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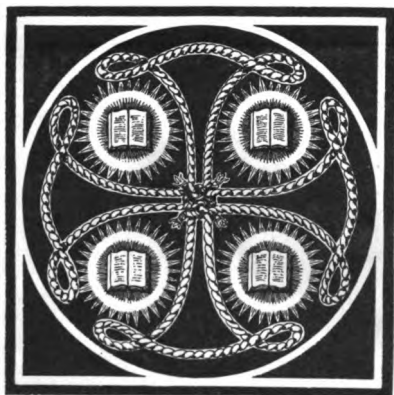
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**THE**  
**POETICAL WORKS**  
**OF**  
**JAMES MONTGOMERY.**  
**VOL. III.**

**LONDON :**  
**Printed by A. SPOTTISWOODE,**  
**New-Street-Square.**

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:  
PRINTED FOR  
LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN, GREEN, & LONGMAN,  
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**OF**  
**THE THIRD VOLUME.**

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# NARRATIVES.

**VOL. III.**

**B**



## 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 loved, and of war I have 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 ;  
 The 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 ;  
 'T is 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 called  
    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 wreathe,  
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.”



## LORD FALKLAND'S DREAM.

A. D. 1643.

“ Io vo gridandò, Pace! pace! pace!”

PETRARCA, *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

---

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

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 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;

B 4

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.

'T was on the eve of Newbury's doubtful fight ;  
 O'er marshall'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 throug'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 woods to  
     stray,  
 And pour in solitude, without control,  
 Through the dun 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,  
 To crown him, as he lives, from age to age,

---

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

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 the' 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 the' unquiet spectre of the place :  
 Rank thorns and briars, 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 't was 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.

"Who? — whence? — what wouldst thou?" Falk-  
 land cried at length:  
 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, unconscious why  
 She sought *thee* out, came here — came here to die.  
 'T is a strange tale ; — 't is true, — and yet 't is 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,  
 “ 'T is glorious for our country thus to die ;  
 'T is 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, — 't is 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. \*

---

\* 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.

" 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."  
 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,  
 Embodied 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 the' 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 immoveable 'midst ruins stand,  
The' 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 ; 't was 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.

## 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 the' 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.  
Marshal'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 bequeath'd,  
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 the' impatient Switzers gazed,  
The' unbroken line of lances blazed ;

That line 't were 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 the' 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 't were 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 the' uplifting of his brow  
Tell where the bolt would strike, and how.



But 't was 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.

THE VOYAGE OF THE BLIND.

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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 Rodeur*, Captain B., of two hundred tons' burthen, left Havre on the 24th of January, 1819, for the coast of Africa, and reached her destination on the 14th of March following, anchoring at Bonny, in 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. Maugnan, 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 ves-

sels, 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.”

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“ It was that fatal and perfidious bark,  
Built in the' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark.”

MILTON'S *Lycidas*.

## 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,  
 The' Arabian horseman scour'd along ;  
 — The caravan's obstreperous throng,  
 Their dusty march pursued.

But woe 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'rds 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,  
 The' 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 the' 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 twofold 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 fitting 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 !  
 Woe past, woe present, woe 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 't is 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.

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

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MINE is a tale of every day,  
 Yet turn not thou thine ear away ;  
 For 't is the bitterest thought of all,  
 The wormwood *added* to the gall,  
 That such a wreck of mortal bliss,  
 That such a weight of woe 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.

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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 their 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 ! 't was 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 woe 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.

## A TALE WITHOUT A NAME.

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“ 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.

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## 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 surprize,  
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 woe 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,  
 O, could I quit, — or bear !”

—Of every frantic hope bereft,  
 To meet a nobler doom,  
 One refuge, — only one, was left, —  
 To storm the' 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 supprest.

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,  
 'T was 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 woe ;  
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 woe,  
 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-echoed thence in groans :  
 The sound hath reach'd her ear, — she stands,  
 In marble-chilness 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.

'T was like the tempest when he sought  
 Fate in the swallowing flood ;  
 'T was 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 repress'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 every 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,  
 The 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 woe 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 ! ” — 't was 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, — 't is 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.

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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 tale,  
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,  
Bliethe 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.

TRANSLATIONS FROM DANTE.





## UGOLINO AND RUGGIERI.

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THE sufferings of Ugolino on earth, and his cannibal revenge in hell, on his betrayer and murderer, Ruggieri, are better known in this country than any other part of the *Divina Commedia*, having been often translated, and several times made the subject of painting, especially in the rival pictures of Reynolds and Fuseli. One version more may be tolerated, and it will probably be long before it can be said that yet another is not wanted, to give the English reader an adequate idea of the poet's power in the delineation, — not so much of the supernatural horrors of his infernal caverns, as of a real earthly scene (like the death by starvation in the dungeon of a father and his four innocent children), “so simply, so severely great,” that of the narrative, in his own Italian, it may be said,

“The force of nature could no further go.”

Ugolino, Count of Gherardesca, having united with the Archbishop Ruggieri degli Ubaldini to expel his own nephew, Nino Giudice di Gallura, from the sovereignty of Pisa, seized it for himself. But the archbishop soon turned against him, and being supported by Lanfranchi, Sismondi, and Gualandi, three of the principal inhabitants, they raised a tumult in the city, during which Ugolino was dragged from his palace, and

with his two sons, and their two sons (he calls all four his children in the story), imprisoned in a tower on the Piazza degli Anziani, for several months, at the expiration of which the portals were all locked, and the keys thrown into the river Arno: the miserable captives being thus left to perish with hunger, whence the hold itself obtained the name of "*Famine*." With great skill, to produce the most pathetic impression, as well as with consummate knowledge of human nature, Dante makes Ugolino dwell wholly on the treachery and cruelty exercised towards himself, without any allusion to his own atrocious injustice towards his nephew, for which he is doomed to the second round of the ninth or lowest gulf of Hell, with no mitigation of the pains of eternal hunger, except the ravenous feast, like that of the eagle on the liver of Prometheus, upon the never-satisfying and never-wasting brain of the traitor Ruggieri.

Dante (accompanied by Virgil, his conductor,) finds in this department of "the doleful city," the victims tormented variously, according to their crimes,

" In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;"

and, among others, the two personages aforementioned.

---

SCARCE had we parted thence, when I beheld  
 Two in one well of ice, so grouped together  
 The head of one to the other seem'd the cowl,  
 While, like a hungry man devouring bread,  
 The uppermost had fasten'd with his teeth  
 Upon the lower, where skull and neck are join'd ;  
 Nor more voraciously did Tydeus tear

The front of Menalippus, in his rage \*,  
Than on that head and brain the' assailant prey'd.

“O thou !” I cried, “who show'st by such brute token  
Hatred to him whom thou devourest, say,  
Why dost thou so? — I ask on 'this condition,  
That knowing who thou art, and what his crime,  
If thou have cause of wrong against thy victim,  
I yet may right thee in the upper world,  
Should *that* with which I speak be not dried up.”

DELL' INFERNO, *canto xxxii.*

The sinner paused amidst his dire repast,  
And wiped his mouth upon the hairy scalp  
Of him whose head he raven'd on behind,  
Then answer'd : —

“Thou would have me to renew  
Horrible pangs, of which the very thought  
So wrings my heart, I scarce find power for utterance :  
Yet if my words prove seed, of which the traitor,  
Whom thus I gnaw, may reap the' accursed fruit,  
Thou shalt behold me weep and speak at once.

