REIGN OF SUMMER.

THE hurricanes are fled ; the rains,
That plough'd the mountains, wreck'd the plains,
Have pass'd away before the wind,
And left a wilderness behind,
As if an ocean had been there
Exhaled, and left its channels bare.
But, with a new and sudden birth,
Nature replenishes the earth ;
Plants, flowers, and shrubs, o'er all the land
So promptly rise, so thickly stand,
As if they heard a voice,—and came,
Each at the calling of its name.
The tree, by tempests stript and rent,
Expands its verdure like a tent,
Beneath whose shade, in weary length,
Th' enormous lion rests his strength,
For blood, in dreams of hunting, burns,
Or, chased himself, to flight returns ;
Growls in his sleep, a dreary sound,
Grinds his wedged teeth, and spurns the ground
While monkeys, in grotesque amaze,
Down from their bending perches gaze,
But when he lifts his eye of fire,
Quick to the topmost boughs retire.

Loud o'er the mountains bleat the flocks ;
The goat is bounding on the rocks ;
Far in the valleys range the herds ;
The welkin gleams with flitting birds,
Whose plumes such gorgeous tints adorn,
They seem the offspring of the morn.
From nectar'd flowers and groves of spice,
Earth breathes the air of Paradise ;

Her mines their hidden wealth betray,
Treasures of darkness burst to day ;
O'er golden sands the rivers glide,
And pearls and amber track the tide.
Of every sensual bliss possess'd,
Man riots here ;—but *is* he bless'd ?
And would he choose, for ever bright,
This Summer-day without a night ?
For here hath Summer fix'd her throne,
Intent to reign,—and reign alone.

Daily the sun, in his career,
Hotter and higher, climbs the sphere,
Till from the zenith, in his rays,
Without a cloud or shadow, blaze
The realms beneath him :—in his march,
On the blue key-stone of heaven's arch,
He stands ;—air, earth, and ocean lie
Within the presence of his eye.
The wheel of Nature seems to rest,
Nor rolls him onward to the west,
Till thrice three days of noon unchanged,
That torrid clime have so deranged,
Nine years may not the wrong repair ;
But Summer checks the ravage there ;
Yet still enjoins the sun to steer
By the stern Dog-star round the year,
With dire extremes of day and night,
Tartarean gloom, celestial light.

In vain the gaudy season shines,
Her beauty fades, her power declines ;
Then first her bosom felt a care ;
—No healing breeze embalm'd the air,
No mist the mountain-tops bedew'd,
Nor shower the arid vale renew'd ;
The herbage shrunk ; the ploughman's toil
Scatter'd to dust the crumbling soil ;
Blossoms were shed ; th' umbrageous wood,
Laden with sapless foliage, stood ;

The streams, impoverish'd day by day,
Lessen'd insensibly away ;
Where cattle sought, with piteous moans,
The vanish'd lymph, midst burning stones,
And tufts of wither'd reeds, that fill
The wonted channel of the rill ;
Till, stung with hornets, mad with thirst,
In sudden rout, away they burst,
Nor rest, till where some channel deep,
Gleams in small pools, whose waters sleep ;
There with huge draught and eager eye
Drink for existence,—drink and die !
But direr evils soon arose,
Hopeless, unmitigable woes ;
Man proves the shock ; through all his veins
The frenzy of the season reigns ;
With pride, lust, rage, ambition blind,
He burns in every fire of mind,
Which kindles from insane desire,
Or fellest hatred can inspire ;
Reckless whatever ill befall,
He dares to do and suffer all
That heart can think, that arm can deal,
Or out of hell a fury feel.

There stood in that romantic clime
A mountain awfully sublime ;
O'er many a league the basement spread,
It tower'd in many an airy head,
Height over height,—now gay, now wild,
The peak with ice eternal piled ;
Pure in mid-heaven, that crystal cone
A diadem of glory shone,
Reflecting, in the night-fall'n sky,
The beams of day's departed eye ;
Or holding, ere the dawn begun,
Communion with th' unrisen sun.
The cultured sides were clothed with woods,
Vineyards, and fields ; or track'd with floods,

Whose glacier fountains, hid on high,
 Sent down their rivers from the sky.
 O'er plains, that mark'd its gradual scale,
 On sunny slope, in shelter'd vale,
 Earth's universal tenant,—He,
 Who lives wherever life may be,
 Sole, social, fix'd, or free to roam,
 Always and everywhere at home,
 MAN pitch'd his tents, adorn'd his bowers,
 Built temples, palaces, and towers,
 And made that Alpine world his own,
 —The miniature of every zone,
 From brown savannas parch'd below,
 To ridges of cerulean snow.

Those high-lands form'd a last retreat
 From rabid Summer's fatal heat :
 Though not unfelt her fervours there,
 Vernal and cool the middle air ;
 While from the icy pyramid
 Streams of unfailing freshness slid,
 That long had slaked the thirsty land,
 Till avarice, with insatiate hand,
 Their currents check'd ; in sunless caves,
 And rock-bound dells, engulf'd the waves,
 And thence in scanty measures doled,
 Or turn'd heaven's bounty into gold.
 Ere long the dwellers on the plain
 Murmur'd ;—their murmurs were in vain ;
 Petition'd,—but their prayers were spurn'd ;
 Threaten'd,—defiance was return'd ;
 Then rang both regions with alarms ;
 Blood-kindling trumpets blew to arms ;
 The maddening drum and deafening fife
 Marshall'd the elements of strife :
 Sternly the mountaineers maintain
 Their rights against th' insurgent plain ;
 The plain's indignant myriads rose
 To wrest the mountain from their foes.

Resolved its blessings to enjoy
By dint of valour,—or destroy.

The legions met in war-array ;
The mountaineers brook'd no delay ;
Aside their missile weapons threw,
From holds impregnable withdrew,
And, rashly brave, with sword and shield,
Rush'd headlong to the open field.
Their foes th' auspicious omen took,
And raised a battle-shout that shook
The campaign ;—stanch and keen for blood,
Front threatening front, the columns stood ;
But, while like thunder-clouds they frown,
In tropic haste the sun went down ;
Night o'er both armies stretch'd her tent,
The star-bespangled firmament,
Whose placid host, revolving slow,
Smile on th' impatient hordes below,
That chafe and fret the hours away,
Curse the dull gloom, and long for day.
Though destined by their own decree
No other day nor night to see.
—That night is past, that day begun ;
Swift as he sunk ascends the sun,
And from the red horizon springs
Upward, as borne on eagle-wings :
Aslant each army's lengthen'd lines,
O'er shields and helms he proudly shines
While spears, that catch his lightnings keen,
Flash them athwart the space between.
Before the battle-shock, when breath
And pulse are still,—awaiting death ;
In that cold pause, which seems to be
The prelude to eternity,
When fear, ere yet a blow is dealt,
Betray'd by none, by all is felt ;
While, moved beneath their feet, the tomb
Widens her lap to make them room ;

—Till, in the onset of the fray,
Fear, feeling, thought are cast away,
And foaming, raging, mingling foes,
Like billows dash'd in conflict, close,
Charge, strike, repel, wound, struggle, fly,
Gloriously win, unconquer'd die :—
Here, in dread silence, while they stand,
Each with a death-stroke in his hand,
His eye fix'd forward, and his ear
Tingling the signal blast to hear ;
The trumpet sounds ;—one note,—no more ;
The field, the fight, the war is o'er ;
An earthquake rent the void between ;
A moment show'd, and shut the scene ;
Men, chariots, steeds,—of either host,
The flower, the pride, the strength were lost :
A solitude remains ;—the dead
Are buried there,—the living fled.

Nor yet the reign of Summer closed ;
—At night in their own homes reposed
The fugitives, on either side,
Who 'scaped the death their comrades died ;
When, lo ! with many a giddy shock
The mountain-cliffs began to rock,
And deep below the hollow ground
Ran a strange mystery of sound,
As if, in chains and torments there,
Spirits were venting their despair.
That sound, those shocks, the sleepers woke ;
In trembling consternation, broke
Forth from their dwellings, young and old ;
—Nothing abroad their eyes behold
But darkness so intensely wrought,
'Twas blindness in themselves they thought.
Anon, aloof, with sudden rays,
Issued so fierce, so broad a blaze,
That darkness started into light,
And every eye, restored to sight.

Gazed on the glittering crest of snows,
Whence the bright conflagration rose,
Whose flames condensed at once aspire,
—A pillar of celestial fire,
Alone amidst infernal shade,
In glorious majesty display'd :
Beneath, from rifted caverns, broke
Volumes of suffocating smoke,
That roll'd in surges, like a flood,
By the red radiance turn'd to blood ;
Morn look'd aghast upon the scene,
Nor could a sunbeam pierce between
The panoply of vapours, spread
Above, around the mountain's head.

In distant fields, with drought consumed,
Joy swell'd all hearts, all eyes illumed,
When from that peak, through lowering skies,
Thick curling clouds were seen to rise,
And hang o'er all the darken'd plain,
The presage of descending rain.
Th' exulting cattle bound along,
The tuneless birds attempt a song,
The swain, amidst his sterile lands,
With outstretch'd arms of rapture stands.
But, fraught with plague and curses, came
Th' insidious progeny of flame ;
Ah ! then,—for fertilizing showers,
The pledge of herbage, fruits, and flowers,—
Words cannot paint, how every eye
(Blood-shot and dim with agony)
Was glazed, as by a palsyng spell,
When light sulphureous ashes fell,
Dazzling, and eddying to and fro,
Like wildering sleet or feathery snow :
Strewn with gray pumice Nature lies,
At every motion quick to rise,
Tainting with livid fumes the air ;
—Then hope lies down in prone despair,

And man and beast, with misery dumb,
Sullenly brood on woes to come.

The mountain now, like living earth,
Pregnant with some stupendous birth,
Heaved, in the anguish of its throes,
Sheer from its crest th' incumbent snows;
And where of old they chill'd the sky,
Beneath the sun's meridian eye,
Or, purpling in the golden west,
Appear'd his evening throne of rest,
There, black and bottomless and wide,
A cauldron, rent from side to side,
Simmer'd and hiss'd with huge turmoil;
Earth's disembowell'd minerals boil,
And thence in molten torrents rush;
—Water and fire, like sisters, gush
From the same source; the double stream
Meets, battles, and explodes in steam;
Then fire prevails; and broad and deep
Red lava roars from steep to steep;
While rocks unseated, woods upriven,
Are headlong down the current driven;
Columnar flames are wrapt aloof,
In whirlwind forms, to heaven's high roof,
And there, amidst transcendent gloom,
Image the wrath beyond the tomb.

The mountaineers, in wild affright,
Too late for safety, urge their flight;
Women, made childless in the fray,
Women, made mothers yesterday,
The sick, the aged, and the blind;
—None but the dead are left behind.
Painful their journey, toilsome, slow,
Beneath their feet quick embers glow,
And hurtle round in dreadful hail;
Their limbs, their hearts, their senses fail
While many a victim, by the way,
Buried alive in ashes lay,

Or perish'd by the lightning's stroke,
Before the slower thunder broke.
A few the open field explore :
The throng seek refuge on the shore,
Between two burning rivers hemm'd,
Whose rage nor mounds nor hollows stemm'd ;
Driven like a herd of deer, they reach
The lonely, dark, and silent beach,
Where, calm as innocence in sleep,
Expanded lies th' unconscious deep.
Awhile the fugitives respire,
And watch those cataracts of fire
(That bar escape on either hand)
Rush on the ocean from the strand ;
Back from the onset rolls the tide,
But instant clouds the conflict hide ;
The lavas plunge to gulfs unknown,
And, as they plunge, collapse to stone.

Meanwhile the mad volcano grew
Tenfold more terrible to view ;
And thunders, such as shall be hurl'd
At the death-sentence of the world ;
And lightnings, such as shall consume
Creation, and creation's tomb,
Nor leave, amidst th' eternal void,
One trembling atom undestroy'd ;
Such thunders crash'd, such lightnings glared :
—Another fate those outcasts shared,
When, with one desolating sweep,
An earthquake seem'd t' engulf the deep,
Then threw it back, and from its bed
Hung a whole ocean overhead ;
The victims shriek'd beneath the wave,
And in a moment found one grave ;
Down to th' abyss the flood return'd,—
Alone, unseen, the mountain burn'd.

INSTRUCTION.

From heaven descends the drops of dew,
From heaven the gracious showers,
Earth's winter-aspect to renew,
And clothe the spring with flowers;
From heaven the beams of morning flow,
That melt the gloom of night;
From heaven the evening breezes blow,
Health, fragrance, and delight.

Like genial dew, like fertile showers,
The words of wisdom fall,
Awaken man's unconscious powers,
Strength out of weakness call:
Like morning beams they strike the mind,
Its loveliness reveal;
And softer than the evening wind,
The wounded spirit heal.

As dew and rain, as light and air,
From heaven instruction came,
The waste of Nature to repair,
Kindle a sacred flame;
A flame to purify the earth,
Exalt her sons on high,
And train them for their second birth,
—Their birth beyond the sky.

ALBION! on every human soul,
By thee be knowledge shed,
Far as the ocean-waters roll,
Wide as the shores are spread:

Truth makes thy children free at home ;
Oh ! that thy flag, unfurl'd,
Might shine, where'er thy children roam,
Truth's Banner round the world.

London, 1812.

A NIGHT IN A STAGE-COACH ;

BEING A MEDITATION ON THE WAY BETWEEN LONDON
AND BRISTOL,

SEPTEMBER 23, 1815.

I TRAVEL all the irksome night,
By ways to me unknown ;
I travel, like a bird in flight,
Onward, and all alone.

In vain I close my weary eyes,
They will not, cannot sleep,
But, like the watchers of the skies,
Their twinkling vigils keep.

My thoughts are wandering wild and far ;
From earth to heaven they dart ;
Now wing their flight from star to star,
Now dive into my heart.

Backward they roll the tide of time,
And live through vanish'd years,
Or hold their " colloquy sublime"
With future hopes and fears ;

Then passing joys and present woes
Chase through my troubled mind,
Repose still seeking,—but repose
Not for a moment find.

So yonder lone and lovely moon
Gleams on the clouds gone by,
Illumines those around her noon,
Yet westward points her eye.

Nor wind nor flood her course delay,
Through heaven I see her glide ;
She never pauses on her way,
She never turns aside.

With anxious heart and throbbing brain,
Strength, patience, spirits gone,
Pulses of fire in every vein,
Thus, thus I journey on.

But soft !—in Nature's failing hour,
Up springs a breeze,—I feel
Its balmy breath, its cordial power,
A power to soothe and heal.

Lo! gray, and gold, and crimson streaks
The gorgeous east adorn,
While o'er th' empurpled mountain breaks
The glory of the morn.

Insensibly the stars retire,
Exhaled like drops of dew ;
Now through an arch of living fire,
The sun comes forth to view.

The hills, the vales, the waters burn
With his enkindling rays,
No sooner touch'd than they return
A tributary blaze.

His quickening light on me descends,
His cheering warmth I own ;
Upward to him my spirit tends,
But worships GOD alone.

Oh ! that on me, with beams benign,
His countenance would turn :

I too should then arise and shine,
—Arise, and shine, and burn.

Slowly I raise my languid head,
Pain and soul-sickness cease ;
The phantoms of dismay are fled,
And health returns, and peace.

Where is the beauty of the scene,
Which silent night display'd ?
The clouds, the stars, the blue serene,
The moving light and shade ?

All gone !—the moon, erewhile so bright,
Veil'd with a dusky shroud,
Seems, in the sun's overpowering light,
The fragment of a cloud.

At length, I reach my journey's end :
Welcome that well-known face !
I meet a brother and a friend ;
I find a resting-place.

Just such a pilgrimage is life ;
Hurried from stage to stage,
Our wishes with our lot at strife,
Through childhood to old age.

The world is seldom what it seems :—
To man, who dimly sees,
Realities appear as dreams,
And dreams realities.

The Christian's years, though slow their flight,
When he is call'd away,
Are but the watches of a night,
And Death the dawn of day.

INCOGNITA :

ON VIEWING THE PICTURE OF AN UNKNOWN LADY.

WRITTEN AT LEAMINGTON, IN 1817.

"She was a phantom of delight." WORDSWORTH.

IMAGE of One, who lived of yore !
 Hail to that lovely mien,
 Once quick and conscious,—now no more
 On land or ocean seen !
 Were all earth's breathing forms to pass
 Before me in Agrippa's glass,²
 Many as fair as 'Thou might be,
 But oh ! not one,—not one like Thee.

Thou art no Child of Fancy ;—Thou
 The very look dost wear,
 That gave enchantment to a brow,
 Wreathed with luxuriant hair ;
 Lips of the morn embathed in dew,
 And eyes of evening's starry blue ;
 Of all who e'er enjoyed the sun,
 Thou art the image of but *One*.

And who was she, in virgin prime,
 And May of womanhood,
 Whose roses here, unpluck'd by Time,
 In shadowy tints have stood ;
 While many a winter's withering blast
 Hath o'er the dark cold chamber pass'd,
 In which her once-resplendent form
 Slumber'd to dust beneath the storm ?

Of gentle blood ;—upon her birth
 Consenting planets smiled,
 And she had seen those days of mirth
 That frolic round the child ;



MISS MARY CECILIA

MISS MARY CECILIA

To bridal bloom her strength had sprung,
Behold her beautiful and young !
Lives there a record, which hath told
That she was wedded, widow'd, old ?

How long her date, 'twere vain to guess :

 The pencil's cunning art
Can but a single glance express,
 One motion of the heart ;
A smile, a blush,—a transient grace
Of air, and attitude, and face ;
One passion's changing colour mix,
One moment's flight for ages fix.

Her joys and griefs alike in vain

 Would fancy here recall ;
Her throbs of ecstasy or pain
 Lull'd in oblivion all ;
With her, methinks, life's little hour
Pass'd like the fragrance of a flower,
That leaves upon the vernal wind
Sweetness we ne'er again may find.

Where dwelt she ?—Ask yon aged tree,

 Whose boughs embower the lawn,
Whether the birds' wild minstrelsy
 Awoke her here at dawn ?
Whether beneath its youthful shade,
At noon, in infancy she played ?
—If from the oak no answer come,
Of her all oracles are dumb.

The Dead are like the stars by day ;

 —Withdrawn from mortal eye,
But not extinct, they hold their way
 In glory through the sky :
Spirits, from bondage thus set free,
Vanish amidst immensity,
Where human thought, like human sight,
Fails to pursue their trackless flight.

Somewhere within created space,
 Could I explore that round,
 In bliss, or wo, there is a place
 Where she might still be found;
 And oh! unless those eyes deceive,
 I may, I must, I will believe,
 That she, whose charms so meekly glow,
 Is what she only seem'd below;—

An angel in that glorious realm
 Where God himself is King:
 —But awe and fear, that overwhelm
 Presumption, check my wing;
 Nor dare imagination look
 Upon the symbols of that book,
 Wherein eternity enrols
 The judgments on departed souls.

Of Her of whom these pictured lines
 A faint resemblance form;
 —Fair as the *second* rainbow shines
 Aloof amid the storm;
 Of Her, this “shadow of a shade,”
 Like its original, must fade,
 And She, forgotten when unseen,
 Shall be as if she ne'er had been.

Ah! then, perchance, this dreaming strain,
 Of all that e'er I sung,
 A lorn memorial may remain,
 When silent lies my tongue;
 When shot the meteor of my fame,
 Lost the vain echo of my name,
 This leaf, this fallen leaf, may be
 The only trace of her and me.

With One who lived of old, my song
 In lowly cadence rose;
 To One who is unborn, belong
 The accents of its close:

Ages to come, with courteous ear,
 Some youth my warning voice may hear ;
 And voices from the dead should be
 The warnings of eternity.

When these weak lines thy presence greet,
 Reader ! if I am bless'd,
 Again, as spirits, may we meet
 In glory and in rest !
 If not,—and *I* have lost my way,
 Here part we,—go not *Thou* astray :
 No tomb, no verse my story tell ;
 Once, and for ever, Fare Thee well !

WINTER-LIGHTNING.

The flash at midnight !—'twas a light
 That gave the blind a moment's sight,
 Then sunk in tenfold gloom ;
 Loud, deep, and long the thunder broke,
 The deaf ear instantly awoke,
 Then closed as in the tomb :
 An angel might have pass'd my bed,
 Sounded the trump of God, and fled.

So life appears ;—a sudden birth,
 A glance revealing heaven and earth,
 It *is* and it is *not* !
 So fame the poet's hope deceives,
 Who sings for after-times, and leaves
 A name to be forgot :
 Life is a lightning-flash of breath,
 Fame but a thunder-clap at death.

THE LITTLE CLOUD.

Seen in a country excursion among the woods and rocks of Wharncliffe and the adjacent park and pleasure grounds of Wortley Hall, the seat of the Right Honourable Lord Wharncliffe, near Sheffield, on the 30th day of June, 1818.

THE summer sun was in the west,
Yet far above his evening rest ;
A thousand clouds in air display'd
Their floating isles of light and shade,
The sky, like ocean's channels, seen
In long meandering streaks between.

Cultured and waste, the landscape lay,
Woods, mountains, valleys stretch'd away,
And throng'd th' immense horizon round,
With heaven's eternal girdle bound ;
From inland towns, eclipsed with smoke,
Steeple in lonely grandeur broke ;
Hamlets, and cottages, and streams,
By glimpses caught the casual gleams,
Or blazed in lustre broad and strong,
Beyond the picturing powers of song :
O'er all the eye enchanted ranged,
While colours, forms, proportions changed,
Or sunk in distance undefined,
Still as our devious course inclined,
—And oft we paused, and look'd behind.

One little cloud, and only one,
Seem'd the pure offspring of the sun,
Flung from his orb to show us here
What clouds adorn *his* hemisphere ;
Unmoved, unchanging, in the gale,
That bore the rest o'er hill and dale,
Whose shadowy shapes, with lights around,
Like living motions, swept the ground,

This little cloud, and this alone,
 Long in the highest ether shone ;
 Gay as a warrior's banner spread,
 Its sunward margin ruby-red,
 Green, purple, gold, and every hue
 That glitters in the morning dew,
 Or glows along the rainbow's form,
 —The apparition of the storm.
 Deep in its bosom, diamond-bright,
 Behind a fleece of pearly white,
 It seem'd a secret glory dwelt,
 Whose presence, while unseen, was felt ;
 Like Beauty's eye, in slumber hid
 Beneath a half-transparent lid,
 From whence a sound, a touch, a breath,
 Might startle it,—as life from death.

Looks, words, emotions of surprise,
 Welcomed the stranger to our eyes :
 Was it the phœnix, that from earth
 In flames of incense sprang to birth ?
 Had ocean from his lap let fly
 His loveliest halcyon through the sky ?
 No:—while we gazed, the pageant grew
 A nobler object to our view ;
 We deem'd, if heaven with earth would hold
 Communion, as in days of old,
 Such, on his journey down the sphere,
 Benignant RAPHAEL might appear,
 In splendid mystery conceal'd,
 Yet by his rich disguise reveal'd :
 —That buoyant vapour, in mid-air,
 An angel in its folds might bear,
 Who, through the curtain of his shrine,
 Betray'd his lineaments divine.
 The wild, the warm illusion stole,
 Like inspiration, o'er the soul,
 Till thought was rapture, language hung
 Silent but trembling on the tongue ;

And fancy almost hoped to hail
The seraph rushing through his veil,
Or hear an awful voice proclaim
The embassy on which he came.

But ah ! no minister of grace
Show'd from the firmament his face,
Nor, borne aloof on balanced wings,
Reveal'd unutterable things.
The sun went down :—the vision pass'd ;
The cloud was *but* a cloud at last ;
Yet, when its brilliancy decay'd,
The eye still linger'd on the shade,
And watching, till no longer seen,
Loved it for what it once had been.

That cloud was beautiful,—was one
Among a thousand round the sun ;
The thousand shared the common lot ;
They came,—they went,—they were forgot :
This fairy-form alone impress'd
Its perfect image in my breast,
And shines as richly blazon'd there
As in its element of air.

The day on which that cloud appear'd,
Exhilarating scenes endear'd :
—The sunshine on the hills, the floods ;
The breeze, the twilight of the woods ;
Nature in every change of green,
Heaven in unnumber'd aspects seen ;
Health, spirits, exercise, release
From noise and smoke ; twelve hours of peace :
No fears to haunt, no cares to vex ;
Friends, young and old, of either sex ;
Converse familiar, sportive, kind,
Where heart meets heart, mind quickens mind,
And words and thoughts are all at play,
Like children on a holiday ;
—Till themes celestial rapt the soul
In adoration o'er the pole,

Where stars are darkness in *His* sight,
Who reigns invisible in light,
High above all created things,
The Lord of lords, the King of kings !
Faith, which could thus on wing sublime
Outsoar the bounded flight of time ;
Hope full of immortality,
And God in all the eye could see ;
—These, these endear'd that day to me,
And made it, in a thousand ways,
A day among a thousand days,
That share with clouds the common lot ;
They come,—they go,—they are forgot :
This, like that plaything of the sun,
—The little, lonely, lovely one,
This lives within me ; this shall be
A part of my eternity.

