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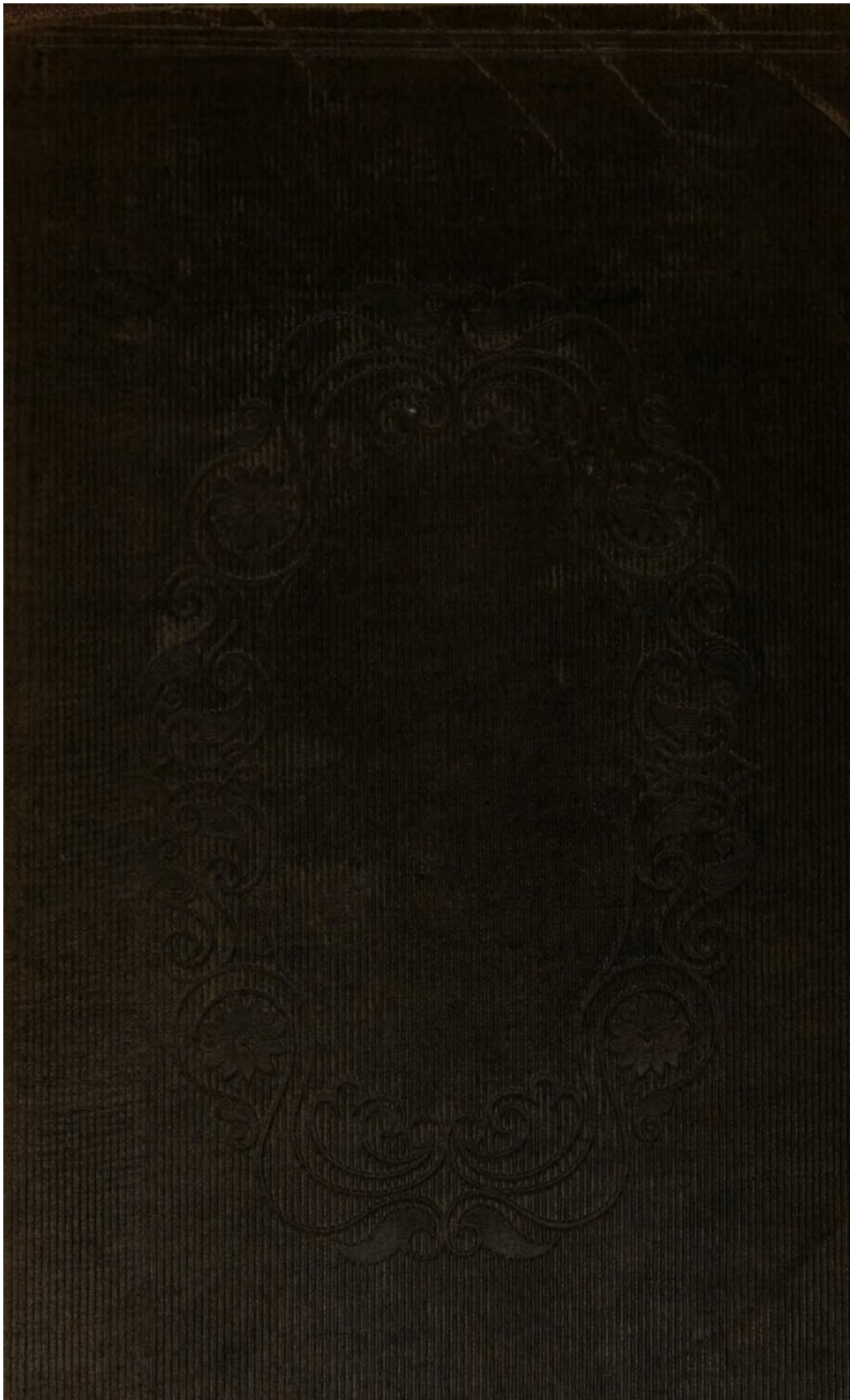
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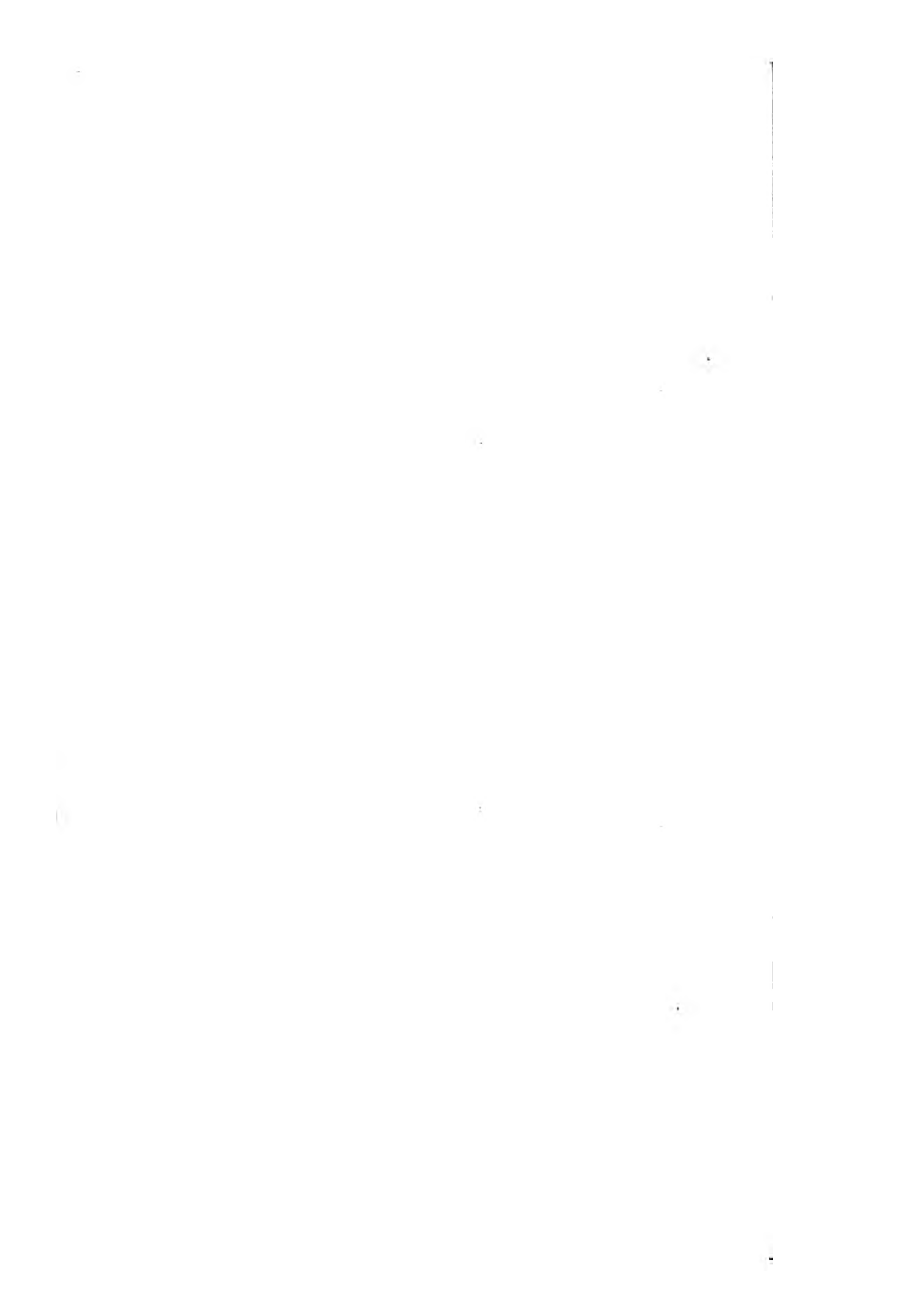


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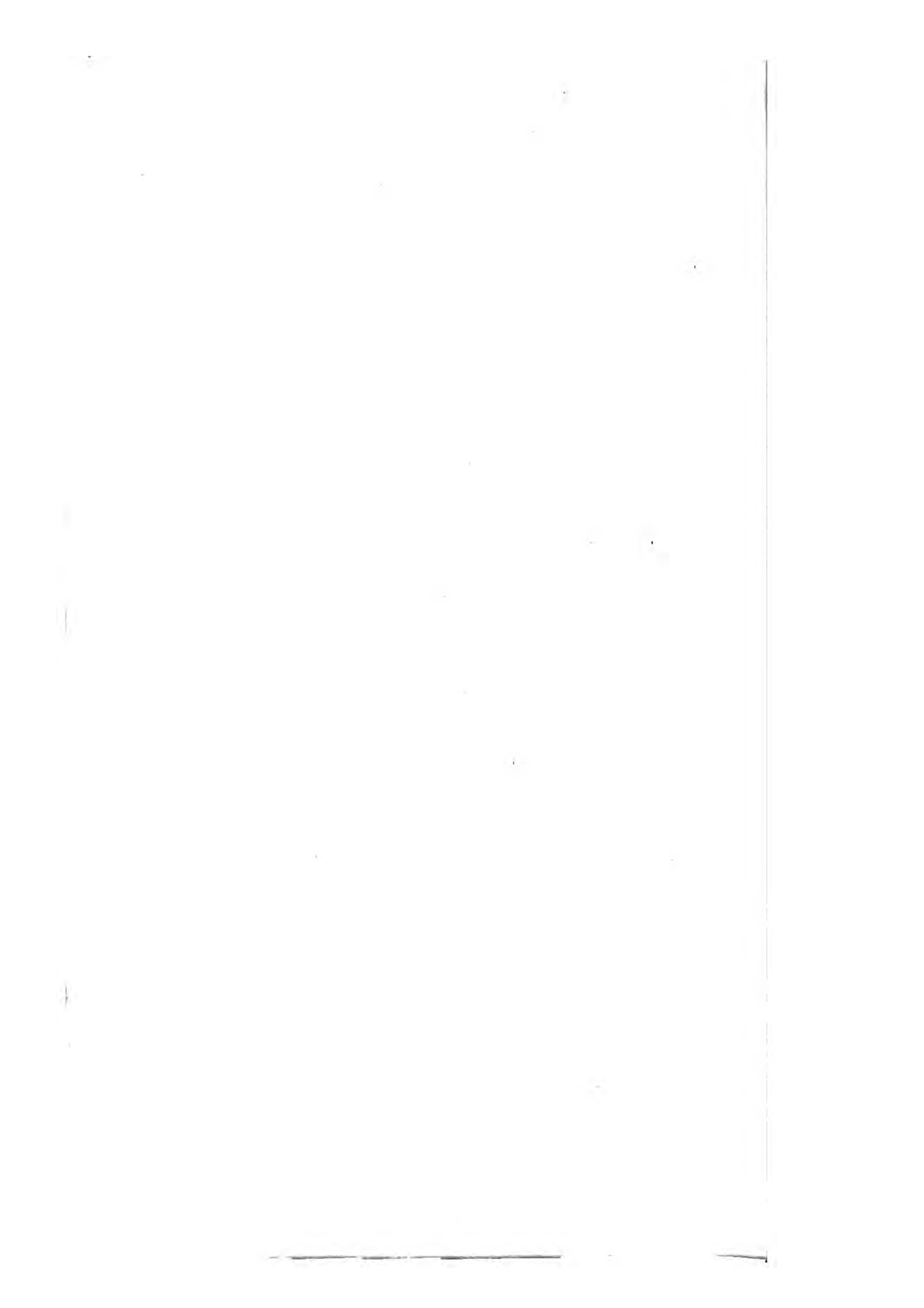
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ADVERTISEMENT.

SOME of my Friends having expressed a wish to see all the Sonnets that are scattered through several volumes of my Poems, brought under the eye at once ; this is done in the present Publication, with a hope that a collection made to please a few, may not be unacceptable to many others. Twelve new ones are added which were composed while the sheets were going through the press.

My admiration of some of the Sonnets of Milton, first tempted me to write in that form. The fact is not mentioned from a notion that it will be deemed of any importance by the reader, but merely as a public acknowledgment of one of the innumerable obligations, which, as a Poet and a Man, I am under to our great fellow-countryman.

RYDAL MOUNT,
May 21st, 1838.



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An asterisk is prefixed to the new Sonnets.