“I know not who thou art, nor by what means  
Thou hast come hither, but a Florentine,  
By speech, I deem thee. — Know me, then,  
Count Ugolino, — this, the' Archbishop Ruggier,  
And why I'm such a neighbour thou shalt hear.  
— I need not say how, by his foul devices,  
Reposing on his faith, I was ensnared,  
And murder'd : — but, what cannot have been told thee,  
How cruel was that murder, thou shalt know ;  
Then judge if he have injured me or not.

\* STATIUS, *Theb.* l. vii.

“ When the small casement of that dungeon cage,  
Which hath from me the name of ‘ Famine,’ — where  
Others may yet be left like me to perish, —  
Through its dim aperture, had more than once  
Shown the new moon, an evil sleep fell on me,  
Which from the future rent the veil.

— Methought

This wretch, as lord and master of the field,  
Hunted a he-wolf and his whelps along  
The mountain which from Pisa shadows Lucca.  
With meagre, staunch, and noble-blooded hounds,  
Gualandi, and Sismondi, and Lanfranchi  
Swept on before him. — After a short chase,  
Parent and young fell, fainting from fatigue,  
And with keen fangs I saw them torn to pieces.

“ When I awoke at day-break, — in their sleep,  
I heard my children moan, and ask for bread  
(For they were with me) ; — cruel is thine heart  
If it grieves not for what mine then foreboded,  
And if thou weep’st not now, what wilt thou weep for ?  
— Ere long they woke ; the hour drew nigh when  
food

Was wont to be brought to us ; but in each  
Secret misgivings from his dream arose ;  
And of the horrible tower, I heard the portal  
Lock’d underneath our cell. Thereat I look’d  
Full on my children, but spake not a word,  
Nor wept, so petrified I felt within.  
*They* wept, and little Anselm said to me,  
‘ You look so, father ! Ah ! what mean those looks ?  
Still I wept not, nor answer’d all that day,  
Nor the next night.

At sun-rise on the morrow,  
When a faint ray gleam’d through our doleful prison,

And in four haggard faces show'd me mine,  
I worried both my hands with agony :  
They, thinking that I did so in the rage  
Of hunger, all together rose and cried,  
' Father ! 't will hurt us less if you will feed  
On us ; you clothed these limbs with suffering flesh,  
Now strip them !'

Then I quieted myself,  
Not to make them more wretched. — All that day,  
And all the next, we sat, and held our peace ;  
Ah ! earth, hard earth ! why didst thou not then open?

“ When we had linger'd on till the fourth day,  
My Gaddo threw himself down at my feet,  
Crying, ' My father ! why do you not help me ?'  
Then died. — As plainly as thou seest me now,  
I saw the other three fall, one by one,  
Between the fifth day and the sixth. Then blind  
I groped about to feel and clasp their bodies ;  
Three days I call'd them by their names, though dead,  
Then famine did for me what grief could not.”

DELL' INFERNO, *canto xxxiii.*

## MAESTRO ADAMO.

THE hideously comic interview and adventure with Maestro Adamo (Master Adam), the coiner, in another of the lower rounds of the infernal gulph, where traitors of the baser sort are tormented with unappeasable thirst, in various diseases that excite it, — is thoroughly *Dantesque*, but in the poet's coarser vein. It may form a singular companion-piece to the fearfully sublime, but simply told and tenderly affecting, narrative of Count Ugolino.

I SAW one shapen like a lute, had he  
 Been shorten'd where the man becomes a fork\* ;  
 Enormous dropsy (which had swoln his limbs  
 With stagnant humours, till his ghastly cheek  
 But ill agreed with his unwieldy paunch,)  
 Made him, for thirst, gasp like a hectic, — one  
 Lip lolling on his chin, upcurl'd the other.

“Oh! you,” he cried, “that without pain (though why  
 I know not) pass through this unhappy world,  
 Hear, and mark well the sorrows of Adāmo :  
 Living, I had whatever heart could wish,  
 And now, alas! I lack a drop of water.  
 The murmuring rivulets down the verdant hills  
 Of Cassentino, flowing into Arno,

---

\* The strange phrase employed in the original quaintly signifies,  
 — “if he had been shortened from the waist.”

Which keep their little channels moist and cool,  
 Are ever in mine eye ; — and not in vain,  
 For their sweet images inflame my thirst  
 More than the malady that shrinks my visage.  
 The rigid justice, which torments me here,  
 Even from the place where I committed sin,  
 Draws means to mock and multiply my groans ;  
 Romena stands before me, where I forged  
 The lawful coin and Baptist's seal, for which  
 I left my wretched body in the flames.\*  
 — Yet could I spy the woeful ghost of Guido,  
 Of Alessandro, or their brother, here,  
 I would not quit the sight for Branda's fountain !  
 Somewhere among these pits dwells one, — if truth  
 Be told by those mad souls that roam at large, —  
 But what is that to me whose limbs are bound ?  
 Oh ! were I light enough to move an inch  
 A century, I had set out ere now  
 In search of him among the hideous throng,  
 Through all the eleven long miles of this sad circle,  
 Which hath not less than half a mile in breadth !  
 They brought me to this family of fiends ;  
 They tempted me to falsify the florin,  
 And mix it with three carats of alloy."

Then I to him : — " And who are these two wretches,  
 That smoke like hands in winter plunged through snow,  
 Lying close fetter'd on the right of thee ? "

" I found them here, and they have never stirr'd  
 Since I was dropt into this ditch," he answered :

---

\* This miserable culprit had been a metallurgist, of Brescia, who, at the instance of Guido, Alessandro, and Aginulpho, three nobles of Romena, counterfeited the gold florin of Tuscany, which bore the impress of the Baptist's head. — Branda is a beautiful fountain at Siena.



‘ One’s the false woman who accused young Joseph,  
And t’ other Sinon, the false Greek at Troy,  
Who, in the excruciate pangs of putrid fever,  
Send up such steam.”

That moment one of them,  
Wroth to be named so ignominiously,  
Struck with the fist on his distended hide,  
That thunder’d like a drum ; — but Master Adam  
Repaid the blow upon the assailant’s face,  
Not less afflictive, with his arm ; exclaiming,  
“ Though reft of locomotion, being so large,  
I have a hand at liberty for *that*.”

To whom the other : — “ Thou wert not so prompt,  
When thou wast going to the stake ; and yet  
More prompt than now when thou didst stamp the coin.”

“ Thou speak’st the truth,” the dropsical replied,  
“ But didst not so at Troy, when truth was ask’d thee.”

“ False words I utter’d then, as thou false money ;  
If for one crime I suffer, thou art damn’d  
For more than any demon here,” quoth Sinon.

“ Remember ! perjured one, the hollow horse,  
With its full belly,” Adam cried, “ and stand  
Guilty through all the world.”

“ Stand guilty thou !”  
The Greek retorted ; “ witness that huge round,  
That quagmire, which ingulphs thee in thyself.”

The coiner then : — “ Thy mouth for evil-speaking  
Is quite as open as it wont to be ;

If I have drouth while humours swell me up,  
 Thou hast a burning heart and aching head,  
 And wouldst not need much coaxing to the task,  
 To lap the mirror of Narcissus dry."

I stood all fix'd to hear them.—“ Little more  
 Would make me quarrel with thee ; so be warn'd,”  
 Cried Virgil : — when I heard him speak in warmth,  
 I turn'd about, and colour'd with such shame,  
 The very thought brings back the blush upon me.  
 Like one who dreams of harm befalling him,  
 And dreaming wishes it may *be* a dream,  
 Desiring that which *is* as though it *were not*,  
 So I, unable to excuse myself,  
 (For I stood mute) excused myself the more,  
 Unwittingly. — “ Less shame than thine might make  
 Atonement for a greater fault than thine,”  
 My Master said, “ so cast away thy sadness ;  
 And know that I am ever at thy side ;  
 If fortune brings thee where such knaves fall out,  
 —To love their broils betrays a base-born mind.”

