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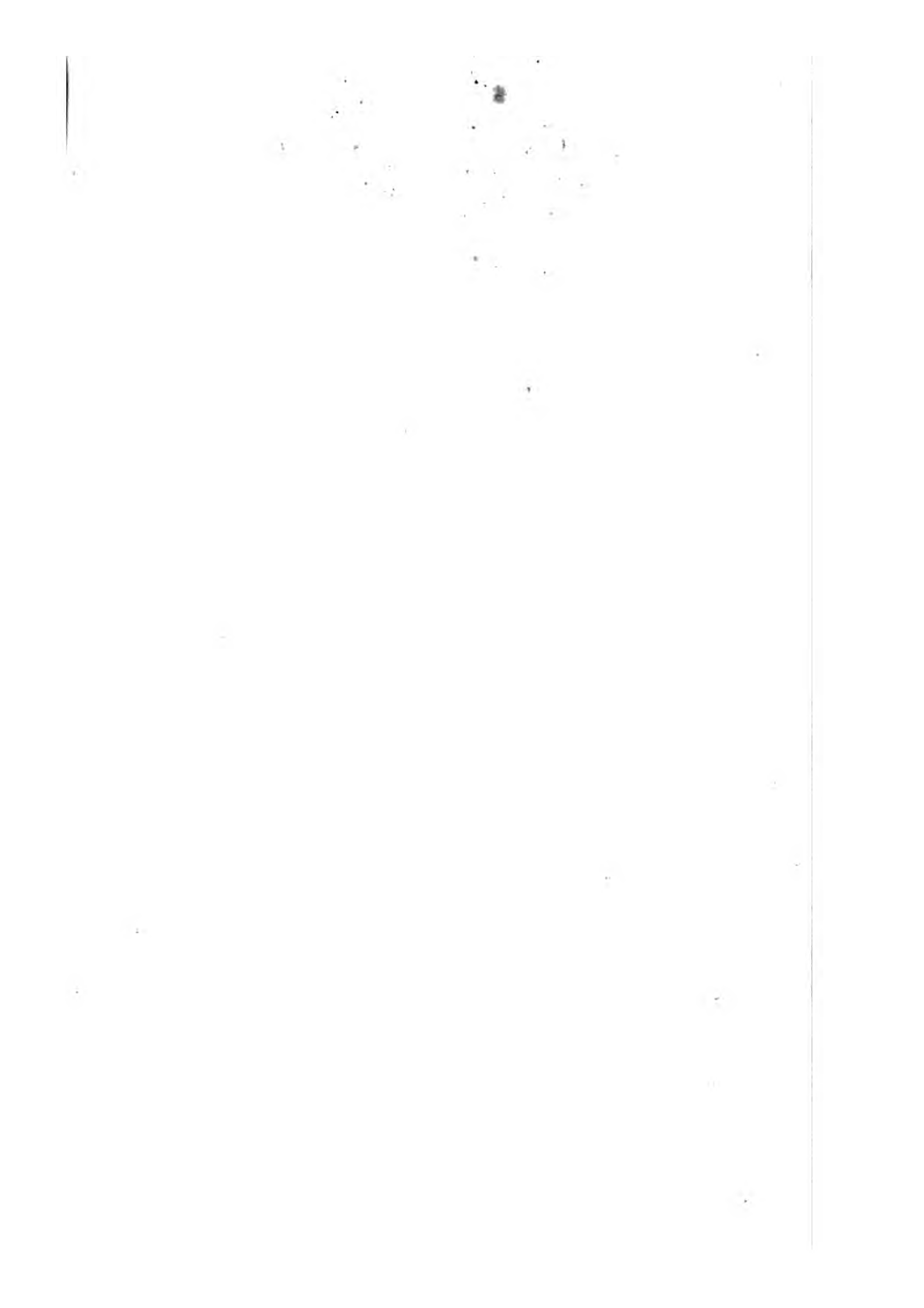
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THE
POETICAL WORKS

OF
THOMAS CAMPBELL.

VOL. II.

LONDON :
PRINTED BY S. AND R. BENTLEY,
Dorset Street, Fleet Street.

THE
POETICAL WORKS

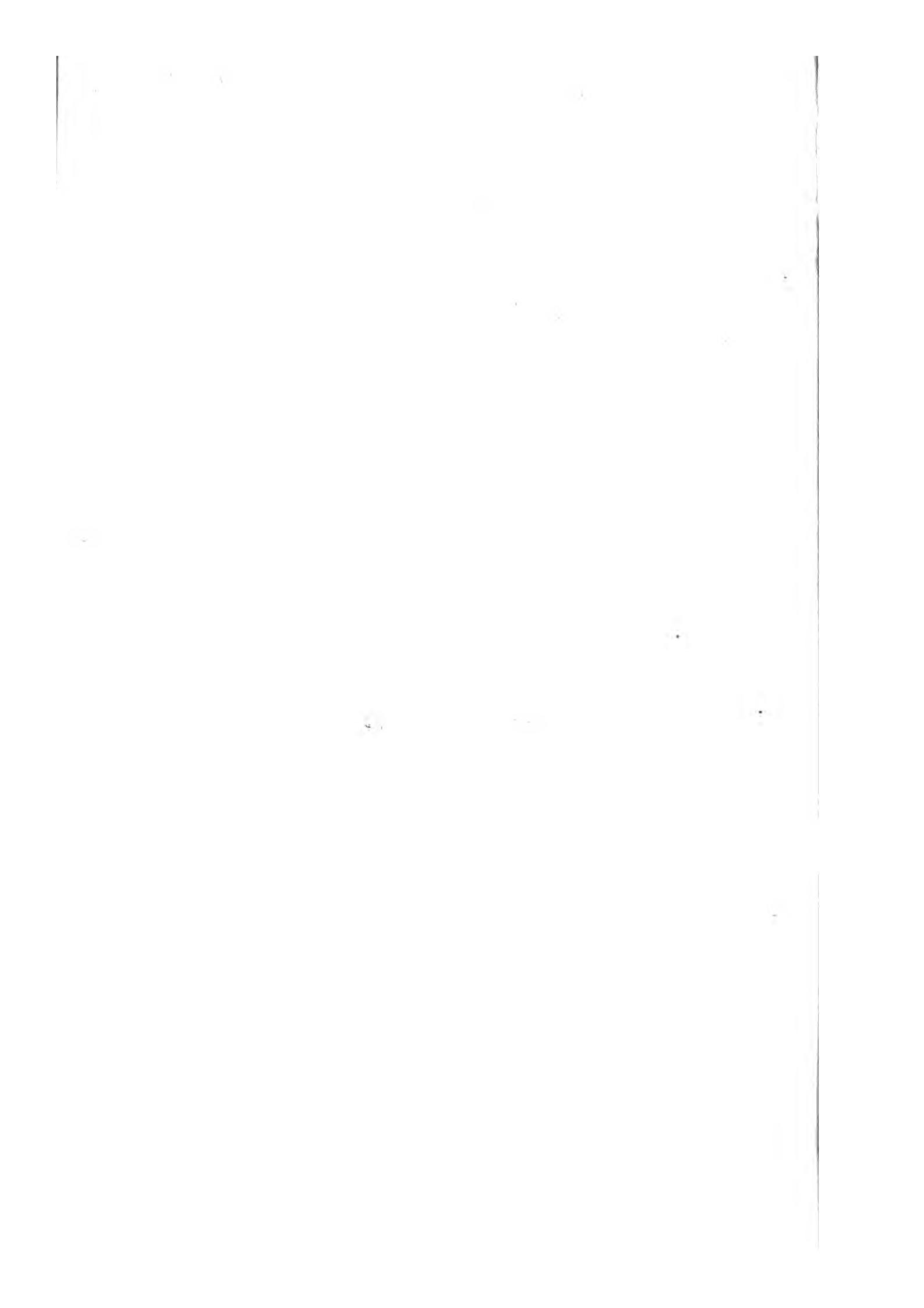
OF

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
HENRY COLBURN, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.
1828.



CONTENTS
OF
THE SECOND VOLUME.

	PAGE
O'CONNOR'S CHILD; OR, "THE FLOWER OF LOVE LIES BLEEDING"	1
LOCHIEL'S WARNING	31
BATTLE OF THE BALTIC	49
YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND, A NAVAL ODE	54
HOHENLINDEN.	57
GLENARA	60
EXILE OF ERIN	63
LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER	66
ODE TO THE MEMORY OF BURNS	70
THE SOLDIER'S DREAM	76
LINES WRITTEN ON VISITING A SCENE IN ARGYLESIRE	78

	PAGE
TO THE RAINBOW	81
THE LAST MAN	85
VALEDICTORY STANZAS TO J. P. KEMBLE, ESQ. COMPOSED FOR A PUBLIC MEETING HELD JUNE 1817	90
A DREAM	96
LINES WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF THE HIGHLAND SOCIETY WHEN MET TO COM- MEMORATE THE 21ST OF MARCH, THE DAY OF VICTORY IN EGYPT	101
STANZAS TO THE MEMORY OF THE SPANISH PATRIOTS LATEST KILLED IN RESISTING THE REGENCY AND THE DUKE OF AN- GOULEME	104
SONG OF THE GREEKS	107
ODE TO WINTER	111
LINES SPOKEN ON THE FIRST OPENING OF DRURY LANE THEATRE AFTER THE DEATH OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE, 1817	115
LINES ON THE GRAVE OF A SUICIDE	119
REULLURA	121
THE TURKISH LADY	133

CONTENTS.

vii

	PAGE
THE WOUNDED HUSSAR	136
LINES INSCRIBED ON THE MONUMENT ERECTED BY THE WIDOW OF ADMIRAL SIR G. CAMPBELL, K. C. B. TO THE ME- MORY OF HER HUSBAND	139
THE BRAVE ROLAND	141
THE SPECTRE BOAT.	144
THE LOVER TO HIS MISTRESS ON HER BIRTH-DAY	147
LINES ON RECEIVING A SEAL WITH THE CAMPBELL CREST, FROM K. M—, BE- FORE HER MARRIAGE	149
GILDEROY	153
ADELGITHA	156
ABSENCE.	158
THE RITTER BANN	160
THE HARPER	172
SONG—"TO THE EVENING STAR"	174
SONG—"MEN OF ENGLAND".	176
SONG—"THE MAID'S REMONSTRANCE"	178
SONG—"DRINK YE TO HER"	180
SONG—"WHEN NAPOLEON WAS FLYING"	181
THE BEECH-TREE'S PETITION	183

	PAGE
SONG—"EARL MARCH"	185
LOVE AND MADNESS, AN ELEGY	187
SONG—"OH, HOW HARD IT IS TO FIND"	192
STANZAS ON THE THREATENED INVASION	
1803	193
SONG—"WITHDRAW NOT YET"	195
HALLOWED GROUND	196
CAROLINE.—PART I.	202
—————PART II. TO THE EVENING STAR	205
FIELD FLOWERS	208
STANZAS ON THE BATTLE OF NAVARINO	211
LINES ON LEAVING A SCENE IN BAVARIA	215
STANZAS TO PAINTING	224
DRINKING-SONG OF MUNICH	229
LINES ON REVISITING A SCOTTISH RIVER	231
LINES ON REVISITING CATHCART	234
THE "NAME UNKNOWN;" IN IMITATION OF	
KLOPSTOCK	236

O'CONNOR'S CHILD;

OR, THE

"FLOWER OF LOVE LIES BLEEDING."

3
VOL. II.

B



O'CONNOR'S CHILD;

OR, THE

“FLOWER OF LOVE LIES BLEEDING.”

I.

OH ! once the harp of Innisfail ^a
Was strung full high to notes of gladness ;
But yet it often told a tale
Of more prevailing sadness.
Sad was the note, and wild its fall,
As winds that moan at night forlorn
Along the isles of Fion-Gall,
When, for O'Connor's child to mourn,

^a Ireland.

The harper told, how lone, how far
From any mansion's twinkling star,
From any path of social men,
Or voice, but from the fox's den,
The lady in the desert dwelt ;
And yet no wrongs, no fear she felt :
Say, why should dwell in place so wild,
O'Connor's pale and lovely child ?

II.

Sweet lady ! she no more inspires
Green Erin's hearts with beauty's power,
As, in the palace of her sires,
She bloom'd a peerless flower.
Gone from her hand and bosom, gone,
The royal broche, the jewell'd ring,
That o'er her dazzling whiteness shone,
Like dews on lilies of the spring.
Yet why, though fall'n her brother's kerne,^b
Beneath De Bourgo's battle stern,

^b Kerne, the ancient Irish foot soldiery.

While yet in Leinster unexplored,
Her friends survive the English sword ;
Why lingers she from Erin's host,
So far on Galway's shipwreck'd coast ;
Why wanders she a huntress wild —
O'Connor's pale and lovely child ?

III.

And fix'd on empty space, why burn
Her eyes with momentary wildness ;
And wherefore do they then return
To more than woman's mildness ?
Dishevell'd are her raven locks ;
On Connocht Moran's name she calls ;
And oft amidst the lonely rocks
She sings sweet madrigals.
Placed in the foxglove and the moss,
Behold a parted warrior's cross !
That is the spot where, evermore,
The lady, at her shieling^c door,

^c Rude hut, or cabin.

Enjoys that, in communion sweet,
The living and the dead can meet :
For, lo ! to love-lorn fantasy,
The hero of her heart is nigh.

IV.

Bright as the bow that spans the storm,
In Erin's yellow vesture clad,
A son of light — a lovely form,
He comes and makes her glad ;
Now on the grass-green turf he sits,
His tassell'd horn beside him laid ;
Now o'er the hills in chase he flits,
The hunter and the deer a shade !
Sweet mourner ! those are shadows vain,
That cross the twilight of her brain ;
Yet she will tell you, she is blest,
Of Connocht Moran's tomb possess'd,
More richly than in Aghrim's bow'r,
When bards high praised her beauty's pow'r,

And kneeling pages offer'd up
The morat in a golden cup.

V.

‘ A hero’s bride! this desert bow’r,
‘ It ill befits thy gentle breeding :
‘ And wherefore dost thou love this flow’r
‘ To call— “ My love lies bleeding ?”
‘ This purple flow’r my tears have nursed ;
‘ A hero’s blood supplied its bloom :
‘ I love it, for it was the first
‘ That grew on Connocht Moran’s tomb.
‘ Oh ! hearken, stranger, to my voice !
‘ This desert mansion is my choice !
‘ And blest, though fatal, be the star
‘ That led me to its wilds afar :
‘ For here these pathless mountains free
‘ Gave shelter to my love and me ;
‘ And ev’ry rock and ev’ry stone
‘ Bare witness that he was my own.

VI.

' O'Connor's child, I was the bud
' Of Erin's royal tree of glory ;
' But woe to them that wrapt in blood
' The tissue of my story !
' Still as I clasp my burning brain,
' A death-scene rushes on my sight ;
' It rises o'er and o'er again,
' The bloody feud—the fatal night,
' When chafing Connocht Moran's scorn,
' They call'd my hero basely born ;
' And bade him choose a meaner bride
' Than from O'Connor's house of pride.
' Their tribe, they said, their high degree,
' Was sung in Tara's psaltery ;^d
' Witness their Eath's victorious brand,^e
' And Cathal of the bloody hand ;

^d The psalter of Tara was the great national register of the ancient Irish.

^e Vide the note upon the victories of the house of O' Connor.

‘ Glory (they said) and pow’r and honour
‘ Were in the mansion of O’Connor :
‘ But he, my lov’d one, bore in field
‘ A meaner crest upon his shield.

VII.

‘ Ah, brothers ! what did it avail,
‘ That fiercely and triumphantly
‘ Ye fought the English of the pale,
‘ And stemm’d De Bourgo’s chivalry ?
‘ And what was it to love and me,
‘ That barons by your standard rode ;
‘ Or beal-fires^f for your jubilee,
‘ Upon an hundred mountains glow’d ?
‘ What though the lords of tower and dome
‘ From Shannon to the North-sea foam,—
‘ Thought ye your iron hands of pride
‘ Could break the knot that love had tied ?
‘ No : — let the eagle change his plume,
‘ The leaf its hue, the flow’r its bloom ;

^f Fires lighted on May-day on the hill tops by the Irish.
Vide the note on Stanza VII.

‘ But ties around this heart were spun,
 ‘ That could not, would not, be undone !

VIII.

‘ At bleating of the wild watch-fold
 ‘ Thus sang my love—“ Oh, come with me :
 ‘ Our bark is on the lake, behold
 ‘ Our steeds are fasten’d to the tree.
 ‘ Come far from Castle-Connor’s clans —
 ‘ Come with thy belted forestere,
 ‘ And I, beside the lake of swans,
 ‘ Shall hunt for thee the fallow-deer ;
 ‘ And build thy hut, and bring thee home
 ‘ The wild-fowl and the honey-comb ;
 ‘ And berries from the wood provide,
 ‘ And play my clarshech^g by thy side.
 ‘ Then come, my love !” — How could I stay ?
 ‘ Our nimble stag-hounds track’d the way,
 ‘ And I pursued, by moonless skies,
 ‘ The light of Connocht Moran’s eyes.