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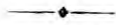
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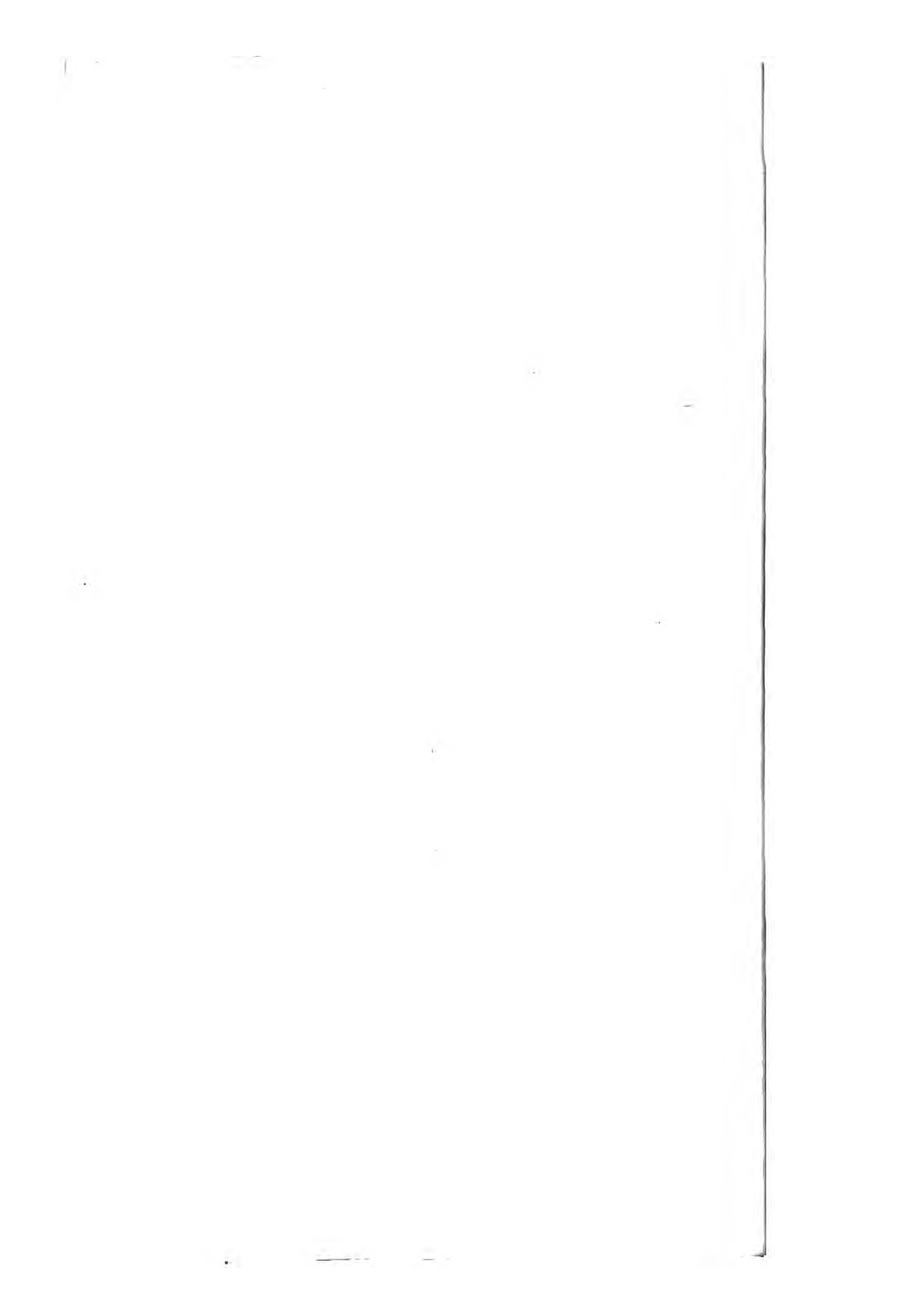


CLASS FIRST.



MISCELLANEOUS SONNETS.

PART I.



DEDICATION.

*Happy the feeling from the bosom thrown
In perfect shape (whose beauty Time shall spare
Though a breath made it) like a bubble blown
For summer pastime into wanton air ;
Happy the thought best likened to a stone
Of the sea-beach, when, polished with nice care,
Veins it discovers exquisite and rare,
Which for the loss of those moist gleams atone
That tempted first to gather it. If here,
O Friend! such feelings sometimes I present
To thy regard, with thoughts so fortunate,
Then let a hope spring up my heart to cheer
That thou, if not with partial joy elate,
Wilt smile upon this Gift with more than mild content!*

R

I.

NUNS fret not at their convent's narrow room ;
And hermits are contented with their cells ;
And students with their pensive citadels :
Maids at the wheel, the weaver at his loom,
Sit blithe and happy ; bees that soar for bloom,
High as the highest Peak of Furness-fells,
Will murmur by the hour in foxglove bells :
In truth, the prison, unto which we doom
Ourselves, no prison is : and hence to me,
In sundry moods, 'twas pastime to be bound
Within the Sonnet's scanty plot of ground :
Pleased if some Souls (for such there needs must be)
Who have felt the weight of too much liberty,
Should find brief solace there, as I have found.

II.

WRITTEN IN VERY EARLY YOUTH.

CALM is all nature as a resting wheel.
The kine are couched upon the dewy grass ;
The horse alone, seen dimly as I pass,
Is cropping audibly his later meal :
Dark is the ground ; a slumber seems to steal
O'er vale, and mountain, and the starless sky.
Now, in this blank of things, a harmony,
Home-felt, and home-created, comes to heal
That grief for which the senses still supply
Fresh food ; for only then, when memory
Is hushed, am I at rest. My Friends ! restrain
Those busy cares that would allay my pain ;
Oh ! leave me to myself, nor let me feel
The officious touch that makes me droop again.

III.

ADMONITION.

Intended more particularly for the perusal of those who may have happened to be enamoured of some beautiful Place of Retreat, in the Country of the Lakes.

WELL may'st thou halt—and gaze with brightening eye!
The lovely Cottage in the guardian nook
Hath stirred thee deeply ; with its own dear brook,
Its own small pasture, almost its own sky !
But covet not the Abode ;—forbear to sigh,
As many do, repining while they look ;
Intruders—who would tear from Nature's book
This precious leaf, with harsh impiety.
Think what the Home must be if it were thine,
Even thine, though few thy wants!—Roof, window, door,
The very flowers are sacred to the Poor,
The roses to the porch which they entwine :
Yea, all, that now enchants thee, from the day
On which it should be touched, would melt away.

IV.

“BELOVED Vale!” I said, “when I shall con
Those many records of my childish years,
Remembrance of myself and of my peers
Will press me down: to think of what is gone
Will be an awful thought, if life have one.”
But, when into the Vale I came, no fears
Distressed me; from mine eyes escaped no tears;
Deep thought, or dread remembrance, had I none.
By doubts and thousand petty fancies crost
I stood, of simple shame the blushing Thrall;
So narrow seemed the brooks, the fields so small!
A Juggler’s balls old Time about him tossed;
I looked, I stared, I smiled, I laughed; and all
The weight of sadness was in wonder lost.

v.

1801.

PELION and Ossa flourish side by side,
Together in immortal books enrolled :
His ancient dower Olympus hath not sold ;
And that inspiring Hill, which ' did divide
Into two ample horns his forehead wide,'
Shines with poetic radiance as of old ;
While not an English Mountain we behold
By the celestial Muses glorified.
Yet round our sea-girt shore they rise in crowds :
What was the great Parnassus' self to Thee,
Mount Skiddaw ? In his natural sovereignty
Our British Hill is nobler far ; he shrouds
His double front among Atlantic clouds,
And pours forth streams more sweet than Castaly.

VI.

THERE is a little unpretending Rill
Of limpid water, humbler far than aught
That ever among Men or Naiads sought
Notice or name!—It quivers down the hill,
Furrowing its shallow way with dubious will ;
Yet to my mind this scanty Stream is brought
Oftener than Ganges or the Nile ; a thought
Of private recollection sweet and still !
Months perish with their moons ; year treads on year ;
But, faithful Emma ! thou with me canst say
That, while ten thousand pleasures disappear,
And flies their memory fast almost as they ;
The immortal Spirit of one happy day
Lingers beside that Rill, in vision clear.

VII.

HER only pilot the soft breeze, the boat
Lingers, but Fancy is well satisfied ;
With keen-eyed Hope, with Memory, at her side,
And the glad Muse at liberty to note
All that to each is precious, as we float
Gently along ; regardless who shall chide
If the heavens smile, and leave us free to glide,
Happy Associates breathing air remote
From trivial cares. But, Fancy and the Muse,
Why have I crowded this small bark with you
And others of your kind, ideal crew !
While here sits One whose brightness owes its hues
To flesh and blood ; no Goddess from above,
No fleeting Spirit, but my own true Love ?

VIII.

THE fairest, brightest hues of ether fade ;
The sweetest notes must terminate and die ;
O Friend ! thy flute has breathed a harmony
Softly resounded through this rocky glade ;
Such strains of rapture as * the Genius played
In his still haunt on Bagdad's summit high ;
He who stood visible to Mirzah's eye,
Never before to human sight betrayed.
Lo, in the vale, the mists of evening spread !
The visionary Arches are not there,
Nor the green Islands, nor the shining Seas ;
Yet sacred is to me this Mountain's head,
Whence I have risen, uplifted on the breeze
Of harmony, above all earthly care.

* See the Vision of Mirzah in the Spectator.

IX.

UPON THE SIGHT OF A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE,

Painted by Sir G. H. Beaumont, Bart.

PRAISED be the Art whose subtle power could stay
Yon cloud, and fix it in that glorious shape ;
Nor would permit the thin smoke to escape,
Nor those bright sunbeams to forsake the day ;
Which stopped that band of travellers on their way,
Ere they were lost within the shady wood ;
And showed the Bark upon the glassy flood
For ever anchored in her sheltering bay.
Soul-soothing Art ! whom Morning, Noon-tide, Even,
Do serve with all their changeful pageantry ;
Thou, with ambition modest yet sublime,
Here, for the sight of mortal man, hast given
To one brief moment caught from fleeting time
The appropriate calm of blest eternity.

X.

“ WHY, Minstrel, these untuneful murmurings—
Dull, flagging notes that with each other jar ? ”
“ Think, gentle Lady, of a Harp so far
From its own country, and forgive the strings.”
A simple answer ! but even so forth springs,
From the Castalian fountain of the heart,
The Poetry of Life, and all *that* Art
Divine of words quickening insensate things.
From the submissive necks of guiltless men
Stretched on the block, the glittering axe recoils ;
Sun, moon, and stars, all struggle in the toils
Of mortal sympathy ; what wonder then
That the poor Harp distempered music yields
To its sad Lord, far from his native fields ?

XI.

AERIAL ROCK—whose solitary brow
From this low threshold daily meets my sight ;
When I step forth to hail the morning light ;
Or quit the stars with a lingering farewell—how
Shall Fancy pay to thee a grateful vow ;
How, with the Muse's aid, her love attest ?
—By planting on thy naked head the crest
Of an imperial Castle, which the plough
Of ruin shall not touch. Innocent scheme !
That doth presume no more than to supply
A grace the sinuous vale and roaring stream
Want, through neglect of hoar Antiquity.
Rise, then, ye votive Towers ! and catch a gleam
Of golden sunset, ere it fade and die.

XII.

TO SLEEP.

O GENTLE SLEEP ! do they belong to thee,
These twinklings of oblivion ? Thou dost love
To sit in meekness, like the brooding Dove,
A captive never wishing to be free.
This tiresome night, O Sleep ! thou art to me
A Fly, that up and down himself doth shove
Upon a fretful rivulet, now above
Now on the water vexed with mockery.
I have no pain that calls for patience, no ;
Hence am I cross and peevish as a child :
Am pleased by fits to have thee for my foe,
Yet ever willing to be reconciled :
O gentle Creature ! do not use me so,
But once and deeply let me be beguiled.

XIII.

TO SLEEP.

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

XIV.

TO SLEEP.

A FLOCK of sheep that leisurely pass by,
One after one ; the sound of rain, and bees
Murmuring ; the fall of rivers, winds and seas,
Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and pure sky ;
I have thought of all by turns, and yet I lie
Sleepless ! and soon the small birds' melodies
Must hear, first uttered from my orchard trees ;
And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry.
Even thus last night, and two nights more, I lay,
And could not win thee, Sleep ! by any stealth :
So do not let me wear to-night away :
Without Thee what is all the morning's wealth ?
Come blessèd barrier between day and day,
Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health.

XV.

THE WILD DUCK'S NEST.

THE imperial Consort of the Fairy-king
Owns not a sylvan bower ; or gorgeous cell
With emerald floored, and with purpureal shell
Ceilinged and roofed ; that is so fair a thing
As this low structure, for the tasks of Spring,
Prepared by one who loves the buoyant swell
Of the brisk waves, yet here consents to dwell ;
And spreads in stedfast peace her brooding wing.
Words cannot paint the o'ershadowing yew-tree bough,
And dimly-gleaming Nest,—a hollow crown
Of golden leaves inlaid with silver down,
Fine as the mother's softest plumes allow :
I gazed—and, self-accused while gazing, sighed
For human-kind, weak slaves of cumbrous pride !

XVI.

WRITTEN UPON A BLANK LEAF IN "THE COMPLETE ANGLER."

WHILE flowing rivers yield a blameless sport,
Shall live thy name, meek Walton : Sage benign !
Whose pen, the mysteries of the rod and line
Unfolding, did not fruitlessly exhort
To reverent watching of each still report
That Nature utters from her rural shrine.
O, nobly versed in simple discipline—
Who found'st the longest summer day too short,
To thy loved pastime given by sedgy Lee,
Or down the tempting maze of Shawford brook—
Fairer than life itself, in this sweet Book,
Are cowslip-bank and shady willow-tree ;
And the fresh meads—where flowed, from every nook
Of thy full bosom, gladsome Piety !