DELL' INFERNO, *canto* XXX.

## DANTE AND BEATRICE.

THERE is no circumstance in the whole compass of the *Divina Commedia* more exquisitely imagined than the *unfelt* swiftness with which Dante and Beatrice, by the mere act of volition on their part, are transported from planet to planet in the *Paradiso*; nor is the *evidence* of their *arrival* at each new stage, in the increased loveliness of the lady to the eyes of the poet, less delicately conceived.

I FELT not our ascension to that star,  
But soon of this my lady gave me warning,  
*For she had grown more beautiful.*

DEL PARADISO, *canto* viii.

Their first flight from the Hill of Purgatory was to the moon. Their entrance within the sphere of "that eternal pearl" is thus described.

The native-born and everlasting thirst  
For that pure realm, resembling God himself,  
Carried us thither, swift as move the heavens.

My lady look'd aloof, and I on her ;  
Then, in as brief a space as, on the string,  
An arrow rests, escapes, and flits away \*,

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\* The same comparison is used on another like occasion, with a singular though minute variation.

I found myself transported and arrived,  
 Where a strange thing surprised me ; but my guide,  
 From whom nought in my heart could be conceal'd,  
 Turn'd, with a sweet and gracious countenance,  
 Exclaiming, " Now, thank God ! that we have reach'd  
 The nearest star."\*—Methought a lucid, dense,  
 And brilliant cloud, like diamond, which the sun  
 Transpierces, compass'd us on every side :  
 Within the orb of that eternal pearl,  
 We enter'd, — as a ray of light pervades  
 The crystal wave, united yet unbroken."

DEL PARADISO, *canto* ii.

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The sign which spiritual intelligences in heaven give of their desire to converse with the travellers that visit their respective abodes, by shining out from among their companions with intense lustre, is of the same happy character of thought with the idea of Beatrice's beauty brightening as she mounts from sphere to sphere.

She ceased, and seem'd to enter a new round  
 Within the wheel where she revolved before † ;  
 That other ardour, known to me already,  
 Now flash'd out marvellously upon my sight,  
*Like a fine ruby smitten by the sun ;*  
 For joy in heaven brings splendour, as it brings  
 Laughter on earth ; — but, in the abyss of hell,  
 Horror grows blacker as the mind more sad.

DEL PARADISO, *canto* ix.

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And as an arrow hits the mark, before  
 The cord hath ceased to tremble on the bow,  
 Thus had we reach'd the second region. *Del Paradiso*, *canto* v.

\* The moon.

† A mystic dance, most curiously described in the original, in which the celestials are engaged.

## THE RIVER OF LIFE.

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THE greater part of the *Paradiso*, — while it exemplifies, almost beyond example, the power of human language to vary a few ideas and images, in themselves so simple, pure, and hallowed, that they hardly can be altered from their established associations without being degraded, — shows also the utter impotence of any other terms than those which Scripture has employed “as in a glass darkly,” — and who can *there* add light? — to body forth what eye hath not seen, ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man to conceive. One elaborate specimen (however defective the translation may be) will elucidate this failure even in the noble original, which, like its ineffable theme, in this part is “dark with excessive bright.” The poet here copies more directly than he is wont from the sacred Oracles; or, as in the sublime simile of the rock, illustrates his subject with not unworthy natural objects; at the same time, with characteristic ingenuousness, he explains his own feelings on beholding “things which it is not lawful for a man to utter.”

As sudden lightning dissipates the sight,  
 And leaves the eye unable to discern  
 The plainest objects, — living light so flash'd  
 Around me, and involved me in a veil  
 Of such effulgence, that I *ceased to see*.

“Thus Love, which soothes this heaven, all kindly fits  
 The torch to take his flame!”\* — These few, brief words

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\* Beatrice addresses this remark to Dante.

Had scarcely reach'd mine ear, when I perceived  
 Power from on high diffuse such virtue through me,  
 And so rekindle vision, that no flame,  
 However pure, could 'scape mine eyes.

I saw

Light, like a river clear as crystal, flowing  
 Between two banks with wondrous spring adorn'd ;  
 While from the current issued vivid sparks,  
 That fell among the flowers on either hand,  
 Glitter'd like rubies set in gold, and then,  
 As if intoxicate with sweetest odours,  
 Replunged themselves into the mystic flood,  
 Whence, as one disappear'd, another rose.

“ The intense desire that warms and stirs thy thoughts  
 To understand what thou beholdest, yields  
 More joy to me, the more it urges thee ;  
 But ere such noble thirst can be assuaged,  
 Behoves thee first to drink of this clear fount.”  
 The sun that lights mine eyes\* thus spake, and added :  
 —“ Yon stream, those jewels fitting to and fro,  
 And all the joyance of these laughing flowers,  
 Are shadowy emblems of realities,  
 Not dark themselves, but the defect is thine,  
 Who hast not yet obtain'd due strength of vision.”

Ah ! then, no infant, startled out of sleep,  
 Long past his time, springs to the mother's milk  
 More eagerly than o'er that stream I bow'd,  
 To make more perfect lustres of mine eyes,  
 Which, when the fringes of their lids had touch'd it,  
 Seem'd, from a line, collapsed into a round.

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\* Beatrice.

—As maskers, when they cast their visors off,  
 Appear new persons, stript of such disguise,  
 The sparks and flowers assumed sublimer forms \*,  
 And both the courts of heaven were open'd round me.

O splendour of the Deity ! by which  
 The lofty triumph of thy real reign  
 I saw, — give power to paint it *as* I saw.

There is a light, which renders visible  
 The Maker to the creature who desires  
 Felicity in seeing Him alone :  
 —Though but a ray of uncreated glory,  
 Sent from the fountain-head of life and power,  
 It forms a circle, whose circumference  
 Would be too wide a girdle for the sun :  
 And, as a cliff in water, from its foot,  
 Looks down upon its height in that broad mirror,  
 And seems therein contemplating its beauty,  
 What verdure clothes, what flowers its flanks adorn,  
 So, standing round about that sea of glass,  
 As many souls as earth hath sent to heaven,  
 Upon ten thousand thrones and more, beheld  
 Their happy semblances reflected there.

If, round its lowest stem such pomp appear,  
 What must the full-expanded foliage show  
 Of that celestial rose ? † and yet my sight,  
 Through its whole amplitude and elevation,  
 Gazed unbewilder'd ; yea at once took in  
 The measure and the amount of all that joy.

DEL PARADISO, *canto* xxx.

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\* They were transfigured from symbols into their spiritual identities ; and, as intimated below, the sparks were the souls of all the saints who had been removed in past ages to the bliss of heaven.

† This refers to a dry conceit, which runs through much of the *Para-*

## THE PORTAL OF HELL.

AWFULLY contrasted with the foregoing dazzling spectacle, but far more real in its picturesque and imaginable grandeur, is the famous description of the entrance upon the infernal regions.

“ THROUGH me, ye go into the doleful city,  
 Through me, ye go into eternal pain,  
 Through me, ye go among the lost for ever :  
 ’T was justice moved my Founder ; Love divine,  
 Infinite Wisdom and primeval Love,  
 Ordain’d and fix’d me here. Before me nought  
 That is existed, save eternal things,  
 And I unto eternity endure ;  
 — Abandon every hope, all ye that enter !”