^g The harp.

IX.

‘ And fast and far, before the star
‘ Of day-spring, rush’d we through the glade,
‘ And saw at dawn the lofty bawn^h
‘ Of Castle-Connor fade.
‘ Sweet was to us the hermitage
‘ Of this unplough’d, untrodden shore ;
‘ Like birds all joyous from the cage,
‘ For man’s neglect we loved it more.
‘ And well he knew, my huntsman dear,
‘ To search the game with hawk and spear ;
‘ While I, his ev’ning food to dress,
‘ Would sing to him in happiness.
‘ But, oh, that midnight of despair !
‘ When I was doom’d to rend my hair :
‘ The night, to me, of shrieking sorrow !
‘ The night, to him, that had no morrow !

X.

‘ When all was hush’d, at even tide,
‘ I heard the baying of their beagle :

^h Ancient Fortification.

‘ Be hush’d! my Connocht Moran cried,
‘ ’Tis but the screaming of the eagle.
‘ Alas ! ’twas not the eyrie’s sound ;
‘ Their bloody bands had track’d us out ;
‘ Up-list’ning starts our couchant hound —
‘ And, hark ! again, that nearer shout
‘ Brings faster on the murderers,
‘ Spare — spare him — Brazil — Desmond fierce !
‘ In vain — no voice the adder charms ;
‘ Their weapons cross’d my sheltering arms :
‘ Another’s sword has laid him low —
‘ Another’s and another’s ;
‘ And every hand that dealt the blow —
‘ Ah me ! it was a brother’s !
‘ Yes, when his moanings died away,
‘ Their iron hands had dug the clay,
‘ And o’er his burial turf they trod,
‘ And I beheld — Oh God ! Oh God !
‘ His life-blood oozing from the sod !

XI.

‘ Warm in his death-wounds sepulchred,
‘ Alas ! my warrior’s spirit brave,
‘ Nor mass nor ulla-lullaⁱ heard,
‘ Lamenting, soothe his grave.
‘ Dragg’d to their hated mansion back,
‘ How long in thraldom’s grasp I lay,
‘ I knew not, for my soul was black,
‘ And knew no change of night or day.
‘ One night of horror round me grew ;
‘ Or if I saw, or felt, or knew,
‘ ’Twas but when those grim visages,
‘ The angry brothers of my race,
‘ Glared on each eye-ball’s aching throb,
‘ And check’d my bosom’s pow’r to sob,
‘ Or when my heart with pulses drear,
‘ Beat like a death-watch to my ear.

The Irish lamentation for the dead.

XII.

‘ But Heav’n, at last, my soul’s eclipse
‘ Did with a vision bright inspire :
‘ I woke and felt upon my lips
‘ A prophetess’s fire.
‘ Thrice in the east a war-drum beat,
‘ I heard the Saxon’s trumpet sound,
‘ And ranged, as to the judgment-seat,
‘ My guilty, trembling brothers round.
‘ Clad in the helm and shield they came ;
‘ For now De Bourgo’s sword and flame
‘ Had ravaged Ulster’s boundaries,
‘ And lighted up the midnight skies.
‘ The standard of O’Connor’s sway
‘ Was in the turret where I lay ;
‘ That standard, with so dire a look,
‘ As ghastly shone the moon and pale,
‘ I gave, — that every bosom shook
‘ Beneath its iron mail.

XIII.

‘ And go ! (I cried,) the combat seek,
‘ Ye hearts that unappalled bore
‘ The anguish of a sister’s shriek,
‘ Go ! — and return no more !
‘ For sooner guilt the ordeal brand
‘ Shall grasp unhurt, than ye shall hold
‘ The banner with victorious hand,
‘ Beneath a sister’s curse unroll’d.
‘ O stranger ! by my country’s loss !
‘ And by my love ! and by the cross !
‘ I swear I never could have spoke
‘ The curse that sever’d nature’s yoke ;
‘ But that a spirit o’er me stood,
‘ And fired me with the wrathful mood ;
‘ And frenzy to my heart was giv’n,
‘ To speak the malison of heaven.

XIV.

‘ They would have cross’d themselves, all mute ;
‘ They would have pray’d to burst the spell ;
‘ But at the stamping of my foot,
‘ Each hand down pow’rless fell !
‘ And go to Athunree !^k (I cried,)
‘ High lift the banner of your pride !
‘ But know that where its sheet unrolls,
‘ The weight of blood is on your souls !
‘ Go where the havoc of your kerne
‘ Shall float as high as mountain fern !
‘ Men shall no more your mansion know ;
‘ The nettles on your hearth shall grow !
‘ Dead, as the green oblivious flood
‘ That mantles by your walls, shall be
‘ The glory of O’Connor’s blood !
‘ Away ! away to Athunree !

^k Athunree. the battle fought in 1314, which decided the fate of Ireland.

' Where, downward when the sun shall fall,
' The raven's wing shall be your pall !
' And not a vassal shall unlace
' The vizor from your dying face !

XV.

' A bolt that overhung our dome
' Suspended till my curse was giv'n
' Soon as it pass'd these lips of foam,
' Peal'd in the blood-red heav'n.
' Dire was the look that o'er their backs
' The angry parting brothers threw :
' But now, behold ! like cataracts,
' Come down the hills in view
' O'Connor's plumed partizans ;
' Thrice ten Kilnagorvian clans
' Were marching to their doom :
' A sudden storm their plumage toss'd,
' A flash of lightning o'er them cross'd,
' And all again was gloom !

XVI.

‘ Stranger! I fled the home of grief,
‘ At Connocht Moran’s tomb to fall ;
· ‘ I found the helmet of my chief,
‘ His bow still hanging on our wall,
‘ And took it down, and vow’d to rove
‘ This desert place a huntress bold ;
‘ Nor would I change my buried love
‘ For any heart of living mould.
‘ No! for I am a hero’s child ;
‘ I’ll hunt my quarry in the wild ;
‘ And still my home this mansion make,
‘ Of all unheeded and unheeding,
‘ And cherish, for my warrior’s sake —
“ ‘ The flower of love lies bleeding.’ ”

NOTES.

VERSE 1. l. 1.

Innisfail, the ancient name of Ireland.

VERSE 2. l. 9.

Kerne, the plural of Kern, an Irish foot-soldier. In this sense the word is used by Shakspeare. Gainsford, in his *Glorys of England*, says, "They (the Irish) are desperate in revenge, and their kerne think no man dead *until his head be off.*"

VERSE 3. l. 12.

Shieling, a rude cabin or hut.

VERSE 4. l. 2.

In Erin's yellow vesture clad.

Yellow, dyed from saffron, was the favourite colour of the ancient Irish. When the Irish chieftains

came to make terms with Queen Elizabeth's lord-lieutenant, we are told by Sir John Davis, that they came to court in saffron-coloured uniforms.

VERSE 4. l. 16.

Mórat, a drink made of the juice of mulberry mixed with honey.

VERSE 6. l. 13. and 14.

*Their tribe, they said, their high degree,
Was sung in Tara's psaltery.*

The pride of the Irish in ancestry was so great, that one of the O'Neals being told that Barrett of Castlemone had been there only 400 years, he replied,—that he hated the clown as if he had come there but yesterday.

Tara was the place of assemblage and feasting of the petty princes of Ireland. Very splendid and fabulous descriptions are given by the Irish historians of the pomp and luxury of those meetings. The psaltery of Tara was the grand national register of Ireland. The grand epoch of political eminence in the early history of the Irish is the reign of their great and favourite monarch Ollam

Fodlah, who reigned, according to Keating, about 950 years before the Christian æra. Under him was instituted the great Fes at Tara, which it is pretended was a triennial convention of the states, or a parliament; the members of which were the Druids, and other learned men, who represented the people in that assembly. Very minute accounts are given by Irish annalists of the magnificence and order of these entertainments; from which, if credible, we might collect the earliest traces of heraldry that occur in history. To preserve order and regularity in the great number and variety of the members who met on such occasions, the Irish historians inform us that when the banquet was ready to be served up, the shield-bearers of the princes, and other members of the convention, delivered in their shields and targets, which were readily distinguished by the coats of arms emblazoned upon them. These were arranged by the grand marshal and principal herald, and hung upon the walls on the right side of the table; and upon entering the apartments, each member took his seat under his respective shield or target, without the slightest disturbance. The concluding

days of the meeting, it is allowed by the Irish antiquaries, were spent in very free excess of conviviality; but the first six, they say, were devoted to the examination and settlement of the annals of the kingdom. These were publicly rehearsed. When they had passed the approbation of the assembly, they were transcribed into the authentic chronicles of the nation, which was called the Register, or Psalter of Tara.

Col. Vallancey gives a translation of an old Irish fragment, found in Trinity-college, Dublin, in which the palace of the above assembly is thus described as it existed in the reign of Cormac :—

“ In the reign of Cormac, the palace of Tara was nine hundred feet square; the diameter of the surrounding rath, seven dice or casts of a dart; it contained one hundred and fifty apartments; one hundred and fifty dormitories, or sleeping-rooms for guards, and sixty men in each: the height was twenty-seven cubits; there were one hundred and fifty common drinking-horns, twelve doors, and one thousand guests daily, besides princes, orators, and men of science, engravers of gold and silver, carvers, modelers, and nobles. The Irish description of the

banqueting-hall is thus translated : twelve stalls or divisions in each wing ; sixteen attendants on each side, and two to each table ; one hundred guests in all."

VERSE 7. l. 4.

And stemm'd De Bourgo's chivalry.

The house of O'Connor had a right to boast of their victories over the English. It was a chief of the O'Connor race who gave a check to the English champion, De Courcy, so famous for his personal strength, and for cleaving a helmet at one blow of his sword, in the presence of the kings of France and England, when the French champion declined the combat with him. Though ultimately conquered by the English under De Bourgo, the O'Connors had also humbled the pride of that name on a memorable occasion : viz. when Walter De Bourgo, an ancestor of that De Bourgo who won the battle of Athunree, had become so insolent as to make excessive demands upon the territories of Connaught, and to bid defiance to all the rights and properties reserved by the Irish chiefs, Aeth O'Connor, a near descendant of the famous Cathal, sur-

named of the bloody hand, rose against the usurper, and defeated the English so severely, that their general died of chagrin after the battle,

VERSE 7. l. 7.

Or Beal-fires for your jubilee.

The month of May is to this day called *Mi Beal tiennie*, *i. e.* the month of Beal's fire, in the original language of Ireland, and hence I believe the name of the Beltan festival in the Highlands. These fires were lighted on the summits of mountains (the Irish antiquaries say) in honour of the sun; and are supposed, by those conjecturing gentlemen, to prove the origin of the Irish from some nation who worshipped Baal or Belus. Many hills in Ireland still retain the name of *Cnoc Greine*, *i. e.* the hill of the sun; and on all are to be seen the ruins of druidical altars.

VERSE 8. l. 12.

And play my clarshech by thy side.

The clarshech, or harp, the principal musical instrument of the Hibernian bards, does not appear to be of Irish origin, nor indigenous to any of the

British islands.—The Britons undoubtedly were not acquainted with it during the residence of the Romans in their country, as in all their coins, on which musical instruments are represented, we see only the Roman lyre, and not the British teylin, or harp.

VERSE 9. l. 3.

And saw at dawn the lofty bawn.

Bawn, from the Teutonic Bawen—to construct and secure with branches of trees, was so called because the primitive Celtic fortification was made by digging a ditch, throwing up a rampart, and on the latter fixing stakes, which were interlaced with boughs of trees. This word is used by Spenser; but it is inaccurately called by Mr. Todd, his annotator, an eminence.

VERSE 13. l. 16.

To speak the malison of heaven.

If the wrath which I have ascribed to the heroine of this little piece should seem to exhibit her character as too unnaturally stript of patriotic and domestic affections, I must beg leave to plead the

authority of Corneille in the representation of a similar passion : I allude to the denunciation of Camilla, in the tragedy of Horace. When Horace, accompanied by a soldier bearing the three swords of the Curiatii, meets his sister, and invites her to congratulate him on his victory, she expresses only her grief, which he attributes at first only to her feelings for the loss of her two brothers ; but when she bursts forth into reproaches against him as the murderer of her lover, the last of the Curiatii, he exclaims :

“ O Ciel ! qui vit jamais une pareille rage :
Crois-tu donc que je sois insensible à l'outrage,
Que je souffre en mon sang ce mortel déshonneur !
Aime, Aime cette mort qui fait notre bonheur,
Et préfère du moins au souvenir d'un homme
Ce que doit ta naissance aux intérêts de Rome.”

At the mention of Rome, Camille breaks out into this apostrophe :

“ Rome, l'unique objet de mon ressentiment !
Romé, à qui vient ton bras d'immoler mon amant !
Rome, qui t'a vu naître et que ton cœur adore !
Rome, enfin, que je haïs, parce qu'elle t'honore !

Puissent tous ses voisins, ensemble conjurés,
 Sapper ses fondemens encore mal assurés ;
 Et, si ce n'est assez de toute l'Italie,
 Que l'Orient, contre elle, à l'Occident s'allie ;
 Que cent peuples unis, des bouts de l'univers
 Passent, pour la détruire, et les monts et les mers ;
 Qu'elle-même sur soi renverse ses murailles,
 Et de ses propres mains déchire ses entrailles ;
 Que le courroux du Ciel, allumé par mes vœux,
 Fasse pleuvoir sur elle un déluge de feux !
 Puissai-je de mes yeux y voir tomber ce foudre,
 Voir ses maisons en cendre, et tes lauriers en poudre ;
 Voir le dernier Romain à son dernier soupir,
 Moi seule en être cause, et mourir de plaisir !"

VERSE 14. l. 5.

And go to Athunree, I cried—

In the reign of Edward the Second, the Irish presented to Pope John the Twenty-second a memorial of their sufferings under the English, of which the language exhibits all the strength of despair.—
 “ Ever since the English (say they) first appeared
 “ upon our coasts, they entered our territories under
 “ a certain specious pretence of charity, and exter-

“nal hypocritical show of religion, endeavouring at
“the same time, by every artifice malice could sug-
“gest, to extirpate us root and branch, and without
“any other right than that of the strongest; they
“have so far succeeded by base fraudulence, and
“cunning, that they have forced us to quit our fair
“and ample habitations and inheritances, and to
“take refuge like wild beasts in the mountains, the
“woods, and the morasses of the country;—nor
“even can the caverns and dens protect us against
“their insatiable avarice. They pursue us even into
“these frightful abodes; endeavouring to dispossess
“us of the wild uncultivated rocks, and arrogate to
“themselves the PROPERTY OF EVERY PLACE ON
“which we can stamp the figure of our feet.”

The greatest effort ever made by the ancient Irish to regain their native independence, was made at the time when they called over the brother of Robert Bruce from Scotland.—William de Bourgo, brother to the Earl of Ulster, and Richard de Bermingham, were sent against the main body of the native insurgents, who were headed rather than commanded by Felim O'Connor. The important battle, which decided the subjection of Ireland, took

place on the 10th of August, 1315. It was the bloodiest that ever was fought between the two nations, and continued throughout the whole day, from the rising to the setting sun. The Irish fought with inferior discipline, but with great enthusiasm. They lost ten thousand men, among whom were twenty-nine chiefs of Connaught. Tradition states that after this terrible day, the O'Connor family, like the Fabian, were so nearly exterminated, that throughout all Connaught not one of the name remained, except Felim's brother, who was capable of bearing arms.

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

WIZARD—LOCHIEL.

WIZARD.

LOCHIEL, Lochiel! beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scatter'd in fight.
They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and
crown;
Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down!
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.

But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of
war,

What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?
'Tis thine, oh Glenullin! whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning: no rider is there;
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led!
Oh weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead:
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,
Culloden! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

LOCHIEL.

Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight,
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

WIZARD.

Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn!

Say, rush'd the bold eagle exultingly forth,
From his home, in the dark rolling clouds of the
north ?

Lo ! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad ;
But down let him stoop from his havock on high !
Ah ! home let him speed,—for the spoiler is nigh.
Why flames the far summit ? Why shoot to the blast,
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast ?
'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of heaven.
Oh, crested Lochiel ! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn ;
Return to thy dwelling ! all lonely return !
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

LOCHIEL.

False Wizard, avaunt ! I have marshall'd my clan,
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one !

They are true to the last of their blood and their
breath,

And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.

Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock !

Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the
rock !