XVII.

TO THE POET, JOHN DYER.

BARD of the Fleece, whose skilful genius made
That Work a living landscape fair and bright ;
Nor hallowed less with musical delight
Than those soft scenes through which thy childhood strayed,
Those southern tracts of Cambria, 'deep embayed,'
With green hills fenced, with ocean's murmur lulled ;
Though hasty Fame hath many a chaplet culled
For worthless brows, while in the pensive shade
Of cold neglect she leaves thy head ungraced,
Yet pure and powerful minds, hearts meek and still,
A grateful few, shall love thy modest Lay,
Long as the shepherd's bleating flock shall stray
O'er naked Snowdon's wide aerial waste ;
Long as the thrush shall pipe on Grongar Hill !

XVIII.

ON THE DETRACTION WHICH FOLLOWED THE PUBLICATION
OF A CERTAIN POEM.

See Milton's Sonnet, beginning, 'A Book was writ of late called "Tetrachordon."'

A BOOK came forth of late, called PETER BELL ;
Not negligent the style ;—the matter ?—good
As aught that song records of Robin Hood ;
Or Roy, renowned through many a Scottish dell ;
But some (who brook those hackneyed themes full well,
Nor heat, at Tam o' Shanter's name, their blood)
Waxed wroth, and with fowl claws, a harpy brood,
On Bard and Hero clamorously fell.
Heed not, wild Rover once through heath and glen,
Who mad'st at length the better life thy choice,
Heed not such onset ! nay, if praise of men
To thee appear not an unmeaning voice,
Lift up that grey-haired forehead, and rejoice
In the just tribute of thy Poet's pen !

XIX.

GRIEF, thou hast lost an ever ready friend
Now that the cottage Spinning-wheel is mute ;
And Care—a comforter that best could suit
Her froward mood, and softliest reprehend ;
And Love—a charmer's voice, that used to lend,
More efficaciously than aught that flows
From harp or lute, kind influence to compose
The throbbing pulse—else troubled without end :
Even Joy could tell, Joy craving truce and rest
From her own overflow, what power sedate
On those revolving motions did await
Assiduously—to sooth her aching breast ;
And, to a point of just relief, abate
The mantling triumphs of a day too blest.

XX.

TO S. H.

EXCUSE is needless when with love sincere
Of occupation, not by fashion led,
Thou turn'st the Wheel that slept with dust o'erspread ;
My nerves from no such murmur shrink,—tho' near,
Soft as the Dorhawk's to a distant ear,
When twilight shades darken the mountain's head :
She who was feigned to spin our vital thread
Might smile on work, O Lady, once so dear
To household virtues. Venerable Art,
Torn from the poor ! yet shall kind Heaven protect
Its own ; though Rulers, with undue respect,
Trusting to crowded factory and mart
And proud discoveries of the intellect,
Heed not the pillage of man's ancient heart.

XXI.

COMPOSED IN ONE OF THE VALLEYS OF WESTMORELAND,
ON EASTER SUNDAY.

WITH each recurrence of this glorious morn
That saw the Saviour in his human frame
Rise from the dead, erewhile the Cottage-dame
Put on fresh raiment—till that hour unworn :
Domestic hands the home-bred wool had shorn,
And she who span it culled the daintiest fleece,
In thoughtful reverence to the Prince of Peace,
Whose temples bled beneath the platted thorn.
A blest estate when piety sublime
These humble props disdained not ! O green dales !
Sad may *I* be who heard your sabbath chime
When Art's abused inventions were unknown ;
Kind Nature's various wealth was all your own ;
And benefits were weighed in Reason's scales.

XXII.

DECAY OF PIETY.

OFT have I seen, ere Time had ploughed my cheek,
Matrons and Sires—who, punctual to the call
Of their loved Church, on fast or festival
Through the long year the House of Prayer would seek :
By Christmas snows, by visitation bleak
Of Easter winds, unscared, from hut or hall
They came to lowly bench or sculptured stall,
But with one fervour of devotion meek.
I see the places where they once were known,
And ask, surrounded even by kneeling crowds,
Is ancient Piety for ever flown ?
Alas ! even then they seemed like fleecy clouds
That, struggling through the western sky, have won
Their pensive light from a departed sun !

XXIII.

COMPOSED ON THE EVE OF THE MARRIAGE OF A FRIEND IN
THE VALE OF GRASMERE, 1812.

WHAT need of clamorous bells, or ribands gay,
These humble nuptials to proclaim or grace ?
Angels of love, look down upon the place ;
Shed on the chosen vale a sun-bright day !
Yet no proud gladness would the Bride display
Even for such promise :—serious is her face,
Modest her mien ; and she, whose thoughts keep pace
With gentleness, in that becoming way
Will thank you. Faultless does the Maid appear ;
No disproportion in her soul, no strife :
But, when the closer view of wedded life
Hath shown that nothing human can be clear
From frailty, for that insight may the Wife
To her indulgent Lord become more dear.

XXIV.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

YES! hope may with my strong desire keep pace,
And I be undeluded, unbetrayed ;
For if of our affections none find grace
In sight of Heaven, then, wherefore hath God made
The world which we inhabit? Better plea
Love cannot have, than that in loving thee
Glory to that eternal Peace is paid,
Who such divinity to thee imparts
As hallows and makes pure all gentle hearts.
His hope is treacherous only whose love dies
With beauty, which is varying every hour ;
But, in chaste hearts uninfluenced by the power
Of outward change, there blooms a deathless flower,
That breathes on earth the air of paradise.

XXV.

FROM THE SAME.

No mortal object did these eyes behold
When first they met the placid light of thine,
And my soul felt her destiny divine,
And hope of endless peace in me grew bold :
Heaven-born, the Soul a heaven-ward course must hold :
Beyond the visible world she soars to seek
(For what delights the sense is false and weak)
Ideal Form, the universal mould.
The wise man, I affirm, can find no rest
In that which perishes : nor will he lend
His heart to aught which doth on time depend.
'Tis sense, unbridled will, and not true love,
That kills the soul : love betters what is best,
Even here below, but more in heaven above.

XXVI.

FROM THE SAME. TO THE SUPREME BEING.

THE prayers I make will then be sweet indeed
If Thou the spirit give by which I pray :
My unassisted heart is barren clay,
That of its native self can nothing feed :
Of good and pious works thou art the seed,
That quickens only where thou say'st it may :
Unless thou shew to us thine own true way
No man can find it : Father ! thou must lead.
Do Thou, then, breathe those thoughts into my mind
By which such virtue may in me be bred
That in thy holy footsteps I may tread ;
The fetters of my tongue do Thou unbind,
That I may have the power to sing of thee,
And sound thy praises everlastingly.

XXVII.

SURPRISED by joy—impatient as the Wind
I turned to share the transport—Oh ! with whom
But Thee, deep buried in the silent tomb,
That spot which no vicissitude can find ?
Love, faithful love, recalled thee to my mind—
But how could I forget thee ? Through what power,
Even for the least division of an hour,
Have I been so beguiled as to be blind
To my most grievous loss ?—That thought's return
Was the worst pang that sorrow ever bore,
Save one, one only, when I stood forlorn,
Knowing my heart's best treasure was no more ;
That neither present time, nor years unborn
Could to my sight that heavenly face restore.

XXVIII.

I.

METHOUGHT I saw the footsteps of a throne
Which mists and vapours from mine eyes did shroud—
Nor view of who might sit thereon allowed ;
But all the steps and ground about were strown
With sights the ruefullest that flesh and bone
Ever put on ; a miserable crowd,
Sick, hale, old, young, who cried before that cloud,
“Thou art our king, O Death ! to thee we groan.”
Those steps I mounted, while the vapours gave
Smooth way ; and I beheld the face of one
Sleeping alone within a mossy cave,
With her face up to heaven ; that seemed to have
Pleasing remembrance of a thought foregone ;
A lovely Beauty in a summer grave !

XXIX.

NOVEMBER, 1836.

II.

EVEN so for me a Vision sanctified
The sway of Death ; long ere mine eyes had seen
Thy countenance—the still rapture of thy mien—
When thou, dear Sister ! wert become Death's Bride :
No trace of pain or languor could abide
That change:—age on thy brow was smoothed—thy cold
Wan cheek at once was privileged to unfold
A loveliness to living youth denied.
Oh ! if within me hope should e'er decline,
The lamp of faith, lost Friend ! too faintly burn ;
Then may that heaven-revealing smile of thine,
The bright assurance, visibly return :
And let my spirit in that power divine
Rejoice, as, through that power, it ceased to mourn.

XXX.

AIR sleeps,—from strife or stir the clouds are free ;
The holy time is quiet as a Nun
Breathless with adoration ; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity ;
The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the Sea :
But list ! the mighty Being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.
Dear Child ! dear happy Girl ! if thou appear
Heedless—unawed, untouched with serious thought,
Thy nature is not therefore less divine :
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year ;
And worship'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
God being with thee when we know it not.

XXXI.

COMPOSED AT ——— CASTLE.

DEGENERATE Douglas ! oh, the unworthy Lord !
Whom mere despite of heart could so far please,
And love of havoc, (for with such disease
Fame taxes him,) that he could send forth word
To level with the dust a noble horde,
A brotherhood of venerable Trees,
Leaving an ancient dome, and towers like these,
Beggared and outraged !—Many hearts deplored
The fate of those old Trees ; and oft with pain
The traveller, at this day, will stop and gaze
On wrongs, which Nature scarcely seems to heed :
For sheltered places, bosoms, nooks, and bays,
And the pure mountains, and the gentle Tweed,
And the green silent pastures, yet remain.

XXXII.

RETURNING FROM A TOUR IN SCOTLAND, 1803.

FLY, some kind Harbinger, to Grasmere-dale !
Say that we come, and come by this day's light ;
Glad tidings ! spread them over field and height,
But chiefly let one Cottage hear the tale ;
There let a mystery of joy prevail,
The kitten frolic, like a gamesome sprite,
And Rover whine, as at a second sight
Of near-approaching good that shall not fail :
And from that Infant's face let joy appear ;
Yea, let our Mary's one companion child—
That hath her six weeks' solitude beguiled
With intimations manifold and dear,
While we have wandered over wood and wild—
Smile on his Mother now with bolder cheer.

XXXIII.

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

XXXIV.

WITH Ships the sea was sprinkled far and nigh,
Like stars in heaven, and joyously it showed ;
Some lying fast at anchor in the road,
Some veering up and down, one knew not why.
A goodly Vessel did I then espy
Come like a giant from a haven broad ;
And lustily along the bay she strode,
Her tackling rich, and of apparel high.
This ship was nought to me, nor I to her,
Yet I pursued her with a Lover's look ;
This Ship to all the rest did I prefer :
When will she turn, and whither ? She will brook
No tarrying ; where She comes the winds must stir :
On went She, and due north her journey took.

XXXV.

THE world is too much with us ; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers :
Little we see in Nature that is ours ;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon !
This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon ;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers ;
For this, for every thing, we are out of tune ;
It moves us not.—Great God ! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn ;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn ;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea ;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

XXXVI.

A VOLANT Tribe of Bards on earth are found,
Who, while the flattering Zephyrs round them play,
On 'coignes of vantage' hang their nests of clay;
How quickly from that aery hold unbound,
Dust for oblivion! To the solid ground
Of nature trusts the Mind that builds for aye;
Convinced that there, there only, she can lay
Secure foundations. As the year runs round,
Apart she toils within the chosen ring;
While the stars shine, or while day's purple eye
Is gently closing with the flowers of spring;
Where even the motion of an Angel's wing
Would interrupt the intense tranquillity
Of silent hills, and more than silent sky.

XXXVII.

‘ WEAK is the will of Man, his judgment blind ;
‘ Remembrance persecutes, and Hope betrays ;
‘ Heavy is woe ;—and joy, for human-kind,
‘ A mournful thing, so transient is the blaze !’
Thus might *he* paint our lot of mortal days
Who wants the glorious faculty assigned
To elevate the more-than-reasoning Mind,
And colour life’s dark cloud with orient rays.
Imagination is that sacred power,
Imagination lofty and refined :
’Tis hers to pluck the amaranthine flower
Of Faith, and round the Sufferer’s temples bind
Wreaths that endure affliction’s heaviest shower,
And do not shrink from sorrow’s keenest wind.

XXXVIII.

How sweet it is, when mother Fancy rocks
The wayward brain, to saunter through a wood !
An old place, full of many a lovely brood,
Tall trees, green arbours, and ground-flowers in flocks ;
And wild rose tip-toe upon hawthorn stocks,
Like a bold Girl, who plays her agile pranks
At Wakes and Fairs with wandering Mountebanks,—
When she stands cresting the Clown's head, and mocks
The crowd beneath her. Verily I think,
Such place to me is sometimes like a dream
Or map of the whole world: thoughts, link by link,
Enter through ears and eyesight, with such gleam
Of all things, that at last in fear I shrink,
And leap at once from the delicious stream.

XXXIX.