These words in sombre colours I beheld  
 Inscribed upon the summit of a portal :  
 “ ’T is a hard sentence, Master !” I exclaim’d :  
 When he, like one of ready speech, replied ;  
 “ Leave all mistrust, all base misgiving here,  
 We now have reach’d the place of which I told thee,  
 Where thou shalt see the miserable throngs,  
 Who mourn the loss of intellectual good.”

*diso*, arranging the happy spirits throughout the various heavens, in different forms, such as an eagle, a cross, &c., and here a rose.



Then straightway, in his hand enclasping mine,  
With brightening countenance that cheer'd my heart,  
He led me down among the things of darkness : —  
There sighs, and groans, and lamentable wailings,  
So rang throughout that region without star,  
That on the threshold I began to weep :  
Horrible tongues, discordant languages,  
Words full of dolour, accents of sharp anger,  
Shrill and hoarse voices, sounds of smitten hands,  
Rose in wild tumult, eddying through the gloom,  
Like sands before the whirlwind of the desert.

DELL' INFERNO, *canto* iii.

## ANTEUS.

DANTE and Virgil, in the lowest gulph but one, find the ancient giants bound on rocks or wedged in caverns. From one of these they solicit help, namely,—a lift downward into the last abyss, where Lucifer (three-faced, and eternally worrying at each of his mouths, Judas Iscariot, Brutus and Cassius,) is embedded in admantine ice. The negotiation is conducted with great *finesse* on the part of Virgil, who assails the monster on his weak side, the "*laudum immensa cupido*," unextinguished even there, where "hope never comes;" the poet himself, at the same time, betraying, though from the lips of his guide, that pride of conscious power to seize or give renown, which often and unexpectedly throws a passing glory over his human nature, even when the infirmity of the latter is most frankly confessed.

—WE journey'd on, and reach'd Anteus,  
 Who stood above the pit's mouth five good ells,  
 Besides his head.—"O thou! who in the field  
 Of fortune, that made Scipio glory's heir,  
 When Hannibal with all his veterans fled,  
 Didst catch an hundred lions for thy prey;  
 And 't is believed, that, in their war with heaven,  
 Hadst thou been with thy brethren they had triumph'd,  
 —*Land us below*, — (nay, scowl not thus askance) —  
*Where cold congeals Cocytus*. Force us not  
 Aid to implore of Tithyus or of Typhon :

This man can give thee what ye covet here ;  
Bow then, nor grin upon us like a griffin ; \*  
He yet can make thee famous through the world,  
For he still lives, and counts on length of days,  
If grace remove him not before his time.

So spake my Master, and in haste the giant  
Stretch'd forth the hand, whose gripe cramp'd Hercules,  
To take us up : — when Virgil felt his grasp,  
“ Hither,” he cried, “ come hither, let me hold thee ; ”  
He caught me, and we both became one burthen.  
Then, as the tower of Carisenda seems  
Itself in motion, to the eye beneath,  
When a cloud sails above its leaning top ;  
So seem'd Anteus, when I watch'd him bend,  
And wish'd myself elsewhere ; but easily,  
Down in the gulf that gorges Lucifer  
And Judas, he deposited us twain :  
Nor stooping staid he, but anon, erect,  
Rose like a ship's mast from the rocking surge.

DELL' INFERNO, *canto xxxi.*

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\* “ Torcer lo grifo,” an Italian phrase for “ to make an ugly face.”

## CAIN.

IF, in the scene with Anteus, the emphasis of silence, and the perspicuity of graphic delineation, are happily exemplified, in the following brief passage the force of mere sounds (where no image or personification is presented to the eye) is made to produce a surprising effect. On one of the sloping mazes of the spiral Hill of Purgatory, the travellers having parted with some agreeable company, which had long engaged them, it is said : —

WE knew those friendly spirits heard us going,  
 Their silence therefore show'd our path was right :  
 Now left alone, proceeding on our journey,  
 Like lightning when it rends the region, rush'd  
 A voice beside us, lamentably crying,  
 " Ah ! every one that findeth me shall slay me ! " \*  
 And then it fled, like thunder that explodes,  
 All in a moment, from the riven cloud :  
 — Scarce from that sound our ears had truce, when lo !  
 Brake forth another, with astounding peal,  
 ' I am Aglauros who was turn'd to stone.' †  
 Closer behind the poet's back I cower'd,  
 — Then was the air in every quarter still.

DEL PURGATORIO, *canto* xiv.

\* *Genesis*, iv. 14.

† *Ovid. Metam.*, lib. ii.



# MISCELLANIES.



## A VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.

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**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 the' 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, unclose 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,  
Phoenix-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 ; — 't is 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 throng the waves  
 — O 't were 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 the' 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.

## BIRDS.

## THE SWALLOW.

SWALLOW, why homeward turn'd thy joyful wing?  
 —In a fair 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 't is 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.

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\* Spenser's Shepheard's Calendar. June.

## 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 enthralled my voice; I strive in vain  
 To break the "linked sweetness" of my chain;  
 Love, joy, rage, grief, ring one melodious strain.

## 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 GREY 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 *grey*.\*

## 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 ?  
 — 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."

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\* Some naturalists say that this actually happens.

## 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 bye !

## 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 : 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,

---

\* Milton's *Comus*.

Gaze on my feathers, wonder at my talk,  
And think 't is 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.  
—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.

## TIME :

## A RHAPSODY.

---

“ Sed fugit, interes, fugit irreparabile tempus.”

Vind. Georg. iil. 284.

---

'T is 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 :

H 4

—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,  
 The' 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 the' 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, — though 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 concenter'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.

## TO A FRIEND,

WITH 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.

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 grey 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 joy at sunset hour ;  
Plague, earthquake, famine, want, disease,  
Give birth to holiest charities.

And death himself, 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 sun-beams,  
And morning mists arise  
From woody vales and mountain streams,  
To blue autumnal skies.

You 're springing 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 a 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.

'T was beautiful, to stand and watch  
The fountain's crystal turn to gems,  
And from the sky such colours catch,  
As if 't were 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.

## 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 1815, 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 lengthened 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 oppress,  
 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.”



## SPEED THE PROW!

---

Nor 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, — 't is 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 tow'rds 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.

## 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.

---

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 nought 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 heavens, 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.

## 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  
Rifle 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 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 !

## 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.

## WINTER-LIGHTNING.

---

THE flash at midnight ! — 't was 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.

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.

## 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 ;  
 O 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 :  
 —'T is evening time, and there *is* light.

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,  
O 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.

## 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.

---

THRICE born for earth and twice for heaven,  
A lovely maiden once I knew,  
To whom 't is 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.

## 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 1822, and while great  
terror of infection from it was experienced throughout the kingdom,  
sanctioned by legislative 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 left,  
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 nought 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 stept,  
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 mount 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 father's bones refused to make them room ;  
 Recoiling Nature from their presence fled,  
 As though a thunder-bolt 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 land-mark 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!*" \*

---

\* This anticipation is already in the progress of fulfilment ; for not only is the adjacent plantation growing up round the humble enclosure, where *three hundred and thirty-nine* bodies are interred, but a lofty monumental cross is in the course of erection, to commemorate their sad removal from life, and their strange insulation in death.

## THE TOMBS OF THE FATHERS.

The Jews occasionally hold a "Solemn Assembly" in the valley of Jehosaphat, 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.

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### 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 walked 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 nought 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 woe !  
 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 apostacy ;  
 — 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,  
 Their garments, as by stealth, they rend ;  
 Unconsciously they pluck their hair ;  
 — This is the Moslem’s hour of prayer !  
 ’Twas Judah’s once, — but fane and priest,  
 Altar and sacrifice, have ceased.

---

\* 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.

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 morning crowds,  
Re-quicken'd, 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 !