But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,

When Albin her claymore indignantly draws ;

When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,

Clamanald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,

All plaided and plumed in their tartan array——

WIZARD.

——Lochiel, Lochiel ! beware of the day !

For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,

But man cannot cover what God would reveal ;

'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,

And coming events cast their shadows before.

I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring

With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive
king.

Lo! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,
Behold, where he flies on his desolate path!
Now in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my
sight :

Rise, rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!
'Tis finish'd. Their thunders are hush'd on the
moors :

Culloden is lost, and my country deplores.
But where is the iron-bound prisoner? Where?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banish'd, forlorn,
Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and
torn?

Ah no! for a darker departure is near;
The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier;
His death-bell is tolling: oh! mercy, dispel
Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!
Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.

Accursed be the faggots, that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to
beat,

With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale——

LOCHIEL.

——Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale:
For never shall Albin a destiny meet,
So black with dishonour, so foul with retreat.
Though my perishing ranks should be strew'd in
their gore,
Like ocean-weeds heap'd on the surf-beaten shore,
Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!
And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to Heaven from the death-bed of
fame.

NOTES.

LOCHIEL, the chief of the warlike clan of the Camerons, and descended from ancestors distinguished in their narrow sphere for great personal prowess, was a man worthy of a better cause and fate than that in which he embarked, the enterprise of the Stuarts in 1745. His memory is still fondly cherished among the Highlanders, by the appellation of the "*gentle Lochiel*," for he was famed for his social virtues as much as his martial and magnanimous (though mistaken) loyalty. His influence was so important among the Highland chiefs, that it depended on his joining with his clan whether the standard of Charles should be raised or not in 1745. Lochiel was himself too wise a man to be blind to the consequences of so hopeless an enterprise, but his sensibility to the point of honour overruled his wisdom. Charles ap-

pealed to his loyalty, and he could not brook the reproaches of his Prince. When Charles landed at Borrodale, Lochiel went to meet him, but on his way, called at his brother's house (Cameron of Fassafarn), and told him on what errand he was going; adding, however, that he meant to dissuade the Prince from his enterprise. Fassafarn advised him in that case to communicate his mind by letter to Charles. "No," said Lochiel, "I think it due to my Prince to give him my reasons in person for refusing to join his standard."—"Brother," replied Fassafarn, "I know you better than you know yourself: if the Prince once sets his eyes on you, he will make you do what he pleases." The interview accordingly took place; and Lochiel, with many arguments, but in vain, pressed the Pretender to return to France, and reserve himself and his friends for a more favourable occasion, as he had come, by his own acknowledgment, without arms, or money, or adherents: or, at all events, to remain concealed till his friends should meet and deliberate what was best to be done. Charles, whose mind was wound up to the utmost impatience, paid no regard to this proposal, but answered, "that he was determined to

put all to the hazard." "In a few days," said he, "I will erect the royal standard, and proclaim to the people of Great Britain, that Charles Stuart is come over to claim the crown of his ancestors, and to win it, or perish in the attempt. Lochiel, who my father has often told me was our firmest friend, may stay at home, and learn from the newspapers the fate of his Prince."—"No," said Lochiel, "I will share the fate of my Prince, and so shall every man over whom nature or fortune hath given me any power."

The other chieftains who followed Charles embraced his cause with no better hopes. It engages our sympathy most strongly in their behalf, that no motive, but their fear to be reproached with cowardice or disloyalty, impelled them to the hopeless adventure. Of this we have an example in the interview of Prince Charles with Clanronald, another leading chieftain in the rebel army.

"Charles," says Home, "almost reduced to despair, in his discourse with Boisdale, addressed the two Highlanders with great emotion, and, summing up his arguments for taking arms, conjured them to assist their Prince, their countryman, in his utmost

need. Clanronald and his friend, though well inclined to the cause, positively refused, and told him that to take up arms without concert or support was to pull down certain ruin on their own heads. Charles persisted, argued, and implored. During this conversation (they were on shipboard) the parties walked backwards and forwards on the deck ; a Highlander stood near them, armed at all points, as was then the fashion of his country. He was a younger brother of Kinloch Moidart, and had come off to the ship to enquire for news, not knowing who was aboard. When he gathered from their discourse that the stranger was the Prince of Wales ; when he heard his chief and his brother refuse to take arms with their Prince ; his colour went and came, his eyes sparkled, he shifted his place, and grasped his sword. Charles observed his demeanour, and turning briskly to him, called out, ' Will you assist me ? ' — ' I will, I will, ' said Ronald ; ' though no other man in the Highlands should draw a sword, I am ready to die for you ! ' Charles, with a profusion of thanks to his champion, said, he wished all the Highlanders were like him. Without farther deliberation, the two Mac-

donalds declared that they would also join, and use their utmost endeavours to engage their countrymen to take arms."—*Home's Hist. Rebellion*, p. 40.

NOTE 1. p. 34. l. 7.

Weep, Albin!

The Gaelic appellation of Scotland, more particularly the Highlands.

NOTE 2. p. 37. l. 1. and 2.

*Lo! anointed by Heav'n with the vials of wrath,
Behold where he flies on his desolate path!*

The lines allude to the many hardships of the royal sufferer.

—

An account of the second sight, in Irish called *Taish*, is thus given in Martin's Description of the Western Isles of Scotland. "The second sight is a singular faculty of seeing an otherwise invisible object, without any previous means used by the person who sees it for that end. The vision makes such a lively impression upon the seers, that they neither see nor think of any thing else except the vision as long as it continues; and then they appear pensive or jovial according to the object which was represented to them.

“At the sight of a vision the eyelids of the person are erected, and the eyes continue staring until the object vanish. This is obvious to others who are standing by when the persons happen to see a vision ; and occurred more than once to my own observation, and to others that were with me.

“There is one in Skie, of whom his acquaintance observed, that when he sees a vision the inner parts of his eyelids turn so far upwards, that, after the object disappears, he must draw them down with his fingers, and sometimes employs others to draw them down, which he finds to be much the easier way.

“This faculty of the second sight does not lineally descend in a family, as some have imagined ; for I know several parents who are endowed with it, and their children are not ; and *vice versa*. Neither is it acquired by any previous compact. And after strict enquiry, I could never learn from any among them, that this faculty was communicable to any whatsoever. The seer knows neither the object, time, nor place of a vision before it appears ; and the same object is often seen by different persons living at a considerable distance from one another. The true

way of judging as to the time and circumstances is by observation ; for several persons of judgment who are without this faculty are more capable to judge of the design of a vision than a novice that is a seer. If an object appear in the day or night, it will come to pass sooner or later accordingly.

“ If an object is seen early in a morning, which is not frequent, it will be accomplished in a few hours afterwards ; if at noon, it will probably be accomplished that very day ; if in the evening, perhaps that night ; if after candles be lighted, it will be accomplished that night : the latter always an accomplishment by weeks, months, and sometimes years, according to the time of the night the vision is seen.

“ When a shroud is seen about one, it is a sure prognostic of death. The time is judged according to the height of it about the person ; for if it is not seen above the middle, death is not to be expected for the space of a year, and perhaps some months longer : and as it is frequently seen to ascend higher towards the head, death is concluded to be at hand within a few days, if not hours, as daily experience confirms. Examples of this kind were shown me,

when the person of whom the observations were then made was in perfect health.

“ It is ordinary with them to see houses, gardens, and trees in places void of all these, and this in process of time is wont to be accomplished; as at Mogslot, in the Isle of Skie, where there were but a few sorry low houses thatched with straw; yet in a few years the vision, which appeared often, was accomplished by the building of several good houses in the very spot represented to the seers, and by the planting of orchards there.

“ To see a spark of fire is a forerunner of a dead child, to be seen in the arms of those persons; of which there are several instances. To see a seat empty at the time of sitting in it, is a presage of that person's death quickly after it.

“ When a novice, or one that has lately obtained the second sight, sees a vision in the night-time without doors, and comes near a fire, he presently falls into a swoon.

“ Some find themselves as it were in a crowd of people, having a corpse, which they carry along with them; and after such visions the seers come in sweating, and describe the vision that appeared.

If there be any of their acquaintance among them, they give an account of their names, as also of the bearers; but they know nothing concerning the corpse."

Horses and cows (according to the same credulous author) have certainly sometimes the same faculty; and he endeavours to prove it by the signs of fear which the animals exhibit, when second-sighted persons see visions in the same place.

"The seers (he continues) are generally illiterate and well-meaning people, and altogether void of design: nor could I ever learn that any of them ever made the least gain by it; neither is it reputable among them to have that faculty. Besides, the people of the Isles are not so credulous as to believe implicitly before the thing predicted is accomplished; but when it is actually accomplished afterwards, it is not in their power to deny it, without offering violence to their own sense and reason. Besides, if the seers were deceivers, can it be reasonable to imagine that all the islanders who have not the second sight should combine together, and offer violence to their understandings and senses, to enforce themselves to believe a lie from age to age?

There are several persons among them whose title and education raise them above the suspicion of concurring with an impostor, merely to gratify an illiterate, contemptible set of persons ; nor can reasonable persons believe that children, horses, and cows, should be pre-engaged in a combination in favour of the second sight."—MARTIN'S Description of the Western Islands of Scotland, p. 3. 11.

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

I.

OF Nelson and the North,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone ;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.—

II.

Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine ;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line :
It was ten of April morn by the chime :
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death ;
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time.—

III.

But the might of England flush'd
To anticipate the scene ;
And her van the fleeter rush'd
O'er the deadly space between.
'Hearts of oak !' our captains cried ; when each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

IV.

Again ! again ! again !
 And the havock did not slack,
 Till a feeble cheer the Dane
 To our cheering sent us back ; —
 Their shots along the deep slowly boom : —
 Then ceased — and all is wail,
 As they strike the shatter'd sail ;
 Or, in conflagration pale,
 Light the gloom. —

V.

Out spoke the victor then,
 As he hail'd them o'er the wave ;
 ' Ye are brothers ! ye are men !
 ' And we conquer but to save : —
 ' So peace instead of death let us bring ;
 ' But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
 ' With the crews, at England's feet,
 ' And make submission meet
 ' To our King.' —

VI.

Then Denmark blest our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose ;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the day.
While the sun look'd smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of fun'ral light
Died away.

VII.

Now joy, old England, raise !
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
While the wine cup shines in light ;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore !

VIII.

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died ;—
With the gallant good Riou :^a
Soft sigh the winds of Heav'n o'er their grave !
While the billow mournful rolls
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave !—

^a Captain Riou, justly entitled the gallant and the good, by Lord Nelson, when he wrote home his dispatches.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND,

A NAVAL ODE.

I.

YE Mariners of England !
That guard our native seas ;
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze !
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe !
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

II.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave :
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

III.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep ;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below,—

As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy tempests blow ;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

VI.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn ;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors !
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow ;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

HOHENLINDEN.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,

And furious every charger neigh'd,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rush'd the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow,
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!

Wave, Munich ! all thy banners wave !
And charge with all thy chivalry !

Few, few, shall part where many meet !
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

GLENARA.

O HEARD ye yon pibrach sound sad in the gale,
Where a band cometh slowly with weeping and wail?
'Tis the chief of Glenara laments for his dear;
And her sire, and the people, are call'd to her bier.

Glenara came first with the mourners and shroud ;
Her kinsmen they follow'd, but mourn'd not aloud :
Their plaids all their bosoms were folded around :
They march'd all in silence,—they look'd on the
ground.

In silence they reach'd over mountain and moor,
To a heath, where the oak-tree grew lonely and
hoar :

‘ Now here let us place the grey stone of her cairn
‘ Why speak ye no word !’ —said Glenara the stern.

· And tell me, I charge you ! ye clan of my spouse,
‘ Why fold ye your mantles, why cloud ye your
brows ?’

So spake the rude chieftain :—no answer is made,
But each mantle unfolding a dagger display'd.

‘ I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her shroud,’
Cried a voice from the kinsmen, all wrathful and
loud ;

‘ And empty that shroud, and that coffin did seem :
‘ Glenara ! Glenara ! now read me my dream !’

O ! pale grew the cheek of that chieftain, I ween,
When the shroud was unclosed, and no lady was seen ;

When a voice from the kinsmen spoke louder in
scorn,

'Twas the youth who had loved the fair Ellen of Lorn :

' I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her grief,

' I dreamt that her lord was a barbarous chief :

' On a rock of the ocean fair Ellen did seem ;

' Glenara ! Glenara ! now read me my dream !'

In dust, low the traitor has knelt to the ground,
And the desert reveal'd where his lady was found ;
From a rock of the ocean that beauty is borne,—
Now joy to the house of fair Ellen of Lorn !

EXILE OF ERIN.

THERE came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill :
For his country he sigh'd, when at twilight repair-
ing
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
Where once in the fire of his youthful emotion,
He sang the bold anthém of Erin go bragh.

Sad is my fate ! said the heart-broken stranger,
The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee ;
But I have no refuge from famine and danger
A home and a country remain not to me.

Never again, in the green sunny bowers,
Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet
 hours,
Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
 And strike to the numbers of Erin go bragh!

Erin, my country! though sad and forsaken!
 In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
But, alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,
 And sigh for the friends who can meet me no
 more!

Oh cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me
In a mansion of peace—where no perils can chase
 me?

Never again shall my brothers embrace me?
 They died to defend me, or live to deplore!

Where is my cabin door, fast by the wild wood?
 Sisters and sire! did ye weep for its fall?
Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood?
 And where is the bosom-friend, dearer than all?

Oh ! my sad heart ! long abandon'd by pleasure,
Why did it doat on a fast-fading treasure ?
Tears, like the rain-drop, may fall without measure
 But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

Yet all its sad recollection suppressing,
 One dying wish my lone bosom can draw :
Erin ! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing !
 Land of my forefathers ! Erin go bragh !
Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,
Green be thy fields, — sweetest isle of the ocean !
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devo-
 tion, —
Erin mavournin — Erin go bragh !^a

^a Ireland my darling, — Ireland for ever.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands bound,

Cries, ' Boatman, do not tarry !

' And I'll give thee a silver pound,

' To row us o'er the ferry.'—

' Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,

' This dark and stormy water ?'

' O I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,

' And this Lord Ullin's daughter.—

' And fast before her father's men

' Three days we've fled together,

' For should he find us in the glen,

' My blood would stain the heather.

‘ His horsemen hard behind us ride ;
‘ Should they our steps discover,
‘ Then who will cheer my bonny bride
‘ When they have slain her lover ?’—

Outspoke the hardy Highland wight,
‘ I’ll go, my chief— I’m ready :—
‘ It is not for your silver bright ;
‘ But for your winsome lady :

‘ And by my word ! the bonny bird
‘ In danger shall not tarry ;
‘ So though the waves are raging white,
‘ I’ll row you o’er the ferry.’—

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking ;^a
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

^a The evil spirit of the waters.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.—

‘ O haste thee, haste !’ the lady cries,
‘ Though tempests round us gather ;
‘ I ’ll meet the raging of the skies,
‘ But not an angry father.’—

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When, oh ! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gather’d o’er her.—

And still they row’d amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing :
Lord Ullin reach’d that fatal shore.
His wrath was changed to wailing.—

For sore dismay'd, through storm and shade,

His child he did discover :—

One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,

And one was round her lover.

' Come back ! come back !' he cried in grief,

' Across this stormy water :

' And I'll forgive your Highland chief.

' My daughter !—oh my daughter !'—

'Twas vain : the loud waves lash'd the shore,

Return or aid preventing :—

The waters wild went o'er his child,—

And he was left lamenting.

O D E
TO
THE MEMORY OF BURNS.

SouL of the Poet! wheresoe'er,
Reclaim'd from earth, thy genius plume
Her wings of immortality :
Suspend thy harp in happier sphere,
And with thine influence illumine
The gladness of our jubilee.

And fly like fiends from secret spell,
Discord and strife, at BURNS's name,
Exorcised by his memory ;
For he was chief of bards that swell
The heart with songs of social flame,
And high delicious revelry.

And Love's own strain to him was given,
To warble all its ecstasies
With Pythian words unsought, unwill'd, —
Love, the surviving gift of Heaven,
The choicest sweet of Paradise,
In life's else bitter cup distill'd

Who that has melted o'er his lay
To Mary's soul, in Heaven above,
But pictured sees, in fancy strong,
The landscape and the livelong day
That smiled upon their mutual love —
Who that has felt forgets the song ?

Nor skill'd one flame alone to fan :
His country's high-soul'd peasantry
What patriot-pride he taught ! — how much
To weigh the inborn worth of man !
And rustic life and poverty
Grow beautiful beneath his touch.

Him, in his clay-built cot,^a the muse
Entranced, and show'd him all the forms
Of fairy-light and wizard gloom,
(That only gifted Poet views,)
The Genii of the floods and storms,
And martial shades from Glory's tomb.