PERSONAL TALK.

I AM not One who much or oft delight
To season my fireside with personal talk,—
Of friends, who live within an easy walk,
Or neighbours, daily, weekly, in my sight :
And, for my chance-acquaintance, ladies bright,
Sons, mothers, maidens withering on the stalk,
These all wear out of me, like Forms, with chalk
Painted on rich men's floors, for one feast-night.
Better than such discourse doth silence long,
Long, barren silence, square with my desire ;
To sit without emotion, hope, or aim,
In the loved presence of my cottage-fire,
And listen to the flapping of the flame,
Or kettle whispering its faint undersong.

XL.

CONTINUED.

“ YET life,” you say, “ is life ; we have seen and see,
And with a living pleasure we describe ;
And fits of sprightly malice do but bribe
The languid mind into activity.
Sound sense, and love itself, and mirth and glee
Are fostered by the comment and the gibe.”
Even be it so : yet still among your tribe,
Our daily world’s true Worldlings, rank not me !
Children are blest, and powerful ; their world lies
More justly balanced ; partly at their feet,
And part far from them :—sweetest melodies
Are those that are by distance made more sweet ;
Whose mind is but the mind of his own eyes,
He is a Slave ; the meanest we can meet !

XLI.

CONTINUED.

WINGS have we,—and as far as we can go
We may find pleasure : wilderness and wood,
Blank ocean and mere sky, support that mood
Which with the lofty sanctifies the low.
Dreams, books, are each a world ; and books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good :
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.
There find I personal themes, a plenteous store,
Matter wherein right voluble I am,
To which I listen with a ready ear ;
Two shall be named, pre-eminently dear,—
The gentle Lady married to the Moor ;
And heavenly Una with her milk-white Lamb.

XLII.

CONCLUDED.

NOR can I not believe but that hereby
Great gains are mine ; for thus I live remote
From evil-speaking ; rancour, never sought,
Comes to me not ; malignant truth, or lie.
Hence have I genial seasons, hence have I
Smooth passions, smooth discourse, and joyous thought :
And thus from day to day my little boat
Rocks in its harbour, lodging peaceably.
Blessings be with them—and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares—
The Poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays !
Oh, might my name be numbered among theirs,
Then gladly would I end my mortal days.

XLIII.

TO B. R. HAYDON.

HIGH is our calling, Friend!—Creative Art
(Whether the instrument of words she use,
Or pencil pregnant with ethereal hues,)
Demands the service of a mind and heart,
Though sensitive, yet, in their weakest part,
Heroically fashioned—to infuse
Faith in the whispers of the lonely Muse,
While the whole world seems adverse to desert.
And, oh! when Nature sinks, as oft she may,
Through long-lived pressure of obscure distress,
Still to be strenuous for the bright reward,
And in the soul admit of no decay,
Brook no continuance of weak-mindedness—
Great is the glory, for the strife is hard!

XLIV.

FROM the dark chambers of dejection freed,
Spurning the unprofitable yoke of care,
Rise, GILLIES, rise : the gales of youth shall bear
Thy genius forward like a wingèd steed.
Though bold Bellerophon (so Jove decreed
In wrath) fell headlong from the fields of air,
Yet a rich guerdon waits on minds that dare,
If aught be in them of immortal seed,
And reason govern that audacious flight
Which heaven-ward they direct.—Then droop not thou,
Erroneously renewing a sad vow
In the low dell 'mid Roslin's faded grove :
A cheerful life is what the Muses love,
A soaring spirit is their prime delight.

XLV.

FAIR Prime of life ! were it enough to gild
With ready sunbeams every straggling shower,
And, if an unexpected cloud should lower,
Swiftly thereon a rainbow arch to build
For Fancy's errands,—then, from fields half-tilled
Gathering green weeds to mix with poppy flower,
Thee might thy Minions crown, and chant thy power,
Unpitied by the wise, all censure stilled.
Ah ! show that worthier honours are thy due ;
Fair Prime of life ! arouse the deeper heart ;
Confirm the Spirit glorying to pursue
Some path of steep ascent and lofty aim ;
And, if there be a joy that slights the claim
Of grateful memory, bid that joy depart.

XLVI.

I WATCH, and long have watched, with calm regret
Yon slowly-sinking star—immortal Sire
(So might he seem) of all the glittering quire !
Blue ether still surrounds him—yet—and yet ;
But now the horizon's rocky parapet
Is reached, where forfeiting his bright attire,
He burns—transmuted to a dusky fire—
Then pays submissively the appointed debt
To the flying moments, and is seen no more.
Angels and gods ! we *struggle* with our fate,
While health, power, glory, from their height decline,
Depressed ; and then extinguished: and our state,
In this, how different, lost Star, from thine,
That no to-morrow shall our beams restore !

XLVII.

I HEARD (alas ! 't was only in a dream)
Strains—which, as sage Antiquity believed,
By waking ears have sometimes been received
Wafted adown the wind from lake or stream ;
A most melodious requiem, a supreme
And perfect harmony of notes, achieved
By a fair Swan on drowsy billows heaved,
O'er which her pinions shed a silver gleam.
For is she not the votary of Apollo ?
And knows she not, singing as he inspires,
That bliss awaits her which the ungenial Hollow *
Of the dull earth partakes not, nor desires ?
Mount, tuneful Bird, and join the immortal quires !
She soared—and I awoke, struggling in vain to follow.

* See the Phædon of Plato, by which this Sonnet was suggested.

XLVIII.

RETIREMENT.

IF the whole weight of what we think and feel,
Save only far as thought and feeling blend
With action, were as nothing, patriot Friend !
From thy remonstrance would be no appeal ;
But to promote and fortify the weal
Of our own Being is her paramount end ;
A truth which they alone shall comprehend
Who shun the mischief which they cannot heal.
Peace in these feverish times is sovereign bliss :
Here, with no thirst but what the stream can slake,
And startled only by the rustling brake,
Cool air I breathe ; while the unincumbered Mind,
By some weak aims at services assigned
To gentle Natures, thanks not Heaven amiss.

XLIX.

TO THE MEMORY OF RAISLEY CALVERT.

CALVERT! it must not be unheard by them
Who may respect my name, that I to thee
Owed many years of early liberty.
This care was thine when sickness did condemn
Thy youth to hopeless wasting, root and stem—
That I, if frugal and severe, might stray
Where'er I liked; and finally array
My temples with the Muse's diadem.
Hence, if in freedom I have loved the truth;
If there be aught of pure, or good, or great,
In my past verse; or shall be, in the lays
Of higher mood, which now I meditate;—
It gladdens me, O worthy, short-lived Youth!
To think how much of this will be thy praise.

PART II.

I.

SCORN not the Sonnet ; Critic ! you have frowned,
Mindless of its just honours ; with this key
Shakspeare unlocked his heart ; the melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound ;
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound ;
With it Camöens soothed an exile's grief ;
The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf
Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
His visionary brow : a glow-worm lamp,
It cheered mild Spenser, called from Faery-land
To struggle through dark ways ; and, when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The Thing became a trumpet ; whence he blew
Soul-animating strains—alas, too few !

II.

Not Love, not War, nor the tumultuous swell
Of civil conflict, nor the wrecks of change,
Nor Duty struggling with afflictions strange—
Not these *alone* inspire the tuneful shell ;
But where untroubled peace and concord dwell,
There also is the Muse not loth to range,
Watching the twilight smoke of hut or grange,
Skyward ascending from a woody dell.
Meek aspirations please her, lone endeavour,
And sage content, and placid melancholy ;
She loves to gaze upon a crystal river—
Diaphanous because it travels slowly ;
Soft is the music that would charm for ever ;
The flower of sweetest smell is shy and lowly.

III.

MARK the concentrated hazels that enclose
Yon old grey Stone, protected from the ray
Of noontide suns :—and even the beams that play
And glance, while wantonly the rough wind blows,
Are seldom free to touch the moss that grows
Upon that roof, amid embowering gloom,
The very image framing of a Tomb,
In which some ancient Chieftain finds repose
Among the lonely mountains.—Live, ye trees !
And thou, grey Stone, the pensive likeness keep
Of a dark chamber where the Mighty sleep :
For more than Fancy to the influence bends
When solitary Nature condescends
To mimic Time's forlorn humanities.

IV.

COMPOSED AFTER A JOURNEY ACROSS THE HAMBLETON
HILLS, YORKSHIRE.

DARK and more dark the shades of evening fell ;
The wished-for point was reached—but at an hour
When little could be gained from that rich dower
Of prospect, whereof many thousands tell.
Yet did the glowing west with marvellous power
Salute us ; there stood Indian citadel,
Temple of Greece, and minster with its tower
Substantially expressed—a place for bell
Or clock to toll from ! Many a tempting isle,
With groves that never were imagined, lay
'Mid seas how steadfast ! objects all for the eye
Of silent rapture ; but we felt the while
We should forget them ; they are of the sky,
And from our earthly memory fade away.

V.

————— 'they are of the sky,
And from our earthly memory fade away.'

THOSE words were uttered as in pensive mood
We turned, departing from that solemn sight :
A contrast and reproach to gross delight,
And life's unspiritual pleasures daily wooed !
But now upon this thought I cannot brood ;
It is unstable as a dream of night ;
Nor will I praise a cloud, however bright,
Disparaging Man's gifts, and proper food.
Grove, isle, with every shape of sky-built dome,
Though clad in colours beautiful and pure,
Find in the heart of man no natural home :
The immortal Mind craves objects that endure :
These cleave to it ; from these it cannot roam,
Nor they from it : their fellowship is secure.

VI.

SEPTEMBER, 1815.

WHILE not a leaf seems faded ; while the fields,
With ripening harvest prodigally fair,
In brightest sunshine bask ; this nipping air,
Sent from some distant clime where Winter wields
His icy scimitar, a foretaste yields
Of bitter change, and bids the flowers beware ;
And whispers to the silent birds, " Prepare
Against the threatening foe your trustiest shields."
For me, who under kindlier laws belong
To Nature's tuneful quire, this rustling dry
Through leaves yet green, and yon crystalline sky,
Announce a season potent to renew,
Mid frost and snow, the instinctive joys of song,
And nobler cares than listless summer knew.

VII.

NOVEMBER 1.

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

VIII.

COMPOSED DURING A STORM.

ONE who was suffering tumult in his soul,
Yet failed to seek the sure relief of prayer,
Went forth—his course surrendering to the care
Of the fierce wind, while mid-day lightnings prowled
Insidiously, untimely thunders growled ;
While trees, dim-seen, in frenzied numbers, tear
The lingering remnant of their yellow hair,
And shivering wolves, surprised with darkness, howl
As if the sun were not. He raised his eye
Soul-smitten ; for, that instant, did appear
Large space (mid dreadful clouds) of purest sky,
An azure disk—shield of Tranquillity ;
Invisible, unlooked-for, minister
Of providential goodness ever nigh !

IX.

TO A SNOW-DROP.

LONE Flower, hemmed in with snows, and white as they,
But hardier far, once more I see thee bend
Thy forehead, as if fearful to offend,
Like an unbidden guest. Though day by day,
Storms, sallying from the mountain-tops, way-lay
The rising sun, and on the plains descend ;
Yet art thou welcome, welcome as a friend
Whose zeal outruns his promise ! Blue-eyed May
Shall soon behold this border thickly set
With bright jonquils, their odours lavishing
On the soft west-wind and his frolic peers ;
Nor will I then thy modest grace forget,
Chaste Snow-drop, venturous harbinger of Spring,
And pensive monitor of fleeting years !

X.

TO THE LADY MARY LOWTHER.

With a selection from the Poems of Anne, Countess of Winchilsea : and extracts of similar character from other Writers ; transcribed by a female friend.

LADY ! I rifled a Parnassian Cave
(But seldom trod) of mildly-gleaming ore ;
And culled, from sundry beds, a lucid store
Of genuine crystals, pure as those that pave
The azure brooks, where Dian joys to lave
Her spotless limbs ; and ventured to explore
Dim shades—for reliques, upon Lethe's shore,
Cast up at random by the sullen wave.
To female hands the treasures were resigned ;
And lo, this Work !—a grotto bright and clear
From stain or taint ; in which thy blameless mind
May feed on thoughts though pensive not austere ;
Or, if thy deeper spirit be inclined
To holy musing, it may enter here.

XI.

DEDICATION TO THE AUTHOR'S POEM, THE EXCURSION.

TO THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM, EARL OF LONSDALE, K.G.
&c. &c.

OFT, through thy fair domains, illustrious Peer !
In youth I roamed, on youthful pleasures bent ;
And mused in rocky cell or sylvan tent,
Beside swift-flowing Lowther's current clear.
—Now, by thy care befriended, I appear
Before thee, LONSDALE, and this Work present,
A token (may it prove a monument !)
Of high respect and gratitude sincere.
Gladly would I have waited till my task
Had reached its close ; but Life is insecure,
And Hope full oft fallacious as a dream :
Therefore, for what is here produced, I ask
Thy favour ; trusting that thou wilt not deem
The Offering, though imperfect, premature.