Amidst the cares, the toils, the strife,
The weariness and waste of life,
That day shall memory oft restore,
And in a moment live it o'er,
When, with a lightning-flash of thought,
Morn, noon, and eve at once are brought
(As through the vision of a trance)
All in the compass of a glance.

Oh ! should I reach a world above,
And sometimes think of those I love,
Of things on earth too dearly prized,
(Nor yet by saints in heaven despised,)
Though Spirits made perfect may lament
Life's holier hours as half mis-spent,
Methinks I could not turn away
The fond remembrance of that day,
The bright idea of that cloud,
(Survivor of a countless crowd.)
Without a pause, perhaps a sigh,
To think such loveliness should die,
And clouds and days of storm and gloom

Scowl on Man's passage to the tomb.
—Not so :—I feel I have a heart
Blessings to share, improve, impart,
In blithe, severe, or pensive mood,
At home, abroad, in solitude,
Whatever clouds are on the wing,
Whatever day the seasons bring.

That is true happiness below,
Which conscience cannot turn to wo ;
And though such happiness depends
Neither on clouds, nor days, nor friends,
When friends, and days, and clouds unite,
And kindred chords are tuned aright,
The harmonies of heaven and earth,
Through eye, ear, intellect, give birth
To joys too exquisite to last,
—And yet *more* exquisite when past !
When the soul summons by a spell
The ghosts of pleasures round her cell,
In saintlier forms than erst they wore,
And smiles benigner than before,
Each loved, lamented scene renews,
With warmer touches, tenderer hues ;
Recalls kind words for ever flown,
But echoed in a soften'd tone ;
Wakes, with new pulses in the breast,
Feelings forgotten or at rest ;
—The thought how fugitive and fair,
How dear and precious such things were !
That thought, with gladness more refined,
Deep and transporting, thrills the mind,
Than all those pleasures of an hour,
When most the soul confess'd their power.

Bliss in possession will not last ;
Remember'd joys are never past ;
At once the fountain, stream, and sea,
They were,—they are,—they yet shall be.

ABDALLAH AND SABAT.*

FROM West Arabia to Bochara came
A noble youth, Abdallah was his name ;
Who journey'd through the various East to find
New forms of man, in feature, habit, mind ;
Where Tartar-hordes through nature's pastures run,
A race of Centaurs,—horse and rider one ;
Where the soft Persian maid the breath inhales
Of love-sick roses, woo'd by nightingales ;
Where India's grim array of idols seem
The rabble-phantoms of a maniac's dream :
—Himself the flowery path of trespass trod,
Which the false Prophet deck'd to lure from God.
But He, who changed, into the faith of Paul,
The slaughter-breathing enmity of Saul,
Vouchsafed to meet Abdallah by the way :
No miracle of light eclipsed the day ;
No vision from the eternal world, nor sound
Of awe and wonder smote him to the ground ;
All mild and calm, with power till then unknown,
The gospel-glory through his darkness shone ;
A still small whisper, only heard within,
Convinced the trembling penitent of sin ;
And Jesus, whom the Infidel abhorr'd,
The Convert now invoked, and call'd him Lord.
Escaping from the lewd Impostor's snare,
As flits a bird released through boundless air,
And, soaring up the pure blue ether, sings,
—So rose his Spirit on exulting wings.
But love, joy, peace, the Christian's bliss below,
Are deeply mingled in a cup of wo,

* See Buchanan's "Christian Researches in India," for the martyrdom of Abdallah, and the conversion and labours of Sabat.

Which none can pass :—he, counting all things loss
For his Redeemer, gladly bore the cross :
Soon call'd, with life, to lay that burden down,
In the first fight he won the Martyr's crown.
Abdallah's friend was Sabat ;—one of those
Whom love estranged transforms to bitterest foes :
From persecution to that friend he fled ;
But Sabat pour'd reproaches on his head,
Spurn'd like a leprous plague the prostrate youth,
And hated him as falsehood hates the truth ;
Yet first with sophistry and menace tried
To turn him from " the faithful word " aside ;
All failing, old esteem to rancour turn'd,
With Mahomet's own reckless rage he burn'd.
A thousand hideous thoughts like fiends, possess'd
The Pandemonium of the Bigot's breast,
Whose fires, enkindled from the infernal lake,
Abdallah's veins, unsluiced, alone could slake.

The victim, dragg'd to slaughter by his friend,
Witness'd a good confession to the end.
Bochara pour'd her people forth, to gaze
Upon the direst scene the world displays,
The blood of innocence by treason spilt,
The reeking triumph of deep-branded guilt :
—Bochara pour'd her people forth, to eye
The loveliest spectacle beneath the sky,
The look with which a Martyr yields his breath,
—The resurrection of the soul in death.

‘ Renounce the Nazarene ! ’ the headsman cries,
And flash'd the unstain'd falchion in his eyes :
“ No !—be his name by heaven and earth adored ! ”
He said, and gave his right hand to the sword.
“ Renounce Him, who forsakes thee thus bereft ; ”
He wept, but spake not, and resign'd his left.
“ Renounce Him now, who will not, cannot save : ”
He kneel'd, like Stephen, look'd beyond the grave,
And, while the dawn of heaven around him broke,
Bow'd his meek head to the dissevering stroke :

Out-cast on earth a mangled body lay ;
A spirit enter'd Paradise that day.

But where is Sabat ?—Conscience-struck he stands,
With eye of agony, and fast-lock'd hands.
Abdallah, in the moment to depart,
Had turn'd, and look'd the traitor through the heart :
It smote him like a judgment from above,
That gentle look of wrong'd, forgiving love !
Then hatred vanished ; suddenly repress'd
Were the strange flames of passion in his breast ;
Nought but the smouldering ashes of despair,
Blackness of darkness, death of death, were there.
Ere long, wild whirlwinds of remorse arise ;
He flies,—from all except himself he flies,
And a low voice for ever thrilling near,
The voice of blood which none but he can hear.

He fled from guilt ; but guilt and he were one,
A Spirit seeking rest and finding none ;
Visions of horror haunted him by night,
Yet darkness was less terrible than light ;
From dreams of wo when startled nature broke,
To woes that were not dreams the wretch awoke.
Forlorn he ranged through India, till the Power,
That met Abdallah in a happier hour,
Arrested Sabat : through his soul he felt
The word of truth ; his heart began to melt,
And yielded slowly, as cold Winter yields
When the warm Spring comes flushing o'er the fields ;
Then first a tear of gladness swell'd his eye,
Then first his bosom heaved a healthful sigh ;
That bosom, parch'd as Afric's desert land ;
That eye, a flint-stone in the burning sand.
—Peace, pardon, hope, eternal joy, reveal'd,
Humbled his heart : before the cross he kneel'd,
Look'd up to Him whom once he pierced, and bore
The name of Christ which he blasphemed before.
—Was Sabat then subdued by love or fear ?
And who shall vouch that he was not sincere ?

Now with a Convert's zeal his ardent mind
Glow'd for the common weal of all mankind ;
Yet with intenser faith the Arabian pray'd,
When homeward thought thro' childhood's Eden stray'd.
—There, in the lap of Yemen's happiest vale,
The shepherds' tents are waving to the gale ;
The Patriarch of their tribe, his sire, he sees
Beneath the shadow of ambrosial trees ;
His Sisters, from the fountain in the rock,
Pour the cool sparkling water to their flock ;
His Brethren, rapt on steeds and camels, roam
O'er wild and mountain, all the land their home :
—Thither he long'd to send that book, unseal'd,
Whose words are life, whose leaves his wounds had heal'd ;
That Ishmael, living by his sword and bow,
Might thus again the God of Abraham know ;
And Meccan pilgrims to Caäba's shrine,
Like locusts marching in perpetual line,
Might quit the broad, to choose the narrow path,
That leads to glory, and reclaims from wrath.
Fired with the hope to bless his native soil,
Years roll'd unfelt, in consecrated toil,
To mould the truths which holy writers teach
In the loved accents of his mother's speech ;
While, like the sun, that always to the west
Leads the bright day, his fervent spirit press'd,
Thither a purer light from heaven to dart,
—The only light that reaches to the heart ;
Whose deserts blossom where its beams are shed,
The blind behold them, and they raise the dead.
Nor by Arabia were his labours bound,
To Persian lips he taught "the joyful sound."
Would he had held unchanged that high career !
—But Sabat fell like lightning from his sphere :
Once with the morning stars God's works he sung ;
Anon a Serpent, with envenom'd tongue,
Like that apostate fiend who tempted Eve,
Gifted with speech,—he spake but to deceive.

Let pity o'er his errors cast a veil !
Haste to the sequel of his tragic tale.
Sabat became a vagabond on earth ;
—He chose the Sinner's way, the Scorner's mirth ;
Now feign'd contrition with obdurate tears,
Then wore a bravery that betray'd his fears ;
With oaths and curses now his Lord denied,
And strangled guilty shame with desperate pride ;
While inly-rack'd, he proved what culprits feel,
When conscience breaks remembrance on the wheel.
At length an outlaw through the orient isles,
Snared in the subtilty of his own wiles,
He perish'd in an unexpected hour,
To glut the vengeance of barbarian power ;
With sackcloth shrouded, to a millstone bound,
And in th' abysses of the ocean drown'd.
—Oh ! what a plunge into the dark was there !
How ended life ?—In blasphemy, or prayer ?
The winds are fled that heard his parting cry,
The waves that stifled it make no reply.

When, at the resurrection of the Just,
Earth shall yield back Abdallah from the dust,
The sea, like rising clouds, give up its dead,
Then from the deep shall Sabat lift his head.
With waking millions round the judgment-seat,
Once, and but once again, those twain shall meet,
To part for ever,—or to part no more :
—But who th' eternal secret shall explore,
When Justice seals the gates of heaven and hell ?
The rest—that day, that day alone, will tell.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

- FLOWERS, wherefore do ye bloom ?
 —We strew thy pathway to the tomb.
 Stars, wherefore do ye rise ?
 —To light thy spirit to the skies.
 Fair Moon, why dost thou wane ?
 —That I may wax again.
 O Sun, what makes thy beams so bright ?
 —The Word that said,—“ Let there be light.”
 Planets, what guides you in your course ?
 —Unseen, unfelt, unfailing force.
 Nature, whence sprang thy glorious frame ?
 —My Maker call'd me, and I came.
 O Light, thy subtle essence who may know ?
 —Ask not ; for all things but myself I show.
 What is yon arch which everywhere I see ?
 —The sign of omnipresent Deity.
 Where rests the horizon's all-embracing zone ?
 —Where earth, God's footstool, touches heaven, his throne.
 Ye clouds, what bring ye in your train ?
 —God's embassies,—storm, lightning, hail, or rain.
 Winds, whence and whither do ye blow ?
 —Thou must be born again to know.
 Bow in the cloud, what token dost thou bear ?
 —That Justice still cries “ *strike*,” and Mercy “ *spare*.”
 Dews of the morning, wherefore were ye given ?
 —To shine on earth, then rise to heaven.
 Rise, glitter, break ; yet, Bubble, tell me why ?
 —To show the course of all beneath the sky.
 Stay, Meteor, stay thy falling fire !
 —No, thus shall all the host of heaven expire.
 Ocean, what law thy chainless waves confined ?
 —That which in Reason's limits holds thy mind.

Time, whither dost thou flee ?
 —I travel to Eternity.
 Eternity, what art thou,—say ?
 —Time past, time present, time to come,—*to-day*.
 Ye Dead, where can your dwelling be ?
 —The house for all the living :—come and see.
 O Life, what is thy breath ?
 —A vapour lost in death.
 O Death, how ends thy strife ?
 —In everlasting life.
 O Grave, where is thy victory ?
 —Ask Him who rose again for me.

THE ALPS :

A REVERIE.

PART I. *Day*.

THE mountains of this glorious land
 Are conscious beings to mine eye,
 When at the break of day they stand
 Like giants, looking through the sky,
 To hail the sun's unrisen car,
 That gilds their diadems of snow ;
 While one by one, as star by star,
 Their peaks in ether glow.

Their silent presence fills my soul,
 When, to the horizontal ray,
 The many-tinctured vapours roll
 In evanescent wreaths away,
 And leave them naked on the scene,
 The emblems of eternity,
 The same as they have ever been,
 And shall for ever be.

Yet through the valley while I range,
Their cliffs, like images in dreams,
Colour, and shape, and station change ;
Here crags and caverns, woods and streams,
And seas of adamantine ice,
With gardens, vineyards, fields embraced,
Open a way to Paradise,
Through all the splendid waste.

The goats are hanging on the rocks,
Wide through their pastures roam the herds ;
Peace on the uplands feeds her flocks,
Till suddenly the king of birds
Pouncing a lamb, they start for fear ;
He bears his bleating prize on high ;
The well-known plaint his nestlings hear,
And raise a ravening cry.

The sun in morning freshness shines ;
At noon behold his orb o'er cast ;
Hollow and dreary o'er the pines,
Like distant ocean, moans the blast ;
The mountains darken at the sound,
Put on their armour, and anon,
In panoply of clouds wrapt round,
Their forms from sight are gone.

Hark ! war in heaven !—the battle-shout
Of thunder rends the echoing air ;
Lo ! war in heaven !—thick-flashing out
Through torrent-rains red lightnings glare,
As though the Alps, with mortal ire,
At once a thousand voices raised,
And with a thousand swords of fire,
At once in conflict blazed.

PART II. *Night.*

COME, golden Evening, in the west
 Enthroned the storm-dispelling sun,
And let the triple rainbow rest
 O'er all the mountain-tops :—'tis done ;
The deluge ceases ; bold and bright
 The rainbow shoots from hill to hill ;
Down sinks the sun ; on presses night ;
 —Mont Blanc is lovely still.

There take thy stand, my spirit ;—spread
 The world of shadows at thy feet ;
And mark how calmly, overhead,
 The stars like saints in glory meet :
While hid in solitude sublime,
 Methinks I muse on Nature's tomb,
And hear the passing foot of Time
 Step through the gloom.

All in a moment, crash on crash,
 From precipice to precipice,
An avalanche's ruins dash
 Down to the nethermost abyss ;
Invisible, the ear alone
 Follows the uproar till it dies ;
Echo on echo, groan for groan,
 From deep to deep replies.

Silence again the darkness seals,—
 Darkness that may be felt ;—but soon
The silver-clouded east reveals
 The midnight spectre of the moon ;
In half-eclipse she lifts her horn,
 Yet, o'er the host of heaven supreme,
Brings the faint semblance of a morn
 With her awakening beam.

Ha ! at her touch, these Alpine heights
Unreal mockeries appear ;
With blacker shadows, ghastlier lights,
Enlarging as she climbs the sphere ;
A crowd of apparitions pale !
I hold my breath in chill suspense,
—They seem so exquisitely frail,—
Lest they should vanish hence.

I breathe again, I freely breathe ;
Lake of Geneva ! thee I trace,
Like Dian's crescent far beneath,
And beautiful as Dian's face.
Pride of this land of liberty !
All that thy waves reflect I love ;
Where heaven itself, brought down to thee,
Looks fairer than above.

Safe on thy banks again I stray,
The trance of poesy is o'er,
And I am here at dawn of day,
Gazing on mountains as before ;
For all the strange mutations wrought
Were magic feats of my own mind ;
Thus, in the fairy-land of thought,
Whate'er I seek I find.

Yet, O ye everlasting hills !
Buildings of God not made with hands,
Whose word performs whate'er He wills,
Whose word, though ye shall perish, stands :
Can there be eyes that look on you,
'Till tears of rapture made them dim,
Nor in his works the Maker view,
'Then lose his works in Him ?

By me, when I behold Him not,
Or love Him not when I behold,
Be all I ever knew forgot ;
My pulse stand still, my heart grow cold ;

Transform'd to ice, 'twixt earth and sky,
 On yonder cliff my form be seen,
 That all may ask, but none reply,
 What my offence hath been.

1822.

THE BRIDAL AND THE BURIAL.

“BLESSED is the bride whom the sun shines on ;
 Blessed is the corpse which the rain rains on.”

I saw thee young and beautiful,
 I saw thee rich and gay,
 In the first blush of womanhood,
 Upon thy wedding-day :
 The church-bells rang,
 And the little children sang,—
 “Flowers, flowers, kiss her feet ;
 Sweets to the sweet ;
 The winter's past, the rains are gone ;
 Blessed is the bride whom the sun shines on.”

I saw thee poor and desolate,
 I saw thee fade away,
 In broken-hearted widowhood,
 Before thy locks were gray ;
 The death-bell rang,
 And the little children sang,—
 “Lilies, dress her winding-sheet ;
 Sweets to the sweet ;
 The summer's past, the sunshine gone ;
 Blessed is the corpse which the rain rains on.”

“Blessed is the bride whom the sun shines on ;
 Blessed is the corpse which the rain rains on.”

YOUTH RENEWED.

SPRING-FLOWERS, spring-birds, spring-breezes,
Are felt, and heard, and seen ;
Light trembling transport seizes
My heart,—with sighs between ;
These old enchantments fill the mind
With scenes and seasons far behind ;
Childhood, its smiles and tears,
Youth, with its flush of years,
Its morning clouds and dewy prime,
More exquisitely touch'd by Time.

Fancies again are springing,
Like May-flowers in the vales ;
While hopes, long lost, are singing,
From thorns, like nightingales ;
And kindly spirits stir my blood,
Like vernal airs that curl the flood :
There falls to manhood's lot
A joy, which youth has not,
A dream more beautiful than truth,
—Returning Spring renewing Youth.

Thus sweetly to surrender
The present for the past ;
In sprightly mood, yet tender,
Life's burden down to cast,
—This is to taste, from stage to stage.
Youth on the lees refined by age :
Like wine well kept and long,
Heady, nor harsh, nor strong,
With every annual cup, is quaff'd
A richer, purer, mellow draught.

THE DAISY IN INDIA.

The simple history of these stanzas is the following. A friend of mine, a scientific botanist, residing near Sheffield, had sent a package of sundry kinds of British seeds to the learned and venerable Doctor WILLIAM CAREY, one of the first Baptist Missionaries to India, where they had established themselves in the small Danish settlement of Serampore, in the province of Bengal. Some of the seeds had been enclosed in a bag, containing a portion of their native earth. In March, 1821, a letter of acknowledgment was received by his correspondent from the Doctor, who was himself well skilled in botany, and had a garden rich in plants, both tropical and European. In this enclosure, he was wont to spend an hour every morning, before he entered upon those labours and studies which have rendered his name illustrious both at home and abroad, as one of the most accomplished of oriental scholars, and a translator of the Holy Scriptures into many of the Hindoo languages. In the letter aforementioned, which was shown to me, the good man says,—“That I might be sure not to lose any part of your valuable present, I shook the bag over a patch of earth in a shady place: on visiting which, a few days afterwards, I found springing up, to my inexpressible delight, a *bellis perennis* of our English pastures. I know not that I ever enjoyed, since leaving Europe, a simple pleasure so exquisite as the sight of this *English Daisy* afforded me; not having seen one for upwards of thirty years, and never expecting to see one again.”

On the perusal of this passage, the following stanzas seemed to spring up almost spontaneously in my mind, as the “little English Flower” in the good Doctor’s garden, whom I imagined to be thus addressing it on its sudden appearance.—With great care and attention he was able to perpetuate “the Daisy in India,” as an *annual* only, raised by seed from season to season. It may be observed that, amidst the luxuriance of tropical vegetation, there are comparatively few *small* plants, like the multifarious progeny of our native Flora.

There is a beautiful coincidence between a fact and a fiction in this circumstance. Among the many natural and striking expedients by which the ingenious author of *Robinson Crusoe* contrives to supply his hero on the desolate island with necessaries and comforts of life, not indigenous, we are informed, that Crusoe one day, long after his shipwreck and residence there, perceived some delicate blades of vegetation peeping forth, after the rains, on a patch of ground near his dwelling-place. Not knowing what they were, he watched their growth from day to day, till he ascertained, to his “inexpressible delight,” that they were plants of some kind of English corn. He then recollected having shaken out on that spot the dusty refuse of “a bag” which had been used to hold grain for the fowls on shipboard. “With great care and attention,” he was enabled to preserve the precious stalks till the full corn ripened in the ear. He then reaped the first fruits of this spontaneous harvest, sowed them again, and, till his release from captivity there, ate bread in his lonely abode,

“Placed far amid the melancholy main.”

THrice welcome, little English flower!
My mother-country’s white and red,
In rose or lily, till this hour,
Never to me such beauty spread:

Transplanted from thine island-bed,
A treasure in a grain of earth,
Strange as a spirit from the dead,
Thine embryo sprang to birth.

Thrice welcome, little English flower !
Whose tribes, beneath our natal skies,
Shut close their leaves while vapours lower ;
But, when the sun's gay beams arise,
With unabash'd but modest eyes,
Follow his motion to the west,
Nor cease to gaze till daylight dies,
Then fold themselves to rest.

Thrice welcome, little English flower !
To this resplendent hemisphere,
Where Flora's giant offspring tower
In gorgeous liveries all the year :
Thou, only thou, art little here,
Like worth unfriended and unknown,
Yet to my British heart more dear
Than all the torrid zone.

Thrice welcome, little English flower !
Of early scenes beloved by me,
While happy in my father's bower,
Thou shalt the blithe memorial be ;
The fairy sports of infancy,
Youth's golden age, and manhood's prime,
Home, country, kindred, friends,—with thee,
I find in this far clime.

Thrice welcome, little English flower !
I'll rear thee with a trembling hand :
Oh, for the April sun and shower,
The sweet May dews of that fair land,
Where Daisies, thick as star-light, stand
In every walk !—that here may shoot
Thy scions, and thy buds expand,
A hundred from one root.

Thrice welcome, little English flower !
To me the pledge of hope unseen :
When sorrow would my soul o'erpower,
For joys that were, or might have been,
I'll call to mind, how, fresh and green,
I saw thee waking from the dust ;
Then turn to heaven with brow serene,
And place in God my trust.

1822.

THE PILGRIM.

How blest the Pilgrim, who in trouble
Can lean upon a bosom-friend ;
Strength, courage, hope with him redouble,
When foes assail, or griefs impend ;
Care flees before his footsteps, straying,
At daybreak, o'er the purple heath ;
He plucks the wild flowers round him playing,
And binds their beauty in a wreath.

More dear to him the fields and mountains,
When with his friend abroad he roves,
Rests in the shade near sunny fountains,
Or talks by moonlight through the groves :
For him the vine expands its clusters,
Spring wakes for him her woodland quire ;
Yea, when the storm of winter blusters,
'Tis summer round his evening fire.

In good old age serenely dying,
When all he loved forsakes his view,
Sweet is affection's voice replying,
" I follow soon," to his " Adieu !"
Even then, though earthly ties are riven,
The spirit's union will not end ;
—Happy the man, whom Heaven hath given,
In life and death, a faithful friend.

ROBERT BURNS.

WHAT bird, in beauty, flight, or song,
Can with the Bard compare,
Who sang as sweet, and soar'd as strong,
As ever child of air ?

His plume, his note, his form, could BURNS
For whim or pleasure change ;
He was not one, but all by turns,
With transmigration strange.

The Blackbird, oracle of spring,
When flow'd his moral lay ;
The Swallow wheeling on the wing,
Capriciously at play :

The Humming-bird, from bloom to bloom,
Inhaling heavenly balm ;
The Raven, in the tempest's gloom ;
The Halcyon, in the calm :

In "auld Kirk Alloway," the Owl,
At witching time of night ;
By "bonnie Doon," the earliest Fowl
That caroll'd to the light.

He was the Wren amidst the grove,
When in his homely vein ;
At Bannockburn the Bird of Jove,
With thunder in his train :

The Woodlark, in his mournful hours ;
The Goldfinch, in his mirth ;
The Thrush, a spendthrift of his powers,
Enrapturing heaven and earth ;

The Swan, in majesty and grace,
Contemplative and still :

But roused,—no Falcon, in the chase,
 Could like his satire kill.

The Linnet in simplicity,
 In tenderness the Dove ;
 But more than all beside was he
 The Nightingale in love.

Oh ! had he never stoop'd to shame,
 Nor lent a charm to vice,
 How had Devotion loved to name
 That Bird of Paradise !

Peace to the dead !—In Scotia's choir
 Of Minstrels great and small,
 He sprang from his spontaneous fire,
 The Phœnix of them all.

1820.

THE STRANGER AND HIS FRIEND.