On Bannock-field what thoughts arouse
The Swain whom BURNS's song inspires
Beat not his Caledonian veins,
As o'er the heroic turf he ploughs,
With all the spirit of his sires,
And all their scorn of death and chains?

And see the Scottish exile tann'd
By many a far and foreign clime,
Bend o'er his homeborn verse, and weep

^a Burns was born in Clay-cottage, which his father had built with his own hands.

In memory of his native land,
With love that scorns the lapse of time,
And ties that stretch beyond the deep.

Encamp'd by Indian rivers wild,
The soldier resting on his arms,
In BURNS's carol sweet recalls
The scenes that blest him when a child,
And glows and gladdens at the charms
Of Scotia's woods and waterfalls.

O deem not, midst this worldly strife,
An idle art the Poet brings :
Let high Philosophy control
And sages calm the stream of life,
'Tis he refines its fountain-springs,
The nobler passions of the soul.

It is the muse that consecrates
The native banner of the orave,
Unfurling at the trumpet's breath,

Rose, thistle, harp ; 'tis she elates
To sweep the field or ride the wave,
A sunburst in the storm of death.

And thou, young hero, when thy pall
Is cross'd with mournful sword and plume,
When public grief begins to fade,
And only tears of kindred fall,
Who but the Bard shall dress thy tomb,
And greet with fame thy gallant shade ?

Such was the soldier — BURNS, forgive
That sorrows of mine own intrude
In strains to thy great memory due.
In verse like thine, oh ! could he live,
The friend I mourn'd — the brave, the good —
Edward that died at Waterloo ! ^b

^b Major Edward Hodge of the 7th Hussars, who fell at the head of his squadron in the attack of the Polish Lancers.

Farewell, high chief of Scottish song !
That couldst alternately impart
Wisdom and rapture in thy page,
And brand each vice with satire strong,
Whose lines are mottoes of the heart,
Whose truths electrify the sage.

Farewell ! and ne'er may Envy dare
To wring one baleful poison drop
From the crush'd laurels of thy bust :
But while the lark sings sweet in air,
Still may the grateful pilgrim stop,
To bless the spot that holds thy dust.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

OUR bugles sang truce — for the night-cloud had
lower'd,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky ;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain ;
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track :
'Twas Autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcom'd me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was
young ;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers
sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore,
From my home and my weeping friends never to
part ;

My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of heart.

Stay, stay with us,—rest, thou art weary and worn ;
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay ;—
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

LINES

WRITTEN ON VISITING A SCENE IN ARGYLESHIRE.

AT the silence of twilight's contemplative hour,
I have mused in a sorrowful mood,
On the wind-shaken weeds that embosom the bower,
Where the home of my forefathers stood.
All ruin'd and wild is their roofless abode,
And lonely the dark raven's sheltering tree :
And travell'd by few is the grass-cover'd road,
Where the hunter of deer and the warrior trode
To his hills that encircle the sea.

Yet wandering, I found on my ruinous walk,
By the dial-stone aged and green,
One rose of the wilderness left on its stalk,
To mark where a garden had been.
Like a brotherless hermit, the last of its race,
All wild in the silence of nature, it drew,
From each wandering sun-beam, a lonely embrace
For the night-weed and thorn overshadow'd the
place,
Where the flower of my forefathers grew.

Sweet bud of the wilderness ! emblem of all
That remains in this desolate heart !
The fabric of bliss to its centre may fall,
But patience shall never depart !
Though the wilds of enchantment, all vernal and
bright,
In the days of delusion by fancy combined
With the vanishing phantoms of love and delight,
Abandon my soul, like a dream of the night,
And leave but a desert behind.

Be hush'd, my dark spirit ! for wisdom condemns

When the faint and the feeble deplore ;

Be strong as the rock of the ocean that stems

A thousand wild waves on the shore !

Through the perils of chance, and the scowl of

disdain,

May thy front be unalter'd, thy courage elate !

Yea ! even the name I have worshipp'd in vain

Shall awake not the sigh of remembrance again :

To bear is to conquer our fate.

TO THE RAINBOW.

TRIUMPHAL arch, that fill'st the sky
When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud Philosophy
To teach me what thou art—

Still seem as to my childhood's sight,
A midway station given
For happy spirits to alight
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that Optics teach, unfold
Thy form to please me so,
As when I dreamt of gems and gold
Hid in thy radiant bow?

When Science from Creation's face
 Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
 To cold material laws!

And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,
 But words of the Most High,
Have told why first thy robe of beams
 Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green undeluged earth
 Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,
How came the world's grey fathers forth
 To watch thy sacred sign.

And when its yellow lustre smiled
 O'er mountains yet untrod,
Each mother held aloft her child
 To bless the bow of God.

Methinks, thy jubilee to keep,
The first made anthem rang
On earth deliver'd from the deep,
And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye
Unraptured greet thy beam:
Theme of primeval prophecy,
Be still the poet's theme!

The earth to thee her incense yields,
The lark thy welcome sings,
When glittering in the freshen'd fields
The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle cast
O'er mountain, tower, and town,
Or mirror'd in the ocean vast,
A thousand fathoms down!

As fresh in yon horizon dark,
As young thy beauties seem,
As when the eagle from the ark
First sported in thy beam.

For, faithful to its sacred page,
Heaven still rebuilds thy span,
Nor lets the type grow pale with age
That first spoke peace to man.

THE LAST MAN.

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,

The Sun himself must die,

Before this mortal shall assume

Its Immortality !

I saw a vision in my sleep,

That gave my spirit strength to sweep

Adown the gulph of Time !

I saw the last of human mould,

That shall Creation's death behold,

As Adam saw her prime !

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The Earth with age was wan,
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man !
Some had expired in fight,—the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands ;
In plague and famine some !
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread ;
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shores where all was dumb !

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,
With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sere leaves from the wood
As if a storm pass'd by,
Saying, We are twins in death, proud Sun,
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
'Tis Mercy bids thee go.
For thou ten thousand thousand years
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shall no longer flow.

What though beneath thee man put forth

His pomp, his pride, his skill ;

And arts that made fire, flood, and earth,

The vassals of his will ;—

Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,

Thou dim discrowned king of day :

For all those trophied arts

And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,

Heal'd not a passion or a pang

Entail'd on human hearts.

Go, let oblivion's curtain fall

Upon the stage of men,

Nor with thy rising beams recall

Life's tragedy again.

Its piteous pageants bring not back,

Nor waken flesh, upon the rack

Of pain anew to writhe ;

Stretch'd in disease's shapes abhorr'd,

Or mown in battle by the sword,

Like grass beneath the scythe.

Ev'n I am weary in yon skies
 To watch thy fading fire ;
Test of all sumless agonies,
 Behold not me expire.
My lips that speak thy dirge of death —
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
 To see thou shalt not boast.
The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall,—
The majesty of Darkness shall
 Receive my parting ghost!

This spirit shall return to Him
 That gave its heavenly spark ;
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
 When thou thyself art dark !
No! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
 By him recall'd to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robb'd the grave of Victory,—
 And took the sting from Death !

Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up

On Nature's awful waste

To drink this last and bitter cup

Of grief that man shall taste —

Go, tell the night that hides thy face,

Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,

On Earth's sepulchral clod,

The dark'ning universe defy

To quench his Immortality,

Or shake his trust in God !

VALEDICTORY STANZAS

To J. P. KEMBLE, Esq.

COMPOSED FOR A PUBLIC MEETING, HELD JUNE 1817.

PRIDE of the British stage,

A long and last adieu !

Whose image brought th' heroic age

Revived to Fancy's view.

Like fields refresh'd with dewy light

When the sun smiles his last,

Thy parting presence makes more bright

Our memory of the past ;

And memory conjures feelings up

That wine or music need not swell,

As high we lift the festal cup

To Kemble—fare thee well!

His was the spell o'er hearts

Which only acting lends,—

The youngest of the sister Arts,

Where all their beauty blends :

For ill can Poetry express

Full many a tone of thought sublime,

And Painting, mute and motionless,

Steals but a glance of time.

But by the mighty actor brought,

Illusion's perfect triumphs come,—

Verse ceases to be airy thought,

And Sculpture to be dumb.

Time may again revive,
 But ne'er eclipse the charm,
When Cato spoke in him alive,
 Or Hotspur kindled warm.
What soul was not resign'd entire
 To the deep sorrows of the Moor,—
What English heart was not on fire
 With him at Agincourt?
And yet a majesty possess'd
 His transport's most impetuous tone,
And to each passion of his breast
 The Graces gave their zone.

High were the task—too high,
 Ye conscious bosoms here!
In words to paint your memory
 Of Kemble and of Lear;

But who forgets that white discrowned head,
Those bursts of Reason's half-extinguish'd glare—
Those tears upon Cordelia's bosom shed,
In doubt more touching than despair,
If 'twas reality he felt?
Had Shakspeare's self amidst you been,
Friends, he had seen you melt,
And triumph'd to have seen!

And there was many an hour
Of blended kindred fame,
When Siddons's auxiliar power
And sister magic came.
Together at the Muse's side
The tragic paragons had grown—
They were the children of her pride,
The columns of her throne,

And undivided favour ran

From heart to heart in their applause,
Save for the gallantry of man,
In lovelier woman's cause.

Fair as some classic dome,

Robust and richly graced,
Your KEMBLE's spirit was the home
Of genius and of taste : —

Taste like the silent dial's power,
That when supernal light is given,
Can measure inspiration's hour,
And tell its height in heaven.

At once ennobled and correct,
His mind survey'd the tragic page,
And what the actor could effect,
The scholar could presage.

These were his traits of worth :—

And must we lose them now !

And shall the scene no more show forth

His sternly pleasing brow !

Alas, the moral brings a tear !—

'Tis all a transient hour below ;

And we that would detain thee here,

Ourselves as fleetly go !

Yet shall our latest age

This parting scene review :—

Pride of the British stage,

A long and last adieu !

A DREAM.

WELL may sleep present us fictions,
Since our waking moments teem
With such fanciful convictions
As make life itself a dream.—
Half our daylight faith's a fable ;
Sleep disports with shadows too,
Seeming in their turn as stable
As the world we wake to view.
Ne'er by day did Reason's mint
Give my thoughts a clearer print
Of assured reality,
Than was left by Phantasy,
Stamp'd and colour'd on my sprite,
In a dream of yesternight.

In a bark, methought, lone steering,

I was cast on Ocean's strife ;

This, 'twas whisper'd in my hearing,

Meant the sea of life.

Sad regrets from past existence

Came, like gales of chilling breath ;

Shadow'd in the forward distance

Lay the land of Death.

Now seeming more, now less remote,

On that dim-seen shore, methought,

I beheld two hands a space

Slow unshroud a spectre's face ;

And my flesh's hair upstood, —

'Twas mine own similitude.

But my soul revived at seeing

Ocean, like an emerald spark,

Kindle, while an air-dropt being

Smiling steer'd my bark.

Heaven-like—yet he look'd as human
As supernal beauty can,
More compassionate than woman,
Lordly more than man.

And as some sweet clarion's breath
Stirs the soldier's scorn of death—
So his accents bade me brook
The spectre's eyes of icy look,
Till it shut them—turn'd its head,
Like a beaten foe, and fled.

“Types not this,” I said, “fair spirit !
That my death-hour is not come ?
Say, what days shall I inherit ?—
Tell my soul their sum.”

“No,” he said, “yon phantom's aspect,
Trust me, would appal thee worse,
Held in clearly measured prospect :—
Ask not for a curse !

Make not, for I overhear
Thine unspoken thoughts as clear
As thy mortal ear could catch
The close-brought tickings of a watch—
Make not the untold request
That's now revolving in thy breast.

“ 'Tis to live again, remeasuring
Youth's years, like a scene rehearsed,
In thy second life-time treasuring
Knowledge from the first.
Hast thou felt, poor self-deceiver !
Life's career so void of pain,
As to wish its fitful fever
New begun again ?
Could experience, ten times thine,
Pain from Being disentwine—
Threads by Fate together spun ?
Could thy flight heaven's lightning shun ?

No, nor could thy foresight's glance
'Scape the myriad shafts of chance.

“ Would'st thou bear again Love's trouble—
 Friendship's death-dissever'd ties ;
Toil to grasp or miss the bubble
 Of Ambition's prize ?
Say thy life's new-guided action
 Flow'd from Virtue's fairest springs—
Still would Envy and Detraction
 Double not their stings ?
Worth itself is but a charter
To be mankind's distinguish'd martyr.”
—I caught the moral, and cried, “ Hail !
Spirit! let us onward sail
Envyng, fearing, hating none,—
Guardian Spirit, steer me on!”

LINES

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF THE HIGHLAND
SOCIETY IN LONDON, WHEN MET TO COMME-
MORATE THE 21ST OF MARCH, THE DAY OF
VICTORY IN EGYPT.

PLEDGE to the much-loved land that gave us birth!

Invincible romantic Scotia's shore!

Pledge to the memory of her parted worth!

And first, amidst the brave, remember Moore!

And be it deem'd not wrong that name to give,

In festive hours, which prompts the patriot's sigh!

Who would not envy such as Moore to live?

And died he not as heroes wish to die?

Yes, though too soon attaining glory's goal,
To us his bright career too short was given ;
Yet in a mighty cause his phœnix soul
Rose on the flames of victory to Heaven !

How oft (if beats in subjugated Spain
One patriot heart) in secret shall it mourn
For him !—How oft on far Corunna's plain
Shall British exiles weep upon his urn !

Peace to the mighty dead !—our bosom thanks
In sprightlier strains the living may inspire !
Joy to the chiefs that lead old Scotia's ranks,
Of Roman garb and more than Roman fire !

Triumphant be the thistle still unfurl'd,
Dear symbol wild ! on freedom's hills it grows,
Where Fingal stemm'd the tyrants of the world,
And Roman eagles found unconquer'd foes.

Joy to the band^a this day on Egypt's coast,
 Whose valour tamed proud France's tricolor,
 And wrench'd the banner from her bravest host,
 Baptized Invincible in Austria's gore !

Joy for the day on red Vimeira's strand,
 When bayonet to bayonet opposed,
 First of Britannia's host her Highland band
 Gave but the death-shot once, and foremost closed !

Is there a son of generous England here
 Or fervid Erin ?—he with us shall join,
 To pray that in eternal union dear,
 The rose, the shamrock, and the thistle twine !

Types of a race who shall th' invader scorn,
 As rocks resist the billows round their shore ;
 Types of a race who shall to time unborn
 Their Country leave unconquer'd as of yore !

^a The 42d regiment.

STANZAS

TO THE MEMORY OF THE SPANISH PATRIOTS
LATEST KILLED IN RESISTING THE REGENCY AND
THE DUKE OF ANGOULÈME.

BRAVE men who at the Trocadero fell —
Beside your cannons conquer'd not, though slain,
There is a victory in dying well
For Freedom, — and ye have not died in vain ;
For come what may, there shall be hearts in Spain
To honour, ay embrace your martyr'd lot,
Cursing the Bigot's and the Bourbon's chain,
And looking on your graves, though trophied not,
As holier, hallow'd ground than priests could make
the spot !

What though your cause be baffled — freemen cast
 In dungeons — dragg'd to death, or forced to flee ;
 Hope is not wither'd in affliction's blast --
 The patriot's blood 's the seed of Freedom's tree ;
 And short your orgies of revenge shall be,
 Cowl'd Demons of the Inquisitorial cell !
 Earth shudders at your victory, — for ye
 Are worse than common fiends from Heaven that fell,
 The baser, ranker sprung, *Autochthones* of Hell !

Go to your bloody rites again — bring back
 The hall of horrors and the assessor's pen,
 Recording answers shriek'd upon the rack ;
 Smile o'er the gaspings of spine-broken men ; —
 Preach, perpetrate damnation in your den ; —
 Then let your altars, ye blasphemers ! peal
 With thanks to Heaven, that let you loose again,
 To practise deeds with torturing fire and steel
 No eye may search — no tongue may challenge or
 reveal !

Yet laugh not in your carnival of crime
 Too proudly, ye oppressors!— Spain was free,
 Her soil has felt the foot-prints, and her clime
 Been winnow'd by the wings of Liberty ;
 And these even parting scatter as they flee
 Thoughts — influences, to live in hearts unborn,
 Opinions that shall wrench the prison-key
 From Persecution — show her mask off-torn,
 And tramp her bloated head beneath the foot of
 Scorn.

Glory to them that die in this great cause !
 Kings, Bigots, can inflict no brand of shame,
 Or shape of death, to shroud them from applause :—
 No!—manglers of the martyr's earthly frame !
 Your hangmen fingers cannot touch his fame.
 Still in your prostrate land there shall be some
 Proud hearts, the shrines of Freedom's vestal flame.
 Long trains of ill may pass unheeded, dumb,
 But vengeance is behind, and justice is to come.