XII.

TO THE LADY BEAUMONT.

LADY ! the songs of Spring were in the grove
While I was shaping beds for winter flowers ;
While I was planting green unfading bowers,
And shrubs—to hang upon the warm alcove,
And sheltering wall ; and still, as Fancy wove
The dream, to time and nature's blended powers
I gave this paradise for winter hours,
A labyrinth, Lady ! which your feet shall rove.
Yes ! when the sun of life more feebly shines,
Becoming thoughts, I trust, of solemn gloom
Or of high gladness you shall hither bring ;
And these perennial bowers and murmuring pines
Be gracious as the music and the bloom
And all the mighty ravishment of spring.

XIII.

THERE is a pleasure in poetic pains
Which only Poets know ;—'t was rightly said ;
Whom could the Muses else allure to tread
Their smoothest paths, to wear their lightest chains ?
When happiest Fancy has inspired the strains,
How oft the malice of one luckless word
Pursues the Enthusiast to the social board,
Haunts him belated on the silent plains !
Yet he repines not, if his thought stand clear,
At last, of hinderance and obscurity,
Fresh as the star that crowns the brow of morn ;
Bright, speckless, as a softly-moulded tear
The moment it has left the virgin's eye,
Or rain-drop lingering on the pointed thorn.

XIV.

THE Shepherd, looking eastward, softly said,
“Bright is thy veil, O Moon, as thou art bright!”
Forthwith, that little cloud, in ether spread
And penetrated all with tender light,
She cast away, and showed her fulgent head
Uncovered; dazzling the Beholder’s sight
As if to vindicate her beauty’s right,
Her beauty thoughtlessly disparagèd.
Meanwhile that veil, removed or thrown aside,
Went floating from her, darkening as it went;
And a huge mass, to bury or to hide,
Approached this glory of the firmament;
Who meekly yields, and is obscured—content
With one calm triumph of a modest pride.

XV.

WHEN haughty expectations prostrate lie,
And grandeur crouches like a guilty thing,
Oft shall the lowly weak, till nature bring
Mature release, in fair society
Survive, and Fortune's utmost anger try ;
Like these frail snow-drops that together cling,
And nod their helmets, smitten by the wing
Of many a furious whirl-blast sweeping by.
Observe the faithful flowers ! if small to great
May lead the thoughts, thus struggling used to stand
The Emathian phalanx, nobly obstinate ;
And so the bright immortal Theban band,
Whom onset, fiercely urged at Jove's command,
Might overwhelm, but could not separate !

XVI.

HAIL, Twilight, sovereign of one peaceful hour !
Not dull art Thou as undiscerning Night ;
But studious only to remove from sight
Day's mutable distinctions.—Ancient Power !
Thus did the waters gleam, the mountains lower,
To the rude Briton, when, in wolf-skin vest
Here roving wild, he laid him down to rest
On the bare rock, or through a leafy bower
Looked ere his eyes were closed. By him was seen
The self-same vision which we now behold,
At thy meek bidding, shadowy Power ! brought forth ;
These mighty barriers, and the gulf between ;
The flood, the stars,—a spectacle as old
As the beginning of the heavens and earth !

XVII.

WITH how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the sky,
' How silently, and with how wan a face !'
Where art thou ? Thou so often seen on high
Running among the clouds a Wood-nymph's race !
Unhappy Nuns, whose common breath's a sigh
Which they would stifle, move at such a pace !
The northern Wind, to call thee to the chase,
Must blow to-night his bugle horn. Had I
The power of Merlin, Goddess ! this should be :
And all the Stars, fast as the clouds were riven,
Should sally forth—in emulous company
Sparkling, and hurrying through the clear blue heaven ;
But, Cynthia ! should to thee the palm be given,
Queen both for beauty and for majesty.

XVIII.

EVEN as a dragon's eye that feels the stress
Of a bedimming sleep, or as a lamp
Sullenly glaring through sepulchral damp,
So burns yon Taper 'mid a black recess
Of mountains, silent, dreary, motionless :
The lake below reflects it not ; the sky,
Muffled in clouds, affords no company
To mitigate and cheer its loneliness.
Yet, round the body of that joyless Thing
Which sends so far its melancholy light,
Perhaps are seated in domestic ring
A gay society with faces bright,
Conversing, reading, laughing ;—or they sing,
While hearts and voices in the song unite.

XIX.

THE stars are mansions built by Nature's hand ;
The sun is peopled ; and with Spirits blest,
Say, can the gentle Moon be unpossesst ?
Huge Ocean shows, within his yellow strand,
A habitation marvellously planned,
For life to occupy in love and rest ;
All that we see—is dome, or vault, or nest,
Or fortress, reared at Nature's sage command.
Glad thought for every season ! but the Spring
Gave it while cares were weighing on my heart,
'Mid song of birds, and insects murmuring ;
And while the youthful year's prolific art—
Of bud, leaf, blade, and flower—was fashioning
Abodes where self-disturbance hath no part.

XX.

DESPONDING Father! mark this altered bough,
So beautiful of late, with sunshine warmed,
Or moist with dews; what more unsightly now,
Its blossoms shrivelled, and its fruit, if formed,
Invisible? yet Spring her genial brow
Knits not o'er that discolouring and decay
As false to expectation. Nor fret thou
At like unlovely process in the May
Of human life: a Stripling's graces blow,
Fade and are shed—that from their timely fall
(Misdemean it not a cankerous change) may grow
Rich mellow bearings, that for thanks shall call:
In *all* men, sinful is it to be slow
To hope—in Parents, sinful *above* all.

XXI.

CAPTIVITY.—MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

“ As the cold aspect of a sunless way
Strikes through the Traveller’s frame with deadlier chill,
Oft as appears a grove, or obvious hill,
Glistening with unparticipated ray,
Or shining slope where he must never stray ;
So joys, remembered without wish or will,
Sharpen the keenest edge of present ill,—
On the crushed heart a heavier burthen lay.
Just Heaven, contract the compass of my mind
To fit proportion with my altered state !
Quench those felicities whose light I find
Reflected in my bosom all too late !—
O be my spirit, like my thraldom, strait ;
And, like mine eyes that stream with sorrow, blind !”

XXII.

ST. CATHERINE OF LEDBURY.

WHEN human touch (as monkish books attest)
Nor was applied nor could be, Ledbury bells
Broke forth in concert flung adown the dells,
And upward, high as Malvern's cloudy crest ;
Sweet tones, and caught by a noble Lady blest
To rapture ! Mabel listened at the side
Of her loved Mistress : soon the music died,
And Catherine said , *Here I set up my rest.*
Warned in a dream, the Wanderer long had sought
A home that by such miracle of sound
Must be revealed :—she heard it now, or felt
The deep, deep joy of a confiding thought ;
And there, a saintly Anchoress, she dwelt
Till she exchanged for heaven that happy ground.

XXIII.

———' gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.'

THOUGH narrow be that old Man's cares, and near,
The poor old Man is greater than he seems :
For he hath waking empire, wide as dreams ;
An ample sovereignty of eye and ear.
Rich are his walks with supernatural cheer ;
The region of his inner spirit teems
With vital sounds and monitory gleams
Of high astonishment and pleasing fear.
He the seven birds hath seen, that never part,
Seen the SEVEN WHISTLERS in their nightly rounds,
And counted them : and oftentimes will start—
For overhead are sweeping GABRIEL'S HOUNDS,
Doomed, with their impious Lord, the flying Hart
To chase for ever, on aërial grounds !

XXIV.

FOUR fiery steeds impatient of the rein
Whirled us o'er sunless ground beneath a sky
As void of sunshine, when, from that wide plain,
Clear tops of far-off mountains we descry,
Like a Sierra of cerulean Spain,
All light and lustre. Did no heart reply?
Yes, there was one;—for one, asunder fly
The thousand links of that ethereal chain;
And green vales open out, with grove and field,
And the fair front of many a happy Home;
Such tempting spots as into vision come
While Soldiers, weary of the arms they wield
And sick at heart of strife-ful Christendom,
Gaze on the moon by parting clouds revealed.

XXV.

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

XXVI.

COMPOSED ON THE BANKS OF A ROCKY STREAM.

DOGOMATIC Teachers, of the snow-white fur !
Ye wrangling Schoolmen, of the scarlet hood !
Who, with a keenness not to be withstood,
Press the point home, or falter and demur,
Checked in your course by many a teasing burr :
These natural council-seats your acrid blood
Might cool ;—and, as the Genius of the flood
Stoops willingly to animate and spur
Each lighter function slumbering in the brain,
Yon eddying balls of foam, these arrowy gleams,
That o'er the pavement of the surging streams
Welter and flash, a synod might detain
With subtle speculations, haply vain,
But surely less so than your far-fetched themes !

XXVII.

THIS, AND THE TWO FOLLOWING, WERE SUGGESTED BY
MR. W. WESTALL'S VIEWS OF THE CAVES, ETC.
IN YORKSHIRE.

PURE element of waters ! wheresoe'er
Thou dost forsake thy subterranean haunts,
Green herbs, bright flowers, and berry-bearing plants,
Rise into life and in thy train appear :
And, through the sunny portion of the year,
Swift insects shine, thy hovering pursuivants :
And, if thy bounty fail, the forest pants ;
And hart and hind and hunter with his spear,
Languish and droop together. Nor unfelt
In man's perturbèd soul thy sway benign ;
And, haply, far within the marble belt
Of central earth, where tortured Spirits pine
For grace and goodness lost, thy murmurs melt
Their anguish, and they blend sweet songs with thine*.

* Waters (as Mr. Westall informs us in the letter-press prefixed to his admirable views) are invariably found to flow through these caverns.

XXVIII.

MALHAM COVE.

WAS the aim frustrated by force or guile,
When giants scooped from out the rocky ground,
Tier under tier, this semicirque profound?
(Giants—the same who built in Erin's isle
That Causeway with incomparable toil!)—
O, had this vast theatric structure wound
With finished sweep into a perfect round,
No mightier work had gained the plausive smile
Of all-beholding Phœbus! But, alas,
Vain earth! false world! Foundations must be laid
In Heaven; for, 'mid the wreck of IS and WAS,
Things incomplete and purposes betrayed
Make sadder transits o'er thought's optic glass
Than noblest objects utterly decayed.

XXIX.

GORDALE.

At early dawn, or rather when the air
Glimmers with fading light, and shadowy Eve
Is busiest to confer and to bereave ;
Then, pensive Votary ! let thy feet repair
To Gordale-chasm, terrific as the lair
Where the young lions couch ; for so, by leave
Of the propitious hour, thou may'st perceive
The local Deity, with oozy hair
And mineral crown, beside his jagged urn,
Recumbent : Him thou may'st behold, who hides
His lineaments by day, yet there presides,
Teaching the docile waters how to turn ;
Or (if need be) impediment to spurn,
And force their passage to the salt-sea tides !

XXX.

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE,
SEPT. 3, 1802.

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

XXXI.

OXFORD, MAY 30, 1820.

YE sacred Nurseries of blooming Youth !
In whose collegiate shelter England's Flowers
Expand, enjoying through their vernal hours
The air of liberty, the light of truth ;
Much have ye suffered from Time's gnawing tooth :
Yet, O ye spires of Oxford ! domes and towers !
Gardens and groves ! your presence overpowers
The soberness of reason ; till, in sooth,
Transformed, and rushing on a bold exchange,
I slight my own beloved Cam, to range
Where silver Isis leads my stripling feet ;
Pace the long avenue, or glide adown
The stream-like windings of that glorious street—
An eager Novice robed in fluttering gown !

XXXII.

OXFORD, MAY 30, 1820.

SHAME on this faithless heart ! that could allow
Such transport, though but for a moment's space ;
Not while—to aid the spirit of the place—
The crescent moon clove with its glittering prow
The clouds, or night-bird sang from shady bough ;
But in plain daylight:—She, too, at my side,
Who, with her heart's experience satisfied,
Maintains inviolate its slightest vow !
Sweet Fancy ! other gifts must I receive ;
Proofs of a higher sovereignty I claim ;
Take from her brow the withering flowers of eve,
And to that brow life's morning wreath restore ;
Let *her* be comprehended in the frame
Of these illusions, or they please no more.

XXXIII.

RECOLLECTION OF THE PORTRAIT OF KING HENRY EIGHTH,
TRINITY LODGE, CAMBRIDGE.

THE imperial Stature, the colossal stride,
Are yet before me ; yet do I behold
The broad full visage, chest of amplest mould,
The vestments 'broidered with barbaric pride :
And lo ! a poniard, at the Monarch's side,
Hangs ready to be grasped in sympathy
With the keen threatenings of that fulgent eye,
Below the white-rimmed bonnet, far-described.
Who trembles now at thy capricious mood ?
'Mid those surrounding Worthies, haughty King,
We rather think, with grateful mind sedate,
How Providence educeth, from the spring
Of lawless will, unlooked-for streams of good,
Which neither force shall check nor time abate !

XXXIV.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS MAJESTY (GEORGE THE THIRD).