“Ye have done it unto me.”—*Matt. xxv. 40.*

A poor wayfaring Man of grief
 Hath often cross'd me on my way,
 Who sued so humbly for relief,
 That I could never answer “Nay :”
 I had not power to ask his name,
 Whither he went, or whence he came,
 Yet was there something in his eye
 That won my love, I knew not why.

Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
 He enter'd ;—not a word he spake ;—
 Just perishing for want of bread ;
 I gave him all ; he bless'd it, brake,
 And ate,—but gave me part again ;
 Mine was an Angel's portion then,
 For while I fed with eager haste,
 That crust was manna to my taste.

I spied him, where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock ; his strength was gone ;
The heedless water mock'd his thirst,
He heard it, saw it hurrying on :
I ran to raise the sufferer up ;
Thrice from the stream he drain'd my cup,
Dipt, and return'd it running o'er ;
I drank, and never thirsted more.

'Twas night ; the floods were out ; it blew
A winter hurricane aloof ;
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof ;
I warm'd, I clothed, I cheer'd my guest,
Laid him on my own couch to rest ;
Then made the hearth my bed, and seem'd
In Eden's garden while I dream'd.

Stript, wounded, beaten, nigh to death,
I found him by the highway-side :
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived his spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment ; he was heal'd ;
—I had myself a wound conceal'd ;
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And Peace bound up my broken heart.

In prison I saw him next, condemn'd
To meet a traitor's doom at morn ;
The tide of lying tongues I stemm'd,
And honour'd him midst shame and scorn :
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He ask'd if I for him would die ;
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried, " I will."

Then in a moment to my view,
The Stranger darted from disguise ;
The tokens in his hands I knew,
My Saviour stood before mine eyes :

He spake ; and my poor name He named ;
 " Of me thou hast not been ashamed :
 These deeds shall thy memorial be ;
 Fear not, thou didst them unto Me."

Scarborough, December, 1826.

FRIENDS.

FRIEND after friend departs :

Who hath not lost a friend ?
 There is no union here of hearts,
 That finds not here an end :
 Were this frail world our only rest,
 Living or dying, none were blest.

Beyond the flight of Time,
 Beyond this vale of death,
 There surely is some blessed clime.
 Where life is not a breath,
 Nor life's affections transient fire,
 Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

There *is* a world above,
 Where parting is unknown ;
 A whole eternity of love,
 Form'd for the good alone ;
 And faith beholds the dying here
 Translated to that happier sphere.

Thus star by star declines,
 Till all are pass'd away,
 As morning high and higher shines
 To pure and perfect day ;
 Nor sink those stars in empty night,
 —They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

A THEME FOR A POET.

1814.

Written in contemplation of a Poem on the Evangelization of one of the most degraded tribes of heathens. This the Author some years afterwards attempted, and partly executed, in "GREENLAND," in five cantos, of which the following were the opening lines, but withdrawn, as inapplicable to the unfinished work when it was published.

Give me a theme to grace an Angel's tongue,
 A theme to which a lyre was never strung;
 Barbarian hordes, by Satan's craft enthral'd,
 From chains to freedom, guilt to glory call'd;
 The deeds of men unfriended and unknown,
 Sent forth by Him who loves and saves his own,
 With faithful toil a barren land to bless,
 And feed his flocks amid the wilderness.

These lines were afterwards adopted as a motto to the second volume of the last edition of Crantz's Greenland, including the history of the Missions of the Moravian Brethren there, which was begun in the year 1733. (See also the notes to "GREENLAND.")

THE arrow that shall lay me low,
 Was shot from Death's unerring bow,
 The moment of my breath;
 And every footstep I proceed,
 It tracks me with increasing speed;
 I turn,—it meets me,—Death
 Has given such impulse to that dart,
 It points for ever at my heart.

And soon of me it must be said,
 That I have lived, that I am dead;
 Of all I leave behind,
 A few may weep a little while,
 Then bless my memory with a smile:
 What monument of mind
 Shall I bequeath to deathless Fame,
 That after-times may love my name?

Let Southey sing of war's alarms,
The pride of battle, din of arms,
The glory and the guilt,—
Of nations barb'rously enslaved,
Of realms by patriot valour saved,
Of blood insanely spilt,
And millions sacrificed to fate,
To make one little mortal great.

Let Scott, in wilder strains, delight
To chant the Lady and the Knight,
The tournament, the chase,
The wizard's deed without a name,
Perils by ambush, flood, and flame;
Or picturesquely trace
The hills that form a world on high,
The lake that seems a downward sky.

Let Byron, with untrembling hand,
Impetuous foot, and fiery brand
Lit at the flames of hell,
Go down and search the human heart,
Till fiends from every corner start,
Their crimes and plagues to tell;
Then let him fling the torch away,
And sun his soul in heaven's pure day.

Let Wordsworth weave, in mystic rhyme
Feelings ineffably sublime,
And sympathies unknown;
Yet so our yielding breasts enthral,
His Genius shall possess us all,
His thoughts become our own,
And strangely pleased, we start to find
Such hidden treasures in *our* mind.

Let Campbell's sweeter numbers flow
Through every change of joy and wo;
Hope's morning dreams display,
The Pennsylvanian cottage wild,

The frenzy of O'Connor's child,
Or Linden's dreadful day ;
And still in each new form appear
To every Muse and Grace more dear.

Transcendent Masters of the lyre !
Not to your honours I aspire ;
Humbler yet higher views
Have touch'd my spirit into flame :
The pomp of fiction I disclaim ;
Fair Truth ! be thou my muse ;
Reveal in splendour deeds obscure,
Abase the proud, exalt the poor.

I sing the men who left their home,
Amidst barbarian hordes to roam,
Who land and ocean cross'd,
Led by a load-star, mark'd on high
By Faith's unseen, all-seeing eye,—
To seek and save the lost ;
Where'er the curse on Adam spread,
To call his offspring from the dead.

Strong in the great Redeemer's name,
They bore the cross, despised the shame ;
And, like their Master here,
Wrestled with danger, pain, distress,
Hunger, and cold, and nakedness,
And every form of fear ;
To feel his love their only joy,
To tell that love their sole employ.

O Thou, who wast in Bethlehem born,
The Man of sorrows and of scorn,
Jesus, the sinners' Friend !
—O Thou, enthroned in filial right,
Above all creature-power and might ;
Whose kingdom shall extend,
Till earth, like heaven, thy name shall fill,
And men, like angels, do thy will :—

Thou, whom I love, but cannot see,
 My Lord, my God ! look down on me ;
 My low affections raise ;
 The spirit of liberty impart,
 Enlarge my soul, inflame my heart,
 And, while I spread thy praise,
 Shine on my path, in mercy shine,
 Prosper my work, and make it thine.

1818.

 NIGHT.

NIGHT is the time for rest ;
 How sweet, when labours close,
 To gather round an aching breast
 The curtain of repose,
 Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head
 Down on our own delightful bed !

Night is the time for dreams ;
 The gay romance of life,
 When truth that is, and truth that seems,
 Mix in fantastic strife :
 Ah ! visions, less beguiling far
 Than waking dreams by daylight are !

Night is the time for toil ;
 To plough the classic field,
 Intent to find the buried spoil
 Its wealthy furrows yield ;
 Till all is ours that sages taught,
 That poets sang, and heroes wrought.

Night is the time to weep ;
 To wet with unseen tears
 Those graves of memory, where sleep
 The joys of other years ;

Hopes, that were Angels at their birth,
But died when young, like things of earth.

Night is the time to watch ;
O'er ocean's dark expanse,
To hail the Pleiades, or catch
The full moon's earliest glance,
That brings into the home-sick mind
All we have loved and left behind.

Night is the time for care ;
Brooding on hours misspent,
To see the spectre of Despair
Come to our lonely tent ;
Like Brutus, 'midst his slumbering host,
Summon'd to die by Cæsar's ghost.

Night is the time to think ;
When, from the eye, the soul
Takes flight, and, on the utmost brink
Of yonder starry pole,
Discerns beyond the abyss of night
The dawn of uncreated light.

Night is the time to pray ;
Our Saviour oft withdrew
To desert mountains far away ;
So will his followers do,
Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,
And commune there alone with God.

Night is the time for Death ;
When all around is peace,
Calmly to yield the weary breath,
From sin and suffering cease,
Think of heaven's bliss, and give the sign
To parting friends ;—such death be mine !

Harrowgate, September, 1821.

ASPIRATIONS OF YOUTH.

HIGHER, higher will we climb
Up the mount of glory,
That our names may live through time
In our country's story ;
Happy, when her welfare calls,
He who conquers, he who falls.

Deeper, deeper let us toil
In the mines of knowledge ;
Nature's wealth and learning's spoil
Win from school and college ;
Delve we there for richer gems
Than the stars of diadems.

Onward, onward will we press
Through the path of duty ;
Virtue is true happiness,
Excellence true beauty ;
Minds are of supernal birth,
Let us make a heaven of earth.

Close and closer then we knit
Hearts and hands together,
Where our fire-side comforts sit
In the wildest weather :
Oh ! they wander wide, who roam,
For the joys of life, from home.

Nearer, nearer bands of love
Draw our souls in union,
To our Father's house above,
To the saints' communion ;
Thither every hope ascend,
There may all our labours end.

A HERMITAGE.

WHOSE is this humble dwelling-place,
The flat turf-roof with flowers o'ergrown?
Ah! here the tenant's name I trace,
Moss-cover'd, on the threshold stone.

Well, he has peace within, and rest,
Though nought of all the world beside;
Yet, stranger, deem not him unblest,
Who knows not avarice, lust, or pride.

Nothing he asks, nothing he cares
For all that tempts or troubles round;
He craves no feast, no finery wears,
Nor once o'ersteps his narrow bound.

No need of light, though all be gloom,
To cheer his eye,—that eye is blind;
No need of fire in this small room,
He recks not tempest, rain, or wind.

No gay companions here; no wife
To gladden home with true-love smiles;
No children,—from the woes of life
To win him with their artless wiles.

Nor joy, nor sorrow, enter here,
Nor throbbing heart, nor aching limb;
No sun, no moon, no stars appear,
And man and brute are nought to him.

This dwelling is a hermit's cave,
With space alone for one poor bed;
This dwelling is a mortal's grave,
Its sole inhabitant is dead.

INSCRIPTION

UNDER THE PICTURE OF AN AGED NEGRO WOMAN.

ART thou a *woman*?—so am I; and all
That woman can be, I have been, or am;
A daughter, sister, consort, mother, widow.
Whiche'er of these *thou* art, Oh! be the friend
Of one who is what thou canst never be!
Look on thyself, thy kindred, home, and country,
Then fall upon thy knees, and cry "Thank God,
An English woman cannot be a SLAVE!"

Art thou a *man*?—Oh! I have known, have loved,
And lost, all that to woman man can be;
A father, brother, husband, son, who shared
My bliss in freedom, and my wo in bondage.
—A childless widow now, a friendless slave.
What shall I ask of thee, since I have nought
To lose but life's sad burden: nought to gain
But heaven's repose?—these are beyond thy power;
Me thou canst neither wrong nor help;—what then?
Go to the bosom of thy family,
Gather thy little children round thy knees,
Gaze on their innocence; their clear, full eyes,
All fix'd on thine; and in their mother, mark
The loveliest look that woman's face can wear,
Her look of love, beholding them and thee:
Then, at the altar of your household joys,
Vow one by one, vow altogether, vow
With heart and voice, eternal enmity
Against oppression by your brethren's hands:
Till man nor woman under Britain's laws,
Nor son nor daughter born within her empire,
Shall buy, or sell, or hold, or be a slave.

S Scarborough, December, 1826.

THE ADVENTURE OF A STAR.

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY.

A STAR would be a flower ;
So down from heaven it came,
And in a honeysuckle bower
Lit up its little flame.
There on a bank, beneath the shade,
By sprays, and leaves, and blossoms made,
It overlook'd the garden-ground,
—A landscape stretching ten yards round ;
Oh what a change of place
From gazing through th' eternity of space !
Gay plants on every side
Unclosed their lovely blooms,
And scatter'd far and wide
Their ravishing perfumes :
The butterfly, the bee,
And many an insect on the wing,
Full of the spirit of the spring,
Flew round and round in endless glee,
Alighting here, ascending there,
Ranging and revelling everywhere.
Now all the flowers were up and drest
In robes of rainbow-colour'd light ;
The pale primroses look'd their best,
Peonies blush'd with all their might ;
Dutch tulips from their beds
Flaunted their stately heads ;
Auriculas, like belles and beaux,
Glittering with birthnight splendour, rose ;
And polyanthuses display'd
The brilliance of their gold brocade :
Here hyacinths of heavenly blue
Shook their rich tresses to the morn,

While rose-buds scarcely show'd their hue,
But coyly linger'd on the thorn,
Till their loved nightingale, who tarried long,
Should wake them into beauty with his song.
The violets were past their prime,
Yet their departing breath
Was sweeter, in the blast of death,
Than all the lavish fragrance of the time.
Amidst this gorgeous train,
Our truant star shone forth in vain ;
Though in a wreath of periwinkle,
Through whose fine gloom it strove to twinkle,
It seem'd no bigger to the view
Than the light spangle in a drop of dew.
—Astronomers may shake their polls,
And tell me,—every orb that rolls
Through heaven's sublime expanse
Is sun or world, whose speed and size
Confound the stretch of mortal eyes,
In Nature's mystic dance :
It may be so
For aught I know,
Or aught indeed that they can show ;
Yet till they prove what they aver,
From this plain truth I will not stir,
—A star's a star !—but when I think
Of sun or world, the star I sink ;
Wherefore in verse, at least in mine,
Stars like themselves, in spite of fate, shall shine.
Now to return (for we have wandered far)
To what was nothing but a simple star ;
—Where all was jollity around,
No fellowship the stranger found.
Those lowliest children of the earth,
That never leave their mother's lap,
Companions in their harmless mirth,
Were smiling, blushing, dancing there,
Feasting on dew, and light, and air,

And fearing no mishap,
Save from the hand of lady fair,
Who, on her wonted walk,
Pluck'd one and then another,
A sister or a brother,
From its elastic stalk ;
Happy, no doubt, for one sharp pang to die
On her sweet bosom, withering in her eye.
Thus all day long that star's hard lot,
While bliss and beauty ran to waste,
Was but to witness on the spot
Beauty and bliss it could not taste.
At length the sun went down, and then
Its faded glory came again ;
With brighter, bolder, purer light,
It kindled through the deepening night,
Till the green bower, so dim by day,
Glow'd like a fairy-palace with its beams ;
In vain, for sleep on all the borders lay,
The flowers were laughing in the land of dreams.
Our star, in melancholy state,
Still sigh'd to find itself alone,
Neglected, cold, and desolate,
Unknowing and unknown.
Lifting at last an anxious eye,
It saw that circlet empty in the sky
Where it was wont to roll
Within a hair-breadth of the pole :
In that same instant, sore amazed,
On the strange blank all Nature gazed ;
Travellers bewilder'd for their guide,
In glens and forests lost their way ;
And ships, on ocean's trackless tide,
Went fearfully astray.
The star, now wiser for its folly, knew
Its duty, dignity, and bliss at home ;
So up to heaven again it flew,
Resolved no more to roam.

One hint the humble bard may send
To her for whom these lines are penn'd :
O may it be enough for her
To shine in her own character !
O may she be content to grace,
On earth, in heaven, her proper place !

1825.

ON PLANTING A TULIP-ROOT.

HERE lies a bulb, the child of earth,
Buried alive beneath the clod,
Ere long to spring, by second birth,
A new and nobler work of God.

'Tis said that microscopic power
Might through its swaddling folds descry
The infant image of the flower,
Too exquisite to meet the eye.

This, vernal suns and rains will swell,
Till from its dark abode it peep,
Like Venus rising from her shell,
Amidst the spring-tide of the deep.

Two shapely leaves will first unfold,
Then, on a smooth elastic stem,
The verdant bud shall turn to gold,
And open in a diadem.

Not one of Flora's brilliant race
A form more perfect can display ;
Art could not feign more simple grace,
Nor Nature take a line away.

Yet, rich as morn of many a hue,
When flushing clouds through darkness strike,

The tulip's petals shine in dew,
 All beautiful,—but none alike.

Kings, on their bridal, might unrobe
 To lay their glories at its foot ;
 And queens their sceptre, crown, and globe,
 Exchange for blossom, stalk, and root.

Here could I stand and moralize ;
 Lady, I leave that part to thee ;
 Be thy next birth in Paradise,
 Thy life to come eternity !

1824.

THE DROUGHT.

WRITTEN IN THE SUMMER OF 1826.

Hosea, ii. 21, 22.

WHAT strange, what fearful thing hath come to pass ?
 The ground is iron, and the heavens are brass ;
 Man on the withering harvests casts his eye,
 " Give me your fruits in season, or I die ;"
 The timely Fruits implore their parent Earth,
 " Where is thy strength to bring us forth to birth ?"
 The Earth, all prostrate, to the clouds complains,
 " Send to my heart your fertilizing rains ;"
 The Clouds invoke the Heavens,—“ Collect, dispense
 Through us your quickening, healing influence ;”
 The Heavens to Him that made them raise their moan,
 " Command thy blessing, and it shall be done ;"
 The Lord is in his temple :—hush'd and still,
 The suppliant Universe awaits his will.

He speaks ; and to the Clouds the Heavens dispense,
 With lightning-speed, their genial influence ;
 The gathering, breaking Clouds pour down their rains,
 Earth drinks the bliss through all her eager veins ;

From teeming furrows start the Fruits to birth,
 And shake their treasures on the lap of Earth ;
 Man sees the harvests grow beneath his eye,
 Turns, and looks up with rapture to the sky ;
 All that have breath and being now rejoice ;
 All Nature's voices blend in one great voice,
 "Glory to God, who thus himself makes known !"
 —When shall all tongues confess Him God alone ?

Lord ! as the rain comes down from Heaven,—the rain
 Which waters Earth, nor thence returns in vain,
 But makes the tree to bud, the grass to spring,
 And feeds and gladdens every living thing,—
 So may thy word, upon a world destroy'd,
 Come down in blessing, and return not void ;
 So may it come in universal showers,
 And fill Earth's dreariest wilderness with flowers,
 —With flowers of promise fill the world, within
 Man's heart, laid waste and desolate by sin ;
 Where thorns and thistles curse the infested ground,
 Let the rich fruits of righteousness abound ;
 And trees of life, for ever fresh and green,
 Flourish where trees of death alone have been ;
 Let Truth look down from heaven, Hope soar above,
 Justice and Mercy kiss, Faith work by Love ;
 Nations new-born their fathers' idols spurn ;
 The Ransom'd of the Lord with songs return ;
 Heralds the year of Jubilee proclaim ;
 Bow every knee at the Redeemer's name ;
 O'er lands, with darkness, thralldom, guilt, o'erspread,
 In light, joy, freedom, be the Spirit shed ;
 Speak Thou the word : to Satan's power say, "Cease,"
 But to a world of pardon'd sinners, "Peace."
 —Thus in thy grace, LORD God, Thyself make known :
 Then shall all tongues confess Thee God alone.

THE FALLING LEAF.

WERE I a trembling leaf,
On yonder stately tree,
After a season gay and brief,
Condemn'd to fade and flee :
I should be loth to fall
Beside the common way,
Weltering in mire, and spurn'd by all,
Till trodden down to clay.
Nor would I choose to die
All on a bed of grass,
Where thousands of my kindred lie,
And idly rot in mass.
Nor would I like to spread
My thin and wither'd face
In *hortus siccus*, pale and dead,
A mummy of my race.
No,—on the wings of air
Might I be left to fly,
I know not and I heed not where,
A waif of earth and sky !
Or flung upon the stream,
Curl'd like a fairy-boat,
As through the changes of a dream,
To the world's end to float !
Who that hath ever been,
Could bear to be no more ?
Yet who would tread again the scene
He trod through life before ?
On, with intense desire,
Man's spirit will move on :
It seems to die, yet, like heaven's fire,
It is not quench'd, but gone.

THOUGHTS AND IMAGES.

"Come like shadows, so depart." *Macbeth.*

THE Diamond, in its native bed,
Hid like a buried star may lie,
Where foot of man must never tread,
Seen only by its Maker's eye :
And though imbued with beams to grace
His fairest work in woman's face,
Darkling, its fire may fill the void,
Where fix'd at first in solid night ;
Nor, till the world shall be destroy'd,
Sparkle one moment into light.

The Plant, upspringing from the seed,
Expands into a perfect flower ;
The virgin-daughter of the mead,
Wooded by the sun, the wind, the shower :
In loveliness beyond compare,
It toils not, spins not, knows no care ;
Train'd by the secret hand, that brings
All beauty out of waste and rude,
It blooms its season, dies, and flings
Its germs abroad in solitude.

Almighty skill, in ocean's caves,
Lends the light Nautilus a form
To tilt along the Atlantic waves,
Fearless of rock, or shoal, or storm ;
But, should a breath of danger sound,
With sails quick-furl'd it dives profound,
And far beneath the tempest's path,
In coral grots, defies the foe,
That never brake, in heaviest wrath,
The sabbath of the deep below.

Up from his dream, on twinkling wings,
 The Sky-lark soars amid the dawn ;
 Yet, while in Paradise he sings,
 Looks down upon the quiet lawn,
 Where flutters, in his little nest,
 More love than music e'er express'd ;
 Then, though the Nightingale may thrill
 The soul with keener ecstasy,
 The merry bird of morn can fill
 All Nature's bosom with his glee.

The Elephant, embower'd in woods,
 Coeval with their trees might seem,
 As though he drank from Indian floods
 Life in a renovating stream :
 Ages o'er him have come and fled ;
 Midst generations of the dead,
 His bulk survives to feed and range,
 Where ranged and fed of old his sires ;
 Nor knows advancement, lapse, or change,
 Beyond their walks, till he expires.

Gem, flower, and fish, the bird, the brute,
 Of every kind occult or known,
 (Each exquisitely form'd to suit
 Its humble lot, and that alone,)
 Through ocean, earth, and air fulfil,
 Unconsciously, their Maker's will,
 Who gave, without their toil or thought,
 Strength, beauty, instinct, courage, speed ;
 While through the whole his pleasure wrought
 Whate'er his wisdom had decreed.

But Man, the master-piece of God,
 Man, in his Maker's image framed,—
 Though kindred to the valley's clod,
 Lord of this low creation named,—
 In naked helplessness appears,
 Child of a thousand griefs and fears :

To labour, pain, and trouble born,
Weapon, nor wing, nor sleight hath he ;
Yet, like the sun, he brings his morn,
And is a king from infancy.

For, him no destiny hath bound
To do what others did before,
Pace the same dull perennial round,
And be a man, and be no more :
A man ?—a self-will'd piece of earth,
Just as the lion is, by birth ;
To hunt his prey, to wake, to sleep,
His father's joys and sorrows share,
His niche in Nature's temple keep,
And leave his likeness in his heir !—

No ; infinite the shades between
The motley millions of our race ;
No two the changing moon hath seen
Alike in purpose, or in face ;
Yet all aspire beyond their fate ;
The least, the meanest, would be great ;
The mighty future fills the mind,
That pants for more than earth can give ;
Man, to this narrow sphere confined,
Dies when he but begins to live.

Oh ! if there be no world on high
To yield his powers unfetter'd scope ;
If man be only born to die,
Whence this inheritance of hope ?
Wherefore to him alone were lent
Riches that never can be spent ?
Enough, not more, to all the rest,
For life and happiness, was given ;
To man, mysteriously unblest,
Too much for any state but heaven.

It is not thus ;—it cannot be,
That one so gloriously endow'd

With views that reach eternity,
 Should shine and vanish like a cloud :
 Is there a God !—all Nature shows
 There *is*,—and yet no *mortal* knows :
 The mind that could this truth conceive,
 Which brute sensation never taught,
 No longer to the dust would cleave,
 But grow immortal with the thought.

1819.

THE AGES OF MAN.

YOUTH, fond youth ! to thee, in life's gay morning,
 New and wonderful are heaven and earth ;
 Health the hills, content the fields adorning,
 Nature rings with melody and mirth ;
 Love invisible, beneath, above,
 Conquers all things ; all things yield to love.

Time, swift time, from years their motion stealing,
 Unperceived hath sober manhood brought ;
 Truth, her pure and humble forms revealing,
 Peoples fancy's fairy-land with thought ;
 Then the heart, no longer prone to roam,
 Loves, loves best, the quiet bliss of home.

Age, old age, in sickness, pain, and sorrow,
 Creeps with lengthening shadow o'er the scene ;
 Life was yesterday, 'tis death to-morrow,
 And to-day the agony between :
 Then how longs the weary soul for thee,
 Bright and beautiful eternity !

THE GRAVE.

THERE is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found,
They softly lie and sweetly sleep
Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the winter sky
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer-evening's latest sigh
That shuts the rose.