## 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.

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,  
Erelong 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 phoenix burns, —  
 And on a stormless deep,  
 The ship of heaven, — the patriarch's dove  
 The emblem of redeeming love.\*

While these enchant thine eye,  
 O think how often we have walk'd,  
 Gazed on the glories of *our* sky  
 Of higher glories talk'd,

---

\* The cross, the dove, the ship, the phoenix, and the wolf, are southern constellations.



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.*

✓ STANZAS

IN MEMORY OF

THE REV. JAMES HARVEY, OF WESTON FAVELL,  
NORTHAMPTONSHIRE,

WHO DIED ON CHRISTMAS DAY, 1758, AGED 43 YEARS.

Composed on an occasional celebration of his virtues and talents, at that  
village, in 1833.

HERE 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,

L 4

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 biest  
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.

## ONE WARNING MORE.

---

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.”

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 ?

## 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 ; 't is 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.

## 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.

## 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 wrinkied ;  
 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.

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,

M 2

That Fancy here may gaze her fill,  
Forming fresh scenes and shapes at will,  
Where silent words 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 MARGARET ;

A little Girl, who begged to have some Verses from the  
Author, at Scarborough, in 1814.

---

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 possest  
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 !

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.

## 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 sate 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.

## 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 't is mine,  
But, reader ! when thou look'st 't is thine.

## 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 the' 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.

## 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.

## 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.

## 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 ; — 't is in the tomb,  
His strength he mews.

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,  
Snow-drops 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 Friend, 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 woe.

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 woe.

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 woe.

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 woe ? "

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 woe.

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 woe.

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 woe ;  
 Thither, in following him, with thy sweet infant go.



## ✓ 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.

## IN MEMORY OF E. G.

---

SOFT be the turf on thy dear breast,  
And heavenly calm thy lone retreat ;  
How long'd the weary frame for rest ;  
That rest is come, and O how sweet !

There's nothing terrible in death ;  
'T is but to cast our robes away,  
And sleep at night, without a breath  
To break repose till dawn of day.

'T is 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 germ, 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.

**SONGS**  
**ON**  
**THE ABOLITION OF NEGRO SLAVERY,**  
**IN THE BRITISH COLONIES,**  
**Aug. 1. 1834.**



## No. I.

## THE RAINBOW.

---

SIGN of the passing storm,  
Symbol of wrath gone by,  
Born of the cloud and sun, — what form  
Of beauty tracks the sky?  
From Afric to the isles of slaves  
The rainbow spans the' Atlantic waves.

Black, white, and bond, and free,  
Castes and proscriptions cease;  
The Negro wakes to liberty,  
The Negro sleeps in peace;  
Read the great charter on his brow,  
"I AM a MAN, a BROTHER *now*."

## No. II.

## THE NEGRO IS FREE.

[To Moore's Melody of " Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea. "]

---

Blow ye the trumpet abroad o'er the sea ;  
 Britannia hath conquer'd, the Negro is free :  
     Sing, for the pride of the tyrant is broken,  
 His scourges and fetters, all clotted with blood,  
     Are wrench'd from his grasp, for the word was but  
         spoken,  
 And fetters and scourges were plunged in the flood :  
 Blow ye the trumpet abroad o'er the sea,  
 Britannia hath conquer'd, the Negro is free.

Hail to Britannia, fair liberty's isle !  
 Her frown quail'd the tyrant, the slave caught her smile :  
 Fly on the winds to tell Afric the story ;  
     Say to the mother of mourners, " Rejoice ! "  
 Britannia went forth, in her beauty, her glory,  
     And slaves sprang to men at the sound of her voice :  
 — Praise to the God of our fathers ; 't was He,  
 Jehovah, that conquer'd, my country ! by thee.

## No. III.

SLAVERY THAT WAS.  

---

AGES, ages have departed  
Since the first dark vessel bore  
Afric's children, broken-hearted,  
To the Caribbèan shore;  
She like Rachel,  
Weeping, for they were no more.

Millions, millions have been slaughter'd  
In the fight and on the deep ;  
Millions, millions more have water'd,  
With such tears as captives weep,  
Fields of travail,  
Where their bones till doomsday sleep.

Mercy, mercy vainly pleading,  
Rent her garments, smote her breast,  
Till a voice, from heaven proceeding,  
Gladden'd all the gloomy west,  
"Come, ye weary!  
Come, and I will give you rest !"



Tidings, tidings of salvation !  
Britons rose with one accord,  
Purged the plague-spot from our nation,  
Negroes to their rights restored ;  
Slaves no longer,  
**FREE-MEN, — FREE-MEN of the LORD.**

## No. IV.

## SLAVERY THAT IS NOT.

---

God made all his creatures free ;  
Life itself is liberty ;  
God ordain'd no other bands  
Than united hearts and hands.

Sin the' eternal charter broke,  
— Sin, itself earth's heaviest yoke ;  
Tyranny with sin began,  
Man o'er brute, and man o'er man.

Pass five thousand pagan years  
Of creation's groans and tears ;  
To oppression's climax come,  
In the crimes of Christendom.

What were these ? — Let Afric's sands,  
Ocean's depths, West Indian strands,  
In the day of wrath declare :  
— Oh ! the mercy that they *were* ; —

For they *are not*, — *cannot be* ;  
Life again is liberty ;  
And the Negro's only bands  
Love-knit hearts and love-link'd hands.

So the plague of slavery cease !  
So return primeval peace !  
While the ransom'd tribes record  
All the goodness of the Lord.

No. V.

## THE NEGRO'S VIGIL :

ON THE EVE OF THE FIRST OF AUGUST, 1834.

---

“ They that watch for the morning : — they that watch for the morning.”  
*Psalm cxxx. 6.*

---

HIE to the mountain afar  
 All in the cool of the even ;  
 Led by yon beautiful star,  
 First of the daughters of heaven :  
 Sweet to the slave is the season of rest,  
 Something far sweeter he looks for to-night ;  
 His heart lies awake in the depth of his breast,  
 And listens till God shall say, “ *Let there be  
 light !* ”

Climb we the mountain, and stand  
 High in mid-air, to inhale,  
 Fresh from our old father-land,  
 Balm in the ocean-borne gale :  
 Darkness yet covers the face of the deep ;  
 Spirit of freedom ! go forth in thy might,  
 To break up our bondage like infancy's sleep,  
 The moment when God shall say, “ *Let there be  
 light !* ”

Gaze we, meanwhile, from this peak ;  
 Praying in thought while we gaze ;  
 Watch for the morning's first streak,  
 Prayer then be turn'd into praise :  
 Shout to the valleys, " Behold ye the morn,  
 Long, long desired but denied to our sight :"  
 Lo, myriads of slaves into men are new-born ;  
 The word was omnipotent, "*Let there be light!*"

Hear it and hail it ; — the call,  
 Island to island prolong ;  
 Liberty ! liberty ! — all  
 Join in the jubilee-song :  
 Hark ! 'tis the children's hosannas that ring ;  
 Hark ! they are free-men whose voices unite ;  
 While England, the Indies, and Africa sing,  
 " AMEN, HALLELUJAH ! " at "*Let there be  
 light !*"

# THOUGHTS ON WHEELS.

---

"Crooked cannot be made straight." — *Ecclesiastes*, i. 15.

---



## THOUGHTS ON WHEELS.

---

### 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,  
Fouly 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.

## 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 ;  
 The' 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 sack-cloth to see done.  
Thrice happy they, whose headlong souls,  
Where'er the' 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.

## 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 the' 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 nought 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.