WARD of the LAW!—dread Shadow of a King!
Whose realm had dwindled to one stately room;
Whose universe was gloom immersed in gloom,
Darkness as thick as life o'er life could fling,
Save haply for some feeble glimmering
Of Faith and Hope—if thou, by nature's doom,
Gently hast sunk into the quiet tomb,
Why should we bend in grief, to sorrow cling,
When thankfulness were best?—Fresh-flowing tears,
Or, where tears flow not, sigh succeeding sigh,
Yield to such after-thought the sole reply
Which justly it can claim. The nation hears
In this deep knell, silent for threescore years,
An unexampled voice of awful memory!

XXXV.

JUNE, 1820.

FAME tells of groves—from England far away—
* Groves that inspire the Nightingale to trill
And modulate, with subtle reach of skill
Elsewhere unmatched, her ever-varying lay ;
Such bold report I venture to gainsay :
For I have heard the choir of Richmond hill
Chanting, with indefatigable bill,
Strains that recalled to mind a distant day ;
When, haply under shade of that same wood,
And scarcely conscious of the dashing oars
Plied steadily between those willowy shores,
The sweet-souled Poet of the Seasons stood—
Listening, and listening long, in rapturous mood,
Ye heavenly Birds ! to your Progenitors.

* Wallachia is the country alluded to.

XXXVI.

A PARSONAGE IN OXFORDSHIRE.

WHERE holy ground begins, unhallowed ends,
Is marked by no distinguishable line ;
The turf unites, the pathways intertwine ;
And, wheresoe'er the stealing footstep tends,
Garden, and that Domain where kindred, friends,
And neighbours rest together, here confound
Their several features, mingled like the sound
Of many waters, or as evening blends
With shady night. Soft airs, from shrub and flower,
Waft fragrant greetings to each silent grave ;
And while those lofty poplars gently wave
Their tops, between them comes and goes a sky
Bright as the glimpses of eternity,
To saints accorded in their mortal hour.

XXXVII.

COMPOSED AMONG THE RUINS OF A CASTLE IN NORTH WALES.

THROUGH shattered galleries, 'mid roofless halls,
Wandering with timid footsteps oft betrayed,
The Stranger sighs, nor scruples to upbraid
Old Time, though he, gentlest among the Thralls
Of Destiny, upon these wounds hath laid
His lenient touches, soft as light that falls
From the wan Moon, upon the towers and walls,
Light deepening the profoundest sleep of shade.
Relic of Kings! Wreck of forgotten wars,
To winds abandoned and the prying stars,
Time *loves* Thee! at his call the Seasons twine
Luxuriant wreaths around thy forehead hoar;
And, though past pomp no changes can restore,
A soothing recompense, his gift, is thine!

XXXVIII.

TO THE LADY E. B. AND THE HON. MISS P.

Composed in the Grounds of Plass Newidd, near Llangollen, 1824.

A STREAM, to mingle with your favourite Dee,
 Along the VALE OF MEDITATION* flows ;
 So styled by those fierce Britons, pleased to see
 In Nature's face the expression of repose ;
 Or haply there some pious hermit chose
 To live and die, the peace of heaven his aim ;
 To whom the wild sequestered region owes,
 At this late day, its sanctifying name.

GLYN CAFAILLGAROCH, in the Cambrian tongue,
 In ours, the VALE OF FRIENDSHIP, let *this* spot
 Be named ; where, faithful to a low-roofed Cot,
 On Deva's banks, ye have abode so long ;
 Sisters in love, a love allowed to climb,
 Even on this earth, above the reach of Time !

* Glyn Myrvr.

XXXIX.

TO THE TORRENT AT THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE, NORTH WALES.
1824.

How art thou named? In search of what strange land
From what huge height, descending? Can such force
Of waters issue from a British source,
Or hath not Pindus fed thee, where the band
Of Patriots scoop their freedom out, with hand
Desperate as thine? Or come the incessant shocks
From that young Stream, that smites the throbbing rocks
Of Viamala? There I seem to stand,
As in life's morn; permitted to behold,
From the dread chasm, woods climbing above woods,
In pomp that fades not; everlasting snows;
And skies that ne'er relinquish their repose;
Such power possess the family of floods
Over the minds of Poets, young or old!

XL.

IN THE WOODS OF RYDAL.

WILD Redbreast! hadst thou at Jemima's lip
Pecked, as at mine, thus boldly, Love might say,
A half-blown rose had tempted thee to sip
Its glistening dew; but hallowed is the clay
Which the Muse warms; and I, whose head is grey,
Am not unworthy of thy fellowship;
Nor could I let one thought—one motion—slip
That might thy sylvan confidence betray.
For are we not all His, without whose care
Vouchsafed no sparrow falleth to the ground?
Who gives his Angels wings to speed through air,
And rolls the planets through the blue profound;
Then peck or perch, fond Flutterer! nor forbear
To trust a Poet in still musings bound.

XLI.

WHEN Philoctetes in the Lemnian isle
Like a Form sculptured on a monument
Lay couched ; on him or his dread bow unbent
Some wild Bird oft might settle and beguile
The rigid features of a transient smile,
Disperse the tear, or to the sigh give vent,
Slackening the pains of ruthless banishment
From his lov'd home, and from heroic toil.
And trust that spiritual Creatures round us move,
Griefs to allay which Reason cannot heal ;
Yea, veriest reptiles have sufficed to prove
To fettered wretchedness, that no Bastile
Is deep enough to exclude the light of love,
Though man for brother man has ceased to feel.

XLII.

WHILE Anna's peers and early playmates tread,
In freedom, mountain-turf and river's marge ;
Or float with music in the festal barge ;
Rein the proud steed, or through the dance are led ;
Her doom it is to press a weary bed—
Till oft her guardian Angel, to some charge
More urgent called, will stretch his wings at large,
And friends too rarely prop the languid head.
Yet, helped by Genius—untired comforter,
The presence even of a stuffed Owl for her
Can cheat the time ; sending her fancy out
To ivied castles and to moonlight skies,
Though he can neither stir a plume, nor shout ;
Nor veil, with restless film, his staring eyes.

XLIII.

TO THE CUCKOO.

Not the whole warbling grove in concert heard
When sunshine follows shower, the breast can thrill
Like the first summons, Cuckoo! of thy bill,
With its twin notes inseparably paired.
The captive 'mid damp vaults unsunned, unaired,
Measuring the periods of his lonely doom,
That cry can reach; and to the sick man's room
Sends gladness, by no languid smile declared.
The lordly eagle-race through hostile search
May perish; time may come when never more
The wilderness shall hear the lion roar;
But, long as cock shall crow from household perch
To rouse the dawn, soft gales shall speed thy wing,
And thy erratic voice be faithful to the Spring!

XLIV.

TO ———.

[Miss not the occasion : by the forelock take
That subtile Power, the never-halting Time,
Lest a mere moment's putting-off should make
Mischance almost as heavy as a crime.]

“WAIT, prithee, wait!” this answer Lesbia threw
Forth to her Dove, and took no further heed ;
Her eye was busy, while her fingers flew
Across the harp, with soul-engrossing speed ;
But from that bondage when her thoughts were freed
She rose, and toward the close-shut casement drew,
Whence the poor unregarded Favorite, true
To old affections, had been heard to plead
With flapping wing for entrance. What a shriek
Forced from that voice so lately tuned to a strain
Of harmony !—a shriek of terror, pain,
And self-reproach ! for, from aloft, a Kite
Pounced,—and the Dove, which from its ruthless beak
She could not rescue, perished in her sight !

XLV.

THE INFANT M—— M——.

UNQUIET Childhood here by special grace
Forgets her nature, opening like a flower
That neither feeds nor wastes its vital power
In painful struggles. Months each other chase,
And nought untunes that Infant's voice ; no trace
Of fretful temper sullies her pure cheek ;
Prompt, lively, self-sufficing, yet so meek
That one enrapt with gazing on her face
(Which even the placid innocence of death
Could scarcely make more placid, heaven more bright)
Might learn to picture, for the eye of faith,
The Virgin, as she shone with kindred light ;
A nursling couched upon her mother's knee,
Beneath some shady palm of Galilee.

XLVI.

TO —, IN HER SEVENTIETH YEAR.

SUCH age how beautiful ! O Lady bright,
Whose mortal lineaments seem all refined
By favouring Nature and a saintly Mind
To something purer and more exquisite
Than flesh and blood ; whene'er thou meet'st my sight,
When I behold thy blanched unwithered cheek,
Thy temples fringed with locks of gleaming white,
And head that droops because the soul is meek,
Thee with the welcome Snowdrop I compare ;
That child of winter, prompting thoughts that climb
From desolation toward the genial prime ;
Or with the Moon conquering earth's misty air,
And filling more and more with crystal light
As pensive Evening deepens into night.

XLVII.

TO ROTH A Q——.

ROTHA, my Spiritual Child ! this head was grey
When at the sacred font for thee I stood ;
Pledged till thou reach the verge of womanhood,
And shalt become thy own sufficient stay :
Too late, I feel, sweet Orphan ! was the day
For stedfast hope the contract to fulfil ;
Yet shall my blessing hover o'er thee still,
Embodied in the music of this Lay,
Breathed forth beside the peaceful mountain Stream *
Whose murmur soothed thy languid Mother's ear
After her throes, this Stream of name more dear
Since thou dost bear it,—a memorial theme
For others ; for thy future self, a spell
To summon fancies out of Time's dark cell.

* The River Rotha, that flows into Windermere from the Lakes of Grasmere and Rydal.

XLVIII.

A GRAVE-STONE UPON THE FLOOR IN THE CLOISTERS OF
WORCESTER CATHEDRAL.

“*MISERRIMUS!*” and neither name nor date,
Prayer, text, or symbol, graven upon the stone ;
Nought but that word assigned to the unknown,
That solitary word—to separate
From all, and cast a cloud around the fate
Of him who lies beneath. Most wretched one,
Who chose his Epitaph?—Himself alone
Could thus have dared the grave to agitate,
And claim, among the dead, this awful crown ;
Nor doubt that He marked also for his own
Close to these cloistral steps a burial-place,
That every foot might fall with heavier tread,
Trampling upon his vileness. Stranger, pass
Softly!—To save the contrite, Jesus bled.

XLIX.

ROMAN ANTIQUITIES

DISCOVERED AT BISHOPSTONE, HEREFORDSHIRE.

WHILE poring Antiquarians search the ground
Upturned with curious pains, the Bard, a Seer,
Takes fire :—The men that have been reappear ;
Romans for travel girt, for business gowned ;
And some recline on couches, myrtle-crowned,
In festal glee : why not ? For fresh and clear,
As if its hues were of the passing year,
Dawns this time-buried pavement. From that mound
Hoards may come forth of Trajans, Maximins,
Shrunk into coins with all their warlike toil :
Or a fierce impress issues with its foil
Of tenderness—the Wolf, whose suckling Twins
The unlettered ploughboy pities when he wins
The casual treasure from the furrowed soil.

L.

1830.

CHATSWORTH ! thy stately mansion, and the pride
Of thy domain, strange contrast do present
To house and home in many a craggy rent
Of the wild Peak ; where new-born waters glide
Through fields whose thrifty occupants abide
As in a dear and chosen banishment,
With every semblance of entire content ;
So kind is simple Nature, fairly tried !
Yet He whose heart in childhood gave her troth
To pastoral dales, thin-set with modest farms,
May learn, if judgment strengthen with his growth,
That, not for Fancy only, pomp hath charms ;
And, strenuous to protect from lawless harms
The extremes of favoured life, may honour both.

LI.

A TRADITION OF OKEN HILL IN DARLEY DALE, DERBYSHIRE.

'Tis said that to the brow of yon fair hill
Two Brothers clomb—and, turning face from face,
Nor one look more exchanging, grief to still
Or feed, each planted on that lofty place
A chosen Tree ; then, eager to fulfil
Their courses, like two new-born rivers, they
In opposite directions urged their way
Down from the far-seen mount. No blast might kill
Or blight that fond memorial ;—the trees grew,
And now entwine their arms ; but ne'er again
Embraced those Brothers upon earth's wide plain ;
Nor aught of mutual joy or sorrow knew
Until their spirits mingled in the sea
That to itself takes all, Eternity.

LII.

FILIAL PIETY.

(ON THE WAY-SIDE BETWEEN PRESTON AND LIVERPOOL.)

SACRED, through all severity of cold ;
Inviolatè, whate'er the cottage hearth
Might need for comfort, or for festal mirth ;
That Pile of Turf is half a century old :
Yes, Traveller ! fifty winters have been told
Since suddenly the dart of death went forth
'Gainst him who raised it,— his last work on earth :
Thence has it, with the Son, so strong a hold
Upon his Father's memory, that his hands,
Through reverence, touch it only to repair
Its waste.—Though crumbling with each breath of air,
In annual renovation thus it stands—
Rude Mausoleum ! but wrens nestle there,
And red-breasts warble when sweet sounds are rare.

LIII.

TO THE AUTHOR'S PORTRAIT.

[Painted at Rydal Mount, by W. Pickersgill, Esq., for St. John's College, Cambridge.]