I long to lay this painful head
And aching heart beneath the soil,
To slumber in that dreamless bed
From all my toil.

For misery stole me at my birth,
And cast me helpless on the wild :
I perish ;—O my Mother Earth
Take home thy Child.

On thy dear lap these limbs reclined
Shall gently moulder into thee ;
Nor leave one wretched trace behind
Resembling me.

Hark !—a strange sound affrights mine ear ;
My pulse,—my brain runs wild,—I rave ;
—Ah ! who art thou whose voice I hear ?
——“ I am THE GRAVE !

“ THE GRAVE, that never spake before,
Hath found at length a tongue to chide ;
O listen !—I will speak no more :—
Be silent, Pride !

- “ Art thou a WRETCH of hope forlorn,
The victim of consuming care ?
Is thy distracted conscience torn
By fell despair ?
- “ Do foul misdeeds of former times
Wring with remorse thy guilty breast ?
And ghosts of unforgiven crimes
Murder thy rest ?
- “ Lash'd by the furies of the mind,
From Wrath and Vengeance wouldst thou flee ?
Ah ! think not, hope not, fool, to find
A friend in me.
- “ By all the terrors of the tomb,
Beyond the power of tongue to tell ;
By the dread secrets of my womb ;
By Death and Hell ;
- “ I charge thee, LIVE !—repent and pray ;
In dust thine infamy deplore ;
There yet is mercy ;—go thy way,
And sin no more.
- “ Art thou a MOURNER ?—Hast thou known
The joy of innocent delights,
Endearing days for ever flown,
And tranquil nights ?
- “ O LIVE !—and deeply cherish still
The sweet remembrance of the past :
Rely on Heaven's unchanging will
For peace at last.
- “ Art thou a WANDERER ?—Hast thou seen
O'erwhelming tempests drown thy bark ?
A shipwreck'd sufferer hast thou been,
Misfortune's mark ?

“ Though long of winds and waves the sport,
Condemn'd in wretchedness to roam,
LIVE !—thou shalt reach a sheltering port,
A quiet home.

“ TO FRIENDSHIP didst thou trust thy fame,
And was thy friend a deadly foe,
Who stole into thy breast to aim
A surer blow ?

“ LIVE !—and repine not o'er his loss,
A loss unworthy to be told :
Thou hast mistaken sordid dross
For friendship's gold.

“ Seek the true treasure, seldom found,
Of power the fiercest griefs to calm,
And soothe the bosom's deepest wound
With heavenly balm.

“ Did WOMAN's charms thy youth beguile,
And did the Fair One faithless prove ?
Hath she betray'd thee with a smile,
And sold thy love ?

“ LIVE !—'Twas a false bewildering fire :
Too often Love's insidious dart
Thrills the fond soul with wild desire,
But kills the heart.

“ Thou yet shalt know, how sweet, how dear
To gaze on listening Beauty's eye ;
To ask,—and pause in hope and fear
Till she reply.

“ A nobler flame shall warm thy breast,
A brighter maiden faithful prove ;
Thy youth, thine age, shall yet be blest
In woman's love.

“—Whate’er thy lot,—whoe’er thou be,—
Confess thy folly,—kiss the rod,
And in thy chastening sorrow see
The hand of God.

“A bruised reed He will not break ;
Afflictions all his children feel :
He wounds them for his mercy’s sake,
He wounds to heal.

“Humbled beneath his mighty hand,
Prostrate his Providence adore :
’Tis done !—Arise ! He bids thee stand,
To fall no more.

“Now, Traveller in the vale of tears,
To realms of everlasting light,
Through Time’s dark wilderness of years
Pursue thy flight.

“There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary Pilgrims found ;
And while the mouldering ashes sleep
Low in the ground

“The Soul, of origin divine,
God’s glorious image, freed from clay,
In heaven’s eternal sphere shall shine
A star of day.

“The SUN is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky ;
The SOUL, immortal as its Sire,
SHALL NEVER DIE.”

BOLEHILL TREES.

A conspicuous plantation, encompassing a school-house and play-ground, on a bleak eminence, at Barlow, in Derbyshire: on the one hand facing the high moors; on the other, overlooking a richly-cultivated, well-wooded, and mountainous country, near the seat of a gentlemen where the writer has spent many happy hours.

Now peace to his ashes who planted yon trees,
That welcome my wandering eye!
In lofty luxuriance they wave with the breeze,
And resemble a grove in the sky;
On the brow of the mountain, uncultured and bleak,
They flourish in grandeur sublime,
Adorning its bald and majestic peak,
Like the lock on the forehead of Time.

A land-mark they rise;—to the stranger forlorn
All night on the wild heath delay'd,
'Tis rapture to spy the young beauties of morn
Unveiling behind their dark shade:
The homeward-bound husbandman joys to behold,
On the line of the gray evening scene,
Their branches yet gleaming with purple and gold,
And the sunset expiring between.

The maidens that gather the fruits of the moor,*
While weary and fainting they roam,
Through the blue dazzling distance of noon-light explore
The trees that remind them of home:
The children that range in the valley suspend
Their sports and in ecstasy gaze,
When they see the broad moon from the summit ascend,
And their school-house and grove in a blaze.

Oh! sweet to my soul is that beautiful grove,
Awakening remembrance most dear;—

* Bilberries, cluster-berries, and crane-berries.

When lonely in anguish and exile I rove,
Wherever its glories appear,
It gladdens my spirit, it soothes from afar
With tranquil and tender delight,
It shines through my heart, like a hope-beaming star,
Alone in the desert of night.

It tells me of moments of innocent bliss,
For ever and ever gone o'er ;
Like the light of a smile, like the balm of a kiss,
They were,—but they will be no more :
Yet wherefore of pleasures departed complain,
That leave such endearment behind ?
Though the sun of their sweetness be sunk in the main,
Their twilight still rests on the mind.

Then peace to *his* ashes who planted those trees !
Supreme o'er the landscape they rise,
With simple and lovely magnificence please
All bosoms, and gladden all eyes :
Nor marble, nor brass, could emblazon his fame
Like his own sylvan trophies, that wave
In graceful memorial, and whisper his name,
And scatter their leaves on his grave.

Ah ! thus, when I sleep in the desolate tomb,
May the laurels I planted endure,
On the mountain of high immortality bloom,
Midst lightning and tempest secure !
Then ages unborn shall their verdure admire,
And nations sit under their shade,
While my spirit, in secret, shall move o'er my lyre,
Aloft in their branches display'd.

Hence dream of vain glory !—the light drop of dew
That glows in the violet's eye,
In the splendour of morn, to a fugitive view,
May rival a star of the sky ;

But the violet is pluck'd, and the dew-drop is flown,
 The star unextinguish'd shall shine :
 Then mine be the laurels of virtue alone,
 And the glories of Paradise mine.

1807.

THE OLD MAN'S SONG.

SHALL Man of frail fruition boast ?

Shall life be counted dear,
 Oft but a moment, and at most
 A momentary year ?

There was a time,—that time is past,—
 When, youth ! I bloom'd like thee !
 A time will come,—'tis coming fast,
 When thou shalt fade like me :—

Like me through varying seasons range,
 And past enjoyments mourn ;—
 The fairest, sweetest spring shall change
 To winter in its turn.

In infancy, my vernal prime,
 When life itself was new,
 Amusement pluck'd the wings of time,
 Yet swifter still he flew.

Summer my youth succeeded soon,
 My sun ascended high,
 And pleasure held the reins till noon,
 But grief drove down the sky.

Like Autumn, rich in ripening corn,
 Came manhood's sober reign ;
 My harvest-moon scarce fill'd her horn,
 When she began to wane.

Close follow'd age, infirm old age,
 The winter of my year ;

When shall I fall before his rage,
 To rise beyond the sphere !
 I long to cast the chains away,
 That hold my soul a slave,
 To burst these dungeon walls of clay,
 Enfranchised from the grave.
 Life lies in embryo,—never free
 Till Nature yields her breath,
 Till Time becomes Eternity,
 And Man is born in Death.

1804.

THE GLOW-WORM.

The male of this insect is said to be a fly, which the female caterpillar attracts
 in the night by the lustre of her train.

WHEN Evening closes Nature's eye,
 The Glow-worm lights her little spark,
 To captivate her favourite fly,
 And tempt the rover through the dark.
 Conducted by a sweeter star,
 Than all that deck the fields above,
 He fondly hastens from afar,
 To soothe her solitude with love.
 Thus in this wilderness of tears,
 Amidst the world's perplexing gloom,
 The transient torch of Hymen cheers
 The pilgrim journeying to the tomb.
 Unhappy he whose hopeless eye
 Turns to the light of love in vain ;
 Whose cynosure is in the sky,
 He on the dark and lonely main.

1804.

THE MOLE-HILL.

TELL me, thou dust beneath my feet,
Thou dust that once hadst breath!
Tell me how many mortals meet
In this small hill of death?

The mole that scoops with curious toil
Her subterranean bed,
Thinks not she ploughs a human soil,
And mines among the dead.

But, O! where'er she turns the ground,
My kindred earth I see;
Once every atom of this mound
Lived, breathed, and felt, like me.

Like me, these elder-born of clay
Enjoy'd the cheerful light,
Bore the brief burden of a day,
And went to rest at night.

Far in the regions of the morn,
The rising sun surveys
Palmyra's palaces forlorn,
Empurpled with his rays.

The spirits of the desert dwell
Where eastern grandeur shone,
And vultures scream, hyænas yell
Round Beauty's mouldering throne.

There the pale pilgrim, as he stands,
Sees, from the broken wall,
The shadow tottering on the sands,
Ere the loose fragment fall.

Destruction joys, amid those scenes,
To watch the sport of Fate,
While Time between the pillars leans,
And bows them with his weight.

But towers and temples crush'd by Time,
Stupendous wrecks ! appear
To me less mournfully sublime
Than the poor Mole-hill here.

Through all this hillock's trembling mould,
Once the warm life-blood ran ;
Here thine original behold,
And here thy ruins, Man !

Methinks this dust yet heaves with breath ;
Ten thousand pulses beat ;
Tell me,—in this small hill of death,
How many mortals meet ?

By wafting winds and flooding rains,
From ocean, earth, and sky,
Collected here, the frail remains
Of slumbering millions lie.

What scene of terror and amaze
Breaks through the twilight gloom ?
What hand invisible displays
The secrets of the tomb ?

All ages and all nations rise,
And every grain of earth
Beneath my feet, before mine eyes,
Is startled into birth.

Like gliding mists the shadowy forms
Through the deep valley spread,
And like descending clouds in storms
Lower round the mountain's head.

O'er the wild champaign while they pass,
Their footsteps yield no sound,

Nor shake from the light trembling grass
A dew-drop to the ground.

Among the undistinguish'd hosts,
My wondering eyes explore
Awful, sublime, terrific ghosts,
Heroes and kings of yore :—

Tyrants, the comets of their kind,
Whose withering influence ran
Through all the promise of the mind,
And smote and mildew'd man :—

Sages, the Pleiades of earth,
Whose genial aspect smiled,
And flowers and fruitage sprang to birth
O'er all the human wild.

Yon gloomy ruffian, gash'd and gored,
Was he, whose fatal skill
First beat the plough-share to a sword,
And taught the art to kill.

Behind him skulks a shade, bereft
Of fondly worshipt fame ;
He built the Pyramids, but left
No stone to tell his name.

Who is the chief, with visage dark
As tempests when they roar ?
—The first who push'd his daring bark
Beyond the timid shore.

Through storms of death and seas of graves
He steer'd with steadfast eye ;
His path was on the desert waves,
His compass in the sky.

That youth who lifts his graceful hand,
Struck the unshapen block,
And beauty leap'd, at his command,
A Venus from the rock.

Trembling with ecstasy of thought,
Behold the Grecian maid,
Whom love's enchanting impulse taught
To trace a slumberer's shade.

Sweet are the thefts of love ;—she stole
His image while he lay,
Kindled the shadow to a soul,
And breathed that soul through clay.

Yon listening nymph, who looks behind,
With countenance of fire,
Heard midnight music in the wind,—
And framed the Æolian lyre.

All hail !—The Sire of Song appears
The Muse's eldest born ;
The skylark in the dawn of years,
The poet of the morn.

He from the depth of cavern'd woods,
That echoed to his voice,
Bade mountains, valleys, winds, and floods,
And earth and heaven rejoice.

Though charm'd to meekness while he sung,
The wild beasts round him ran,
This was the triumph of his tongue,—
It tamed the heart of man.

Dim through the mist of twilight times
The ghost of Cyrus walks ;
Behind him, red with glorious crimes,
The son of Ammon stalks.

Relentless Hannibal, in pride
Of sworn, fix'd hatred, lovers ;
Cæsar,—'tis Brutus at his side,—
In peerless grandeur towers.

With moonlight softness Helen's charms
Dissolve the spectred gloom,

The leading star of Greece in arms,
Portending Iliion's doom.

But Homer,—see the bard arise!
And hark!—he strikes the lyre;
The Dardan warriors lift their eyes,
The Argive Chiefs respire.

And while his music rolls along,
The towers of Troy sublime,
Raised by the magic breath of song,
Mock the destroyer Time.

For still around the eternal walls
The storms of battle rage:
And Hector conquers, Hector falls,
Bewept in every age.

Genius of Homer! Were it mine
To track thy fiery car,
And in thy sunset course to shine
A radiant evening star,—

What theme, what laurel might the Muse
Reclaim from ages fled?
What realm-restoring hero choose
To summon from the dead?

Yonder his shadow flits away:
—Thou shalt not thus depart;
Stay, thou transcendent spirit, stay,
And tell me who thou art!

'Tis Alfred!—In the rolls of Fame,
And on the midnight page,
Blazes his broad refulgent name,
The watch-light of his age.

A Danish winter, from the north,
Howl'd o'er the British wild,
But Alfred, like the spring, broke forth,
And all the desert smiled.

Back to the deep he roll'd the waves,
By mad invasion hurl'd ;
His voice was liberty to slaves,
Defiance to the world.

And still that voice o'er land and sea
Shall Albion's foes appal ;
The race of Alfred *will* be free ;—
Hear it, and tremble, Gaul !

But lo ! the phantoms fade in flight,
Like fears that cross the mind,
Like meteors gleaming through the night,
Like thunders on the wind.

The vision of the tomb is past ;
Beyond it who can tell
In what mysterious region cast
Immortal spirits dwell ?

I know not, but I soon shall know
When life's sore conflicts cease,
When this desponding heart lies low,
And I shall rest in peace.

For see, on Death's bewildering wave,
The rainbow Hope arise,
A bridge of glory o'er the grave,
That bends beyond the skies.

From earth to heaven it swells and shines
The pledge of bliss to Man ;
Time with Eternity combines,
And grasps them in a span.

A VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.

EMBLEM of eternity,
Unbeginning, endless sea !
Let me launch my soul on thee.
Sail, nor keel, nor helm, nor oar,
Need I, ask I, to explore
Thine expanse from shore to shore.
By a single glance of thought,
Thy whole realm's before me brought
Like the universe, from nought.
All thine aspects now I view,
Ever old, yet ever new,
—Time nor tide thy power subdue.
All thy voices now I hear ;
Sounds of gladness, grandeur, fear,
Meet and mingle in mine ear.
All thy wonders are reveal'd,
Treasures hidden in thy field,
From the birth of nature seal'd.
But thy depths I search not now,
Nor thy liquid surface plow
With a billow-breaking prow.
Eager fancy, unconfined,
In a voyage of the mind,
Sweeps along thee like the wind.
Here a breeze, I skim thy plain,
There a tempest, pour amain
Thunder, lightning, hail, and rain.
Where the surges never roll
Round the undiscover'd pole,
Thence set out, my venturous soul !

See o'er Greenland, cold and wild,
Rocks of ice eternal piled,
—Yet the mother loves her child,—

And the wildernesses drear,
To the native's heart are dear ;
All love's charities dwell here.

Next on lonely Labrador,
Let me hear the snow-storms roar,
Blinding, burying all before.

Yet even here, in glens and coves,
Man the heir of all things roves,
Feasts and fights, and laughs and loves.

But a brighter vision breaks
O'er Canadian woods and lakes ;
—These my spirit soon forsakes.

Land of exiled liberty,
Where our fathers once were free,
Brave New England ! hail to thee !

Pennsylvania, while thy flood
Waters fields unbought with blood,
Stand for peace, as thou hast stood.

The West Indies I behold,
Like th' Hesperides of old,
—Trees of life with fruits of gold.

No,—a curse is on their soil,
Bonds and scourges, tears and toil,
Man degrade, and earth despoil.

Horror-struck I turn away,
Coasting down the Mexique bay,
—Slavery there hath had her day.

Hark ! eight hundred thousand tongues
Startle midnight with strange songs ;
—England ends her negroes' wrongs.

Loud the voice of freedom spoke,
Every accent split a yoke,
Every word a fetter broke.

South America expands
Forest-mountains, river-lands,
And a nobler race demands.

And a nobler race arise,
Stretch their limbs, unclothe their eyes,
Claim the earth, and seek the skies.

Gliding through Magellan's Straits,
Where two oceans ope their gates,
What a glorious scene awaits !

The immense Pacific smiles,
Round ten thousand little isles,
—Haunts of violence and wiles.

But the powers of darkness yield,
For the cross is in the field,
And the light of life reveal'd.

Rays from rock to rock it darts,
Conquers adamantine hearts,
And immortal bliss imparts.

North and west, receding far
From the evening's downward star,
Now I mount Aurora's car ;—

Pale Siberia's deserts shun,
From Kamschatka's storm-cliffs run,
South and east, to meet the sun.

Jealous China, dire Japan,
With bewilder'd eyes I scan,
—They are but dead seas of man.

Ages in succession find
Forms that change not, stagnant mind,
And they leave the same behind.

Lo! the eastern Cyclades,
Phœnix-nests and sky-blue seas,
—But I tarry not with these.

Pass we drear New Holland's shoals,
Where no ample river rolls,
—World of unawaken'd souls!

Bring them forth ;—'tis Heaven's decree.
Man, assert thy liberty ;
Let not brutes look down on thee.

Either India next is seen,
With the Ganges stretch'd between ;
—Ah! what horrors here have been.

War, disguised as commerce, came ;
Britain, carrying sword and flame,
Won an empire,—lost her name.

But that name shall be restored,
Law and justice wield the sword,
And her God be here adored.

By the Gulf of Persia sail,
Where the true-love nightingale
Wooes the rose in every vale.

Though Arabia charge the breeze
With the incense of her trees,
On I press through southern seas.

Cape of storms, thy spectre fled,
See, the angel Hope, instead,
Lights from heaven upon thine head ;—

And where Table-mountain stands,
Barbarous hordes from desert sands
Bless the sight with lifted hands.

St. Helena's dungeon-keep
Scowls defiance o'er the deep ;
There a warrior's relics sleep.

Who he was, and how he fell,
Europe, Asia, Afric tell :
On that theme all time shall dwell.

But henceforth, till nature dies,
These three simple words comprise
All the future : " Here he lies."

Mammon's plague-ships through the waves :
Oh ! 'twere mercy to the slaves,
Were the maws of sharks their graves !

Not for all the gems and gold,
Which thy streams and mountains hold,
Or for which thy sons are sold,—

Land of negroes ! would I dare
In this felon-trade to share,
Or to brand its guilt forbear.

Hercules ! thy pillars stand,
Sentinels of sea and land !
Cloud-capt Atlas towers at hand.

Where, when Cato's word was fate,
Fell the Carthaginian state,
And where exiled Marius sate,—

Mark the dens of caitiff Moors ;
Ha ! the pirates seize their oars ;
—Haste we from th' accursed shores.

Egypt's hieroglyphic realm
Other floods than Nile's o'erwhelm,
—Slaves turn'd despots hold the helm.

Judah's cities are forlorn,
Lebanon and Carmel shorn,
Zion trampled down with scorn.

Greece, thine ancient lamp is spent ;
Thou art thine own monument ;
But the sepulchre is rent,—

And a wind is on the wing,
At whose breath new heroes spring,
Sages teach, and poets sing.

Italy, thy beauties shroud
In a gorgeous evening cloud;
Thy refulgent head is bow'd.

Rome, in ruins lovely still,
On her capitolian hill,
Bids thee, mourner, weep thy fill.

Yet where Roman genius reigns,
Roman blood must warm the veins;
—Look well, tyrants, to your chains.

Splendid realm of old romance,
Spain, thy tower-crown'd crest advance,
Grasp the shield, and couch the lance.

At the fire-flash of thine eye,
Giant bigotry would fly,
At thy voice oppression die.

Lusitania, from the dust,
Shake thy locks,—thy cause is just,
Strike for freedom, strike and trust.

France, I hurry from thy shore,
Thou art not the France of yore,
Thou art new-born France no more.

Great thou wast ; and who like thee ?
Then mad-drunk with liberty ;
What *now* ?—neither great nor free.

Sweep by Holland like the blast,
One quick glance on Denmark cast,
Sweden, Russia,—all are past.

Elbe nor Weser tempt my stay ;
Germany, beware the day,
When thy schools again bear sway.

Now to thee, to thee I fly,
Fairest isle beneath the sky,
To my heart, as in mine eye.

I have seen them, one by one,
Every shore beneath the sun,
And my voyage now is done.

While I bid them all be blest,
Britain is my home, my rest ;
—Mine own land ! I love thee best.

Scarborough, December, 1826.

HUMILITY.

The bird that soars on highest wing,
Builds on the ground her lowly nest ;
And she that doth most sweetly sing,
Sings in the shade when all things rest :
—In lark and nightingale we see
What honour hath humility.

When Mary chose the "better part,"
She meekly sat at Jesus' feet ;
And Lydia's gently-open'd heart
Was made for God's own temple meet ;
—Fairest and best adorn'd is she,
Whose clothing is humility.

The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown,
In deepest adoration bends ;
The weight of glory bows him down,
Then most when most his soul ascends ;
—Nearest the throne itself must be
The footstool of humility.

BIRDS.

THE SWALLOW.

SWALLOW, why homeward turn'd thy joyful wing?
—In a far land I heard the voice of spring;
I found myself that moment on the way;
My wings, my wings, they had not power to stay.

SKYLARKS.

What hand lets fly the skylark from his rest?
—That which detains his mate upon the nest;
Love sends *him* soaring to the fields above;
She broods below, all bound with cords of love.

THE CUCKOO.

Why art thou always welcome, lonely bird?
—The heart grows young again when I am heard;
Nor in my double note the magic lies,
But in the fields, the woods, the streams, and skies.

THE RED-BREAST.

Familiar warbler, wherefore art thou come?
—To sing to thee, when all beside are dumb;
Pray let thy little children drop a crumb.

THE SPARROW.

Sparrow, the gun is levell'd, quit that wall.
—Without the will of heaven I cannot fall.

THE RING-DOVE.

Art thou the bird that saw the waters cease?
—Yes, and brought home the olive-leaf of peace;
Henceforth I haunt the woods of thickest green,
Pleased to be often heard, but seldom seen.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

Minstrel, what makes thy song so sad, so sweet?
 —Love, love;—there agony and rapture meet;
 O 'tis the dream of happiness, to feign
 Sorrow in joy, and wring delight from pain!

THE WATER-WAGTAIL.

What art thou made of,—air, or light, or dew?
 —I have no time to tell you, if I knew;
 My tail,—ask that,—perhaps may solve the matter:
 I've miss'd three flies already by this chatter.

THE WREN.

Wren, canst thou squeeze into a hole so small?
 —Ay, with nine nestlings too, and room for all;
 Go, compass sea and land in search of bliss,
 Then tell me if you find a happier home than this.

THE THRUSH.

Thrush, thrush, have mercy on thy little bill.
 —“I play to please myself, albeit ill;”^{*}
 And yet, but how it comes I cannot tell,
 My singing pleases all the world as well.

THE BLACKBIRD.

Well done!—they're noble notes, distinct and strong;
 Yet more variety might mend the song.
 —Is there another bird that chants like me?
 My pipe gives all the grove variety.

THE BULLFINCH.

Bully, what fairy warbles in thy throat?
 —Oh!—for the freedom of my own wild note!
 Art has enthral'd my voice; I strive in vain
 To break the “linked sweetness” of my chain;
 Love, joy, rage, grief, ring one melodious strain.

* Spenser's Shepherd's Calendar. June.

THE GOLDFINCH.

Live with me, love me, pretty goldfinch, do!
 —Ay, pretty maid, and be a slave to you;
 Wear chains, fire squibs, draw water,—nay, not I,
 While I've a bill to peck, or wing to fly.

THE STONE-CHAT.

Why art thou ever flitting to and fro?
 —Plunge through these whins, their thorns will let thee
 know.
 There are five secrets brooding here in night,
 Which my good mate will duly bring to light;
 Meanwhile she sees the ants around her throng,
 And hears the grasshopper chirp all day long.