SONG OF THE GREEKS.

AGAIN to the battle, Achaians!

Our hearts bid the tyrants defiance ;

Our land, the first garden of Liberty's tree—

It has been, and shall yet be the land of the free :

For the cross of our faith is replanted,

The pale dying crescent is daunted,

And we march that the foot-prints of Mahomet's

slaves

May be wash'd out in blood from our forefathers'

graves.

Their spirits are hovering o'er us,

And the sword shall to glory restore us.

Ah ! what though no succour advances,
Nor Christendom's chivalrous lances
Are stretch'd in our aid—be the combat our own !
And we 'll perish or conquer more proudly alone :
For we 've sworn by our Country's assaulters,
By the virgins they 've dragg'd from our altars,
By our massacred patriots, our children in chains,
By our heroes of old and their blood in our veins,
That living, we shall be victorious,
Or that dying, our deaths shall be glorious.

A breath of submission we breathe not ;
The sword that we 've drawn we will sheathe not !
Its scabbard is left where our martyrs are laid,
And the vengeance of ages has whetted its blade.
Earth may hide — waves engulph — fire consume us,
But they shall not to slavery doom us :
If they rule, it shall be o'er our ashes and graves ;
But we 've smote them already with fire on the
waves,

And new triumphs on land are before us.
To the charge!—Heaven's banner is o'er us.

This day shall ye blush for its story,
Or brighten your lives with its glory.
Our women, oh, say, shall they shriek in despair,
Or embrace us from conquest with wreaths in their
hair?

Accursed may his memory blacken,
If a coward there be that would slacken
Till we've trampled the turban and shown ourselves
worth
Being sprung from and named for the godlike of earth.
Strike home, and the world shall revere us
As heroes descended from heroes.

Old Greece lightens up with emotion
Her inlands, her isles of the Ocean;
Fanes rebuilt and fair towns shall with jubilee ring,
And the Nine shall new-hallow their Helicon's
spring:

Our hearths shall be kindled in gladness,
That were cold and extinguish'd in sadness ;
Whilst our maidens shall dance with their white-
 waving arms,
Singing joy to the brave that deliver'd their charms,
When the blood of yon Mussulman cravens
Shall have purpled the beaks of our ravens.

ODE TO WINTER.

WHEN first the fiery-mantled sun
His heavenly race began to run ;
Round the earth and ocean blue,
His children four the Seasons flew.
First, in green apparel dancing,
 The young Spring smiled with angel grace ;
Rosy Summer next advancing,
 Rush'd into her sire's embrace :
Her bright-hair'd sire, who bade her keep
 For ever nearest to his smiles,
On Calpe's olive-shaded steep,
 On India's citron-cover'd isles :

More remote and buxom-brown,
The Queen of vintage bow'd before his throne ;
A rich pomegranate gemm'd her crown,
A ripe sheaf bound her zone.

But howling Winter fled afar,
To hills that prop the polar star,
And loves on deer-borne car to ride,
With barren darkness by his side.
Round the shore where loud Lofoden
Whirls to death the roaring whale,
Round the hall where Runic Odin
Howls his war-song to the gale ;
Save when adown the ravaged globe
He travels on his native storm,
Deflow'ring Nature's grassy robe,
And trampling on her faded form : —
Till light's returning lord assume
The shaft that drives him to his polar field,
Of pow'r to pierce his raven plume,
And crystal-cover'd shield.

O, sire of storms ! whose savage ear
The Lapland drum delights to hear,
When Frenzy with her blood-shot eye
Implores thy dreadful deity,
Archangel ! power of desolation !
 Fast descending as thou art,
Say, hath mortal invocation
 Spells to touch thy stony heart ?
Then sullen Winter hear my prayer,
And gently rule the ruin'd year ;
Nor chill the wand'rer's bosom bare,
Nor freeze the wretch's falling tear ; —
To shuddering want's unmantled bed,
Thy horror-breathing agues cease to lead,
And gently on the orphan head
Of innocence descend. —

But chiefly spare, O king of clouds !
The sailor on his airy shrouds ;

When wrecks and beacons strew the steep,

And spectres walk along the deep.

Milder yet thy snowy breezes

 Pour on yonder tented shores,

Where the Rhine's broad billow freezes,

 Or the dark-brown Danube roars.

Oh winds of Winter ! list ye there

 To many a deep and dying groan ;

Or start, ye demons of the midnight air,

 At shrieks and thunders louder than your own.

Alas ! ev'n your unhallow'd breath

 May spare the victim fallen low ;

But man will ask no truce to death,—

 No bounds to human woe.^a

^a This ode was written in Germany, at the close of 1800, before the conclusion of hostilities.

L I N E S

SPOKEN BY MR. * * * *, AT DRURY LANE THEATRE,
ON THE FIRST OPENING OF THE HOUSE AFTER
THE DEATH OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE,
1817.

BRITONS! although our task is but to show
The scenes and passions of fictitious woe,
Think not we come this night without a part
In that deep sorrow of the public heart,
Which like a shade hath darken'd ev'ry place,
And moisten'd with a tear the manliest face!
The bell is scarcely hush'd in Windsor's piles,
That toll'd a requiem from the solemn aisles,

For her, the royal flower, low laid in dust,
That was your fairest hope, your fondest trust.
Unconscious of the doom, we dreamt, alas !
That ev'n these walls, ere many months should pass,
Which but return sad accents for her now,
Perhaps had witness'd her benignant brow,
Cheer'd by the voice you would have raised on high,
In bursts of British love and loyalty.
But, Britain ! now thy chief, thy people mourn,
And Claremont's home of love is left forlorn : —
There, where the happiest of the happy dwelt,
The 'scutcheon glooms, and royalty hath felt
A wound that ev'ry bosom feels its own, —
The blessing of a father's heart o'erthrown —
The most beloved and most devoted bride
Torn from an agonized husband's side,
Who " long as Memory holds her seat " shall view
That speechless, more than spoken last adieu,
When the fix'd eye long look'd connubial faith,
And beam'd affection in the trance of death.

Sad was the pomp that yesternight beheld,
As with the mourner's heart the anthem swell'd ;
While torch succeeding torch illumed each high
And banner'd arch of England's chivalry.
The rich plumed canopy, the gorgeous pall,
The sacred march, and sable-vested wall, —
These were not rites of inexpressive show,
But hallow'd as the types of real woe !
Daughter of England ! for a nation's sighs,
A nation's heart went with thine obsequies ! —
And oft shall time revert a look of grief
On thine existence, beautiful and brief.
Fair spirit ! send thy blessing from above
On realms where thou art canonized by love !
Give to a father's, husband's bleeding mind,
The peace that angels lend to human kind ;
To us who in thy loved remembrance feel
A sorrowing, but a soul-ennobling zeal —
A loyalty that touches all the best
And loftiest principles of England's breast !

Still may thy name speak concord from the tomb—
Still in the Muse's breath thy memory bloom!—
They shall describe thy life—thy form pourtray ;
But all the love that mourns thee swept away,
'Tis not in language or expressive arts
To paint—yet feel it, Britons, in your hearts !

L I N E S
ON THE
GRAVE OF A SUICIDE.

By strangers left upon a lonely shore,
 Unknown, unhonour'd, was the friendless dead ;
For child to weep, or widow to deplore,
 There never came to his unburied head :
 All from his dreary habitation fled.
Nor will the lantern'd fisherman at eve
 Launch on that water by the witches' tow'r,
Where hellebore and hemlock seem to weave
 Round its dark vaults a melancholy bow'r,
 For spirits of the dead at night's enchanted hour.

They dread to meet thee, poor unfortunate !

Whose crime it was, on life's unfinish'd road
To feel the stepdame buffetings of fate,

And render back thy being's heavy load.

Ah ! once, perhaps, the social passions glow'd
In thy devoted bosom — and the hand

That smote its kindred heart, might yet be prone
To deeds of mercy. Who may understand

Thy many woes, poor suicide, unknown ? —

He who thy being gave shall judge of thee alone.

REULLURA.*

STAR of the morn and eve,
Reullura shone like thee,
And well for her might Aodh grieve,
The dark-attired Culdee.†

* Reullura, in Gaelic, signifies “beautiful star.”

† The Culdees were the primitive clergy of Scotland, and apparently her only clergy from the sixth to the eleventh century. They were of Irish origin, and their monastery on the island of Iona or Icolmkill was the seminary of Christianity in North Britain. Presbyterian writers have wished to prove them to have been a sort of Presbyters, strangers to the Roman Church and Episcopacy. It seems to be established that they were not enemies to Episcopacy;—but that they were not slavishly subjected to Rome like the clergy of later periods, appears by their resisting the Papal ordonnances respecting the celibacy of religious men, on which account they were ultimately displaced by the Scottish sovereigns to make way for more Popish canons.

Peace to their shades ! the pure Culdees
Were Albyn's earliest priests of God,
Ere yet an island of her seas
By foot of Saxon monk was trode,
Long ere her churchmen by bigotry
Were barr'd from holy wedlock's tie.
'Twas then that Aodh, famed afar,
In Iona preach'd the word with power,
And Reullura, beauty's star,
Was the partner of his bower.

But, Aodh, the roof lies low,
And the thistle-down waves bleaching,
And the bat flits to and fro
Where the Gael once heard thy preaching ;
And fall'n is each column'd isle
Where the chiefs and the people knelt.
'Twas near that temple's goodly pile
That honour'd of men they dwelt.

For Aodh was wise in the sacred law,
And bright Reullura's eyes oft saw
 The veil of fate uplifted.
Alas, with what visions of awe
 Her soul in that hour was gifted —

When pale in the temple and faint,
 With Aodh she stood alone
By the statue of an aged Saint !
 Fair sculptured was the stone,
It bore a crucifix ;
 Fame said it once had graced
A Christian temple, which the Picts
 In the Britons' land laid waste :
The Pictish men, by St. Columb taught,
Had hither the holy relic brought.
Reullura eyed the statue's face,
 And cried, " It is he shall come,
" Even he in this very place,
 " To avenge my martyrdom.

“ For, woe to the Gael people !

“ Ulvfagre is on the main,

“ And Iona shall look from tower and steeple

“ On the coming ships of the Dane ;

“ And, dames and daughters, shall all your locks

“ With the spoiler’s grasp entwine ?

“ No ! some shall have shelter in caves and rocks,

“ And the deep sea shall be mine.

“ Baffled by me shall the Dane return,

“ And here shall his torch in the temple burn,

“ Until that holy man shall plough

“ The waves from Innisfail.

“ His sail is on the deep e’en now,

“ And swells to the southern gale.”

“ Ah ! knowest thou not, my bride,”

The holy Aodh said,

“ That the Saint whose form we stand beside

“ Has for ages slept with the dead ?”

“ He liveth, he liveth,” she said again,
“ For the span of his life tenfold extends
“ Beyond the wonted years of men.
“ He sits by the graves of well-loved friends
“ That died ere thy grandsire’s grandsire’s birth ;
“ The oak is decay’d with old age on earth,
“ Whose acorn-seed had been planted by him ;
“ And his parents remember the day of dread
“ When the sun on the cross look’d dim,
“ And the graves gave up their dead.

“ Yet preaching from clime to clime,
“ He hath roam’d the earth for ages,
“ And hither he shall come in time
“ When the wrath of the heathen rages,
“ In time a remnant from the sword—
“ Ah ! but a remnant to deliver ;
“ Yet, blest be the name of the Lord !
“ His martyrs shall go into bliss for ever.

“ Lochlin,* appall’d, shall put up her steele,
 “ And thou shalt embark on the bounding keel;
 “ Safe shalt thou pass through her hundred ships,
 “ With the Saint and a remnant of the Gael,
 “ And the Lord will instruct thy lips
 “ To preach in Innisfail.” †

The sun, now about to set,
 Was burning o’er Tirree,
 And no gathering cry rose yet
 O’er the isles of Albyn’s sea,
 Whilst Reullura saw far rowers dip
 Their oars beneath the sun,
 And the phantom of many a Danish ship,
 Where ship there yet was none.
 And the shield of alarm ‡ was dumb,
 Nor did their warning till midnight come,

* Denmark.

† Ireland.

‡ Striking the shield was an ancient mode of convocation to war among the Gael.

When watch-fires burst from across
From Rona and Uist and Skey,
To tell that the ships of the Dane
And the red-hair'd slayers were nigh.

Our islesmen arose from slumbers,
And buckled on their arms ;
But few, alas ! were their numbers
To Lochlin's mailed swarms.
And the blade of the bloody Norse
Has fill'd the shores of the Gael
With many a floating corse,
And with many a woman's wail.
They have lighted the islands with ruin's torch,
And the holy men of Iona's church
In the temple of God lay slain ;
All but Aodh, the last Culdee,
But bound with many an iron chain,
Bound in that church was he.

And where is Aodh's bride ?

Rocks of the ocean flood !

Plunged she not from your heights in pride,

And mock'd the men of blood ?

Then Ulfagre and his bands

In the temple lighted their banquet up,

And the print of their blood-red hands

Was left on the altar cup.

'Twas then that the Norseman to Aodh said,

“ Tell where thy church's treasure 's laid,

“ Or I 'll hew thee limb from limb.”

As he spoke the bell struck three,

And every torch grew dim

That lighted their revelry.

But the torches again burnt bright,

And brighter than before,

When an aged man of majestic height

Enter'd the temple door.

Hush'd was the revellers' sound,

They were struck as mute as the dead,

And their hearts were appall'd by the very sound

Of his footstep's measured tread.

Nor word was spoken by one beholder,

While he flung his white robe back on his shoulder,

And stretching his arms — as eath

Unriveted Aodh's bands,

As if the gyves had been a wreath

Of willows in his hands.

All saw the stranger's similitude

To the ancient statue's form ;

The Saint before his own image stood,

And grasp'd Ulvfagre's arm.

Then uprose the Danes at last to deliver

Their chief, and shouting with one accord,

They drew the shaft from its rattling quiver,

They lifted the spear and sword,

And levell'd their spears in rows.
But down went axes and spears and bows,
When the Saint with his crosier sign'd,
The archer's hand on the string was stopt,
And down, like reeds laid flat by the wind,
Their lifted weapons dropt.

The Saint then gave a signal mute,
And though Ulvfagre will'd it not,
He came and stood at the statue's foot,
Spell-riveted to the spot,
Till hands invisible shook the wall,
And the tottering image was dash'd
Down from its lofty pedestal.
On Ulvfagre's helm it crash'd —
Helmet, and skull, and flesh, and brain,
It crush'd as millstone crushes the grain.
Then spoke the Saint, whilst all and each
Of the Heathen trembled round,
And the pauses amidst his speech
Were as awful as the sound :

“ Go back, ye wolves, to your dens,” (he cried,)

“ And tell the nations abroad,

“ How the fiercest of your herd has died

“ That slaughter'd the flock of God.

“ Gather him bone by bone,

“ And take with you o'er the flood

“ The fragments of that avenging stone

“ That drank his heathen blood.

“ These are the spoils from Iona's sack,

“ The only spoils ye shall carry back ;

“ For the hand that uplifteth spear or sword

“ Shall be wither'd by palsy's shock,

“ And I come in the name of the Lord

“ To deliver a remnant of his flock.”

A remnant was call'd together,

A doleful remnant of the Gael,

And the Saint in the ship that had brought him

hither

Took the mourners to Innisfail.

Unscathed they left Iona's strand,

When the opal morn first flush'd the sky,

For the Norse dropt spear, and bow, and brand,

And look'd on them silently ;

Safe from their hiding-places came

Orphans and mothers, child and dame :

But alas ! when the search for Reullura spread,

No answering voice was given,

For the sea had gone o'er her lovely head,

And her spirit was in Heaven.

THE TURKISH LADY.

'Twas the hour when rites unholy
Call'd each Paynim voice to prayer,
And the star that faded slowly
Left to dews the freshen'd air.

Day her sultry fires had wasted,
Calm and sweet the moonlight rose ;
Ev'n a captive spirit tasted
Half oblivion of his woes.

Then 'twas from an Emir's palace
Came an Eastern lady bright :
She, in spite of tyrants jealous,
Saw and loved an English knight.

“ Tell me, captive, why in anguish
“ Foes have dragg’d thee here to dwell,
“ Where poor Christians as they languish
“ Hear no sound of Sabbath bell ?”—

“ ’Twas on Transylvania’s Bannat,
“ When the Crescent shone afar,
“ Like a pale disastrous planet
“ O’er the purple tide of war —

“ In that day of desolation,
“ Lady, I was captive made ;
“ Bleeding for my Christian nation
“ By the walls of high Belgrade.”

“ Captive ! could the brightest jewel
“ From my turban set thee free ?”—
“ Lady, no ! —the gift were cruel,
“ Ransom’d, yet if reft of thee.