Go, faithful Portrait ! and where long hath knelt
Margaret, the saintly Foundress, take thy place ;
And, if Time spare the colours for the grace
Which to the work surpassing skill hath dealt,
Thou, on thy rock reclined, though kingdoms melt
And states be torn up by the roots, wilt seem
To breathe in rural peace, to hear the stream,
And think and feel as once the Poet felt.
Whate'er thy fate, those features have not grown
Unrecognized through many a household tear
More prompt more glad to fall than drops of dew
By morning shed around a flower half-blown ;
Tears of delight, that testified how true
To life thou art, and, in thy truth, how dear !

LIV.

WHY art thou silent? Is thy love a plant
Of such weak fibre that the treacherous air
Of absence withers what was once so fair?
Is there no debt to pay, no boon to grant?
Yet have my thoughts for thee been vigilant
(As would my deeds have been) with hourly care,
The mind's least generous wish a mendicant
For nought but what thy happiness could spare.
Speak—though this soft warm heart, once free to hold
A thousand tender pleasures, thine and mine,
Be left more desolate, more dreary cold,
Than a forsaken bird's-nest filled with snow
'Mid its own bush of leafless eglantine—
Speak, that my torturing doubts their end may know!

LV.

TO B. R. HAYDON, ON SEEING HIS PICTURE OF NAPOLEON
BUONAPARTE ON THE ISLAND OF ST. HELENA.

HAYDON! let worthier judges praise the skill
Here by thy pencil shown in truth of lines
And charm of colours; *I* applaud those signs
Of thought, that give the true poetic thrill;
That unencumbered whole of blank and still,
Sky without cloud—ocean without a wave;
And the one Man that laboured to enslave
The World, sole-standing high on the bare hill—
Back turned, arms folded, the unapparent face
Tinged, we may fancy, in this dreary place
With light reflected from the invisible sun,
Set, like his fortunes; but not set for aye
Like them: the unguilty Power pursues his way,
And before *him* doth dawn perpetual run.

LVI.

UPON THE LATE GENERAL FAST, MARCH 1832.

RELUCTANT call it was ; the rite delayed ;
And in the senate some there were who doffed
The last of their humanity, and scoffed
At providential judgments, undismayed
By their own daring. But the people prayed
As with one voice ; their flinty heart grew soft
With penitential sorrow, and aloft
Their spirit mounted, crying, " God us aid !"
Oh that with aspirations more intense,
Chastised by self-abasement more profound,
This people, once so happy, so renowned
For liberty, would seek from God defence
Against far heavier ill, the pestilence
Of revolution, impiously unbound.

LVII.

PROTEST AGAINST THE BALLOT.

1838.

FORTH rushed, from Envy sprung and Self-conceit,
A Power misnamed the SPIRIT of REFORM,
And through the astonished Island swept in storm,
Threatening to lay all Orders at her feet
That crossed her way. Now stoops she to entreat
License to hide at intervals her head,
Where she may work, safe, undisquieted,
In a close Box, covert for Justice meet.
St. George of England! keep a watchful eye
Fixed on the Suitor; frustrate her request—
Stifle her hope; for, if the State comply,
From such Pandorian gift may come a Pest
Worse than the Dragon that bowed low his crest,
Pierced by thy spear in glorious victory.

LVIII.

BLEST Statesman He, whose Mind's unselfish will
Leaves her at ease among grand thoughts ; whose eye
Sees that, apart from Magnanimity,
Wisdom exists not ; nor the humbler skill
Of Prudence disentangling good and ill
With patient care. What though assaults run high,
They daunt not him, who holds his ministry,
Resolute, at all hazards, to fulfil
Its duties ;—prompt to move, but firm to wait—
Knowing, things rashly sought are rarely found ;
That, for the functions of an ancient State—
Strong by her charters, free because imbound,
Servant of Providence, not slave of Fate—
Perilous is sweeping change, all chance unsound.

LIX.

TO THE PLANET VENUS,
UPON ITS APPROXIMATION (AS AN EVENING STAR) TO THE EARTH,
JANUARY 1838.

WHAT strong allurements draws, what spirit guides
Thee, Vesper! brightening still, as if the nearer
Thou com'st to man's abode the spot grew dearer
Night after night? True is it, Nature hides
Her treasures less and less—Man now presides,
In power, where once he trembled in his weakness;
Knowledge advances with gigantic strides;
But are we aught enriched in love and meekness?
Aught dost thou see, bright Star! of pure and wise
More than in humbler times graced human story;
That makes our hearts more apt to sympathise
With heaven, our souls more fit for future glory,
When earth shall vanish from our closing eyes,
Ere we lie down in our last dormitory?

LX.

OH what a wreck ! how changed in mien and speech !
Yet—though dread Powers, that work in mystery, spin
Entanglings for the brain ; though shadows stretch
O'er the chilled heart—reflect ; far, far within,
Hers is a holy Being, freed from sin.
She is not what she seems, a forlorn wretch ;
But delegated Spirits comfort fetch
To Her from heights that Reason may not win.
Like Children, She is privileged to hold
Divine communion ; both do live and move,
Whate'er to shallow Faith their ways unfold,
Inly illumined by Heaven's pitying love ;
Love pitying innocence not long to last,
In them—in Her our sins and sorrows past.

LXI.

IN my mind's eye a Temple, like a cloud
Slowly surmounting some invidious hill,
Rose out of darkness : the bright Work stood still ;
And might of its own beauty have been proud,
But it was fashioned and to God was vowed
By Virtues that diffused, in every part,
Spirit divine through forms of human art :
Faith had her arch—her arch, when winds blow loud,
Into the consciousness of safety thrilled ;
And Love her towers of dread foundation laid
Under the grave of things ; Hope had her spire
Star-high, and pointing still to something higher ;
Trembling I gazed, but heard a voice—it said,
“ Hell-gates are powerless Phantoms when *we* build.”

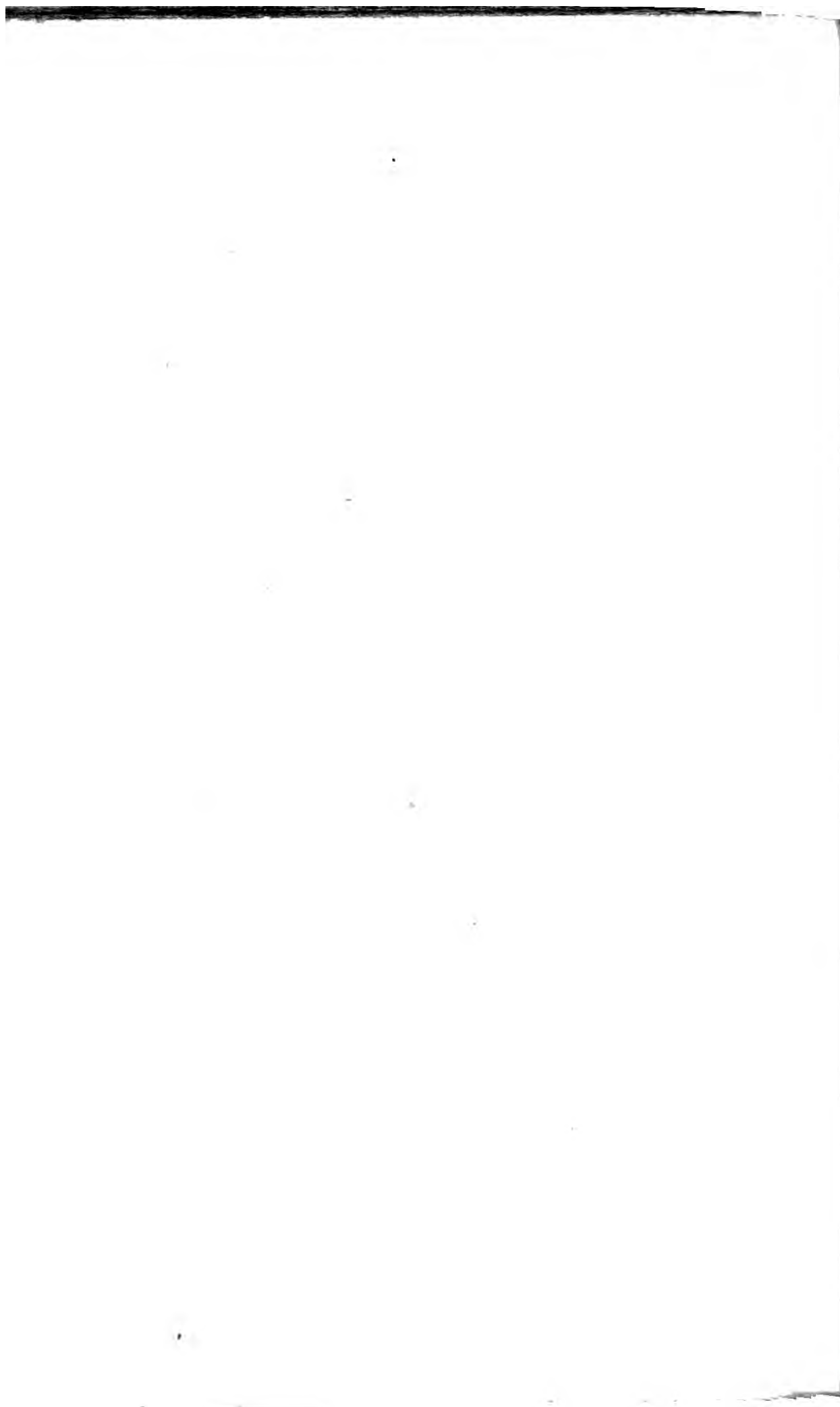
LXII.

CONCLUSION.

TO —.

IF these brief Records, by the Muses' art
Produced as lonely Nature or the strife
That animates the scenes of public life *
Inspired, may in thy leisure claim a part ;
And if these Transcripts of the private heart
Have gained a sanction from thy falling tears ;
Then I repent not. But my Soul hath fears
Breathed from eternity ; for as a dart
Cleaves the blank air, Life flies : now every day
Is but a glimmering spoke in the swift wheel
Of the revolving week. Away, away,
All fitful cares, all transitory zeal !
So timely Grace the immortal wing may heal,
And honour rest upon the senseless clay.

* This line alludes to Sonnets which will be found in another Class.

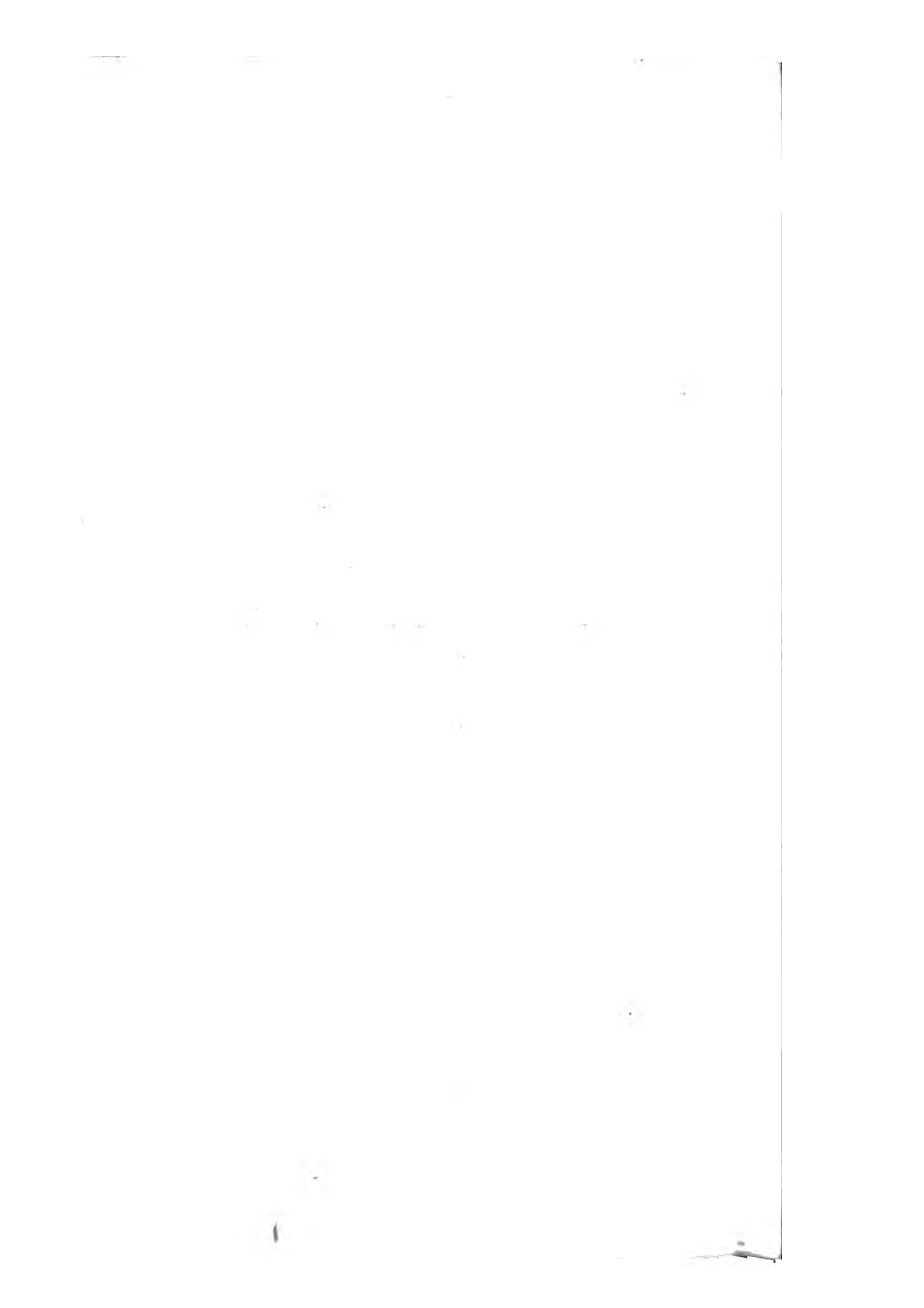


CLASS SECOND.