THE GRAY LINNET.

Linnet, canst thou not change that humble coat?
 Linnet, canst thou not mellow that sharp note?
 —If rude my song, and mean my garb appear,
 Have you, sir, eyes to see, or ears to hear?

THE RED LINNET.

Sweet is thy warble, beautiful thy plume!
 —Catch me and cage me, then behold my doom;
 My throat will fail, my colour wane away,
 And the *red* linnet soon become a *gray*.*

THE CHAFFINCH.

Stand still a moment!
 —Spare your idle words,
 I'm the perpetual mobile of birds;
 My days are running, rippling, twittering streams,
 When fast asleep I'm all afloat in dreams.

THE CANARY.

Dost thou not languish for thy father-land,
 Madeira's fragrant woods and billowy strand?

* Some naturalists say that this actually happens.

—My cage is father-land enough for me ;
Your parlour all the world,—heaven, earth, and sea.

THE TOMTIT.

Least, nimblest, merriest bird of Albion's isle,
I cannot look on thee without a smile.
—I envy thee the sight, for all my glee
Could never yet extort a smile from me ;
Think what a tiresome thing my life must be.

THE SWIFT.

Why ever on the wing, or perch'd elate ?
—Because I fell not from my first estate ;
This is my charter for the boundless skies,
“ Stoop not to earth, on pain no more to rise.”

THE KING-FISHER.

Why dost thou hide thy beauty from the sun ?
—The eye of man, but not of Heaven, I shun ;
Beneath the mossy bank, with alders crown'd,
I build and brood where running waters sound ;
There, there the halcyon peace may still be found.

THE WOODLARK.

Thy notes are silenced, and thy plumage mew'd ;
Say, drooping minstrel, both shall be renew'd.
—Voice will return,—I cannot choose but sing ;
Yet liberty alone can plume my wing ;
Oh ! give me that !—I will not, cannot fly
Within a cage less ample than the sky ;
Then shalt thou hear, as if an angel sung,
Unseen in air, heaven's music from my tongue :
Oh ! give me that !—I cannot rest at ease
On meaner perches than the forest trees ;
There, in thy walk, while evening shadows roll,
My song shall melt into thine inmost soul ;
But, till thou let thy captive bird depart,
The sweetness of my strain shall wring thy heart.

THE COCK.

Who taught thee, chanticleer, to count the clock ?
 —Nay, who taught man that lesson but the cock !
 Long before wheels and bells had learn'd to chime,
 I told the steps unseen, unheard, of time.

THE JACK-DAW.

Canst thou remember that unlucky day,
 When all thy peacock-plumes were pluck'd away ?
 —Remember it ?—believe me that I can,
 With right good cause, for I was *then* a man !
 And for my folly, by a wise old law,
 Stript, whipt, tarr'd, feather'd, turn'd into a daw :
 —Pray, how d'ye like my answer ? Caw, caw, caw !

THE BAT.

What shall I call thee,—bird, or beast, or neither ?
 —Just what you will ; I'm rather both than either ;
 Much like the season when I whirl my flight,
 The dusk of evening,—neither day nor night.

THE OWL.

Blue-eyed, strange-voiced, sharp-beak'd, ill-omen'd fowl,
 What art thou ?
 —What I ought to be, an owl ;
 But if I'm such a scarecrow in your eye,
 You're a much greater fright in mine :—good-by !

ROOKS.

What means that riot in your citadel ?
 Be honest, peaceable, like brethren dwell.
 —How, while we live so near to man, can life
 Be any thing but knavery, noise, and strife ?

THE JAY.

Thou hast a crested poll, a scutcheon'd wing,
 Fit for a herald of the eagle king.
 But such a voice ! I would that thou couldst sing !

—My bill has tougher work,—to scream for fright,
And then, when screaming will not do, to bite.

THE PEACOCK.

Peacock! of idle beauty, why so vain?
—And art *thou* humble, who hast no proud train?
It is not vanity, but nature's part,
To show, by me, the cunning of *her* art.

THE SWAN.

Sing me, fair swan, that song which poets dream.
—Stand thou an hundred years beside this stream,
Then may'st thou hear, perchance, my latest breath
“Create a soul beneath the ribs of death.”*

THE PHEASANT.

Pheasant, forsake the country, come to town;
I'll warrant thee a place beneath the crown.
—No; not to roost upon the throne, would I
Renounce the woods, the mountains, and the sky.

THE RAVEN.

Thin is thy plumage, death is in thy croak;
Raven, come down from that majestic oak.
—When I was hatch'd, my father set this tree,
An acorn; and its fall I hope to see,
A century after thou hast ceased to be.

THE PARROT.

Camest thou from India, popinjay,—and why?
—To make thy children open ear and eye,
Gaze on my feathers, wonder at my talk,
And think 'tis almost time for Poll to walk.

THE MAGPIE.

Magpie, thou too hast learn'd by rote to speak
Words without meaning, through thy uncouth beak.

* Milton's *Comus*.

—Words have I learn'd? and without meaning too?
No wonder, sir, for I was taught by you.

THE CORN-CRAKE.

Art thou a sound, and nothing but a sound?
—Go round the field, and round the field, and round,
You'll find my voice for ever changing ground;
And while your ear pursues my creaking cry,
You look as if you heard it with your eye.

THE STORK.

Stork, why were human virtues given to thee?
—That human beings might resemble me;
Kind to my offspring, to my partner true,
And duteous to my parents,—what are you?

THE WOODPECKER.

Rap, rap, rap, rap, I hear thy knocking bill,
Then thy strange outcry, when the woods are still.
—Thus am I ever labouring for my bread,
And thus give thanks to find my table spread.

THE HAWK.

A life at every meal, rapacious hawk!
Spare helpless innocence!
—Troth, pleasant talk!
Yon swallow snaps more lives up in a day
Than in a twelvemonth I could take away.
But hark, most gentle censor, in your ear,
A word, a whisper,—you—are you quite clear?
Creation's groans, through ocean, earth, and sky,
Ascend from all that walk, or swim, or fly.

VULTURES.

Abominable harpies, spare the dead.
—We only clear the field which man has spread;
On which should Heaven its hottest vengeance rain?
You slay the living, we but strip the slain.

THE HUMMING BIRD.

Art thou a bird, or bee, or butterfly ?
 —Each and all three.—A bird in shape am I,
 A bee collecting sweets from bloom to bloom,
 A butterfly in brilliancy of plume.

THE EAGLE.

Art thou the king of birds, proud eagle, say ?
 —I am ; my talons and my beak bear sway ;
 A greater king than I, if thou wouldst be,
 Govern thy tongue, but let thy thoughts be free.

THE PELICAN.

Bird of the wilderness, what is thy name ?
 —The pelican !—go, take the trump of fame,
 And if thou give the honour due to me,
 The world may talk a little more of thee.

THE HERON.

Stock-still upon that stone, from day to day,
 I see thee watch the river for thy prey.
 —Yes, I'm the tyrant here ; but when I rise,
 The well-train'd falcon braves me in the skies ;
 Then comes the tug of war, of strength and skill.
 He dies, impaled on my updarted bill,
 Or, powerless in his grasp, my doom I meet,
 Dropt as a trophy at his master's feet.

THE BIRD OF PARADISE.

The bird of paradise !
 —That name I bear,
 Though I am nothing but a bird of air :
 Thou art a child of earth, and yet to thee,
 Lost and recover'd, paradise is free :
 Oh ! that such glory were reserved for me !

THE OSTRICH.

Hast thou expell'd the mother from thy breast,
 And to the desert's mercies left thy nest?
 —Ah! no, the mother in me knows her part;
 Yon glorious sun is warmer than *my* heart;
 And when to light he brings my hungry brood,
 He spreads for them the wilderness with food.

THE GENTIANELLA.

IN LEAF.

GREEN thou art, obscurely green,
 Meanest plant among the mean!

From the dust I took my birth;
Thou, too, art a child of earth;
I aspire not to be great;
 Scorn not thou my low estate;
 Time will come when thou shalt see
 Honour crown humility,
 Beauty set her seal on me.

IN FLOWER.

Blue thou art, intensely blue,
 Flower, whence came thy dazzling hue?

When I open'd first mine eye,
 Upward glancing to the sky,
 Straightway from the firmament
 Was the sapphire brilliance sent.
 Brighter glory wouldst *thou* share,
 Do what I did,—look up *there*;
 What I could not,—look with prayer!

A LUCID INTERVAL.

Oh! light is pleasant to the eye,
And health comes rustling on the gale ;
Clouds are careering through the sky,
Whose shadows mock them down the dale ;
Nature as fresh and fragrant seems
As I have met her in my dreams.

For I have been a prisoner long
In gloom and loneliness of mind ;
Deaf to the melody of song,
To every form of beauty blind ;
Nor morning dew, nor evening balm,
Might cool my cheek, my bosom calm.

But now the blood, the blood returns
With rapturous pulses through my veins ;
My heart from out its ashes burns ;
My limbs break loose, they cast their chains ;
New kindled at the sun, my sight
Tracks to a point the eagle's flight.

I long to climb those old gray rocks,
Glide with yon river to the deep,
Range the green hills with herds and flocks,
Free as the roebuck run and leap ;
Or mount the lark's victorious wing,
And from the depth of ether sing.

O earth! in maiden innocence,
Too early fled thy golden time ;
O earth! earth! earth! for man's offence,
Doom'd to dishonour in thy prime ;
Of how much glory then bereft!
Yet what a world of bliss is left!

The thorn, harsh emblem of the curse,
Puts forth a paradise of flowers ;

Labour, man's punishment, is nurse
To home-born joys at sunset hour ;
Plague, earthquake, famine, want, disease,
Give birth to holiest charities.

And death itself, with all the woes
That hasten, yet prolong his stroke,
Death brings with every pang repose,
With every sigh he solves a yoke ;
Yea, his cold sweats and moaning strife
Wring out the bitterness of life.

Life, life with all its burdens dear !
Friendship is sweet, love sweeter still ;
Who would forego a smile, a tear,
One generous hope, one chastening ill ?
Home, kindred, country,—these are ties
Might keep an angel from the skies.

But these have angels never known ;
Unvex'd felicity their lot ;
The sea of glass before the throne,
Storm, lightning, shipwreck, visit not ;
Our tides, beneath the changing moon,
Are soon appeased, are troubled soon.

Well, I would bear what all have borne,
Live my few years, and fill my place,
O'er old and young affections mourn,
Rent one by one from my embrace,
Till suffering ends, and I have done
With every thing beneath the sun.

Whence came I ?—Memory cannot say ;
What am I ?—Knowledge will not show ;
Bound whither ?—Ah ! away, away,
Far as eternity can go :—
Thy love to win, thy wrath to flee,
O God ! thyself my teacher be.

WORMS AND FLOWERS.

You're spinning for my lady, worm !
Silk garments for the fair ;
You're spinning rainbows for a form
More beautiful than air,
When air is bright with sunbeams,
And morning mists arise
From woody vales and mountain streams,
To blue autumnal skies.

You're spinning for my lady, flower !
You're training for my love,
The glory of her summer-bower,
While skylarks soar above :
Go, twine her locks with rose-buds,
Or breathe upon her breast,
While zephyrs curl the water-floods
And rock the halcyon's nest.

But oh ! there is another worm
Ere long will visit her,
And revel on her lovely form,
In the dark sepulchre :
Yet from that sepulchre shall spring
A flower as sweet as this ;
Hard by the nightingale shall sing,
Soft winds its petals kiss.

Frail emblems of frail beauty, ye !
In beauty who would trust ?
Since all that charms the eye must be
Consign'd to worms and dust :
Yet like the flower that decks her tomb,
Her spirit shall quit the sod,
To shine in amaranthine bloom,
Fast by the throne of God.

THE RECLUSE.

A FOUNTAIN issuing into light,
Before a marble palace, threw
To heaven its column, pure and bright,
Returning thence in showers of dew ;
But soon an humbler course it took,
And glid away a nameless brook.

Flowers on its grassy margin sprang,
Flies o'er its eddying surface play'd,
Birds midst the alder-branches sang,
Flocks through the verdant meadows stray'd ;
The weary there lay down to rest,
And there the halcyon built her nest.

'Twas beautiful, to stand and watch
The fountain's crystal turn to gems,
And from the sky such colours catch,
As if 'twere raining diadems ;
Yet all was cold and curious art,
That charm'd the eye, but miss'd the heart.

Dearer to me the little stream,
Whose unimprison'd waters run,
Wild as the changes of a dream,
By rock and glen, through shade and sun ;
Its lovely links had power to bind
In welcome chains my wandering mind.

So thought I, when I saw the face
By happy portraiture reveal'd,
Of one, adorn'd with every grace,
—Her name and date from me conceal'd,
But not her story ;—she had been
The pride of many a splendid scene.

She cast her glory round a court,
 And frolick'd in the gayest ring,
 Where fashion's high-born minions sport,
 Like sparkling fire-flies on the wing ;
 But thence, when love had touch'd her soul,
 To nature and to truth she stole.

From din, and pageantry, and strife,
 Midst woods and mountains, vales and plains,
 She treads the paths of lowly life,
 Yet in a bosom-circle reigns,
 No fountain scattering diamond showers,
 But the sweet streamlet watering flowers.

1529.

TIME:

A RHAPSODY.

Sed fugit, interea, fugit irreparabile tempus.

VIRG. Georg. iii. 254.

'Tis a mistake : time flies not,
 He only hovers on the wing :
 Once born, the moment dies not,
 'Tis an immortal thing ;
 While all is change beneath the sky,
 Fix'd like the sun, as learned sages prove,
 Though from our moving world he seems to move,
 'Tis time stands still, and we that fly.

There is no past ; from nature's birth,
 Days, months, years, ages, till the end
 Of these revolving heavens and earth,
 All to one centre tend ;
 And, having reach'd it late or soon,
 Converge,—as in a lens, the rays,

Caught from the fountain-light of noon,
 Blend in a point that blinds the gaze :
 —What has been is, what is shall last ;
 The present is the *focus* of the past ;
 The future, perishing as it arrives,
 Becomes the present, and itself survives.

Time is not *progress*, but *amount* ;
 One vast accumulating store,
 Laid up, not lost ;—we do not count
 Years *gone* but *added* to the score
 Of wealth untold, to clime nor class confined,
 Riches to generations lent,
 For ever spending, never spent,
 Th' august inheritance of all mankind.
 Of this, from Adam to his latest heir,
 All in due turn their portion share,
 Which, as they husband or abuse,
 Their souls they win or lose.

Though history, on her faded scrolls,
 Fragments of facts, and wrecks of names enrols,
 Time's indefatigable fingers write
 Men's meanest actions on their souls,
 In lines which not himself can blot :
 These the last day shall bring to light,
 Though through long centuries forgot,
 When hearts and sepulchres are bared to sight.

Then, having fill'd his measure up,
 Amidst his own assembled progeny,
 (All that have been, that are, or yet may be.)
 Before the great white throne,
 To Him who sits thereon,
 Time shall present th' amalgamating cup,
 In which, as in a crucible,
 He hid the moments as they fell,
 More precious than Golconda's gems,
 Or stars in angels' diadems,

Though to our eyes they seem'd to pass
Like sands through his symbolic glass :
But now, the process done,
Of millions multiplied by millions, none
Shall there be wanting,—while by change
Ineffable and strange,
All shall appear at once, all shall appear as one.

Ah ! then shall each of Adam's race,
In that concentr'd instant, trace,
Upon the tablet of his mind,
His whole existence in a thought combined,
Thenceforth to part no more, but be
Impictured on his memory ;
—As in the image-chamber of the eye,
Seen at a glance, in clear perspective, lie
Myriads of forms of ocean, earth, and sky.

Then shall be shown, that but in name
Time and eternity were both the same ;
A point which life nor death could sever,
A moment standing still for ever.

1833.

TO A FRIEND,

WITH A COPY OF THE FOREGOING LUCUBRATION.

MAY she for whom these lines are penn'd,
By using well, make time her friend ;
Then, whether he stands still or flies,
Whether the moment lives or dies,
She need not care,—for time will be
Her friend to all eternity.

THE RETREAT.

Written on finding a copy of verses in a small edifice so named, at Raithby, in Lincolnshire, the seat of R. C. Brackenbury, to whom the author made a visit in the autumn of 1813, after a severe illness.

A STRANGER sat down in the lonely retreat ;—
Though kindness had welcomed him there,
Yet weary with travel, and fainting with heat,
His bosom was sadden'd with care :
That sinking of spirit *they* only can know,
Whose joys are all chasten'd with fears ;
Whose waters of comfort, though deeply they flow,
Still wind through the valley of tears.

What ails thee, O stranger ! but open thine eye,
A paradise bursts on thy view ;
The sun in full glory is marching on high
Through cloudless and infinite blue :
The woods, in their wildest luxuriance display'd,
Are stretching their coverts of green,
While bright from the depth of their innermost shade,
Yon mirror of waters is seen.

There richly reflected, the mansion, the lawn,
The banks and the foliage appear,
By nature's own pencil enchantingly drawn,
—A landscape enshrined in a sphere ;
While the fish in their element sport to and fro,
Quick glancing or gliding at ease,
The birds seem to fly in a concave below,
Through a vista of down-growing trees.

The current, unrippled by volatile airs,
Now glitters, now darkens along,
And yonder o'erflowing, incessantly bears
Symphonious accordance to song :

- The song of the ring-dove enamour'd, that floats
Like soft-melting murmurs of grief ;
—The song of the red-breast, in ominous notes,
Foretelling the fall of the leaf :
—The song of the bee, in its serpentine flight,
From blossom to blossom that roves ;
—The song of the wind, in the silence of night,
When it wakens or hushes the groves :
—Thus sweet in the chorus of rapture and love,
Which God in his temple attends,
With the song of all nature beneath and above,
The voice of these waters ascends.

The beauty, the music, the bliss of that scene,
With ravishing sympathy stole
Through the stranger's lorn bosom, illumined his mien,
And soothed and exalted his soul :
Cold, gloomy forebodings then vanish'd away,
His terrors to ecstasies turn,
As the vapours of night, at the dawning of day,
With splendour and loveliness burn.

The stranger reposed in the lonely retreat,
Now smiling at phantoms gone by,
When, lo ! a new welcome, in numbers most sweet,
Saluted his ear through his eye :
It came to his eye, but it went to his soul ;
—Some muse, as she wander'd that way,
Had dropt from her bosom a mystical scroll,
Whose secrets I dare not betray.

Strange tones, we are told, the pale mariner hears,
When the mermaids ascend from their caves,
And sing, where the moon's lengthen'd image appears
A column of gold on the waves ;
—And wild notes of wonder the shepherd entrance,
Who dreaming beholds in the vale,
By torchlight of glow-worms, the fairies that dance
To minstrelsy piped in the gale.

Not less to that stranger, mysteriously brought,
With harmony deep and refined,
In language of feeling and music of thought,
Those numbers were heard in his mind :
Then quick beat the pulse which had languidly crept,
And sent through his veins a spring-tide ;
It seem'd as the harp of a seraph were swept
By a spirit that sung at his side.

All ceased in a moment, and nothing was heard,
And nothing was seen, through the wood,
But the twittering cry of a fugitive bird,
And the sunset that blazed on the flood :
He rose, for the shadows of evening grew long,
And narrow the glimpses between ;
The owl in his ambush was whooping his song,
And the gossamer glanced on the green.

Oft pausing, and hearkening, and turning his eye,
He left the sequester'd retreat ;
As the stars in succession awoke through the sky,
And the moon of the harvest shone sweet ;
So pure was her lustre, so lovely and bright,
So soft on the landscape it lay,
The shadows appear'd but the slumber of light,
And the night-scene a dream of the day.

He walk'd to the mansion,—though silent his tongue,
And his heart with its fulness opprest,
His spirit within him melodiously sung
The feelings that throbb'd in his breast :
—“ Oh ! ye, who inherit this privileged spot !
All blooming like Eden of yore,
What earth can afford is already your lot,
With the promise of ' life evermore.' ”

“ Here, oft as to strangers your table is spread,
May angels sit down at your board ;
Here, oft as the poor by your bounty are fed,
Be charity shown to your Lord ;

Thus walking with God in your paradise here,
 In humble communion of love,
 At length may your spirits, when He shall appear,
 Be caught up to glory above."

 THE LILY.

TO A YOUNG LADY, E. P.

FLOWER of light, forget thy birth,
 Daughter of the sordid earth,
 Lift the beauty of thine eye
 To the blue ethereal sky !

While thy graceful buds unfold
 Silver petals starr'd with gold,
 Let the bee among thy bells
 Rife their ambrosial cells,
 And the nimble-pinion'd air
 Waft thy breath to heaven like prayer.
 Cloud and sun alternate shed
 Gloom or glory round thine head ;
 Morn impearl thy leaves with dews,
 Evening lend them rosy hues,
 Noon with snow-white splendour bless,
 Night with glow-worm jewels dress.
 —Thus fulfil thy summer-day,
 Spring, and flourish, and decay ;
 Live a life of fragrance,—then
 Disappear,—to rise again,
 When thy sisters of the vale
 Welcome back the nightingale.

So may she, whose name I write,
 Be herself a flower of light,
 Live a life of innocence,
 Die to be transplanted hence
 To that garden in the skies,
 Where the lily never dies.

THE SKY-LARK.

(ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.)

On hearing one singing at daybreak, during a sharp frost, on the 17th of February, 1832, while the author was on travel, between Bath and Stroud.

O WARN away the gloomy night,
With music make the welkin ring,
Bird of the dawn!—On joyful wing,
Soar through thine element of light,
Till naught in heaven mine eye can see,
Except the morning star and thee.

O welcome in the cheerful day!
Through rosy clouds the shades retire,
The sun hath touch'd thy plumes with fire,
And girt thee with a golden ray:
Now shape and voice are vanish'd quite,
Nor eye nor ear can track thy flight.

Could I translate thy strains, and give
Words to thy notes in human tongue,
The sweetest lay that e'er I sung,
The lay that would the longest live,
I might record upon this page,
And sing *thy* song from age to age.

But speech of mine can ne'er reveal
Secrets so freely told above,
Yet is their burden joy and love,
And all the bliss a bird can feel,
Whose wing in heaven to earth is bound,
Whose home and heart are on the ground.

Unlike the lark be thou, my friend!
No downward cares thy thoughts engage,

But in thine house of pilgrimage,
 Though from the ground thy songs ascend,
 Still be their burden joy and love :
 —Heaven is thy home, thy heart above.

THE FIXED STARS.

REIGN in your heaven, ye stars of light !
 Beyond this troubled scene ;
 With you, fair orbs ! there is no night,
 Eternally serene,
 Each casts around its tranquil way,
 The radiance of its own clear day ;
 Yet not unborrow'd.—What are ye ?
 Mirrors of Deity :
 My soul, in your reflective rays,
 Him whom no eye hath seen surveys,
 As I behold (himself too bright for view)
 The sun in every drop of dew.

The gloom that brings, through evening skies,
 Your beauty from the deep ;
 The clouds that hide you from our eyes ;
 The storms that seem to sweep
 Your scatter'd train, like vessels tost
 On ocean's waves, now seen, now lost ;
 —Belong to our inferior ball,
 Ye shine above them all :
 Your splendour noon eclipses not,
 Nor night reveals, nor vapours blot ;
 O'er us, not you, these changes come and pass ;
 Ye navigate a sea of glass.

Thus, on their hyaline above,
 In constellations stand
 The tribes redeem'd by sovereign love :
 —Crown'd and with harp in hand,
 They sing before the great I AM,
 The song of Moses and the Lamb ;
 Returning in perpetual streams
 His own all-lightening beams.
 Theirs be thy portion, O my soul !
 That while heaven's years self-circling roll,
 I may, among the ransom'd—they in me,
 And I in them,—God's image see.

1834.

A CRY FROM SOUTH AFRICA ;

On building a Chapel at Cape Town, for the Negro Slaves of the colony, in 1828.

AFRIC, from her remotest strand,
 Lifts to high heaven one fetter'd hand,
 And to the utmost of her chain
 Stretches the other o'er the main :
 Then, kneeling 'midst ten thousand slaves,
 Utters a cry across the waves,
 Of power to reach to either pole,
 And pierce, like conscience, through the soul,
 Though dreary, faint, and low the sound,
 Like life-blood gurgling from a wound,
 As if her heart, before it broke,
 Had found a human tongue, and spoke.
 " Britain ! *not now* I ask of thee
 Freedom, the right of bond and free ;
 Let Mammon hold, while Mammon can,
 The bones and blood of living man ;
 Let tyrants scorn, while tyrants dare,
 The shrieks and writhings of despair ;

An end *will* come—it will not wait,
Bands, yokes, and scourges have their date,
Slavery itself must pass away,
And be a tale of yesterday.