“ Say, fair princess ! would it grieve thee

“ Christian climes should we behold ?” —

“ Nay, bold knight ! I would not leave thee

“ Were thy ransom paid in gold !”

Now in Heaven’s blue expansion

Rose the midnight star to view,

When to quit her father’s mansion

Thrice she wept, and bade adieu !

“ Fly we then, while none discover !

“ Tyrant barks, in vain ye ride !”

Soon at Rhodes the British lover

Clasp’d his blooming Eastern bride.

THE WOUNDED HUSSAR.

ALONE to the banks of the dark-rolling Danube

Fair Adelaide hied when the battle was o'er : —

‘Oh whither,’ she cried, ‘hast thou wander’d, my
lover ?

‘Or here dost thou welter and bleed on the shore ?

‘What voice did I hear?’ twas my Henry that sigh’d!

All mournful she hasten’d, nor wander’d she far,

When bleeding, and low, on the heath she descried,

By the light of the moon, her poor wounded

Hussar !

From his bosom that heaved, the last torrent was
streaming,

And pale was his visage, deep mark'd with a scar !
And dim was that eye, once expressively beaming,
That melted in love, and that kindled in war !

How smit was poor Adelaide's heart at the sight!

How bitter she wept o'er the victim of war !

' Hast thou come, my fond Love, this last sorrowful
night,

' To cheer the lone heart of your wounded Hussar ?'

' Thou shalt live,' she replied, ' Heaven's mercy re-
lieving

' Each anguishing wound, shall forbid me to
mourn !'

' Ah, no ! the last pang of my bosom is heaving !

' No light of the morn shall to Henry return !

‘Thou charmer of life, ever tender and true!

‘Ye babes of my love, that await me afar!’—

His faltering tongue scarce could murmur adieu,

When he sunk in her arms—the poor wounded

Hussar!

LINES

INSCRIBED ON THE MONUMENT LATELY FINISHED

BY MR. CHANTREY,

WHICH HAS BEEN ERECTED BY THE WIDOW OF

ADMIRAL SIR G. CAMPBELL, K.C.B. TO

THE MEMORY OF HER HUSBAND.

To him, whose loyal, brave, and gentle heart,
Fulfill'd the hero's and the patriot's part,—
Whose charity, like that which Paul enjoin'd,
Was warm, beneficent, and unconfined, —
This stone is rear'd : to public duty true,
The seaman's friend, the father of his crew —
Mild in reproof, sagacious in command,
He spread fraternal zeal throughout his band,

And led each arm to act, each heart to feel,
What British valour owes to Britain's weal.
These were his public virtues ; — but to trace
His private life's fair purity and grace,
To paint the traits that drew affection strong
From friends, an ample and an ardent throng,
And, more, to speak his memory's grateful claim
On her who mourns him most, and bears his name—
O'ercomes the trembling hand of widow'd grief,
O'ercomes the heart, unconscious of relief,
Save in religion's high and holy trust,
Whilst placing their memorial o'er his dust.

THE BRAVE ROLAND.*

THE brave Roland!—the brave Roland!—

False tidings reach'd the Rhenish strand

That he had fall'n in fight;

And thy faithful bosom swoon'd with pain,

O loveliest maiden of Allémayne!

For the loss of thine own true knight.

* The tradition which forms the substance of these stanzas is still preserved in Germany. An ancient tower on a height, called the Rolandseck, a few miles above Bonn on the Rhine, is shown as the habitation which Roland built in sight of a nunnery, into which his mistress had retired, on having heard an unfounded account of his death. Whatever may be thought of the credibility of the legend, its scenery must be recollected with pleasure by every one who has visited the romantic landscape of the Drachenfels, the Rolandseck, and the beautiful adjacent islet of the Rhine, where a nunnery still stands.

But why so rash has she ta'en the veil,
In yon Nonnenwerder's cloisters pale ?

For her vow had scarce been sworn,
And the fatal mantle o'er her flung,
When the Drachenfells to a trumpet rung—
'Twas her own dear warrior's horn !

Woe ! woe ! each heart shall bleed — shall break !
She would have hung upon his neck,

Had he come but yester-even :
And he had clasp'd those peerless charms
That shall never, never fill his arms,
Or meet him but in heaven.

Yet Roland the brave — Roland the true —
He could not bid that spot adieu ;

It was dear still 'midst his woes ;
For he loved to breathe the neighb'ring air,
And to think she blest him in her prayer,
When the Halleluiah rose.

There's yet one window of that pile,
Which he built above the Nun's green isle ;
 Thence sad and oft look'd he
(When the chant and organ sounded slow)
On the mansion of his love below,
 For herself he might not see.

She died ! — He sought the battle-plain !
Her image fill'd his dying brain,
 When he fell and wish'd to fall :
And her name was in his latest sigh,
When Roland, the flower of chivalry,
 Expired at Roncevall.

THE SPECTRE BOAT.

A BALLAD.

LIGHT rued false Ferdinand to leave a lovely maid
forlorn,

Who broke her heart and died to hide her blushing
cheek from scorn.

One night he dreamt he woo'd her in their wonted
bower of love,

Where the flowers sprang thick around them, and
the birds sang sweet above.

But the scene was swiftly changed into a church-
yard's dismal view,

And her lips grew black beneath his kiss, from love's
delicious hue.

What more he dreamt, he told to none ; but, shud-
dering, pale, and dumb,
Look'd out upon the waves, like one that knew his
hour was come.

'Twas now the dead watch of the night—the helm
was lash'd a-lee,
And the ship rode where Mount Ætna lights the
deep Levantine sea ;
When beneath its glare a boat came, row'd by a
woman in her shroud,
Who, with eyes that made our blood run cold, stood
up and spoke aloud :—

“ Come, Traitor, down, for whom my ghost still
wanders unforgiven !
Come down, false Ferdinand, for whom I broke my
peace with heaven !”—

It was vain to hold the victim, for he plunged to
meet her call,
Like the bird that shrieks and flutters in the gazing
serpent's thrall.

You may guess the boldest mariner shrunk daunted
from the sight,
For the Spectre and her winding-sheet shone blue
with hideous light ;
Like a fiery wheel the boat spun with the waving of
her hand,
And round they went, and down they went, as the
cock crew from the land.

THE LOVER TO HIS MISTRESS.

ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

If any white-wing'd Power above
My joys and griefs survey,
The day when thou wert born, my love —
He surely bless'd that day.

I laugh'd (till taught by thee) when told
Of Beauty's magic powers,
That ripen'd life's dull ore to gold,
And changed its weeds to flowers.

My mind had lovely shapes pourtray'd ;
 But thought I earth had one
Could make ev'n Fancy's visions fade
 Like stars before the sun ?

I gazed, and felt upon my lips
 Th' unfinish'd accents hang :
One moment's bliss, one burning kiss,
 To rapture changed each pang.

And though as swift as lightning's flash
 Those tranced moments flew,
Not all the waves of time shall wash
 Their memory from my view.

But duly shall my raptured song,
 And gladly shall my eyes,
Still bless this day's return, as long
 As thou shalt see it rise.

L I N E S

ON RECEIVING A SEAL WITH THE CAMPBELL CREST,

FROM K. M—, BEFORE HER MARRIAGE.

THIS wax returns not back more fair
Th' impression of the gift you send,
Than stamp'd upon my thoughts I bear
The image of your worth, my friend!—

We are not friends of yesterday;—
But poet's fancies are a little
Disposed to heat and cool, (they say,)—
By turns impressible and brittle.

Well ! should its frailty e'er condemn
My heart to prize or please you less,
Your type is still the sealing gem,
And *mine* the waxen brittleness.

What transcripts of my weal and woe
This little signet yet may lock, —
What utt'rances to friend or foe,
In reason's calm or passion's shock !

What scenes of life's yet curtain'd page
May own its confidential die,
Whose stamp awaits th' unwritten page,
And feelings of futurity ! —

Yet wheresoe'er my pen I lift
To date th' epistolary sheet,
The blest occasion of the gift
Shall make its recollection sweet ;

Sent when the star that rules your fates
Hath reach'd its influence most benign —
When every heart congratulates,
And none more cordially than mine.

So speed my song — mark'd with the crest
That erst th' advent'rous Norman* wore,
Who won the Lady of the West,
The daughter of Macaillain Mor.

Crest of my sires! whose blood it seal'd
With glory in the strife of swords,
Ne'er may the scroll that bears it yield
Degenerate thoughts or faithless words!

Yet little might I prize the stone,
If it but typed the feudal tree
From whence, a scatter'd leaf, I'm blown
In Fortune's mutability.

* A Norman leader, in the service of the king of Scotland, married the heiress of Lochow in the twelfth century, and from him the Campbells are sprung.

No!—but it tells me of a heart,
Allied by friendship's living tie ;
A prize beyond the herald's art —
Our soul-sprung consanguinity !

KATH'RINE ! to many an hour of mine
Light wings and sunshine you have lent ;
And so adieu, and still be thine
The all-in-all of life — Content !

GILDEROY.

THE last, the fatal hour is come,
That bears my love from me :
I hear the dead note of the drum,
I mark the gallows' tree !

The bell has toll'd : it shakes my heart ;
The trumpet speaks thy name ;
And must my Gilderoy depart
To bear a death of shame ?

No bosom trembles for thy doom ;
No mourner wipes a tear ;
The gallows' foot is all thy tomb,
The sledge is all thy bier.

Oh, Gilderoy! bethought we then
So soon, so sad to part,
When first in Roslin's lovely glen
You triumph'd o'er my heart?

Your locks they glitter'd to the sheen,
Your hunter garb was trim;
And graceful was the ribbon green
That bound your manly limb!

Ah! little thought I to deplore
Those limbs in fetters bound;
Or hear, upon the scaffold floor,
The midnight hammer sound.

Ye cruel, cruel, that combined
The guiltless to pursue;
My Gilderoy was ever kind,
He could not injure you!

A long adieu ! but where shall fly
Thy widow all forlorn,
When every mean and cruel eye
Regards my woe with scorn ?

Yes ! they will mock thy widow's tears,
And hate thine orphan boy ;
Alas ! his infant beauty wears
The form of Gilderoy.

Then will I seek the dreary mound
That wraps thy mouldering clay,
And weep and linger on the ground,
And sigh my heart away.

ADELGITHA.

THE ordeal's fatal trumpet sounded,
And sad pale ADELGITHA came,
When forth a valiant champion bounded,
And slew the slanderer of her fame.

She wept, deliver'd from her danger ;
But when he knelt to claim her glove —
“ Seek not,” she cried, “ oh ! gallant stranger,
For hapless ADELGITHA'S love.

“ For he is in a foreign far land
Whose arm should now have set me free ;
And I must wear the willow garland
For him that 's dead, or false to me.”

“ Nay ! say not that his faith is tainted ! ” —

He raised his vizor — At the sight

She fell into his arms and fainted ;

It was indeed her own true knight !

ABSENCE.

'Tis not the loss of love's assurance,
It is not doubting what thou art,
But 'tis the too, too long endurance
Of absence, that afflicts my heart.

The fondest thoughts two hearts can cherish,
When each is lonely doom'd to weep,
Are fruits on desert isles that perish,
Or riches buried in the deep.

What though, untouch'd by jealous madness,
Our bosom's peace may fall to wreck ;
Th' undoubting heart, that breaks with sadness,
Is but more slowly doom'd to break.

Absence! is not the soul torn by it

From more than light, or life, or breath?

'Tis Lethe's gloom, but not its quiet, —

The pain without the peace of death!

THE RITTER BANN.

THE Ritter Bann from Hungary
Came back, renown'd in arms,
But scorning jousts of chivalry
And love and ladies' charms.

While other knights held revels, he
Was wrapt in thoughts of gloom,
And in Vienna's hostelrie
Slow paced his lonely room.

There enter'd one whose face he knew,—
Whose voice, he was aware,
He oft at mass had listen'd to,
In the holy house of prayer.

'Twas the Abbot of St. Jamss's monks,
A fresh and fair old man :
His reverend air arrested even
The gloomy Ritter Bann.

But seeing with him an ancient dame
Come clad in Scotch attire,
The Ritter's colour went and came,
And loud he spoke in ire.

“ Ha ! nurse of her that was my bane,
Name not her name to me ;
I wish it blotted from my brain :
Art poor ? — take alms, and flee.”

“ Sir Knight,” the abbot interposed,
“ This case your ear demands ;”
And the crone cried, with a cross enclosed
In both her trembling hands :—

“ Remember, each his sentence waits ;
And he that shall rebut
Sweet Mercy’s suit, on him the gates
Of Mercy shall be shut.

“ You wedded undispensed by Church,
Your cousin Jane in Spring ;—
In Autumn, when you went to search
For churchmen’s pardoning,

“ Her house denounced your marriage-band,
Betrothed her to De Grey,
And the ring you put upon her hand
Was wrench’d by force away.

“ Then wept your Jane upon my neck,
Crying, ‘ Help me, nurse, to flee
To my Howel Bann’s Glamorgan hills ;’
But word arrived — ah me ! —

“ You were not there ; and ’twas their threat,
By foul means or by fair,
To-morrow morning was to set
The seal on her despair.

“ I had a son, a sea-boy, in
A ship at Hartland bay ;
By his aid from her cruel kin
I bore my bird away.

“ To Scotland from the Devon’s
Green myrtle shores we fled ;
And the Hand that sent the ravens
To Elijah, gave us bread.

“ She wrote you by my son, but he
From England sent us word
You had gone into some far countrie,
In grief and gloom he heard.

“ For they that wrong’d you, to elude
Your wrath, defamed my child ;
And you—ay, blush, Sir, as you should—
Believed, and were beguiled.

“ To die but at your feet, she vow’d
To roam the world ; and we
Would both have sped and begg’d our bread,
But so it might not be.

“ For when the snow-storm beat our roof,
She bore a boy, Sir Bann,
Who grew as fair your likeness proof
As child e’er grew like man.

“ ’Twas smiling on that babe one morn
While heath bloom’d on the moor,
Her beauty struck young Lord Kinghorn
As he hunted past our door.

“ She shunn’d him, but he raved of Jane,
And roused his mother’s pride ;
Who came to us in high disdain,—
‘ And where’s the face,’ she cried,

“ ‘ Has witch’d my boy to wish for one
So wretched for his wife?—
Dost love thy husband? Know, my son
Has sworn to seek his life.’

“ Her anger sore dismay’d us,
For our mite was wearing scant,
And, unless that dame would aid us,
There was none to aid our want.

“ So I told her, weeping bitterly,
What all our woes had been ;
And, though she was a stern ladie,
The tears stood in her een.

“ And she housed us both, when, cheerfully,
My child to her had sworn,
That even if made a widow, she
Would never wed Kinghorn.” —

Here paused the nurse, and then began

The abbot, standing by :

“ Three months ago a wounded man
To our abbey came to die.

“ He heard me long, with ghastly eyes
And hand obdurate clench'd,
Speak of the worm that never dies,
And the fire that is not quench'd.

“ At last by what this scroll attests
He left atonement brief,
For years of anguish to the breasts
His guilt had wrung with grief.

“ ‘ There lived,’ he said, ‘ a fair young dame
 Beneath my mother’s roof;
I loved her, but against my flame
 Her purity was proof.

“ ‘ I feign’d repentance, friendship pure ;
 That mood she did not check,
But let her husband’s miniature
 Be copied from her neck.

“ ‘ As means to search him, my deceit
 Took care to him was borne
Nought but his picture’s counterfeit,
 And Jane’s reported scorn.

“ ‘ The treachery took : she waited wild ;
 My slave came back and lied
Whate’er I wish’d ; she clasp’d her child,
 And swoon’d, and all but died.

“ ‘ I felt her tears for years and years
 Quench not my flame, but stir ;
The very hate I bore her mate
 Increased my love for her.

“ ‘ Fame told us of his glory, while
 Joy flush'd the face of Jane ;
And while she bless'd his name, her smile
 Struck fire unto my brain,

“ ‘ No fears could damp ; I reach'd the camp,
 Sought out its champion ;
And if my broad-sword fail'd at last,
 'Twas long and well laid on.

“ ‘ This wound 's my meed, my name 's Kinghorn,
 My foe 's the Ritter Bann.'——
The wafer to his lips was borne,
 And we shrived the dying man.

“ He died not till you went to fight
The Turks at Warradein ;
But I see my tale has changed you pale.”—
The abbot went for wine ;

And brought a little page who pour'd
It out, and knelt and smil'd :—
The stunn'd knight saw himself restored
To childhood in his child ;

And stoop'd and caught him to his breast,
Laugh'd loud and wept anon,
And with a shower of kisses press'd
The darling little one.