## 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 ten-fold worse perdition  
 In dungeons of the Inquisition ;  
 O with what ecstasy I stand  
 Once more on Albion's refuge-land !  
 O 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, Bramins, warriors, swoln 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 the' 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,  
 Harken 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,

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\* These lines refer to the statues of British worthies which adorn the Guildhall 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, — O 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 may 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 *Coopers' 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 the' 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 gulph of Pagan night,  
 Dazzling, — but leaving darkness more  
 Profoundly blinding than before.

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\* Where the State Lottery was drawn for many years.

— Ah ! no such power of genius calls  
 Sublime devotion to the 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 nought ;  
 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 every body'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 d al  
*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 the' 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 trepann'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 silversmiths of old,  
 True to the craft that brings them gold,  
 Lungs, limbs, and pens unwearied ply  
 To puff their Goddess to the sky ;  
 O 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.  
 — O 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 lorn 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 this new-made world to win ;  
 — That fiend, while Satan play'd his part  
 At Eve's fond ear, assailed 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 wizzard, 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 O be Lottery Wheels afar !  
 I'll die by torture, war, disease,  
 I'll die — by any Wheels but these !

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 father's 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 the' uplifted bolt impends,  
One warning more his mercy sends.

O **BRITAIN!** O my country! bring  
Forth from thy camp the' 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 the' **ALMIGHTY'S** glory rest,  
And all the world in Thee be blest.

*Sheffield, Oct. 10. 1816.*



# CLIMBING BOYS.



## CLIMBING BOYS.

## A WORD WITH MYSELF.

[This and the three following pieces were written for a work intituled  
 “*The Chimney-Sweeper’s Friend*,” edited by the Author, and dedicated,  
 by Permission, to His late most Gracious Majesty, George IV.]

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 me with remorse,  
If I the fatherless forsake.

*Sheffield, Feb. 28. 1824.*

THE  
CLIMBING-BOY'S SOLILOQUIES.

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 and 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 ?

O, might I roam with flock and herds  
In fellowship along !  
O, 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.

THE  
CLIMBING-BOYS'S SOLILOQUIES.

No. II.

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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 strait 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.

O 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 schoolboy, 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 day-light'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 't was 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.

THE  
CLIMBING-BOYS'S SOLILOQUIES.

No. III.

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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.

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\* There are some local allusions in this part, sufficiently intelligible on the spot, but not worth explaining here.

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 watchmen 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.

Anon, 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 younkers plied them o'er ;  
You would have thought we *had* been starved,  
Or *were to be*, — a month and 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 weazel 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.

O, 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, staunch and keen,  
Were made of more devouring stuff.

They cramm'd like cormorants their craws,  
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 grand 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, crooked, 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 O, 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.

O, why are pleasant hours so short?  
And why are wretched ones so long?  
They fly like swallows while 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 woe, 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.

O 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.*





**SACRED**  
**AND**  
**SCRIPTURAL SUBJECTS.**

**R 4**



## THE SAND AND THE ROCK.

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“ I will open my dark saying upon the harp.” — *Psalm* xlix. 4.

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‡

### 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 worst befell ;  
When I revived, the sea had fled ;  
Beneath me yawn'd 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 nigh and nigher,  
 Swift verging tow'rd's 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 collapsed ; 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.



## 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 't is 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.

## HEAVEN IN PROSPECT.

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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,  
'T was 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 !

## 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.

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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  
Unto 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.

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.

## AN AFTER-THOUGHT.

I CANNOT call affliction sweet,  
And yet 't was 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 !"

“ LOVEST THOU ME ? ”

✓  
 JOHN, xxi. 15—17.

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“ *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 't is 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.

**“ 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.**

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 't is 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.

✓ THE LOT OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

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“ We know that all things work together for good to them that love God.”

Rom. viii. 28.

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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 disordered, 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.  
Wouldst 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.

**“ OCCUPY TILL I COME.”**

**LUKE, xix. 13.**

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**ON**  
**THE DEATH**  
**OF**  
**THE LATE JOSEPH BUTTERWORTH, ESQ.**  
**AN EXEMPLARY CHRISTIAN, PATRIOT,**  
**AND PHILANTHROPIST.**

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**“ 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 the’ unbodied 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 the’ eternal weight of glory prest,**  
**Turns even in paradise to Christ for rest.**

**T 3**

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 d'im,  
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.

## 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 !

OUR SAVIOUR'S PRAYERS.\*

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## 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.

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\* 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.



Mark i. 35. 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.

At evening when his toils were o'er,  
 He sent the multitudes away,  
 And on the mountain or the shore,  
 Luke vi. 12. All night remain'd alone to pray,  
 Till o'er his head the stars grew dim :  
 — When was the hour of rest for him ?

In field or city when he taught,  
 Oft went his spirit forth in sighs ;  
 And when his mightiest deeds were wrought,  
 Mark viii. 12. To heaven he lifted up his eyes ;  
 Mark vii. 34. He pray'd at Lazarus' grave, and shed  
 John xi. 41—43. Tears, with the word that waked the dead.

When mothers brought their babes, he took  
 The lambs into his arms, and pray'd ;  
 On Tabor, his transfigured look,  
 Matt. xix. 13. While praying, turn'd the sun to shade,  
 Luke, ix. 28, 29. And forms, too pure for human sight,  
 Grew visible amidst his light.

“ 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 enthrall'd,  
 His eye the wanderer recall'd.

John, xviii.  
 10.

Matt. xiv.  
 31.  
 Luke, xxii.  
 32.

Luke, xxii.  
 16.

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.

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 prayèd yet more earnestly.

Heb. v. 7.

Luke, xxii.  
 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,  
 Luke xxiii. He offer'd up his latest prayer ;  
 34. Then with the voice of victory cried,  
 " 'Tis finish'd," bow'd his head and died.

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,  
 Heb. vii. 25. Pure incense with his people's prayers :  
 Well pleased the Father eyes the Son,  
 And says to each request, " 'Tis done."

## THE CHRONICLE OF ANGELS.

The following Poem having been suggested by the perusal of a manuscript treatise on "The Holy Angels," by the Author's late highly esteemed friend, R. C. Brackenbury, of Raithby, is most respectfully inscribed to Mrs. Brackenbury.

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### PART I.

ALL that of angels God to man makes known,  
 Here by the light of his clear word is shown.  
 'Tis Jacob's dream ; — behold the ladder rise,  
 Resting on earth, but reaching to the skies,  
 Where faith the radiant hierarchies may trace  
 Abroad in nature, providence, and grace,  
 Descending and returning by that path,  
 On embassies of mercy or of wrath ;  
 Here the stone-pillow and the desert-sod  
 Become the gate of heaven, the house of God ;  
 — Put off thy shoes, approach with awe profound,  
 The place on which thou stand'st is holy ground.

Spirit made perfect, spirit of the just !  
 Thy hand which traced these leaves is fall'n to dust,  
 Yet, in the visions of eternity,  
 Things unconceived by mortals thou canst see,  
 — Angels, as angels stand before the throne,  
 By thee are without veil or symbol known :

Oh! couldst thou add one brilliant page, and tell  
 What those pure beings are who never fell,  
 — Those first-born sons of God, ere time began,  
 Though elder, greater, not more loved than man,  
 Thrones, principalities, dominions, powers,  
 Cherub or seraph, midst empyreal bowers,  
 Who in themselves their Maker only see,  
 And live, and move, and dwell in Deity :  
 — But 't is forbidden ; — earthly eye nor ear  
 Heaven's splendours may behold, heaven's secrets hear ;  
 To flesh and blood that world to come is seal'd,  
 Or but in hieroglyphic shades reveal'd.