But now I urge a dearer claim,
And urge it by a mightier name :
Hope of the world ! on thee I call,
By the great Father of us all,
By the Redeemer of our race,
And by the Spirit of all grace,
Turn not, Britannia, from my plea ;
—So help thee God as thou help'st me !
Mine outcast children come to light
From darkness, and go down in night ;
—A night of more mysterious gloom
Than that which wrapt them in the womb :
Oh ! that the womb had been the grave
Of every being born a slave !
Oh ! that the grave itself might close
The slave's unutterable woes !
But what beyond that gulf may be,
What portion in eternity,
For those who live to curse their breath,
And die without a hope in death,
I know not, and I dare not think ;
Yet, while I shudder o'er the brink
Of that unfathomable deep,
Where wrath lies chain'd and judgments sleep,
To thee, thou paradise of isles !
Where mercy in full glory smiles ;
Eden of lands ! o'er all the rest
By blessing others doubly blest,
—To thee I lift my weeping eye ;
Send me the Gospel or I die ;
The word of Christ's salvation give,
That I may hear his voice and live.

SPEED THE PROW.

NOT the ship that swiftest saileth,
But which longest holds her way
Onward, onward, never faileth,
Storm and calm, to win the day ;
Earliest she the haven gains,
Which the hardest stress sustains.

O'er life's ocean, wide and pathless,
Thus would I with patience steer ;
No vain hope of journeying scathless,
No proud boast to face down fear ;
Dark or bright his Providence,
Trust in GOD be my defence.

Time there was,—'tis so no longer,—
When I crowded every sail,
Battled with the waves, and stronger
Grew, as stronger grew the gale ;
But my strength sunk with the wind,
And the sea lay dead behind.

There my bark had founder'd surely,
But a Power invisible
Breathed upon me ;—then securely,
Borne along the gradual swell,
Helm, and shrouds, and heart renew'd,
I my humbler course pursued.

Now, though evening shadows blacken,
And no star comes through the gloom,
On I move, nor will I slacken
Sail, though verging towards the tomb ;
Bright beyond,—on heaven's high strand,
Lo, the lighthouse !—land, land, land !

Cloud and sunshine, wind and weather,
 Sense and sight are fleeing fast ;
 Time and tide must fail together,
 Life and death will soon be past ;
 But where day's last spark declines,
 Glory everlasting shines.

1834.

THE CHOLERA MOUNT.

LINES ON THE BURYING-PLACE FOR PATIENTS WHO DIED OF CHOLERA
 MORBUS; A PLEASANT EMINENCE IN SHEFFIELD PARK.

Written during the prevalence of the disease in 1832, and while great terror of
 infection from it was experienced throughout the kingdom, sanctioned by legis-
 lative authority, requiring the separate interment of its unfortunate victims.

In death divided from their dearest kin,
 This is "a field to bury strangers in:"
 Fragments, from families untimely reft,
 Like spoils in flight, or limbs in battle reft,
 Lie here;—a sad community, whose bones
 Might feel, methinks, a pang to quicken stones;
 While from beneath my feet they seem to cry,
 "Oh! is it naught to you, ye passers by!
 When from its earthly house the spirit fled,
 Our dust might not be free among the dead?"
 Ah! why were we to this Siberia sent,
 Doom'd in the grave itself to banishment?"

Shuddering humanity asks, "Who are these?
 And what their crime?"—*They fell by one disease!*
 By the blue pest, whose gripe no art can shun,
 No force unwrench, out-singled one by one;
 When, like a monstrous birth, the womb of fate
 Bore a new death of unrecorded date,
 And doubtful name.—Far east the fiend begun
 Its course; thence round the world pursued the sun,

The ghosts of millions following at its back,
Whose desecrated graves betray'd their track.
On Albion's shores unseen the invader slept ;
Secret and swift through field and city swept ;
At noon, at midnight, seized the weak, the strong,
Asleep, awake, alone, amid the throng ;
Kill'd like a murderer ; fix'd its icy hold,
And wrung out life with agony of cold ;
Nor stay'd its vengeance where it crush'd the prey,
But set a mark, like Cain's, upon their clay,
And this tremendous seal impress'd on all,
" Bury me out of sight and out of call."

Wherefore no filial foot this turf may tread,
No kneeling mother kiss her baby's bed ;
No maiden unespoused, with widow'd sighs,
Seek her soul's treasure where her true love lies :
—All stand aloof, and eye this mound from far,
As panic-stricken crowds some baleful star,
Strange to the heavens, that, with bewilder'd light,
Like a lost spirit wanders through the night.

Yet many a mourner weeps her fallen state,
In many a home by these left desolate,
Once warm with love, and radiant with the smiles
Of woman, watching infants at their wiles,
Whose eye of thought, when now they throng her knees,
Pictures far other scene than that she sees,
For one is wanting,—one, for whose dear sake,
Her heart for very tenderness would ache,
As now with anguish,—doubled when she spies
In this his lineaments, in that his eyes,
In each his image with her own commix'd,
And there, at least, through life their union fix'd.

Humanity again asks, " Who are these ?
And what their crime ?"—They fell by *one* disease ;
Not by the Proteus-maladies that strike
Man into nothingness, not twice alike ;
But when they knock'd for entrance at the tomb,
'Their fathers' bones refused to make them room ;

Recoiling Nature from their presence fled,
As though a thunderbolt had smote them dead ;
Their cries pursued her with the thrilling plea,
“ Give us a little earth for charity ! ”
She linger'd, listen'd, all her bosom yearn'd,
Through every vein the mother's pulse return'd ;
Then, as she halted on this hill, she threw
Her mantle wide, and loose her tresses flew :
“ Live ! ” to the slain, she cried, “ My children, live !
This for an heritage to you I give ;
Had death consumed you by the common lot,
You with the multitude had been forgot,
Now through an age of ages shall ye *not* . ”

Thus Nature spake, and as her echo, I
Take up her parable, and prophesy :
—Here, as from spring to spring the swallows pass,
Perennial daisies shall adorn the grass ;
Here the shrill sky-lark build her annual nest,
And sing in heaven while you serenely rest :
On trembling dew-drops morn's first glance shall shine,
Eve's latest beams on this fair bank decline,
And oft the rainbow steal through light and gloom,
To throw its sudden arch across your tomb ;
On you the moon her sweetest influence shower,
And every planet bless you in its hour.

With statelier honours still, in time's slow round,
Shall this sepulchral eminence be crown'd,
Where generations long to come shall hail
The growth of centuries waving in the gale,
A forest landmark on the mountain's head,
Standing betwixt the living and the dead ;
Nor while your language lasts, shall traveller cease
To say, at sight of your memorial, “ *Peace !* ”
Your voice of silence answering from the sod,
“ *Who'er thou art, prepare to meet thy God !* ”³

TO MARY.

MARY!—it is a lovely name,
Thrice honour'd in the rolls of fame,
Not for the blazonry of birth,
Nor honours springing from the earth,
But what evangelists have told
Of three, who bare that name of old :
—Mary, the mother of our Lord,
Mary, who sat to hear his word,
And Mary Magdalen, to whom
Christ came, while weeping o'er his tomb ;
These to that humble name supply
A glory which can never die.

Mary ! my prayer for you shall be,
—May you resemble all the three
In faith, and hope, and charity.

SHORT-HAND.

STANZAS ADDRESSED TO E. P.

THESE lines and dots are locks and keys,
In narrow space to treasure thought,
Whose precious hoards, whene'er you please,
Are thus to light from darkness brought.

On the small tablet of your heart,
By heaven's own finger be engraved,
Within, without, through every part,
The " words whereby you must be saved."

There the bright pages of God's book,
In secret characters may lie,
Where you alone have power to look,
While hid from man and angel's eye.

Could nature's mysteries all be found,
 Unbosom'd, where the billows roll,
 In flowers embroider'd o'er the ground,
 By stars emblazon'd round the pole ;—
 Less were the sum of truth reveal'd,
 Through heaven, and earth, and sea express'd,
 Than would be written, sign'd, and seal'd,
 Once and for ever, in your breast.

1828.

TO MY FRIEND,
 GEORGE BENNET, ESQ.,

OF SHEFFIELD,

On his intended visit to Tahiti, and other Islands of the South Sea, where
 Christianity had been recently established.

Go, take the wings of morn,
 And fly beyond the utmost sea ;
 Thou shalt not feel thyself forlorn,
 Thy God is still with thee ;
 And where his Spirit bids thee dwell,
 There, and there only, thou art well.

Forsake thy father-land,
 Kindred, and friends, and pleasant home :
 O'er many a rude, barbarian strand,
 In exile though thou roam,
 Walk there with God, and thou shalt find
 Double for all thy faith resign'd.

Launch boldly on the surge,
 And in a light and fragile bark,
 Thy path through flood and tempest urge,
 Like Noah in the ark,

Then tread like him a new world's shore,
Thine altar build, and God adore.

Leave our Jerusalem,
Jehovah's temple and his rest ;
Go where no Sabbath rose on them,
Whom pagan gloom oppress'd,
Till bright, though late, around their isles,
The Gospel-dawn awoke in smiles.

Amidst that dawn, from far,
Be thine expected presence shown ;
Rise on them like the morning star
In glory not thine own,
And tell them, while they hail the sight,
Who turn'd *thy* darkness into light.

Point where his hovering rays
Already gild their ocean's brim,
Ere long o'er heaven and earth to blaze ;
Direct all eyes to Him,
—The sun of righteousness, who brings
Mercy and healing on his wings.

Nor thou disdain to teach
To savage hordes celestial truth,
To infant-tongues thy mother's speech,
Ennobling arts to youth,
Till warriors fling their arms aside,
O'er bloodless fields the plough to guide.

Train them, by patient toil,
To rule the waves, subdue the ground,
Enrich themselves with nature's spoil,
With harvest-trophies crown'd,
Till coral-reefs, midst desert seas,
Become the new Hesperides.

Thus then in peace depart,
And angels guide thy footsteps :—No !

There is a feeling in the heart,
 That will not let thee go :
 Yet go,—thy spirit stays with me ;
 Yet go,—my spirit goes with thee.
 Though the broad world, between
 Our feet, conglobes its solid mass ;
 Though lands and oceans intervene,
 Which I must never pass ;
 Though day and night to thee be changed,
 Seasons reversed, and climes estranged ;—
 Yet one in soul,—and one
 In faith, and hope, and purpose yet,
 God's witness in the heavens, yon sun,
 Forbid thee to forget
 Those from whose eyes his orb retires,
 When thine his morning beauty fires !
 When tropic gloom returns,
 Mark what new stars their vigils keep,
 How glares the wolf,—the phœnix burns,
 And on a stormless deep,
 The ship of heaven,—the patriarch's dove,
 The emblem of redeeming love.*
 While these enchant thine eye,
 Oh ! think how often we have walk'd,
 Gazed on the glories of *our* sky,
 Of higher glories talk'd,
 Till our hearts caught a kindling ray,
 And burn'd within us by the way.
 Those hours, those walks are past,
 We part ;—and ne'er again may meet :
 Why are the joys that will not last
 So perishingly sweet ?
 Farewell,—we surely meet again
 In life or death ;—farewell till then.

Sheffield, March 10, 1821.

* The cross, the dove, the phœnix, the wolf, are southern constellations.

ONE WARNING MORE.

WRITTEN FOR DISTRIBUTION ON A RACE COURSE, 1824.

One fervent, faithful warning more
To him who heeded none before.

THE fly around the candle wheels,
Enjoys the sport, and gaily sings,
Till nearer, nearer borne, he feels
The flame like lightning singe his wings;
Then weltering in the gulf below he lies,
And limb by limb, scorch'd miserably, dies.

From bough to bough the wild bird hops,
Where late he caroll'd blithe and free,
But downward, downward, now he drops,
Faint, fluttering, helpless from the tree,
Where, stretch'd below, with eye of deadly ray,
The eager rattle-snake expects his prey.

Thou, child of pleasure, art the fly,
Drawn by the taper's dazzling glare;
Thou art the bird that meets an eye,
Alluring to the serpent's snare;
Oh! stay:—is reason lost?—is conscience dumb?
Be wise, be warn'd, escape the wrath to come.

Not swifter o'er the level course,
The racer glances to the goal,
Than thou, with blind and headlong force
Art running on—to lose thy soul;
Then, though the world were won, how dear the cost!
Can the whole world avail a spirit lost?

Death, on his pale horse, following fast,
Gains on thy speed,—with hell behind;
Fool! all thy yesterdays are past,
To-morrow thou wilt never find;
To-day is hastening to eternity;
“This night thy soul shall be required of thee.”

A RIDDLE.

ADDRESSED TO E. R., 1820.

I know not who these lines may see ;
 I know not what these lines will be ;
 But, since a word in season sent,
 As from a bow at hazard bent,
 May reach a roving eye, or dart
 Conviction to a careless heart,
 Oh ! that an arrow I could find
 In the small quiver of my mind,
 Which, with unerring aim, should strike
 Each, who encounters it, alike !

Reader ! attention !—I will spring
 A wondrous thought ; 'tis on the wing ;
 Guard well your heart, you guard in vain,
 The wound is made, yet gives no pain ;
 Surprise may make your cheek to glow,
 But, courage ! none but *you* can know ;
 The thought, awaken'd by my spell,
 Is more than I myself can tell.
 How ?—search the chamber of your breast,
 And *think of that which you love best !*
 I've raised the spirit, but cannot lay it,
 Your secret found, but can't betray it.
 So, ask *yourself*,—"What will *this* be,
 A thousand ages hence, to me ?"
 And if it will not stand the fire,
 In which all nature shall expire,
 Think,—ere these rhymes aside are cast,—
 As though the thought might be your last,
 "Where shall I find below, above,
 An object worthy of my love ?"

Now hearken, and forget it never,—
 Love *that* which you may love for ever.

THE TOMBS OF THE FATHERS.

The Jews occasionally hold a "Solemn Assembly" in the valley of Jehoshaphat, the ancient burial-place of Jerusalem. They are obliged to pay a heavy tax for the privilege of thus mourning, in stillness, at the sepulchres of their ancestors.

PART I.

IN Babylon they sat and wept,
 Down by the river's willowy side ;
 And when the breeze their harp-strings swept,
 The strings of breaking hearts replied :
 —A deeper sorrow now they hide ;
 No Cyrus comes to set them free
 From ages of captivity.

All lands are Babylons to them,
 Exiles and fugitives they roam ;
 What is their own Jerusalem ?
 —The place where they are *least* at home !
 Yet hither from all climes they come ;
 And pay their gold, for leave to shed
 Tears o'er the generations fled.

Around, the eternal mountains stand,
 With Hinnom's darkling vale between ;
 Old Jordan wanders through the land,
 Blue Carmel's sea-ward crest is seen,
 And Lebanon yet sternly green
 Throws, when the evening sun declines,
 Its cedar-shades, in lengthening lines.

But, ah ! for ever vanish'd hence,
 The temple of the living God,
 Once Zion's glory and defence !
 —Now mourn beneath the oppressor's rod,
 The fields which faithful Abraham trod,
 Where Isaac walk'd by twilight gleam,
 And heaven came down on Jacob's dream.

For ever mingled with the soil,
Those armies of the Lord of Hosts,
That conquer'd Canaan, shared the spoil,
Quell'd Moab's pride, storm'd Midian's posts,
Spread paleness through Philistia's coasts,
And taught the foes, whose idols fell,
"There is a God in Israel."

Now, David's tabernacle gone,
What mighty builder shall restore?
The golden throne of Solomon,
And ivory palace are no more;
The Psalmist's song, the Preacher's lore,
Of all they wrought, alone remain
Unperish'd trophies of their reign.

Holy and beautiful of old,
Was Zion 'midst her princely bowers;
Besiegers trembled to behold
Bulwarks that set at naught their powers;
—Swept from the earth are all her towers;
Nor is there—so was she bereft—
One stone upon another left.

The very site whereon she stood,
In vain the eye, the foot would trace;
Vengeance, for saints' and martyrs' blood,
Her walls did utterly deface;
Dungeons and dens usurp their place;
The cross and crescent shine afar,
But where is Jacob's natal star?

PART II.

Still inexterminable, still
Devoted to their mother-land,
Her offspring haunt the temple-hill,
Amidst her desecration stand,
And bite the lip, and clench the hand;

—To-day in that lone vale they weep,
Where patriarchs, kings, and prophets sleep.

Ha! what a spectacle of wo!
In groups they settle on the ground;
Men, women, children gathering slow,
Sink down in reverie profound;
There is no voice, no speech, no sound,
But through the shuddering frame is thrown
The heart's unutterable groan.

Entranced they sit, nor seem to breathe,
Themselves like spectres from the dead;
Where shrined in rocks above, beneath,
With clods along the valley spread,
Their ancestors, each on his bed,
Repose, till at the judgment-day,
Death and the grave give up their prey.

Before their eyes, as in a glass,
—Their eyes that gaze on vacancy—
Pageants of ancient grandeur pass,
But, "Ichabod" on all they see
Brands Israel's foul apostasy;
—Then last and worst, and crowning all
Their crimes and sufferings—Salem's fall.

Nor breeze, nor bird, nor palm-tree stirs,
Kedron's unwater'd brook is dumb;
But through the glen of sepulchres
Is heard the city's fervid hum,
Voices of dogs and children come:
Till loud and long the medzin's* cry,
From Omar's mosque, peals round the sky.

Blight through their veins those accents send;
In agony of mute despair,

* More properly "muedhin's," the person whose business it is to call the Mohammedans to prayer; no bells being used by them for that purpose.

Their garments, as by stealth, they rend ;
 Unconsciously they pluck their hair ;
 —'This is the Moslem's hoar of prayer !
 'Twas Judah's once,—but fane and priest,
 Altar and sacrifice, have ceased.

And by the Gentiles, in their pride,
 Jerusalem is trodden down :
 —“ How long ?—for ever wilt thou hide
 Thy face, O LORD ;—for ever frown ?
 Israel was once thy glorious crown,
 In sight of all the nations worn ;
 Now from thy brow in anger torn.

“ Zion, forsaken and forgot,
 Hath felt thy stroke, and owns it just :
 O GOD, our GOD ! reject us not,
 Her sons take pleasure in her dust :
 How is the fine gold dimm'd with rust !
 The city throned in gorgeous state,
 How doth she now sit desolate !

“ Where is thine oath to David sworn ?
 We by the winds like chaff are driven :
 Yet unto us a child is born,
 Yet unto us a Son is given ;
 His throne is as the days of Heaven :
 When shall He come to our release,
 The mighty GOD, the Prince of Peace ?”

PART III.

Thus blind with unbelief they cry,
 But hope revisits not their glooms ;
 Seal'd are the words of prophecy,
 Seal'd as the secrets of yon tombs,
 Where all is dark,—though nature blooms,
 Birds sing, streams murmur, heaven above,
 And earth around, are life, light, love.

The sun goes down ;—the mourning crowds,
 Re-quickened, as from slumber start ;
 They met in silence here like clouds,
 Like clouds in silence they depart :
 Still clings the thought to every heart,
 Still from their lips escapes in sighs,
 —“ By whom shall Jacob yet arise ?”

By whom shall Jacob yet arise ?
 —Even by the Power that wakes the dead :
 He whom your fathers did despise,
 He who for *you* on Calvary bled,
 On Zion shall his ensign spread ;
 —Captives ! by all the world enslaved,
 Know your Redeemer, and be saved !

1828.

THE SUN-FLOWER.

EAGLE of flowers ! I see thee stand,
 And on the sun's noon-glory gaze ;
 With eye like his, thy lids expand,
 And fringe their disk with golden rays :
 Though fix'd on earth, in darkness rooted there,
 Light is thine element, thy dwelling air,
 Thy prospect heaven.

So would mine eagle-soul descry,
 Beyond the path where planets run,
 The light of immortality,
 The splendour of creation's sun ;
 Though sprung from earth, and hastening to the tomb,
 In hope a flower of paradise to bloom,
 I look to heaven.

1834.

FOR J. S.,

A PREAMBLE TO HER ALBUM.

“Ut pictura poesis.”—HOR. *De Arte Poetica*, v. 361.

Two lovely sisters here unite
 To blend improvement with delight,—
 Painting and Poetry engage
 To deck by turns the varied page.
 Here every glowing picture be
 The quintessence of poesy,
 With skill so exquisitely wrought
 As if the colours were pure thought,
 —Thought, from the bosom’s inmost cell,
 By magic tints made visible,
 That, while the eye admires, the mind,
 As in a glass, itself may find.

And may the Poet’s verse, alike,
 With all the power of painting strike,
 So freely, so divinely trace
 In every line, “the line of grace,”
 And beautify with such sweet art
 The image-chamber of the heart,
 That Fancy here may gaze her fill,
 Forming fresh scenes and shapes at will,
 Where silent woods alone appear,
 Or, borrowing voice, but touch the ear.

Yet humble Prose with these shall stand,
 Friends, kindred, comrades, hand in hand,
 All in this fair enclosure meet,
 The lady of the book to greet,
 And, with the pen or pencil, make
 The leaves love-tokens for her sake.

TO CYNTHIA :

A young Lady, unknown to the Author, who, by letter, requested "a stanza," or
 "a few lines in his handwriting."

SPIRITS in heaven can interchange
 Thoughts without voice or sound ;
 Spirits on earth at will can range,
 Wherever man is found ;
 Their thoughts (as silent and as fleet
 As summer lightnings in the west,
 When evening sinks to glorious rest,
 In written symbols meet.

The motion of a feather darts
 The secrets of sequester'd hearts
 To kindred hearts afar ;
 As, in the stillness of the night,
 Quick rays of intermingling light
 Sparkle from star to star.

A spirit to a spirit speaks,
 Where these few letters stand ;
 Strangers alike,—the younger seeks
 A token from the hand,
 That traced an unpretending song,
 Whose numbers won her gentle soul,
 While, like a mountain-rill, they stole
 In trembling harmony along :—
 What shall the poet's spirit send
 To his unseen, unseeing friend ?
 —A wish as pure as e'er had birth
 In thought or language of this earth.

Cynthia is young,—may she be old ;
 And fair no doubt,—may she grow wrinkled ;
 Her locks, in verse at least, are gold,
 May they turn silver, thinly sprinkled ;
 The rose her cheek, the fire her eye,
 Youth, health, and strength successive fly,
 And in the end,—may Cynthia die !

“Unkind ! inhuman !”—Stay your tears ;
 I only wish you length of years ;
 And wish them still, with all their woes,
 And all their blessings, till the close ;
 For hope and fear, with anxious strife,
 Are wrestlers in the ring of life,
 And yesterday, to-day, to-morrow
 Are but alternate joy and sorrow.

Now mark the sequel :—may your mind,
 In wisdom’s paths, true pleasure find,
 Grow strong in virtue, rich in truth,
 And year by year renew its youth ;
 Till, in the last triumphant hour,
 The *spirit* shall the *flesh* o’erpower,
This from its sufferings gain release,
 And *that* take wing, and part in peace.

ON A WATCH-POCKET

WORKED BY A. L.

WITHIN this curious case,
 Time’s sentinel I place,
 Who, while calm, unconscious slumber
 Shuts creation from mine eyes,
 Through the silent gloom shall number
 Every moment as it flies,
 And record, at dawn of day,
 Thrice ten thousand past away.

On each of these, my breath
 May pause ’twixt life and death,
 By a subtler line depending
 Than the ray of twinkling light,
 Which the smallest star is sending,
 Every instant, through the night ;

Yea, on films more finely spun,
All things hang, beneath the sun.

Rapt through a wildering dream,
Awake in sleep I seem ;
Sorrow wrings my soul with anguish,
Joy expands my throbbing breast ;
Now, o'erwhelm'd with care, I languish,
Now serene and tranquil rest ;
—Morning comes, and all between
Is as though it ne'er had been.

But 'Time has daylight hours,
And man, immortal powers ;
Waking joy and sleepless sorrow,
Worldly care and heavenly peace ;
Life, renew'd with every morrow,
Not in death itself shall cease ;
Man, through all eternity,
What he here hath been shall be.

May she, whose skilful hand
This fairy net-work plann'd,
Still, in innocent employment,
Far from vanity and vice,
Seek the Pearl of pure enjoyment,
On her path to Paradise ;
Time, for earth or heaven, employ'd,
(Both have claims) is time enjoy'd.

Each day to her, in flight,
Bequeath a gem at night ;
Some sweet hope, some hallow'd pleasure,
From remembrance ne'er to part :
Hourly blessings swell the treasure
Hidden in her grateful heart,
And may every moment past
Leave a ray to gild her last.

AN INFANT'S ALBUM.

A. H. R. to her Friends and Contributors, written to accompany her Portrait, at the beginning of the Book.

Now look upon my face, and say,
If you can turn your eyes away,
Nor grant the little boon I ask,
As if it were some mighty task.