“ And where went Jane ?” — “ To a nunnery, Sir—
Look not again so pale—
Kingham's old dame grew harsh to her.”—
“ And has she ta'en the veil ?” —

“ Sit down, Sir,” said the priest, “ I bar
Rash words.”—They sat all three,
And the boy play’d with the knight’s broad star,
As he kept him on his knee.

“ Think ere you ask her dwelling-place,”
The abbot further said ;
“ Time draws a veil o’er beauty’s face
More deep than cloister’s shade.

“ Grief may have made her what you can
Scarce love perhaps for life.”
“ Hush, abbot,” cried the Ritter Bann,
“ Or tell me where’s my wife.”

The priest undid two doors that hid
The inn’s adjacent room,
And there a lovely woman stood,
Tears bathed her beauty’s bloom.

One moment may with bliss repay
Unnumber'd hours of pain ;
Such was the throb and mutual sob
Of the Knight embracing Jane.

THE HARPER.

ON the green banks of Shannon, when Sheelah was
nigh,

No blithe Irish lad was so happy as I ;
No harp like my own could so cheerily play,
And wherever I went was my poor dog Tray.

When at last I was forced from my Sheelah to part,
She said, (while the sorrow was big at her heart,)
Oh ! remember your Sheelah when far, far away ;
And be kind, my dear Pat, to our poor dog Tray.

Poor dog! he was faithful and kind, to be sure,
And he constantly loved me, although I was poor ;
When the sour-looking folks sent me heartless away,
I had always a friend in my poor dog Tray.

When the road was so dark, and the night was so
cold,
And Pat and his dog were grown weary and old,
How snugly we slept in my old coat of grey,
And he lick'd me for kindness — my poor dog Tray.

Though my wallet was scant, I remember'd his case,
Nor refused my last crust to his pitiful face ;
But he died at my feet on a cold winter day,
And I play'd a sad lament for my poor dog Tray.

Where now shall I go, poor, forsaken, and blind ?
Can I find one to guide me, so faithful, and kind ?
To my sweet native village, so far, far away,
I can never more return with my poor dog Tray.

SONG.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

STAR that bringest home the bee,
And sett'st the weary labourer free !
If any star shed peace, 'tis thou,
That send'st it from above,
Appearing when Heaven's breath and brow
Are sweet as her's we love.

Come to the luxuriant skies,
Whilst the landscape's odours rise,
Whilst far-off lowing herds are heard,
And songs, when toil is done,
From cottages whose smoke unstirr'd
Curls yellow in the sun.

Star of love's soft interviews,
Parted lovers on thee muse ;
Their remembrancer in Heaven
 Of thrilling vows thou art,
Too delicious to be riven
 By absence from the heart.

SONG.

“ MEN OF ENGLAND.”

MEN of England ! who inherit
Rights that cost your sires their blood !
Men whose undegenerate spirit
Has been proved on land and flood :—

By the foes ye 've fought uncounted,
By the glorious deeds ye 've done,
Trophies captured — breaches mounted,
Navies conquer'd — kingdoms won !

Yet, remember, England gathers
Hence but fruitless wreaths of fame,
If the patriotism of your fathers
Glow not in your hearts the same.

What are monuments of bravery,
Where no public virtues bloom ?
What avail in lands of slavery,
Trophied temples, arch and tomb ?

Pageants ! — Let the world revere us
For our people's rights and laws,
And the breasts of civic heroes
Bared in Freedom's holy cause.

Yours are Hampden's, Russell's glory,
Sydney's matchless shade is yours, —
Martyrs in heroic story,
Worth a hundred Agincourts !

We're the sons of sires that baffled
Crown'd and mitred tyranny :—
They defied the field and scaffold
For their birthrights — so will we !

THE MAID'S REMONSTRANCE.

NEVER wedding, ever wooing,
Still a love-lorn heart pursuing,
Read you not the wrong you 're doing
 In my cheek's pale hue?
All my life with sorrow strewing,
 Wed, or cease to woo.

Rivals banish'd, bosoms plighted,
Still our days are disunited ;
Now the lamp of hope is lighted,
 Now half quench'd appears,
Damp'd, and wavering, and benighted,
 Midst my sighs and tears.

Charms you call your dearest blessing,
Lips that thrill at your caressing,
Eyes a mutual soul confessing,
 Soon you 'll make them grow
Dim, and worthless your possessing,
 Not with age, but woe !

S O N G.

DRINK ye to her that each loves best,
And if you nurse a flame
That's told but to her mutual breast,
We will not ask her name.

Enough, while memory tranced and glad
Paints silently the fair,
That each should dream of joys he's had,
Or yet may hope to share.

Yet far, far hence be jest or boast
From hallow'd thoughts so dear ;
But drink to them that we love most,
As they would love to hear.

S O N G.

WHEN NAPOLEON was flying
From the field of Waterloo,
A British soldier dying,
To his brother bade adieu !

“ And take,” he said, “ this token
To the maid that owns my faith,
With the words that I have spoken
In affection’s latest breath.”

Sore mourn’d the brother’s heart,
When the youth beside him fell ;
But the trumpet warn’d to part,
And they took a sad farewell.

There was many a friend to lose him,
For that gallant soldier sigh'd ;
But the maiden of his bosom
Wept when all their tears were dried.

THE BEECH-TREE'S PETITION.

O leave this barren spot to me !
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree !
Though bush or floweret never grow
My dark unwarming shade below ;
Nor summer bud perfume the dew
Of rosy blush, or yellow hue ;
Nor fruits of autumn, blossom-born,
My green and glossy leaves adorn ;
Nor murmuring tribes from me derive
Th' ambrosial amber of the hive ;
Yet leave this barren spot to me :
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree !

Thrice twenty summers I have seen
The sky grow bright, the forest green ;
And many a wintry wind have stood
In bloomless, fruitless solitude,
Since childhood in my pleasant bower
First spent its sweet and sportive hour,
Since youthful lovers in my shade
Their vows of truth and rapture made ;
And on my trunk's surviving frame
Carved many a long-forgotten name.
Oh ! by the sighs of gentle sound,
First breathed upon this sacred ground ;
By all that Love has whisper'd here,
Or Beauty heard with ravish'd ear ;
As Love's own altar honour me,
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree !

S O N G.

EARL MARCH look'd on his dying child,
And smit with grief to view her —
The youth, he cried, whom I exiled,
Shall be restored to woo her.

She's at the window many an hour
His coming to discover ;
And her love look'd up to Ellen's bower,
And she look'd on her lover —

But ah ! so pale, he knew her not,
Though her smile on him was dwelling.
And am I then forgot — forgot ? —
It broke the heart of Ellen.

In vain he weeps, in vain he sighs,
Her cheek is cold as ashes ;
Nor love's own kiss shall wake those eyes
To lift their silken lashes.

LOVE AND MADNESS,

AN ELEGY.

WRITTEN IN 1795.

HARK ! from the battlements of yonder tower ^a
The solemn bell has toll'd the midnight hour !
Roused from drear visions of distemper'd sleep,
Poor B———k wakes — in solitude to weep !

“ Cease, Memory, cease (the friendless mourner
cried)

To probe the bosom too severely tried !
Oh ! ever cease, my pensive thoughts, to stray
Through the bright fields of Fortune's better day

^a Warwick Castle.

When youthful HOPE, the music of the mind,
Tuned all its charms, and E——n was kind !

“ Yet, can I cease, while glows this trembling
frame,

In sighs to speak thy melancholy name ?

I hear thy spirit wail in every storm !

In midnight shades I view thy passing form !

Pale as in that sad hour when doom'd to feel,

Deep in thy perjured heart, the bloody steel !

“ Demons of Vengeance ! ye at whose command
I grasp'd the sword with more than woman's hand,
Say ye, did Pity's trembling voice control,
Or horror damp the purpose of my soul ?
No ! my wild heart sat smiling o'er the plan,
Till Hate fulfill'd what baffled Love began !

“ Yes ; let the clay-cold breast that never knew
One tender pang to generous Nature true,

Half-mingling pity with the gall of scorn,
Condemn this heart, that bled in love forlorn !

“ And ye, proud fair, whose soul no gladness warms,
Save Rapture’s homage to your conscious charms !
Delighted idols of a gaudy train,
Ill can your blunter feelings guess the pain,
When the fond faithful heart, inspired to prove
Friendship refined, the calm delight of love,
Feels all its tender strings with anguish torn,
And bleeds at perjured Pride’s inhuman scorn !

“ Say, then, did pitying Heaven condemn the deed,
When Vengeance bade thee, faithless lover ! bleed ?
Long had I watch’d thy dark foreboding brow,
What time thy bosom scorn’d its dearest vow !
Sad, though I wept the friend, the lover changed,
Still thy cold look was scornful and estranged,
Till from thy pity, love, and shelter thrown,
I wander’d hopeless, friendless, and alone !

“ Oh ! righteous Heaven ! ’twas then my tortured soul
First gave to wꝛath unlimited control !
Adieu the silent look ! the streaming eye !
The murmur’d plaint ! the deep heart-heaving sigh !
Long-slumbering Vengeance wakes to bitter deeds ;
He shrieks, he falls, the perjured lover bleeds !
Now the last laugh of agony is o’er,
And pale in blood he sleeps, to wake no more !

“ ’Tis done ! the flame of hate no longer burns :
Nature relents, but, ah ! too late returns !
Why does my soul this gush of fondness feel ?
Trembling and faint, I drop the guilty steel !
Cold on my heart the hand of terror lies,
And shades of horror close my languid eyes !

“ Oh ! ’twas a deed of Murder’s deepest grain !
Could B———k’s soul so true to wꝛath remain ?
A friend long true, a once fond lover fell !—
Where Love was foster’d could not Pity dwell ?

“ Unhappy youth ! while yon pale crescent glows
To watch on silent Nature’s deep repose,
Thy sleepless spirit, breathing from the tomb,
Foretells my fate, and summons me to come !
Once more I see thy sheeted spectre stand,
Roll the dim eye, and wave the paly hand !

“ Soon may this fluttering spark of vital flame
Forsake its languid melancholy frame !
Soon may these eyes their trembling lustre close,
Welcome the dreamless night of long repose !
Soon may this woe-worn spirit seek the bourne
Where, lull’d to slumber, Grief forgets to mourn !”

S O N G.

OH, how hard it is to find
The one just suited to our mind ;
And if that one should be
False, unkind, or found too late,
What can we do but sigh at fate,
And sing Woe's me — Woe's me !

Love's a boundless burning waste,
Where Bliss's stream we seldom taste,
And still more seldom flee
Suspense's thorns, Suspicion's stings ;
Yet somehow Love a something brings
That's sweet—ev'n when we sigh 'Woe's me !'

STANZAS

ON THE THREATENED INVASION,

1803.

OUR bosoms we'll bare for the glorious strife,
And our oath is recorded on high,
To prevail in the cause that is dearer than life,
Or crush'd in its ruins to die!
Then rise, fellow freemen, and stretch the right hand,
And swear to prevail in your dear native land!

'Tis the home we hold sacred is laid to our trust —
God bless the green Isle of the brave!
Should a conqueror tread on our forefathers' dust,
It would rouse the old dead from their grave!
Then rise, fellow freemen, and stretch the right hand,
And swear to prevail in your dear native land!

In a Briton's sweet home shall a spoiler abide—

 Profaning its loves and its charms?

Shall a Frenchman insult the loved fair at our side?

 To arms! oh, my Country, to arms!

Then rise, fellow freemen, and stretch the right hand,

And swear to prevail in your dear native land!

Shall a tyrant enslave us, my countrymen!—No!

 His head to the sword shall be given—

A death-bed repentance be taught the proud foe,

 And his blood be an offering to Heaven!

Then rise, fellow freemen, and stretch the right hand,

And swear to prevail in your dear native land!

S O N G.

WITHDRAW not yet those lips and fingers,
Whose touch to mine is rapture's spell ;
Life's joy for us a moment lingers,
And death seems in the word — farewell.
The hour that bids us part and go,
It sounds not yet—oh ! no, no, no !

Time, whilst I gaze upon thy sweetness,
Flies like a courser nigh the goal ;
To-morrow where shall be his fleetness,
When thou art parted from my soul ?
Our hearts shall beat, our tears shall flow,
But not together, — no, no, no !

HALLOWED GROUND.

WHAT'S hallow'd ground? Has earth a clod
Its Maker meant not should be trod
By man, the image of his God,
Erect and free,
Unscourged by Superstition's rod
To bow the knee?

That's hallow'd ground—where, mourn'd and miss'd,
The lips repose our love has kiss'd;—
But where's their memory's mansion? Is 't
Yon churchyard's bowers?
No! in ourselves their souls exist,
A part of ours.

A kiss can consecrate the ground
Where mated hearts are mutual bound :
The spot where love's first links were wound,
 That ne'er are riven,
Is hallow'd down to earth's profound,
 And up to heaven !

For time makes all but true love old ;
The burning thoughts that then were told
Run molten still in memory's mould ;
 And will not cool,
Until the heart itself be cold
 In Lethe's pool.

What hallows ground where heroes sleep ?
'Tis not the sculptured piles you heap !
In dews that heavens far distant weep
 Their turf may bloom ;
Or Genii twine beneath the deep
 Their coral tomb.

But strew his ashes to the wind
Whose sword or voice has served mankind—
And is he dead, whose glorious mind
 Lifts thine on high?—
To live in hearts we leave behind,
 Is not to die.

Is 't death to fall for Freedom's right?
He's dead alone that lacks her light!
And murder sullies in Heaven's sight
 The sword he draws:—
What can alone ennoble fight?
 A noble cause!

Give that! and welcome War to brace
Her drums! and rend Heaven's reeking space!
The colours planted face to face,
 The charging cheer,
Though Death's pale horse lead on the chase,
 Shall still be dear.

And place our trophies where men kneel
To Heaven!—but Heaven rebukes my zeal!
The cause of Truth and human weal,
 O God above!
Transfer it from the sword's appeal
 To Peace and Love.

Peace, Love! the cherubim, that join
Their spread wings o'er Devotion's shrine—
Prayers sound in vain, and temples shine,
 Where they are not—
The heart alone can make divine
 Religion's spot.

To incantations dost thou trust,
And pompous rites in domes august?
See mouldering stones and metal's rust
 Belie the vaunt,
That man can bless one pile of dust
 With chime or chaunt.

The ticking wood-worm mocks thee, man !
Thy temples — creeds themselves grow wan !
But there 's a dome of nobler span,
 A temple given
Thy faith, that bigots dare not ban —
 Its space is Heaven !

Its roof star-pictured Nature's ceiling,
Where trancing the rapt spirit's feeling,
And God himself to man revealing,
 The harmonious spheres
Make music, though unheard their pealing
 By mortal ears.

Fair stars ! are not your beings pure ?
Can sin, can death your worlds obscure ?
Else why so swell the thoughts at your
 Aspect above ?
Ye must be Heavens that make us sure
 Of heavenly love !

And in your harmony sublime
I read the doom of distant time ;
That man's regenerate soul from crime
 Shall yet be drawn,
And reason on his mortal clime
 Immortal dawn.

What's hallow'd ground ? 'Tis what gives birth
To sacred thoughts in souls of worth !—
Peace ! Independence ! Truth ! go forth
 Earth's compass round ;
And your high priesthood shall make earth
 All hallow'd ground.

CAROLINE.

PART I.

I'LL bid the hyacinth to blow,
I'll teach my grotto green to be;
And sing my true love, all below
The holly bower and myrtle tree.

There all his wild-wood sweets to bring,
The sweet south wind shall wander by,
And with the music of his wing
Delight my rustling canopy.

Come to my close and clustering bower,
Thou spirit of a milder clime,
Fresh with the dews of fruit and flower,
Of mountain-heath, and moory thyme.

With all thy rural echoes come,
Sweet comrade of the rosy day,
Wafting the wild bee's gentle hum,
Or cuckoo's plaintive roundelay.

Where'er thy morning breath has play'd,
Whatever isles of ocean fann'd,
Come to my blossom-woven shade,
Thou wandering wind of fairy-land.

For sure from some enchanted isle,
Where Heaven and Love their sabbath holds,
Where pure and happy spirits smile,
Of beauty's fairest, brightest mould ;

From some green Eden of the deep,
Where Pleasure's sigh alone is heaved,
Where tears of rapture lovers weep,
Endear'd, undoubting, undeceived ;

From some sweet paradise afar,
Thy music wanders, distant, lost—
Where Nature lights her leading star,
And love is never, never cross'd.

Oh gentle gale of Eden bowers,
If back thy rosy feet should roam,
To revel with the cloudless Hours
In Nature's more propitious home,

Name to thy loved Elysian groves,
That o'er enchanted spirits twine,
A fairer form than cherub loves,
And let the name be CAROLINE.

CAROLINE.

PART II.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

GEM of the crimson-colour'd Even,
Companion of retiring day,
Why at the closing gates of heaven,
Beloved star, dost thou delay?