We follow thee, bless'd saint ! our tongues, ere long,  
 May learn from thine the church-triumphant's song ;  
 For well, I ween, thy minstrel soul of fire  
 Can compass all the notes of Raphael's lyre ;  
 — That soul, which once, beneath the body's cloud,  
 Sang, like an unseen sky-lark, sweet and loud ;  
 Louder and sweeter now thy raptures rise,  
 Where cloud nor sun are seen in purer skies.

But what of angels know we ? — Search that book  
 On which the eyes of angels love to look,  
 Desiring, through its opening seals, to trace  
 The heights and depths of that transcendent grace,  
 Which from the Father's bosom sent the Son,  
 Himself the ransom for a world undone.

First, with the morning stars when nature sprang,  
 These sons of God for joy together sang ;  
 Diviner wonders day by day explored,  
 Night after night with deeper awe adored ;  
 Till, o'er his finish'd work, Jehovah placed  
 Man, with the stamp of his own image graced :

Even angels paused a moment then to gaze,  
Ere burst from all their choirs such shouts of praise,  
As not in heaven at their own birth were known,  
Nor heard when Satan's host were overthrown.

When man lost Eden for his first offence,  
The swords of cherubim expell'd him thence,  
Those flaming signs of heaven with earth at strife  
Turn'd every way to guard the tree of life.

Angels, thenceforth, who in God's presence stand,  
As ministering spirits, travel sea and land ;  
Onward or upward, rapt through air and sky,  
From heaven to earth, from earth to heaven they fly ;  
Like rays diverging from the central sun,  
Which through the darkness of creation run,  
Enlightening moons and planets in their course,  
And thence reflected seek their glorious source.

## PART II.

When Abraham dwelt in Mamre angels spoke,  
As friend to friend, with him beneath the oak :  
With flocks and herds, with wealth and servants blest,  
Of almost more than heart could wish possess,  
One want the old man felt, — an hopeless one !  
Oh ! what was all he had without a son ?  
The messengers brought tidings to his ear,  
Which nature, dead in him, found hard to hear ;  
Which faith itself could scarce receive for joy,  
But *he* believed, — and soon embraced a boy ;  
Nor, while the line of Adam shall extend,  
Will faithful Abraham's promised issue end.

Hence, when his lifted arm the death-stroke aim'd  
At him, whom God mysteriously reclaim'd,  
At him, whom God miraculously gave,  
An angel cried from heaven the youth to save,  
And he who found a son when he believed,  
That son again as from the dead received.

When Hagar, woe-begone and desolate,  
Alone, beside the desert fountain sate,  
And o'er her unborn babe shed bitter tears,  
The angel of the Lord allay'd her fears,  
And pledged in fee to her unportion'd child  
The lion's range o'er Araby the wild:  
"Here have I look'd for Him whom none can see?"  
She cried; — "and found, for thou God seest me!"  
— Again, when fainting in the wilderness,  
An angel-watcher pitied her distress,  
To Ishmael's lips a hidden well unseal'd,  
And the long wanderings of his race reveal'd,  
Who still, as hunters, warriors, spoilers, roam,  
Their steeds their riches, sands and sky their home.

Angels o'erthrew the cities of the plain,  
With fire and brimstone in tempestuous rain,  
And from the wrath which heartless sinners braved,  
Lot, with the violence of mercy, saved;  
Now where the region breathed with life before,  
Stands a dead sea where life can breathe no more.

When Jacob, journeying with his feeble bands,  
Trembled to fall into a brother's hands;  
At twilight, lingering in the rear he saw,  
God's host around his tents their campment draw:

— While, with a stranger, in mysterious strife,  
 Wrestling till break of day for more than life ;  
 He pray'd, he wept, he cried in his distress,  
 " I will not let thee go except thou bless ! "  
 Lame with a touch, he halted on his thigh,  
 Yet like a prince had power with God Most High.

Nine plagues in vain had smitten Pharaoh's land,  
 Ere the destroying angel stretch'd his hand,  
 Whose sword, wide flashing through Egyptian gloom,  
 Lighted and struck their first-born to the tomb ;  
 Through all the realm a cry at midnight spread,  
 For not a house was found without *one* dead.

When Balaam, blinded by the lure of gold,  
 To curse whom God would bless, his heart had sold,  
 A wrathful angel, with high brandish'd blade,  
 Invisible to him, his progress stay'd,  
 Not till, with human voice, his own dumb ass  
 Rebuked the prophet's madness, let him pass.

When Joshua led the tribes o'er Jordan's flood,  
 The captain of God's host before him stood,  
 He fell, and own'd, adoring on his face,  
 A power whose presence sanctified the place.

When Deborah from beneath her palm-tree rose  
 God into woman's hands sold Israel's foes ;  
 They fought from heaven, — 't was heaven deliverance  
 wrought,  
 Stars in their courses against Sisera fought.

They sinn'd again, and fell beneath the yoke ;  
 To Gideon then their guardian angel spoke ;



Three hundred warriors chosen at the brook,  
Pitchers for arms, with lamps and trumpets took ;  
They brake the vessels, raised the lights, and blew  
A blast which Midian's startled hosts o'erthrew ;  
Foe fell on foe, and friend his friend assail'd ;  
— The sword of God and Gideon thus prevail'd.

When David's heart was lifted up with pride,  
And more on multitudes than God relied,  
Three days, an angel arm'd with pestilence,  
Smote down the people for the king's offence ;  
Yet when his humbled soul for Israel pray'd,  
Heaven heard his groaning, and the plague was stay'd,  
He kneel'd between the living and the dead,  
Even as the sword came down o'er Zion's head ;  
Then went the' Almighty's voice throughout the land,  
“ It is enough ; avenger ! rest thine hand.”

Elijah, with his mantle, smote the flood,  
And Jordan's hastening waves divided stood ;  
The fiery chariot, on the further shore,  
Deathless to heaven the' ascending prophet bore :  
“ My father ! ” cried Elisha, as he flew ;  
“ Lo ! Israel's chariot and his horsemen too : ”  
Then with the mantle, as it dropp'd behind,  
Came down a power, like mighty rushing wind,  
And as he wrapt the trophy round his breast,  
Elijah's spirit Elisha's soul possess'd.  
— He, when the Syrian bands, as with a net  
Of living links, close drawn, his home beset,  
Pray'd, — and his trembling servant saw amazed,  
How Dothan's mountain round the prophet blazed ;  
Chariots of fire and horses throng'd the air,  
And more were for them than against them there.

When pale Jerusalem heard Sennacherib's boast,  
How, in their march of death, his locust host  
Swept field and forest, rivers turn'd aside,  
Crush'd idols, and the living God defied,  
— While fear within the walls sad vigils kept,  
And the proud foe without securely slept,  
At midnight, through the camp, as with a blast,  
Hot from Arabian sands, an angel pass'd ;  
And when the city rose at dawn of day,  
An army of dead men around it lay !

Down in the raging furnace, bound, they fell,  
Three Hebrew youths, — when lo ! a miracle ;  
At large, amidst the sevenfold flames they walk'd,  
And, as in Eden, with an angel talk'd ;  
Up rose the king astonied and in haste ;  
“ Three men,” he cried, “ into the fires we cast ;  
Four I behold, — and in the fourth, the mien  
And semblance of the Son of God are seen.”

While Daniel lay beneath the lion's paws,  
An angel shut the death-gates of their jaws,  
Which, ere his headlong foes had reach'd the floor,  
Crush'd all their bones, and revell'd in their gore.

Angels to prophets things to come reveal'd,  
And things yet unfulfill'd in symbols seal'd,  
When in deep visions of the night they lay,  
And hail'd the dawn of that millennial day,  
For which the church looks out with earnest eye,  
And counts the moments as the hour draws nigh.