What is it?—Only take your pen,
Look wise, and think a moment,—then
Write any thing, to which, for shame,
You need not fear to put your name;
Or, with the pencil's curious skill,
Draw flowers, birds, figures,—what you will;
I, like my elders and my betters,
Love pictures quite as well as letters.
Thus, page by page, my album store,
Till it an album be no more,
But, richly fill'd, from end to end,
On every leaf present a Friend.

Now look upon my face, and see
Yourself, your very self, in me;
Were you not once as mild and meek,
With lip demure, and plump round cheek?
Did you not sometimes, too, look sly
Out of the corner of your eye,
As if you held an infant's jest,
Like a bird fluttering, to your breast,
Which wanted but an inch of wing,
Up through the air to soar and sing?
So I can feign to hide a joke,
And be as arch as graver folk.

Well, time runs on, and I, you know,
As tall and stout as you may grow,

Nay, more unlike my portrait here,
Than you just now like me appear.
Ah! then, if I must change so fast,
What will become of me at last?
—A poor, old woman of fourscore!
That's a long way to look before,
So I would learn of you, meanwhile,
How best the journey to beguile.
Look in my face again, you'll find
The album of an infant's mind,
Unsoil'd by care, unworn by grief,
Like new-fall'n snow each maiden-leaf,
On which, if not in black and white,
In lines eternal, you may write
All that is lovely, pure, and good,
To be possess'd or understood.

Then, in *this* volume, as it lies,
Trace words and pictures to my eyes,
Which, thence, their mystic way may find,
Into *that* album of my mind,
And there impress each opening page,
With thoughts for childhood, youth, and age;
Breathe a sweet spirit through the whole,
That, like a soul within *my* soul,
Shall, by the early impulse given,
Guide me on earth, and bring to heaven.
Let every leaf unfold a text,
Either for this world or the next;
To learn of each, I'm nothing loth,
They tell me I was born for both.
Let mirth with innocence combine,
And human knowledge aid divine.

Thus form'd by it, and it by you,
This Book shall render each their due;
For whoso peeps therein may start,
As though he look'd into my heart:
And if he did, you must beware,
That he would see *your* image there;

Then grant the boon with such a grace,
 That you may have a good, warm place :
 —Walk in, walk in ; my heart, though small,
 Is large enough to hold you all.

1828.

TO MARGARET ;

A little girl, who begged to have some verses from the author, at Scarborough,
 in 1811.

MARGARET ! we never met before,
 And, Margaret ! we may meet no more ;
 What shall I say at parting ?
 Scarce half a moon has run her race,
 Since first I saw your fairy-face,
 Around this gay and giddy place,
 Sweet smiles and blushes darting ;
 Yet from my soul, I frankly tell,
 I cannot help but wish you well.

I dare not wish you stores of wealth,
 A troop of friends, unfailing health,
 And freedom from affliction ;
 I dare not wish you beauty's prize,
 Carnation lips, and bright blue eyes,
 These look through tears, those breathe in sighs ;—
 Hear then my benediction ;
 Of these good gifts be you possessors,
 Just in the measure God sees best.

But, little Margaret, may you be
 All that *His* eye delights to see,
 All that *He* loves and blesses ;
 The Lord in darkness be your light,
 Your help in need, your shield in fight,
 Your comfort in distresses ;
 Your hope through every future breath,
 And your eternal joy in death !

THE BLANK LEAF.

FAIR page ! the eye that looks on thee
 Ere long shall slumber in the dust,
 And wake no more, until it see
 The resurrection of the just :
 —May He, to whom that eye belongs,
 Join their assembly and their songs.
 Whose is that eye ?—Just now 'tis mine,
 But, reader ! when thou look'st 'tis thine.

1825.

THE GNAT.

Written with pencil round an insect of that kind, which had been accidentally crushed, and remained fixed on a blank page of a Lady's Album.

LIE here embalm'd, from age to age ;
 This is the album's noblest page,
 Though every glowing leaf be fraught
 With painting, poetry, and thought ;
 Where tracks of mortal hands are seen,
 A hand invisible hath been,
 And left this autograph behind,
 This image from th' eternal Mind ;
 A work of skill, surpassing sense,
 A labour of Omnipotence ;
 Though frail as dust it meet thine eye,
 He form'd this gnat who built the sky.
 Stop—lest it vanish at thy breath,
 This speck had life, and suffer'd death.

1832

MORNA.

Macpherson's *Ossian* has had many admirers; and it cannot be denied, that the compositions attributed to the son of Fingal abound with striking imagery, heroic sentiment, and hardy expression, the effect of which, on young minds especially, may be highly exhilarating for a while. But, independent of the obscurity, sameness, and repetition, which were probably characteristic of the originals—whatever those originals may have been—the translation is “done into English,” in such a “Babylonish dialect,” that, it might be presumed, no ear accustomed to the melody of pure prose or the freedom of eloquent verse, could endure the incongruities of a style, in which broken verse of various measures, and halting prose of almost unmanageable cadences, compound sentences as difficult to read and as dissonant to hear, as a strain of music would be in execution and effect, if every bar were set to a different time and in a different key. If for such wild works of imagination a corresponding diction be desirable, a style *between* prose and verse, not a heterogeneous jumbling of both, might perhaps be invented. For this we must have a poetical foundation with a prose superstructure; the former, that the vehicle of thought may admit of florid embellishment; the latter, that full license may be obtained of accommodating, by expansion or contraction, the scope of the ideas, unincumbered with rhyme, and unrestricted by infrangible metrical trammels.

The episode of Morna is, perhaps, the most truly beautiful and pathetic, as well as simple and intelligible, narrative among these rhapsodical productions. In the following experiment, which is submitted to the curious, the anapestic foot is adopted as the groundwork, because cadences of that measure have peculiar fluency. There is some difficulty, indeed, to the reader, in hitting the right accents at all times, from the great laxity of our language in that respect, and the carelessness of writers; yet as this movement admits of the utmost variety of subdivisions, and the lines may be lengthened or shortened, according to the burden of the matter of each, it is well suited to a mode of composition, which would blend the harmony of song with the freedom of discourse, if such union were compatible. This, to some extent, has been proved practicable in many passages of several English translations of the Psalms and the Prophecies, of which a very perfect specimen may be found in the *first seven verses of the ninety-fifth Psalm, according to the Common Prayer-book rendering*. When read with simplicity, and the due accent laid upon the *long* syllables, nothing perhaps in human speech can be quoted more delicately implicated than the clauses, or more melodious than the sequence of plain Saxon sounds that compose the diction, while the variety of cadence and the change of cesura in every turn of the thought is not less admirable. The strain passes into entirely another key from the eighth verse inclusive to the end, the theme in fact suggesting a correspondent change to the minstrel's hand, when he drops the hortatory preamble, and proceeds to the historical argument, or rather, when he gives way abruptly at the sound of the very voice to which he is calling upon his hearers to hearken; while JEROVAH himself from between the cherubim (for the scene is in the temple) speaks out, “Harden not your hearts as in the provocation * * * * when your fathers tempted me, proved me, and saw my works;” &c., to the fearful close of the psalm.

The following attempt to tame what has been called "prose run mad," into what may easily be designated by a phrase not less opprobrious, is made upon a principle more strictly rhythmical than the measured style of our vernacular translations of Scripture poetry; and in behalf of it a claim to be received with indulgence by the admirers of Gaelic legends may be fairly preferred, since the offence, if it be one, against good taste is not likely to be imitated, nor will the original culprit soon be induced to repeat it, being himself of opinion, that though a few pages got up in this manner may not be displeasing, a volume would be intolerable.

It may be necessary to add, that this experiment on the tale of Morna has not been made from Macpherson, but from a version of Fingal, of which a few copies only were printed at Edinburgh some years ago, for private circulation. Whether the work has ever been further published, the present writer knows not; but it appeared to him, on the hasty perusal of a lent copy, preferable to the old one.

THE ARGUMENT.

Cathbat and Morna are lovers. Duchômar, the rival of Cathbat, having slain the latter in the chase, meets Morna, tells her what he has done, and woos her for himself. In the course of the interview they fall by each other's hands, and die together.—The story is supposed to be related to Cuchullin, general of the tribes of Erin, who, at the conclusion, laments the premature loss of the two valiant warriors, and the death of the maiden.

CATHBAT fell by the sword of Duchômar,
 At the oak of the loud-rolling stream;
 Duchômar came to the cave of the forest,
 And spake to the gentle maid.
 "Morna! fairest of women!
 Beautiful daughter of high-born Cormac!
 Wherefore alone in the circle of stones,
 Alone at the cave of the mountain?
 The old oak sounds in the wind,
 That ruffles the distant lake;
 Black clouds engirdle the gloomy horizon;
 But thou art like snow on the heath;
 Thy ringlets resemble the light mist of Cromla,
 When it winds round the sides of the hill,
 In the beams of the evening sun."

"Whence comest thou, sternest of men?"
 Said the maid of the graceful locks;
 "Evermore dark was thy brow;
 Now red is thine eye, and ferocious;
 Doth Swaran appear on the sea?
 What tidings from Lochlin?"

“No tidings from Lochlin, O Morna !
 I come from the mountains ;
 I come from the chase of the fleet-footed hind :
 Three red deer have fallen by my arrows ;
 One fell for thee, fair daughter of Cormac !
 As my soul do I love thee, white-handed maiden !
 Queen of the hearts of men !”

“Duchômar !” the maiden replied,
 “None of my love is for thee :
 Dark is thine eyebrow, thy bosom is darker,
 And hard as the rock is thine heart :
 But, thou, the dear offspring of Armin,
 Cathbat ! art Morna’s love.
 Bright as the sunbeams thy beautiful locks,
 When the mist of the valley is climbing the mountain :—
 Saw’st thou the chief, the young hero,
 Cathbat the brave, in thy course on the hill ?
 The daughter of Cormac the mighty
 Tarries to welcome her love from the field.”

“Long shalt thou tarry, O Morna !”
 Sullenly, fiercely, Duchômar replied :
 “Long shalt thou tarry, O Morna !
 To welcome the rude son of Armin !
 Lo ! on this sharp-edged sword,
 Red to the hilt is the life-blood of Cathbat :
 Slain is thine hero,
 By me he was slain :
 His cairn will I build upon Cromla.
 —Daughter of blue-shielded Cormac !
 Turn on Duchômar thine eye.”

“Fallen in death is the brave son of Armin ?”
 The maiden exclaim’d with the voice of love :
 “Fallen in death on the pine-crested hill ?
 The loveliest youth of the host !
 Of heroes the first in the chase !
 The direst of foes to the sea-roving stranger !—
 Dark is Duchômar in wrath ;
 Deadly his arm to me ;

Foe unto Morna!—but lend me thy weapon,
Cathbat I loved, and I love his blood.”

He yielded the sword to her tears ;
She plunged the red blade through his side ;
He fell by the stream ;
He stretch'd forth his hand, and his voice was heard :
“ Daughter of blue-shielded Cormac !
Thou hast cut off my youth from renown ;
Cold is the sword, the glory of heroes,
Cold in my bosom, O Morna !
—Ah ! give me to Moina the maiden,
For I am her dream in the darkness of night ;
My tomb she will build in the midst of the camp,
That the hunter may hail the bright mark of my fame.
—But draw forth the sword from my bosom,
For cold is the blade, O Morna !”

Slowly and weeping she came,
And drew forth the sword from his side ;
He seized it, and struck the red steel to her heart ;
She fell :—on the earth lay her tresses dishevell'd,
The blood gurgled fast from the wound,
And crimson'd her arm of snow.

* * * *

“ Tell me no more of the maiden !”
Cuchullin, the war-chief of Erin replied :
—“ Peace to the souls of the heroes !
Their prowess was great in the conflict of swords ;
Let them glide by my chariot in war !
Let their spirits appear in the clouds o'er the valley !
So shall my breast be undaunted in danger !

“ Be thou like a moon-beam, O Morna !
When my sight is beginning to fail ;
When my soul is reposing in peace,
And the tumult of war is no more.”

THE VALENTINE WREATH.

ROSY-RED the hills appear
With the light of morning,
Beauteous clouds, in ether clear,
All the east adorning ;
White through mist the meadows shine,
Wake, my love, my Valentine !

For thy locks of raven-hue,
Flowers with hoar-frost pearly,
Crocus-cups of gold and blue,
Snowdrops drooping early,
With mezereon-sprigs combine ;
Rise, my love, my Valentine !

O'er the margin of the flood,
Pluck the daisy, peeping ;
Through the dry leaves in the wood,
Hunt the sorrel creeping ;
With the little celandine,
Crown my love, my Valentine !

Pansies, on their lowly stems,
Scatter'd o'er the fallows ;
Hazel-buds, with crimson gems,
Green and glossy sallows ;
Tufted moss and ivy-twine,
Deck my love, my Valentine !

Few and simple flowerets these ;
Yet to me less glorious,
Garden-beds and orchard-trees,
Since this wreath victorious
Binds thee now for ever mine,
O my love, my Valentine !

THE WIDOW.

Written at the request of a Lady, who furnished several of the lines and the plan of the whole.

AH! who is she that sits and weeps,
And gazes on the narrow mound?
—In that fresh grave her true love sleeps,
Her heart lies with him in the ground:
She heeds not, while her babe, at play,
Plucks the frail flowers, that gaily bloom,
And casts them, ere they fade away,
In garlands, on its father's tomb;
—Unconscious where its father lies,
“Sweets to the sweet!” the prattler cries;
Ah! then she starts, looks up, her eyes o'erflow
With all a mother's love, and all a widow's wo.

Again she turns away her head,
Nor marks her infant's sportive air,
Its cherub-cheeks all rosy-red,
Its sweet blue eyes and ringlet-hair;
Silent she turns away her head,
Nor dare behold that smile-bright face,
Where live the features of the dead
In lineaments of fairy-grace:
For there at once, with transport wild,
She sees her husband and her child;
Ah! then her bosom burns, her eyes o'erflow
With all a mother's love, and all a widow's wo.

And still I find her sitting here,
Though dark October frowns on all;
And from the lime-trees rustling near,
The scatter'd leaves around her fall;

O then it charms her inmost soul,
It suits the sadness of her mind,
To watch the clouds of autumn roll,
And listen to the moaning wind ;
In every shadow, every blast,
The spirits of enjoyments past,
She sees, she hears :—ah ! then her eyes o'erflow
Not with the mother's love, but with the widow's wo.

Yon peasant dreads a gathering storm,
Yet pauses as he hastens by,
Marks the pale ruin of her form,
The desolation of her eye ;
Beholds her babe for shelter creep
Behind the grave-stone's dreary shade,
Where all its father's sorrows sleep,
And all its mother's hopes are laid ;
Remembering then his own heart's joy,
A rosy wife, a blooming boy ;
“ Ah me !” he sighs, “ when I am thus laid low,
Must my poor partner feel a widow'd mother's wo ?”

He gently stretches out his arm,
And calls the babe in accents mild ;
The mother shrieks with strange alarm,
And snatches up her wondering child ;
She thought that voice of tender tone,
Those accents soft, endearing, kind,
Came from beneath the hollow stone !
—He marks the wandering of her mind,
And thankful for his happier lot,
Seeks the warm comforts of his cot ;
He meets his wife ;—ah ! then his eyes o'erflow ;
She feels a mother's love, nor dreads a widow's wo.

The storm retires ;—and hark ! the bird,
The lonely bird of autumn's reign,
From the church pinnacle is heard ;
O what a clear and simple strain !

See the delighted mourner start,
 While Robin red-breast's evening song
 Pours all its sweetness through her heart,
 And soothes it as it trills along ;
 Then gleams her eye, her fancy hears
 The warbled music of the spheres ;
 She clasps her babe ; she feels her bosom glow,
 And in a mother's love forgets a widow's wo.

Go to thine home, forsaken fair !
 Go to thy solitary home ;
 Thou lovely pilgrim, in despair,
 To thy saint's shrine no longer roam ;
 He rests not here ;—thy soul's delight
 Attends where'er thy footsteps tread ;
 He watches in the depth of night,
 A guardian-angel round thy bed ;
 And still a father, fondly kind,
 Eyes the dear pledge he left behind :
 So love may deem, and death may prove it so :
 —In heaven at least there is no widow's wo ;
 Thither, in following him, with thy sweet infant go.

MOTTO TO "A POET'S PORTFOLIO."

(FRAGMENT OF A PAGE OF OBLIVION.)

FALL'N feathers of a moulting wing,
 Which ne'er again may soar ;
 Notes, sung in autumn woods, where Spring
 Shall hear their sounds no more :
 Her voice and plume—the bird renews ;
 Man fails but once ;—'tis in the tomb,
 His strength he mews.

AT HOME IN HEAVEN.

1 THESS. iv. 17.

PART I.

“FOR ever with the LORD!”

—Amen, so let it be ;
Life from the dead is in that word,
’Tis immortality.

Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam ;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day’s march nearer home.

My Father’s house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith’s foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear !

Ah ! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies ;
Like Noah’s dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.

Anon the clouds dispart,
The winds and waters cease,
While sweetly o’er my gladden’d heart
Expands the bow of peace.

Beneath its glowing arch,
Along the hallow'd ground,
I see cherubic armies march,
A camp of fire around.

I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's Babel-tongues o'erpower.

Then, then I feel that He,
(Remember'd or forgot,)
The LORD is never far from me,
Though I perceive Him not.

PART II.

In darkness as in light,
Hidden alike from view,
I sleep, I wake within *his* sight,
Who looks existence through.

From the dim hour of birth,
Through every changing state
Of mortal pilgrimage on earth,
Till its appointed date ;

All that I am, have been,
All that I yet may be,
He sees at once, as He hath seen,
And shall for ever see.

How can I meet His eyes ?
Mine on the cross I cast,
And own my life a Saviour's prize,
Mercy from first to last.

“For ever with the LORD !”
—Father, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of that faithful word,
Even here to me fulfil.

Be thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail ;
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand,
Fight, and I must prevail.

So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
“ For ever with the LORD !”

Then though the soul enjoy
Communion high and sweet,
While worms this body must destroy,
Both shall in glory meet.

The trump of final doom
Will speak the self-same word,
And heaven’s voice thunder through the tomb,
“ For ever with the LORD !”

The tomb shall echo deep
That death-awakening sound ;
The saints shall hear it in their sleep,
And answer from the ground.

Then upward as they fly,
That resurrection-word
Shall be their shout of victory,
“ For ever with the LORD !”

That resurrection-word,
That shout of victory,
Once more,—“ For ever with the LORD !”
Amen, so let it be.

THE VEIL.

THERE is a veil no mortal hand can draw,
 Which hides what eye of mortal never saw ;
 Through that (each moment by the dying riven)
 Could but a glance be to the living given,
 How into nothing, less than nothing, all
 Life's vanities, life's verities would fall,
 And that alone of priceless worth be deem'd,
 Which is most lightly by the world esteem'd !
 Enough is known ; there is a heaven, a hell ;
 Who 'scapes the last and wins the first doth well :
 Whither away, my soul !—in which wouldst thou
 Emerge from life, were death to smite me now ?

1834.

HEAVEN IN PROSPECT.

PALMS of glory, raiment bright,
 Crowns that never fade away,
 Gird and deck the saints in light,
 Priests and kings and conquerors they.
 Yet the conquerors bring their palms
 To the Lamb amidst the throne,
 And proclaim, in joyful psalms,
 Victory through his cross alone.
 Kings for harps their crowns resign,
 Crying, as they strike the chords,
 "Take the kingdom,—it is thine,
 King of kings and Lord of lords."
 Round the altar, priests confess,
 If their robes are white as snow,
 'Twas the Saviour's righteousness,
 And his blood that made them so.

Who were these?—on earth they dwelt,
Sinners once of Adam's race,
Guilt, and fear, and suffering felt,
But were saved by sovereign grace.

They were mortal, too, like us ;
—Ah ! when we, like them, shall die,
May our souls, translated thus,
Triumph, reign, and shine on high !

ON THE
FIRST LEAF OF MISS J.'S ALBUM.

WHAT thoughts, beyond the reach of thought
To guess what they may be,
Shall in succession here be brought
From depths no eye can see !

Those thoughts are now upon their way,
Like light from stars unseen,
Though, ere they reach us, many a day
And year may intervene :—

Thoughts, which shall spring in friendship's breast,
Or genius touch with fire ;
Thoughts, which good angels may suggest,
Or God himself inspire.

Such, o'er these pages pure and white,
By many a willing hand,
Be writ in characters of light,
And here unfading stand !

That she who owns the whole may find,
Reveal'd in every part,
The trace of some ingenuous mind,
The love of some warm heart.

THE SAND AND THE ROCK.

"I will open my dark saying upon the harp."—*Psalm* xlix. 4.

PART I.

DESTRUCTION.

I BUILT my house upon the sand,
And saw its image in the sea,
That seem'd as stable as the land,
And beautiful as heaven to me.

For in the clear and tranquil tide,
As in a nether firmament,
Sun, moon, and stars appear'd to glide,
And lights and shadows came and went.

I ate and drank, I danced and sung,
Reclined at ease, at leisure stroll'd,
Collecting shells and pebbles, flung
Upon the beach, for gems and gold.

I said unto my soul, "Rejoice!
In safety, wealth, and pleasure here;"
But while I spake, a secret voice,
Within my bosom, whisper'd "Fear!"

I heeded not, and went to rest,
Prayerless, once more, beneath my roof.
Nor deem'd the eagle on his nest
More peril-free, more tempest-proof.

But in the dead and midnight hour
A storm came down upon the deep;
Wind, rain, and lightning, such a stour,
Methought 'twas doomsday in my sleep.

I strove, but could not wake,—the stream
Beat vehemently on my wall;

I felt it tottering in my dream ;
It fell, and dreadful was the fall.
Swept with the ruins down the flood,
I woke ; home, hope, and heart were gone ;
My brain flash'd fire, ice thrill'd my blood ;
Life, life was all I thought upon.
Death, death was all that met my eye ;
Deep swallow'd deep, wave buried wave ;
I look'd in vain for land and sky ;
All was one sea,—that sea one grave.
I struggled through the strangling tide,
As though a bowstring wrung my neck ;
“ Help ! help ! ” voice fail'd,—I fain had cried,
And clung convulsive to the wreck.
Not long,—for suddenly a spot
Of darkness fell upon my brain,
Which spread and press'd, till I forgot
All pain in that excess of pain.

PART II.

TRANSITION.

Two woes were past ; a worse befell ;
When I revived, the sea had fled ;
Beneath me yawned the gulf of hell,
Broad as the vanish'd ocean's bed.
Downward I seem'd to plunge through space,
As lightning flashes and expires,
Yet—how I knew not—turn'd my face
Away from those terrific fires ;—
And saw, in glory throned afar,
A human form yet all divine ;
Beyond the track of sun or star,
High o'er all height it seem'd to shine.
’Twas He who in the furnace walk'd
With Shadrach, and controll'd its power ;

'Twas He with whom Elias talk'd,
In his transfiguration-hour.

'Twas He whom, in the lonely Isle
Of Patmos, John in spirit saw ;
And at the lightning of his smile,
Fell down as dead, entranced with awe.

From his resplendent diadem,
A ray shot through mine inmost soul ;
"Could I but touch his garment's hem,"
Methought, "like her whom faith made whole!"

Faith, faith was given ;—though high and nigher,
Swift verging tow'rds the gulf below,
I stretch'd my hand ;—but high and higher,
Ah me ! the vision seem'd to go.

"Save, Lord, I perish !"—while I cried,
Some miracle of mercy drew
My spirit upward ;—hell yawn'd wide,
And follow'd ;—upwards still I flew :—

And upwards still the surging flame
Pursued ;—yet all was clear above,
Whence brighter, sweeter, kindlier came
My blessed Saviour's looks of love.

Till with a sudden flash forth beam'd
The fulness of the Deity :—
Hell's jaws collaps'd ; I felt redeem'd ;
The snare was broken, I was free.

A voice from heaven proclaim'd,—" 'Tis done !"
Then, like a homeward ray of light
From the last planet to the sun,
I darted through the abyss of night.

Till He put forth his hand, to meet
Mine, grasping at infinity ;
He caught me, set me on my feet ;
I fell at his in ecstasy.

What follow'd, human tongue in vain
 Would question language to disclose :
 Enough,—that I was born again ;
 From death to life that hour I rose.

PART III.

RESTITUTION.

I built once more, but on a rock
 (Faith's strong foundation firm and sure)
 Fix'd mine abode, the heaviest shock
 Of time and tempest to endure.

Not small, nor large, not low, nor high,
 Midway it stands upon the steep,
 Beneath the storm-mark of the sky,
 Above the flood-mark of the deep.