So fair thy pensile beauty burns,
When soft the tear of twilight flows ;
So due thy plighted love returns,
To chambers brighter than the rose ;

To Peace, to Pleasure, and to Love,
So kind a star thou seem'st to be,
Sure some enamour'd orb above
Descends and burns to meet with thee.

Thine is the breathing, blushing hour,
When all unheavenly passions fly,
Chased by the soul-subduing power
Of Love's delicious witchery.

O ! sacred to the fall of day,
Queen of propitious stars, appear,
And early rise, and long delay,
When Caroline herself is here !

Shine on her chosen green resort,
Whose trees the sunward summit crown,
And wanton flowers, that well may court
An angel's feet to tread them down.

Shine on her sweetly-scented road,
 Thou star of evening's purple dome,
That lead'st the nightingale abroad,
 And guid'st the pilgrim to his home.

Shine, where my charmer's sweeter breath
 Embalms the soft exhaling dew,
Where dying winds a sigh bequeath
 To kiss the cheek of rosy hue.

Where, winnow'd by the gentle air,
 Her silken tresses darkly flow,
And fall upon her brow so fair,
 Like shadows on the mountain snow.

Thus, ever thus, at day's decline,
 In converse sweet, to wander far,
O bring with thee my Caroline,
 And thou shalt be my Ruling Star!

FIELD FLOWERS.

YE field flowers! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis true,
Yet, wildings of Nature, I doat upon you,

For ye waft me to summers of old,
When the earth teem'd around me with faery de-
light,

And when daisies and buttercups gladden'd my
sight,

Like treasures of silver and gold.

I love you for lulling me back into dreams
Of the blue Highland mountains and echoing
streams,

And of birchen glades breathing their balm,
While the deer was seen glancing in sunshine re-
mote,
And the deep mellow crush of the wood-pigeon's note
Made music that sweeten'd the calm.

Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune
Than ye speak to my heart, little wildings of June :
Of old ruinous castles ye tell,
Where I thought it delightful your beauties to find,
When the magic of Nature first breathed on my
mind,
And your blossoms were part of her spell.

Ev'n now what affections the violet awakes ;
What loved little islands, twice seen in their lakes,
Can the wild water-lily restore ;
What landscapes I read in the primrose's looks,
And what pictures of pebbled and minnowy brooks
In the vetches that tangled their shore.

Earth's cultureless buds, to my heart ye were dear,
Ere the fever of passion, or ague of fear
 Had scathed my existence's bloom ;
Once I welcome you more, in life's passionless stage,
With the visions of youth to revisit my age,
 And I wish you to grow on my tomb.

STANZAS

ON THE BATTLE OF NAVARINO.

HEARTS of oak that have bravely deliver'd the brave,
And uplifted old Greece from the brink of the grave,
'Twas the helpless to help, and the hopeless to save,
That your thunderbolts swept o'er the brine ;
And as long as yon sun shall look down on the
wave
The light of your glory shall shine.

For the guerdon ye sought with your bloodshed
and toil,
Was it slaves, or dominion, or rapine, or spoil ?

No ! your lofty emprise was to fetter and foil

The uprooter of Greece's domain !

When he tore the last remnant of food from her soil,

Till her famish'd sank pale as the slain !

Yet, Navarin's heroes ! does Christendom breed

The base hearts that will question the fame of your

deed ?

Are they men ?—let ineffable scorn be their meed,

And oblivion shadow their graves !—

Are they women ?—to Turkish serails let them speed !

And be mothers of Mussulman slaves.

Abettors of massacre ! dare ye deplore

That the death-shriek is silenced on Hellas's shore ?

That the mother aghast sees her offspring no more

By the hand of Infanticide grasp'd ?

And that stretch'd on yon billows distain'd by their

gore

Missolonghi's assassins have gasp'd ?

Prouder scene never hallow'd war's pomp to the
mind,

Than when Christendom's pennons woo'd social the
wind,

And the flower of her brave for the combat combined,

Their watch-word, humanity's vow ;—

Not a sea-boy that fought in that cause, but man-
kind

Owes a garland to honour his brow !

Nor grudge, by our side, that to conquer or fall,

Came the hardy rude Russ, and the high-mettled
Gaul ;

For whose was the genius, that plann'd at its call,

Where the whirlwind of battle should roll ?

All were brave ! but the star of success over all

Was the light of our Codrington's soul.

That star of thy day-spring, regenerate Greek !

Dimm'd the Saracen's moon, and struck pallid his
cheek :

In its fast flushing morning thy Muses shall speak

 When their lore and their lutes they reclaim :

And the first of their songs from Parnassus's peak

 Shall be “ *Glory to Codrington's name !*”

L I N E S

ON LEAVING A SCENE IN BAVARIA.

ADIEU the woods and waters' side,
Imperial Danube's rich domain !
Adieu the grotto, wild and wide,
The rocks abrupt, and grassy plain !
For pallid Autumn once again
Hath swell'd each torrent of the hill ;
Her clouds collect, her shadows sail,
And watery winds that sweep the vale,
Grow loud and louder still.

But not the storm, dethroning fast
 Yon monarch oak of massy pile ;
 Nor river roaring to the blast
 Around its dark and desert isle ;
 Nor church-bell * tolling to beguile
 The cloud-born thunder passing by,
 Can sound in discord to my soul :
 Roll on, ye mighty waters, roll !
 And rage, thou darken'd sky !

Thy blossoms now no longer bright ;
 Thy withered woods no longer green ;
 Yet, Eldurn shore, with dark delight
 I visit thy unlovely scene !
 For many a sunset hour serene
 My steps have trod thy mellow dew ;
 When his green light the fire-fly gave,
 When Cynthia from the distant wave
 Her twilight anchor drew,

* In Catholic countries you often hear the church-bells
 rung to propitiate Heaven during thunder-storms.

And plough'd, as with a swelling sail,

The billowy clouds and starry sea :

Then while thy hermit nightingale

Sang on his fragrant apple-tree,—

Romantic, solitary, free,

The visitant of Eldurn's shore,

On such a moonlight mountain stray'd

As echo'd to the music made

By Druid harps of yore.

Around thy savage hills of oak,

Around thy waters bright and blue,

No hunter's horn the silence broke,

No dying shriek thine echo knew ;

But safe, sweet Eldurn woods, to you

The wounded wild deer ever ran,

Whose myrtle bound their grassy cave,

Whose very rocks a shelter gave

From blood-pursuing man.

Oh heart effusions, that arose
 From nightly wanderings cherish'd here ;
 To him who flies from many woes,
 Even homeless deserts can be dear !
 The last and solitary cheer
 Of those that own no earthly home,
 Say — is it not, ye banish'd race,
 In such a loved and lonely place
 Companionless to roam ?

Yes! I have loved thy wild abode,
 Unknown, unplough'd, untrodden shore
 Where scarce the woodman finds a road,
 And scarce the fisher plies an oar :
 For man's neglect I love thee more :
 That art nor avarice intrude
 To tame thy torrent's thunder-shock,
 Or prune thy vintage of the rock
 Magnificently rude.

Unheeded spreads thy blossom'd bud

Its milky bosom to the bee ;

Unheeded falls along the flood

Thy desolate and aged tree.

Forsaken scene, how like to thee

The fate of unbefriended Worth !

Like thine her fruit dishonour'd falls ;

Like thee in solitude she calls

A thousand treasures forth.

O ! silent spirit of the place,

If lingering with the ruin'd year,

Thy hoary form and awful face

I yet might watch and worship here !

Thy storm were music to mine ear,

Thy wildest walk a shelter given

Sublimer thoughts on earth to find,

And share, with no unhallow'd mind,

The majesty of heaven.

What though the bosom friends of Fate,—
 Prosperity's unweaned brood,—
 Thy consolations cannot rate,
 O self-dependent solitude !
 Yet with a spirit unsubdued,
 Though darken'd by the clouds of Care,
 To worship thy congenial gloom,
 A pilgrim to the Prophet's tomb
 Misfortune shall repair.

On her the world hath never smiled
 Or look'd but with accusing eye ;—
 All-silent goddess of the wild,
 To thee that misanthrope shall fly !
 I hear her deep soliloquy,
 I mark her proud but ravaged form,
 As stern she wraps her mantle round,
 And bids, on winter's bleakest ground,
 Defiance to the storm.

Peace to her banish'd heart, at last,
In thy dominions shall descend,
And, strong as beechwood in the blast,
Her spirit shall refuse to bend ;
Enduring life without a friend,
The world and falsehood left behind,
Thy votary shall bear elate,
(Triumphant o'er opposing Fate,)
Her dark inspired mind.

But dost thou, Folly, mock the muse
A wanderer's mountain walk to sing,
Who shuns a warring world, nor woes
The vulture cover of its wing ?
Then fly, thou cowering, shivering thing,
Back to the fostering world beguiled,
To waste in self-consuming strife
The loveless brotherhood of life,
Reviling and reviled !

Away, thou lover of the race
That hither chased yon weeping deer !
If nature's all majestic face
More pitiless than man's appear ;
Or if the wild winds seem more drear
Than man's cold charities below,
Behold around his peopled plains,
Where'er the social savage reigns,
Exuberance of woe !

His art and honours wouldst thou seek
Emboss'd on grandeur's giant walls ?
Or hear his moral thunders speak
Where senates light their airy halls,
Where man his brother man enthralls ;
Or sends his whirlwind warrants forth
To rouse the slumbering fiends of war,
To dye the blood-warm waves afar,
And desolate the earth ?

From clime to clime pursue the scene,
 And mark in all thy spacious way,
 Where'er the tyrant man has been,
 There Peace, the cherub, cannot stay ;
 In wilds and woodlands far away
 She builds her solitary bower,
 Where only anchorites have trod,
 Or friendless men, to worship God,
 Have wander'd for an hour.

In such a far forsaken vale, —
 And such sweet Eldurn vale is thine, —
 Afflicted nature shall inhale
 Heaven-borrow'd thoughts and joys divine ;
 No longer wish, no more repine
 For man's neglect or woman's scorn ; —
 Then wed thee to an exile's lot,
 For if the world hath loved thee not,
 Its absence may be borne.

STANZAS TO PAINTING.

O THOU by whose expressive art
Her perfect image Nature sees
In union with the Graces start,
And sweeter by reflection please !

In whose creative hand the hues
Fresh from yon orient rainbow shine ;
I bless thee, Promethéan Muse !
And call thee brightest of the Nine !

Possessing more than vocal power,
Persuasive more than poet's tongue ;
Whose lineage, in a raptured hour, ^a
From Love, the Sire of Nature, sprung.

Does Hope her high possession meet ?
Is joy triumphant, sorrow flown ?
Sweet is the trance, the tremor sweet,
When all we love is all our own.

But oh ! thou pulse of pleasure dear,
Slow throbbing, cold, I feel thee part ;
Lone absence plants a pang severe,
Or death inflicts a keener dart.

^a Alluding to the well-known tradition respecting the origin of painting, that it arose from a young Corinthian female tracing the shadow of her lover's profile on the wall, as he lay asleep.

Then for a beam of joy to light
 In memory's sad and wakeful eye!
Or banish from the noon of night
 Her dreams of deeper agony.

Shall Song its witching cadence roll?
 Yea, even the tenderest air repeat,
That breathed when soul was knit to soul,
 And heart to heart responsive beat?

What visions rise! to charm, to melt!
 The lost, the loved, the dead are near!
Oh, hush that strain too deeply felt!
 And cease that solace too severe!

But thou serenely silent art!
 By heaven and love wast taught to lend
A milder solace to the heart,
 The sacred image of a friend.

All is not lost ! if, yet possess,
 To me that sweet memorial shine :—
If close and closer to my breast
 I hold that idol all divine.

Or, gazing through luxurious tears,
 Melt o'er the loved departed form,
Till death's cold bosom half appears
 With life, and speech, and spirit warm.

She looks! she lives! this tranced hour,
 Her bright eye seems a purer gem
Than sparkles on the throne of power,
 Or glory's wealthy diadem.

Yes, Genius, yes ! thy mimic aid
 A treasure to my soul has given,
Where beauty's canonized shade
 Smiles in the sainted hues of heaven.

No spectre forms of pleasure fled,
Thy soft'ning, sweet'ning, tints restore ;
For thou canst give us back the dead,
E'en in the loveliest looks they wore.

Then blest be Nature's guardian Muse,
Whose hand her perish'd grace redeems !
Whose tablet of a thousand hues
The mirror of creation seems.

From Love began thy high descent ;
And lovers, charm'd by gifts of thine,
Shall bless thee mutely eloquent ;
And call thee brightest of the Nine !

DRINKING-SONG OF MUNICH.

SWEET Iser ! were thy sunny realm
And flowery gardens mine,
Thy waters I would shade with elm
To prop the tender vine ;
My golden flaggons I would fill
With rosy draughts from every hill ;
And under every myrtle bower,
My gay companions should prolong
The laugh, the revel, and the song,
To many an idle hour.

Like rivers crimson'd with the beam
Of yonder planet bright,
Our balmy cups should ever stream
Profusion of delight ;
No care should touch the mellow heart,
And sad or sober none depart ;
For wine can triumph over woe,
And Love and Bacchus, brother powers,
Could build in Iser's sunny bowers
A paradise below.

LINES

ON REVISITING A SCOTTISH RIVER.

AND call they this Improvement?— to have changed,
My native Clyde, thy once romantic shore,
Where Nature's face is banish'd and estranged,
And Heaven reflected in thy wave no more ;
Whose banks, that sweeten'd May-day's breath
before,
Lie sere and leafless now in summer's beam,
With sooty exhalations cover'd o'er ;
And for the daisied green sward, down thy stream
Unsightly brick-lanes smoke, and clanking engines
gleam.

Speak not to me of swarms the scene sustains ;
 One heart free tasting Nature's breath and bloom
 Is worth a thousand slaves to Mammon's gains.
 But whither goes that wealth, and gladd'ning whom ?
 See, left but life enough and breathing room
 The hunger and the hope of life to feel,
 Yon pale Mechanic bending o'er his loom,
 And Childhood's self as at Ixion's wheel,
 From morn till midnight task'd to earn its little meal.

Is this Improvement ? — where the human breed
 Degenerates as they swarm and overflow,
 Till Toil grows cheaper than the trodden weed,
 And man competes with man, like foe with foe,
 Till Death, that thins them, scarce seems public
 woe ?

Improvement ! — smiles it in the poor man's eyes,
 Or blooms it on the cheek of Labour ? — No —
 To gorge a few with Trade's precarious prize,
 We banish rural life, and breathe unwholesome skies.

Nor call that evil slight ; God has not given
This passion to the heart of man in vain,
For Earth's green face, th' untainted air of Heaven,
And all the bliss of Nature's rustic reign.
For not alone our frame imbibes a stain
From fœtid skies ; the spirit's healthy pride
Fades in their gloom — And therefore I complain,
That thou no more through pastoral scenes shouldst
 glide,
My Wallace's own stream, and once romantic Clyde !

LINES

ON REVISITING CATHCART.

OH! scenes of my childhood, and dear to my
heart,

Ye green waving woods on the margin of Cart,
How blest in the morning of life I have stray'd,
By the stream of the vale and the grass-cover'd
glade!

Then, then, every rapture was young and sincere,
Ere the sunshine of bliss was bedimm'd by a tear,
And a sweeter delight every scene seem'd to lend,
That the mansion of peace was the house of a

FRIEND.

Now the scenes of my childhood and dear to my
heart,

All pensive I visit, and sigh to depart ;
Their flowers seem to languish, their beauty to cease,
For a *stranger* inhabits the mansion of peace.

But hush'd be the sigh that untimely complains,
While Friendship and all its enchantment remains,
While it blooms like the flower of a winterless clime,
Untainted by chance, unabated by time.

THE "NAME UNKNOWN;"

IN IMITATION OF KLOPSTOCK.

PROPHETIC pencil! wilt thou trace
A faithful image of the face,
Or wilt thou write the 'Name Unknown,'
Ordain'd to bless my charmed soul,
And all my future fate control,
Unrivall'd and alone?

Delicious Idol of my thought!
Though sylph or spirit hath not taught
My boding heart thy precious name;
Yet musing on my distant fate,
To charms unseen I consecrate
A visionary flame.

Thy rosy blush, thy meaning eye,
Thy virgin voice of melody,
 Are ever present to my heart ;
Thy murmur'd vows shall yet be mine,
My thrilling hand shall meet with thine,
 And never, never part !

Then fly, my days, on rapid wing,
Till Love the viewless treasure bring ;
 While I, like conscious Athens, own
A power in mystic silence seal'd,
A guardian angel unreveal'd,
 And bless the ' Name Unknown !'

THE END.

LONDON :
PRINTED BY S. AND R. BENTLEY,
Dorset Street ,Fleet Street.