Thus angels oft to man's rebellious race  
Were ministers of vengeance or of grace ;

And, in the fulness of the time decreed,  
Glad heralds of the woman's promised seed.

## PART III.

To Zacharias, with his spouse grown old,  
John the forerunner's course an angel told ;  
Struck dumb for unbelief, the father's tongue  
At the babe's birth for joy brake loose and sung.

To Mary, highly favour'd, Gabriel brought  
An embassy of love transcending thought ;  
With fear and meekness, hearkening to his word,  
" Behold," said she, " the handmaid of the Lord."

When Christ was born, that messenger once more  
Good tidings to the Bethlehem shepherds bore ;  
When suddenly with him the' angelic throngs  
Turn'd night to morning, earth to heaven with songs.

When Herod sought the young child's life, — by  
night,  
An angel warn'd his foster-sire to flight ;  
But when the murderer's race of blood was run,  
Jehovah out of Egypt call'd his Son.

When by the Spirit to the desert led,  
Our Saviour had not where to lay his head ;  
With hunger, thirst, fatigue, and watching worn,  
When he the tempter's dire assaults had borne,  
Still with the written word his wiles repell'd,  
Though long in that mysterious conflict held,  
Till the foil'd fiend at length shrunk back with shame,  
— Angels to minister unto him came.

In lone Gethsemane's most dolorous shade,  
When in such agony of soul he pray'd,  
That like great blood-drops falling to the ground  
Burst the dark sweat from every pore around,  
An angel,— from twelve legions marshall'd nigh,  
Who waited but the signal of his eye, —  
Cast o'er the Son of God his shadowing wing,  
To strengthen him whom angels call their King.

Round the seal'd sepulchre where Jesus slept,  
Angels their watch till the third morning kept ;  
They hail'd the earthquake, they beheld him rise,  
Death's victim, now death's victor, to the skies.

While woman's faithful love the tomb survey'd  
In which her hands his lifeless limbs had laid ;  
With lightning looks, and raiment snowy-white,  
At whom as dead the guards fell down in fright,  
A mighty angel, — he who roll'd the stone  
From the cave's mouth, — the Lord's uprise made  
known.

Angels, to his disciples, while they saw  
Their glorious Master in a cloud withdraw,  
Ascend and vanish through the' expanding skies,  
And follow'd him with failing hearts and eyes,  
Foretold his second advent, in that day  
When heaven and earth themselves shall pass away.

Angels unseen, as ministering spirits went,  
When forth the chosen witnesses were sent,  
With power from high to preach, where'er they trod,  
The glorious gospel of the blessed God.

Angels made straight their paths o'er land and sea,  
'Threw wide their prison-doors and let them free,  
Smote slaughter-breathing Herod on his throne,  
Led Philip where the Eunuch sat alone,  
Taught meek Cornelius, from what lips his ear  
Might " words whereby he must be saved " hear ;  
And stood by fearless Paul, when, tempest-driven,  
The whole ship's company to him were given.

Good angels still conduct, from age to age,  
Salvation's heirs, on nature's pilgrimage ;  
Cherubic swords, no longer signs of strife,  
Now point the way, and keep the tree of life ;  
Seraphic hands, with coals of living fire,  
The lips of God's true messengers inspire ;  
Angels, who see their heavenly Father's face,  
Watch o'er his little ones with special grace ;  
Still o'er repenting sinners they rejoice,  
And blend their myriad voices as one voice.

Angels, with healing virtue in their wings,  
Trouble dead pools, unsluice earth's bosom-springs,  
Till fresh as new-born life the waters roll ;  
Lepers and lame step in and are made whole.

Angels, the saints from noon-day perils keep,  
And pitch their tents around them while they sleep ;  
Uphold them when they seem to walk alone,  
Nor let them dash their foot against a stone ;  
They teach the dumb to speak, the blind to see,  
Comfort the dying in their agony,  
And to the rest of paradise convey  
Spirits enfranchised from the crumbling clay.

Strong angels, arm'd by righteous Providence,  
 Judgments on guilty nations still dispense,  
 Pour out their full-charged vials of despair  
 And death, o'er sun, and sea, and earth, and air ;  
 Or sound their trumpets, while at every blast,  
 Plague follows plague, woe treads on woe gone past.

Bright angels, through mid-heaven shall hold their  
 flight,  
 Till all that sit in darkness see the light,  
 Still the good tidings of great joy proclaim,  
 Till every tongue confess a Saviour's name.

The' archangel's voice, the trump of God, the cry  
 Of startled nature, rending earth and sky,  
 Shall change the living, raise the dead, and bring  
 All nations to the presence of their King,  
 Whose flaming ministers, on either hand,  
 Ten thousand times ten thousand angels stand,  
 To witness time's full roll for ever seal'd,  
 And that eternity to come reveal'd,  
 — That era in the reign of Deity,  
 When sin, the curse, and death no more can be.  
 Angels who fell not, men who fell restored,  
 Shall then rejoice in glory with the Lord :  
 — Hearts, harps and voices, in one choir shall raise  
 The new, the old, the' eternal song of praise.

May ye who read, with him who wrote this strain,  
 Join in that song, and worship in that train !



**SONGS OF ZION ;**

**BEING**

**IMITATIONS OF PSALMS.**





PREFACE.

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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 febleness 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.



## SONGS OF ZION.

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### PSALM I.

**THREE** 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 eddy 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.

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## 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.

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## 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.

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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 lispng 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 awhile 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.

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## 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.

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## 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.

x 2

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 throug my mind,  
 O Lord, my strength and righteousness !  
 With thee acceptance find.

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 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 awed.

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, O ! 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,  
 " Nought 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 thralldrom 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 nought 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.

[Continuation of PSALM XLII.]

No. 3.

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 ;  
 O for a seraph's wing of fire !  
 No, — on the mightier wings of prayer, —



We reach at once that 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.

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## PSALM XLVII.

Exalt 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.

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### PSALM XLVIII.

**J**EHOVAH 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 strong hold 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.

O 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 am 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 grey 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 fear'd,  
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.

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## 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 the 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.

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## 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 mine 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.

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## 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.

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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 !

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## 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,  
 But 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 has 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.

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## PSALM XCI.

CALL Jehovah thy salvation,  
 Rest beneath the' 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 regions,  
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 firm affection,  
Thou on God hath 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  
The' 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 :  
O 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.

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## PSALM C.

Be joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth,  
O 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.

O 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.

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## 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 severed thus ;  
As a father loving-hearted  
Spareth 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 his 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.

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. 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 controul ;  
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.

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. 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 the' abysses of the grave.

To and fro they reel, they roll,  
As intoxicate with wine ;  
Terrors paralyse 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.

A A 3

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 woe,  
Shall, redeem'd from every ill,  
All his loving-kindness know.

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### 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.

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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.

A A 4

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 through 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,  
Immoveable 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 ;  
Nought shall the precious seed destroy,  
Nor long the weeping exiles roam,  
But bring their sheaves rejoicing home.

## PSALM CXXX.

Out of the depths of woe  
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 the 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 subtlety 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 ;  
'T is like the precious ointment, shed  
O'er all his robes, from Aaron's head.

'T is 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  
 Blessing, 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.

B B 2

## 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.

X

## 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 heav'n 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 O 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 wondrous 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 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.

THE END.

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VOL. III.

- Page 65. line 15. for "would" read "wouldst."  
151. stanza 1. for "HERE" read "WHERE."  
251. l. 1. for "worst" read "worse."  
● 352. l. 7. from bottom, for "his" read "is."



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