And here I humbly wait, while He,
 Who pluck'd me from the lowest hell,
 Prepares a heavenly house for me,
 Then calls me home with Him to dwell.

“LOVEST THOU ME?”

JOHN xxi. 15—17.

“*Lovest thou me?*” I hear my Saviour say :
 Would that my heart had power to answer—“*Yea ;*
 Thou knowest all things, LORD, in heaven above,
 And earth beneath ; Thou knowest that I love.”

But 'tis not so ; in word, in deed, in thought,
 I do not, cannot love thee as I ought ;
Thy love must give that power, *thy* love alone ;
 There's nothing worthy of thee but thine own ;
 LORD, with the love wherewith thou lovedst me,
 Reflected on thyself, *I would* love thee.

GARDEN THOUGHTS.

On occasion of a Christian assembly in the grounds of a gentleman at York, for the purpose of promoting Missions among the Heathen.

In a garden—man was placed,
Meet abode for innocence,
With his Maker's image graced ;
—Sin crept in and drove him thence,
Through the world, a wretch undone,
Seeking rest, and finding none.

In a garden—on that night,
When our Saviour was betray'd,
With what world-redeeming might,
In his agony he pray'd !
Till he drank the vengeance up,
And with mercy fill'd the cup.

In a garden—on the cross,
When the spear his heart had riven,
And for earth's primeval loss,
Heaven's best ransom had been given,
—Jesus rested from his woes,
Jesus from the dead arose.

Here, not Eden's bowers are found,
Nor forlorn Gethsemane,
Nor that calm, sepulchral ground
At the foot of Calvary ;
—Yet this scene may well recall
Sweet remembrances of all.

Emblem of the church below !
Where the Spirit and the Word

Fall like dews, like breezes blow,
And the LORD GOD's voice is heard,
Walking in the cool of day,
While the world is far away :—

Emblem of the church above !
Where, as in their native clime,
Midst the garden of his love,
Rescued from the rage of time,
Saints, as trees of life, shall stand,
Planted by his own right hand !

Round the fair enclosure here
Flames no cherub's threatening sword,
Ye who enter feel no fear :
—Roof'd by heaven, with verdure floor'd,
Breathing balm from blossoms gay,
This be paradise *to-day*.

Yet one moment meditate
On our parents' banishment,
When from Eden's closing gate,
Hand in hand, they weeping went,
Spikenard groves no more to dress,
But a thorn-set wilderness.

Then remember Him who laid
Uncreated splendour by,
Lower than the angels made,
Fallen man to glorify,
And from death beyond the grave
Until life immortal save.

Think of Him—your souls He sought,
Wandering, never to return ;
Hath He found you ?—At the thought
Your glad hearts within you burn ;
Then your love like His extend,
Be like Him the sinner's friend.

O'er Jerusalem he wept,
 Doom'd to perish ;—can't you weep
 O'er a world, by Satan kept
 Dreaming in delirious sleep,
 Till the twinkle of an eye
 Wakes them in eternity ?

Ye, who smile in rosy youth,
 Glow with manhood, fade through years,
 Send the life, the light, the truth,
 To dead hearts, blind eyes, deaf ears,
 And your very pleasures make
 Charities for Jesus' sake.

So shall gospel-glory run
 Round the globe, to every clime,
 Brighter than the circling sun,
 Hastening that millennial time,
 When the earth shall be restored
 As the garden of the LORD.

1829.

TO MR. AND MRS. T.,

OF YORK.

WITH THE FOREGOING STANZAS.

YE who own this quiet place,
 Here, like Enoch, walk with God ;
 And, till summon'd hence, through grace,
 Tread the path your Saviour trod ;
 Then to paradise on high,
 With the wings of angels fly.

THE FIELD OF THE WORLD.

Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thine hand ;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock,
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.

The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there :
O'er hill and dale, by plots, 'tis found ;
Go forth, then, everywhere.

Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown ;
Grace keeps the precious germs alive,
When and wherever strown.

And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength ;
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

Thou canst not toil in vain ;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garnerers in the sky.

Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of GOD is come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And Heaven cry—"Harvest-home !"

FAREWELL TO A MISSIONARY.

HOME, kindred, friends, and country,—these
Are things with which we never part ;
From clime to clime, o'er land and seas,
We bear them with us in our heart ;
And yet 'tis hard to feel resign'd,
When they must all be left behind.

But when the pilgrim's staff we take,
And follow Christ from shore to shore,
Gladly for Him we all forsake,
Press on, and only look before ;
Though humbled nature mourns her loss,
The spirit glories in the cross.

It is no sin, like man, to weep,
Even Jesus wept o'er Lazarus dead ;
Or yearn for home beyond the deep,—
He had not where to lay his head ;
The patriot's tears will He condemn,
Who grieved o'er lost Jerusalem ?

Take up your cross, and say—"Farewell :"
Go forth without the camp to Him,
Who left heaven's throne with men to dwell,
Who died his murderers to redeem :
Oh ! tell his name in every ear,
Doubt not,—the dead themselves will hear,—

Hear, and come forth to life anew ;
—Then while the Gentile courts they fill,
Shall not your Saviour's words stand true ?
Home, kindred, friends, and country still,
In earth's last desert you shall find,
Yet lose not those you left behind.

"THE PRISONER OF THE LORD."

A SABBATH HYMN FOR A SICK CHAMBER.

THOUSANDS, O LORD of Hosts ! this day,
Around thine altar meet ;
And tens of thousands throng to pay
Their homage at Thy feet.

They see Thy power and glory there,
As I have seen them too ;
They read, they hear, they join in prayer,
As I was wont to do.

They sing Thy deeds, as I have sung,
In sweet and solemn lays ;
Were I among them, my glad tongue
Might learn new themes of praise.

For Thou art in their midst, to teach,
When on Thy name they call ;
And Thou hast blessings, LORD, for each,
Hast blessings, LORD, for all.

I, of such fellowship bereft,
In spirit turn to Thee ;
Oh ! hast Thou not a blessing left,
A blessing, LORD, for me ?

The dew lies thick on all the ground,
Shall my poor fleece be dry ?
The manna rains from heaven around,
Shall I of hunger die ?

Behold Thy prisoner ;—loose my bands,
If 'tis Thy gracious will ;
If not,—contented in thine hands,
Behold Thy prisoner still !

I may not to Thy courts repair,
 Yet here Thou surely art ;
 LORD, consecrate a house of prayer
 In my surrender'd heart.

To faith reveal the things unseen,
 To hope, the joys untold ;
 Let love, without a veil between,
 Thy glory now behold.

Oh ! make Thy face on me to shine,
 That doubt and fear may cease ;
 Lift up Thy countenance benign
 On me,—and give me peace.

AN AFTER-THOUGHT.

I CANNOT call affliction sweet,
 And yet 'twas good to bear ;
 Affliction brought me to Thy feet,
 And I found comfort there.

My weaned soul was all resign'd
 To Thy most gracious will ;
 Oh ! had I kept that better mind,
 Or been afflicted still !

Where are the vows which then I vow'd,
 The joys which then I knew ?
 Those vanish'd like the morning cloud,
 These like the early dew.

LORD, grant me grace for every day,
 Whate'er my state may be ;
 Through life, in death, with truth to say,
 "My God is all to me !"

OUR SAVIOUR'S PRAYERS.*

PREAMBLE.

HIGH PRIEST for sinners, Jesus, Lord!
 Whom as a man of griefs I see,
 Thy prayers on earth while I record,
 If still in heaven thou pray'st for me,
 My soul for thy soul's travail claim,
 I seek salvation in thy name.

PART I.

Baptized as for the dead he rose,
 With prayer, from Jordan's hallow'd flood;
 Ere long, by persecuting foes,
 To be baptized in his own blood:
 The Father's voice proclaim'd the Son,
 The Spirit witness'd;—these are one.

Luke iii.
21.

Early he rose ere dawn of day,
 And to a desert place withdrew,
 There was he wont to watch and pray,
 Until his locks were wet with dew,
 And birds below, and beams above,
 Had warn'd him thence to works of love.

Mark i.
35.

At evening when his toils were o'er,
 He sent the multitudes away,
 And on the mountain or the shore,
 All night remain'd alone to pray,
 Till o'er his head the stars grew dim:
 —When was the hour of rest for him?

Luke vi.
12.

* In these stanzas the Scripture quotations are from those passages to which direct reference is intended in the lines themselves, rather than to the corresponding accounts of the same transactions by others of the sacred historians.

In field or city when he taught,
 Oft went his spirit forth in sighs ;
 And when his mightiest deeds were wrought,
 To heaven he lifted up his eyes ;
 He pray'd at Lazarus' grave, and shed
 Tears, with the word that waked the dead.

Mark
viii. 12.

Mark
vii. 34.

John xi.
41—43.

When mothers brought their babes, he took
 Their lambs into his arms, and pray'd ;
 On Tabor, his transfigured look,
 While praying, turn'd the sun to shade,
 And forms, too pure for human sight,
 Grew visible amidst his light.

Matt.
xix. 13.

Luke ix.
28, 29.

“ O Father ! save me from this hour,
 Yet for this hour to earth I came : ”
 He pray'd in weakness ; then with power
 Cried, “ Father ! glorify thy name : ”
 “ I have, ” a voice from heaven replied,
 “ And still it shall be glorified. ”

John xii.
28.

PART II.

For Peter, bold in speech and brave
 In act, yet in temptation frail,
 (As once he proved him on the wave,)
 He pray'd lest his weak faith should fail ;
 And when by Satan's snare enthral'd,
 His eye the wanderer recall'd.

John
xviii. 10.

Matt.
xiv. 31.

Luke
xxii. 32.

Luke
xxii. 61.

Amidst his mournful family,
 Who soon must see his face no more,
 With what divine discourse did he
 Strength to their fainting souls restore !
 Then pray'd for all his people :—where
 Have words recorded such a prayer !

John
xvii.

Heb. v.
7.

Next, with strong cries and bitter tears,
 Thrice hallow'd he that doleful ground,

Where, trembling with mysterious fears,
 His sweat like blood-drops fell around,
 And being in an agony,
 He pray'd yet more earnestly.

Luke
 xxiii. 44.

Here oft in spirit let me kneel,
 Share in the speechless griefs I see,
 And while *he* felt what I should feel,
 Feel all his power of love to me,
 Break my hard heart, and grace supply
 For him who died for me to die.

Stretch'd on the ignominious tree
 For those, whose hands had nail'd him there,
 Who stood and mock'd his misery,
 He offer'd up his latest prayer ;
 Then with the voice of victory cried,
 " 'Tis finish'd," bow'd his head and died.

Luke
 xxiii. 34.

Then all his prayers were answer'd ;—all
 The fruits of his soul's travail gain'd ;
 The cup of wormwood and of gall
 Down to the dregs his lips had drain'd ;
 Accomplish'd was the eternal plan,
 He tasted death for every man.

Now by the throne of God he stands,
 Aloft the golden censer bears,
 And offers, with high priestly hands,
 Pure incense with his people's prayers :
 Well pleased the Father eyes the Son,
 And says to each request, " 'Tis done."

Heb. vii.
 25.

REMINISCENCE.

REMEMBRANCE of the dead revives

The slain of time, at will ;
Those who were lovely in their lives,
In death are lovelier still.

Unburden'd with infirmity,
Unplagued like mortal men,
Oh with what pure delight we see
The heart's old friends again ;

Not as they sunk into the tomb,
With sickness-wasted powers,
But in the beauty and the bloom
Of their best days and ours.

The troubles of departed years
Bring joys unknown before ;
And soul-refreshing are the tears
O'er wounds that bleed no more.

Lightnings may blast, but thunder-showers
Earth's ravaged face renew,
With nectar fill the cups of flowers,
And hang the thorns with dew.

Remembrance of the dead is sweet ;
Yet how imperfect this,
Unless past, present, future, meet,
—A threefold cord of bliss !

Companions of our youth, our age,
With whom through life we walk'd,
And in our house of pilgrimage,
Of home beyond it talk'd :—

Grief on their urn may fix her eyes.
—They spring not from the ground ;
Love may invoke them from the skies,
—There is no voice nor sound.

Fond memory marks them as they *were*,
 Stars in our horoscope ;
 But soon to see them as they *are*,
 —That is our dearest hope.

Not through the darkness of the night,
 To waking thought unseal'd,
 But in the uncreated light
 Of Deity reveal'd.

They cannot come to us, but *we*
 Ere long to them may go ;
 —That glimpse of immortality
 Is heaven begun below.

EVENING TIME.

Zech. xiv. 7.

At evening time let there be light :—
 Life's little day draws near its close ;
 Around me fall the shades of night,
 The night of death, the grave's repose ;
 To crown my joys, to end my woes,
 At evening time let there be light.

At evening time let there be light :—
 Stormy and dark hath been my day ;
 Yet rose the morn benignly bright,
 Dews, birds, and flowers cheer'd all the way ;
 Oh for one sweet, one parting ray !
 At evening time let there be light.

At evening time there *shall* be light :—
 For God hath said,—“ So let it be !”
 Fear, doubt, and anguish, take their flight,
 His glory now is risen on me ;
 Mine eyes shall his salvation see :
 —'Tis evening time, and there *is* light.

Conway, North Wales, 1828.

THE LOT OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

"We know that all things work together for good to them that love God."
Rom. viii. 28.

YEA,—"*ALL things work together for their good!*"
How can this glorious truth be understood?
'Tis like JEHOVAH's throne, where marvellous light
Hides in thick darkness from created sight:
The first-born seraph, trembling while he sings,
Views its veil'd lustre through his shadowing wings;
Or, if he meets, by unexpected grace,
The beatific vision, face to face,
Shrinks from perfection which no eye can see,
Entranced in the abyss of Deity.

Yea,—"*ALL things work together for their good!*"
How shall the mystery be understood?

From man's primeval curse are these set free,
Sin slain, death swallow'd up in victory?
The body from corruption so refined,
'Tis but the immortal vesture of the mind?
The mind from folly so to wisdom won,
'Tis a pure sunbeam of the eternal sun?

Ah! no, no;—all that troubles life is theirs,
Hard toil, sharp suffering, slow-consuming cares:
To mourn and weep; want raiment, food, and rest.
Brood o'er the unutter'd anguish of the breast;
To love, to hope, desire, possess, in vain;
Wrestle with weakness, weariness, and pain,
Struggle with fell disease from breath to breath,
And every moment die a moment's death.

This is their portion, this the common lot;
But *they* have sorrows which the world knows not:
—Their conflicts with that world, its fair, false joys,
Ensnaring riches and delusive toys,
Its love, its hatred; its neglect and scorn;
With self-abhorrence harder to be borne;

The pangs of conscience, when God's holy law,
Through Sinai's thunders, strikes them dumb with awe ;
Passions disorder'd, when insane desires
Blow the rank embers of unhallow'd fires ;
Evils that lurk in ambush at the heart,
And shoot their arrows thence through every part ;
Harsh roots of bitterness, light seeds of sin,
Oft springing up, and stirring strife within ;
Pride, like the serpent, vaunting to deceive,
As with his subtilty beguiling Eve ;
Ambition, like the great red dragon, hurl'd,
Sheer from heaven's battlements to this low world,
Boundless in rage, as limited in power,
Ramping abroad, and roaring to devour :
—*These*, which blithe worldlings laugh at and contemn,
Are worse than famine, sword, and fire to them.

Nor these alone, for neither few nor small
The trials rising from their holy call :
—The Spirit's searching, proving, cleansing flames ;
Duty's demands, the Gospel's sovereign claims ;
Stern self-denial counting all things loss
For Christ, and daily taking up the cross ;
The broken heart, or heart that will not break,
That aches not, or that cannot cease to ache ;
Doubts and misgivings, lest when storms are past,
They make sad shipwreck of the faith at last :
—*These*, and a thousand forms of fear and shame,
Bosom-temptations, that have not a name,
But have a nature, felt through flesh and bone,
Through soul and spirit,—felt by them alone ;
—*These*, *these* the Christian pilgrims sore distress,
Like thorns and briars of the wilderness ;
These keep them humble, keep them in the path,
As those that flee from everlasting wrath.

Yet, while their hearts and hopes are fix'd above,
As those who lean on everlasting love,
On faithfulness, which, though heaven's pillars bend,
And earth's base fail, uphold them to the end ;—

By them, by them alone 'tis understood,
How all things work together for their good.
 Would'st thou too understand?—behold I show
 The perfect way,—*Love God, and thou shalt know.*

A BENEDICTION FOR A BABY.

WHAT blessing shall I ask for thee,
 In the sweet dawn of infancy?
 —That, which our Saviour, at his birth,
 Brought down with Him from heaven to earth.

What next, in childhood's April years
 Of sunbeam smiles and rainbow tears?
 —That, which in Him all eyes might trace,
 To grow in wisdom and in grace.

What in the wayward path of youth,
 Where falsehood walks abroad as truth?
 —By that good Spirit to be led,
 Which John saw resting on his head.

What, in temptation's wilderness,
 When wants assail, and fears oppress?
 —To wield like Him the Scripture-sword,
 And vanquish Satan by "the word."

What, in the labour, pain, and strife,
 Combats and cares of daily life?
 —In *his* cross-bearing steps to tread,
 Who had not where to lay his head.

What, in the agony of heart,
 When foes rush in, and friends depart?
 —To pray like Him, the Holy One,
 "Father, thy will, not mine, be done."

What, in the bitterness of death,
 When the last sigh cuts the last breath?

—Like Him your spirit to commend,
And up to paradise ascend.

What in the grave, and in that hour,
When even the grave shall lose its power?

—Like Him, your rest awhile to take;
Then at the trumpet's sound awake,
Him as He *is* in heaven to see,
And *as* He is, yourself to be.

1531.

EVENING SONG.

FOR THE SABBATH DAY.

MILLIONS within thy courts have met,
Millions this day before thee bow'd;
Their faces Zion-ward were set,
Vows with their lips to thee they vow'd:
But Thou, soul-searching GOD! hast known
The hearts of all that bent the knee,
And hast accepted those alone,
In spirit and truth that worshipp'd Thee.
People of many a tribe and tongue,
Men of strange colours, climates, lands,
Have heard thy truth, thy glory sung,
And offer'd prayer with holy hands.
Still, as the light of morning broke
O'er island, continent, or deep,
Thy far-spread family awoke,
Sabbath all round the world to keep.
From east to west, the sun survey'd,
From north to south, adoring throngs;
And still, where evening stretch'd her shade,
The stars came forth to hear their songs.
Harmonious as the winds and seas,
In halcyon hours, when storms are flown,

Arose earth's Babel languages,
 In pure accordance to thy throne.
 Not angel-trumpets sound more clear,
 Not elders' harps, nor seraphs' lays,
 Yield sweeter music to thine ear
 Than humble prayer and thankful praise.
 And not a prayer, a tear, a sigh,
 Hath fail'd this day some suit to gain :
 —To those in trouble Thou wert nigh ;
 Not one hath sought thy face in vain.
 Thy poor were bountifully fed,
 Thy chasten'd sons have kiss'd the rod,
 Thy mourners have been comforted,
 The pure in heart have seen their God.
 Yet one prayer more ;—and be it one,
 In which both heaven and earth accord ;
 —Fulfil thy promise to thy Son,
 Let all that breathe call Jesus Lord !

A WEDDING WISH.

TO MR. AND MRS. H.

THE cynosure of midnight skies
 Appears but one to seamen's eyes,
 Yet twain there are,
 And each a star,
 Perhaps a sun :—
 May you, my Friends, reverse the view,
 And while on earth you look like Two,
 From heaven be seen as One ;
 Yea, like that polar symbol be
 A double star of constancy.*

* The polar star, seen through a powerful telescope, appears to be two, very near together.

NOTES TO VOL. II.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Page 293.

¹ In November, 1825, when many of my friends and neighbours honoured me with a public entertainment, on retiring from my long labours among them, as owner and editor of a local Journal, (*see the general Preface to these Volumes,*) there were others, especially ladies, who could not conveniently join in the festivities of a dinner-table, but who wished to show me some token of kindness on the occasion. By these, a few weeks afterwards, I was presented with a handsome silver inkstand, of home manufacture, for myself, and two hundred sovereigns towards the expense of renewing a Christian mission by the United Brethren (or Moravians) in the West Indian Island of Tobago, which had been begun by my parents in the year 1789. The troubles of the French Revolution soon afterwards having reached that colony, the work was abandoned in the following year, and my father was compelled to take refuge in Barbadoes, where he had been previously stationed as a minister of the gospel of peace to the Negro slaves. Before his flight, my mother had been released from sharing his toils and sufferings on earth, and her bereaved partner had deposited her remains, to wait the resurrection of the just, in the little garden attached to their temporary habitation, there being no Protestant place for interment in the island:—thus taking possession, though “hoping against hope,” of the land where he had sojourned with her as a stranger for a few months only;—like the Patriarch Abraham, when he bought the cave of Machpelah from the children of Heth, to bury his Sarah in, and by that earnest of his contract secure the promised Canaan to his posterity through many generations, when he had as yet “none inheritance in it; no, not so much as to set his foot on.”

During the war with England which ensued, Tobago fell into the hands of our countrymen, and has been held ever since by the British Crown. My father, soon after his return to Barbadoes, entered into his rest; and for thirty-five years following, the station in the former island,

where he had broken ground only, remained unoccupied for the purpose to which it had been consecrated. But Mr. Hamilton, the gentleman at whose invitation, and under whose direct patronage, the experiment of the mission on his estate had been undertaken by my parents, never to the end of his own life lost sight of that object; and at his death he bequeathed a considerable legacy for its promotion, should the Brethren at a future period be emboldened to resume their evangelical labours there. What the sum left by Mr. Hamilton might be, I cannot now recollect, but I have been informed, that it was so well administered by his representatives, that, when the mission was re-commenced on the reserved spot, that fund amounted to a thousand pounds. To this my benefactors added the two hundred pounds, which they had raised to gratify me by a proof of their esteem, the most humbling and yet the most exalting that could be devised,—namely, by stipulating that their bounty should be appropriated to that sacred service, in which both my parents had laid down their lives; accompanied by an earnest request, that the settlement, about to be formed in the field of their last labours, should be called by the name which they bore. This was readily granted by the authorities of the Brethren's Church, the Elder's conference at Herrnhut, in Germany, who direct the ecclesiastical affairs of the body, at home and abroad, from synod to synod. The mission thus revived in 1825 has gradually increased; and, under the name of "*Montgomery*," with the blessing of God upon the preaching of the Gospel by his servants there, may it perpetuate, to the end of time, the memory of those sainted relatives who left that name to me!

October 12, 1840.

Page 320.

² Henry Cornelius Agrippa, of Nettesheim, counsellor to Charles V. Emperor of Germany,—the author of "*Oecult Philosophy*," and other profound works,—is said to have shown to the Earl of Surrey the image of his mistress Geraldine in a magical mirror.

Page 415.

³ This anticipation has been accomplished. The adjacent plantation has rapidly grown up; the ground has been beautifully laid out; and, in 1835, a conspicuous monument was erected, by public subscription, on the spot where *three hundred and thirty-nine bodies*, out of *upwards of four hundred victims* of the cholera, were interred,—to commemorate the said removal of the sufferers from among the living, and their strange insulation after death, within that humble enclosure. The shaft is triangular, diminishing in stories from the base to the summit, which was originally surmounted by a plain cross of proportionate ele-

vation. Unfortunately, in the hurricane of January the 7th, 1839, one third of the whole was thrown down. It has subsequently been repaired, and crowned with a less graceful form of cross, by which, however, the tapering structure will be less liable to injury from elemental violence.

The two following Sonnets were composed on visiting the scene of dilapidation, in February of the same year.

I.

Thou tempest-broken column! still stand on;
 More fit memorial of the untimely dead,
 Than when the cross upon thy summit shed
 A halo round this Golgotha;—'tis gone,
 And now the earnest eye, where late it shone,
 Is rapt through vague infinity instead,
 Up the blue sky, receding over head,
 Less and less seen the longer look'd upon.

Thus, where the fragments of thy pinnacle
 Lie at thy base, as lie within this plot
 The bones of buried mortals,—while I dwell
 On where and what may be the spirit's lot,
 Thought falls like night on my bewilder'd mind,—
 The more I search the more I feel I'm blind.

II.

Yet there is Hope, thou storm-struck monument!
 Stand on, though half thy glory be laid low
 By an unseen and instantaneous blow:
 For, as the wind, which thee asunder rent,
 Came none knew whence, and none knew whither went,
 So the plague smote the slain around thee,—so
 Surprised its victims; and, with *Wo! wo! wo!*
 Hundreds, unwarn'd, to sudden judgment sent.

Not for the dead, ye living! but the unborn,
 O let the symbol of redeeming Love
 Again this renovated shaft adorn,
 And point from death below to life above,
 That all, who here sin's bitter wages see,
 May on this mount remember Calvary!