POLITICAL SONNETS.

SERIES I.



I.

COMPOSED BY THE SEA-SIDE, NEAR CALAIS,
AUGUST, 1802.

FAIR Star of evening, Splendour of the west,
Star of my Country!—on the horizon's brink
Thou hangest, stooping, as might seem, to sink
On England's bosom; yet well pleased to rest,
Meanwhile, and be to her a glorious crest
Conspicuous to the Nations. Thou, I think,
Shouldst be my Country's emblem; and shouldst wink,
Bright Star! with laughter on her banners, drest
In thy fresh beauty. There! that dusky spot
Beneath thee, that is England; there she lies.
Blessings be on you both! one hope, one lot,
One life, one glory!—I with many a fear
For my dear Country, many heartfelt sighs,
Among men who do not love her, linger here.

II.

CALAIS, AUGUST, 1802.

Is it a reed that's shaken by the wind,
Or what is it that ye go forth to see?
Lords, lawyers, statesmen, squires of low degree,
Men known, and men unknown, sick, lame, and blind,
Post forward all, like creatures of one kind,
With first-fruit offerings crowd to bend the knee
In France, before the new-born Majesty.
'Tis ever thus. Ye men of prostrate mind,
A seemly reverence may be paid to power;
But that's a loyal virtue, never sown
In haste, nor springing with a transient shower:
When truth, when sense, when liberty were flown,
What hardship had it been to wait an hour?
Shame on you, feeble Heads, to slavery prone!

III.

COMPOSED NEAR CALAIS, ON THE ROAD LEADING TO ARDRES,
AUGUST 7, 1802.

JONES! as from Calais southward you and I
Went pacing side by side, this public Way
Streamed with the pomp of a too-credulous day *,
When faith was pledged to new-born Liberty :
A homeless sound of joy was in the sky ;
The antiquated Earth, hopeful and gay,
Beat like the heart of Man : songs, garlands, play,
Banners, and happy faces, far and nigh !
And now, sole register that these things were,
Two solitary greetings have I heard,
' *Good morrow, Citizen !* ' a hollow word,
As if a dead man spake it ! Yet despair
Touches me not, though pensive as a bird
Whose vernal coverts winter hath laid bare.

* 14th of July, 1790.

IV.

1801.

I GRIEVED for Buonaparté, with a vain
And an unthinking grief! The tenderest mood
Of that Man's mind—what can it be? what food
Fed his first hopes? what knowledge could *he* gain?—
'Tis not in battles that from youth we train
The Governor who must be wise and good,
And temper with the sternness of the brain
Thoughts motherly, and meek as womanhood.
Wisdom doth live with children round her knees:
Books, leisure, perfect freedom, and the talk
Man holds with week-day man in the hourly walk
Of the mind's business: these are the degrees
By which true Sway doth mount; this is the stalk
True Power doth grow on; and her rights are these.

V.

CALAIS, AUGUST 15, 1802.

FESTIVALS have I seen that were not names :
This is young Buonaparté's natal day,
And his is henceforth an established sway—
Consul for life. With worship France proclaims
Her approbation, and with pomps and games.
Heaven grant that other Cities may be gay !
Calais is not : and I have bent my way
To the sea-coast, noting that each man frames
His business as he likes. Far other show
My youth here witnessed, in a prouder time ;
The senselessness of joy was then sublime !
Happy is he, who, caring not for Pope,
Consul, or King, can sound himself to know
The destiny of Man, and live in hope.

VI.

ON THE EXTINCTION OF THE VENETIAN REPUBLIC.

ONCE did She hold the gorgeous East in fee ;
And was the safeguard of the West : the worth
Of Venice did not fall below her birth,
Venice, the eldest Child of Liberty.
She was a maiden City, bright and free ;
No guile seduced, no force could violate ;
And when she took unto herself a Mate,
She must espouse the everlasting Sea.
And what if she had seen those glories fade,
Those titles vanish, and that strength decay ;
Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid
When her long life hath reached its final day :
Men are we, and must grieve when even the Shade
Of that which once was great, is passed away.

VII.

THE KING OF SWEDEN.

THE Voice of Song from distant lands shall call
To that bold King ; shall hail the crownèd Youth
Who, taking counsel of unbending Truth,
By one example hath set forth to all
How they with dignity may stand ; or fall,
If fall they must. Now, whither doth it tend ?
And what to him and his shall be the end ?
That thought is one which neither can appal
Nor cheer him ; for the illustrious Swede hath done
The thing which ought to be : He stands above
All consequences : work he hath begun
Of fortitude, and piety, and love,
Which all his glorious ancestors approve :
The heroes bless him, him their rightful son *.

* See Note.

VIII.

TO TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

TOUSSAINT, the most unhappy man of men !
Whether the whistling Rustic tend his plough
Within thy hearing, or thy head be now
Pillowed in some deep dungeon's earless den ;—
O miserable Chieftain ! where and when
Wilt thou find patience ? Yet die not ; do thou
Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow :
Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,
Live, and take comfort. Thou hast left behind
Powers that will work for thee ; air, earth, and skies ;
There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee ; thou hast great allies ;
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

IX.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1802.

Among the capricious acts of tyranny that disgraced those times, was the chasing
of all Negroes from France by decree of the Government.

WE had a Fellow-passenger who came
From Calais with us, brilliant in array,—
A Negro Woman, like a lady gay,
Yet downcast as a woman fearing blame ;
Meek, destitute, as seemed, of hope or aim
She sate, from notice turning not away ;
But on all proffered intercourse did lay
A weight of languid speech, or at the same
Was silent, motionless in eyes and face :
Yet still those eyes retained their tropic fire,
Which, burning independent of the mind,
Joined with the lustre of her rich attire
To mock the Outcast.—O ye Heavens, be kind !
And feel, thou Earth, for this afflicted Race !

X.

COMPOSED IN THE VALLEY NEAR DOVER, ON THE
DAY OF LANDING.

HERE, on our native soil, we breathe once more.
The cock that crows, the smoke that curls, that sound
Of bells ;—those boys who in yon meadow-ground
In white-sleeved shirts are playing ; and the roar
Of the waves breaking on the chalky shore ;—
All, all are English. Oft have I looked round
With joy in Kent's green vales ; but never found
Myself so satisfied in heart before.
Europe is yet in bonds ; but let that pass,
Thought for another moment. Thou art free,
My Country ! and 'tis joy enough and pride
For one hour's perfect bliss, to tread the grass
Of England once again, and hear and see,
With such a dear Companion at my side.

XI.

SEPTEMBER, 1802.

(NEAR DOVER.)

INLAND, within a hollow vale, I stood ;
And saw, while sea was calm and air was clear,
The coast of France—the coast of France how near !
Drawn almost into frightful neighbourhood.
I shrunk ; for verily the barrier flood
Was like a lake, or river bright and fair,
A span of waters ; yet what power is there !
What mightiness for evil and for good !
Even so doth God protect us if we be
Virtuous and wise. Winds blow, and waters roll,
Strength to the brave, and Power, and Deity ;
Yet in themselves are nothing ! One decree
Spake laws to *them*, and said that by the soul
Only, the Nations shall be great and free.

XII.

THOUGHT OF A BRITON ON THE SUBJUGATION OF
SWITZERLAND.

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

XIII.

WRITTEN IN LONDON, SEPTEMBER, 1802.

O THOU proud City ! which way shall I look
For comfort, being, as I am, opprest,
To think that now our life is only drest
For show ; mean handy-work of craftsman, cook,
Or groom ?—We must run glittering like a brook
In the open sunshine, or we are unblest :
The wealthiest man among us is the best :
No grandeur now in nature or in book
Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,
This is idolatry ; and these we adore :
Plain living and high thinking are no more :
The homely beauty of the good old cause
Is gone ; our peace, our fearful innocence,
And pure religion breathing household laws.

XIV.

LONDON, 1802.

MILTON! thou shouldst be living at this hour :
England hath need of thee : she is a fen
Of stagnant waters : altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men ;
Oh ! raise us up, return to us again ;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart :
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea :
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness ; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

XV.

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

XVI.

It is not to be thought of that the Flood
Of British freedom—which, to the open sea
Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity
Hath flowed, 'with pomp of waters, unwithstood,'
Roused though it be full often to a mood
Which spurns the check of salutary bands—
That this most famous Stream in bogs and sands
Should perish ; and to evil and to good
Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung
Armoury of the invincible Knights of old :
We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakspeare spake ; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held.—In every thing we are sprung
Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

XVII.

When I have borne in memory what has tamed
Great Nations, how ennobling thoughts depart
When men change swords for ledgers, and desert
The student's bower for gold, some fears unnamed
I had, my Country!—am I to be blamed?
But when I think of thee, and what thou art,
Verily, in the bottom of my heart,
Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed.
Most dearly must we prize thee; we who find
In thee a bulwark for the cause of men;
And I by my affection was beguiled:
What wonder if a Poet, now and then,
Among the many movements of his mind,
Felt for thee as a lover or a child!

XVIII.

OCTOBER, 1803.

ONE might believe that natural miseries
Had blasted France, and made of it a land
Unfit for men ; and that in one great band
Her sons were bursting forth, to dwell at ease.
But 'tis a chosen soil, where sun and breeze
Shed gentle favours : rural works are there,
And ordinary business without care ;
Spot rich in all things that can sooth and please !
How piteous then that there should be such dearth
Of knowledge ; that whole myriads should unite
To work against themselves such fell despite :
Should come in phrensy and in drunken mirth,
Impatient to put out the only light
Of Liberty that yet remains on earth !

XIX.

THERE is a bondage worse, far worse, to bear
Than his who breathes, by roof, and floor, and wall,
Pent in, a Tyrant's solitary Thrall :
'Tis his who walks about in the open air,
One of a Nation who, henceforth, must wear
Their fetters in their souls. For who could be,
Who, even the best, in such condition, free
From self-reproach, reproach that he must share
With Human-nature ? Never be it ours
To see the sun how brightly it will shine,
And know that noble feelings, manly powers,
Instead of gathering strength, must droop and pine ;
And earth with all her pleasant fruits and flowers
Fade, and participate in man's decline.

XX.

OCTOBER, 1803.

THESE times strike monied worldlings with dismay :
Even rich men, brave by nature, taint the air
With words of apprehension and despair :
While tens of thousands, thinking on the affray,
Men unto whom sufficient for the day
And minds not stinted or untilled are given,
Sound, healthy, children of the God of heaven,
Are cheerful as the rising sun in May.
What do we gather hence but firmer faith
That every gift of noble origin
Is breathed upon by Hope's perpetual breath ;
That virtue and the faculties within
Are vital,—and that riches are akin
To fear, to change, to cowardice, and death ?

XXI.

ENGLAND! the time is come when thou shouldst wean
Thy heart from its emasculating food ;
The truth should now be better understood ;
Old things have been unsettled ; we have seen
Fair seed-time, better harvest might have been
But for thy trespasses ; and, at this day,
If for Greece, Egypt, India, Africa,
Aught good were destined, thou wouldst step between.
England! all nations in this charge agree :
But worse, more ignorant in love and hate,
Far—far more abject, is thine Enemy :
Therefore the wise pray for thee, though the freight
Of thy offences be a heavy weight :
Oh grief that Earth's best hopes rest all with Thee !

XXII.

OCTOBER, 1803.

WHEN, looking on the present face of things,
I see one Man, of men the meanest too ;
Raised up to sway the world, to do, undo,
With mighty Nations for his underlings,
The great events with which old story rings
Seem vain and hollow ; I find nothing great :
Nothing is left which I can venerate ;
So that almost a doubt within me springs
Of Providence, such emptiness at length
Seems at the heart of all things. But, great God !
I measure back the steps which I have trod ;
And tremble, seeing whence proceeds the strength
Of such poor Instruments, with thoughts sublime
I tremble at the sorrow of the time.

XXIII.

TO THE MEN OF KENT. OCTOBER, 1803.

VANGUARD of Liberty, ye men of Kent,
Ye children of a Soil that doth advance
Her haughty brow against the coast of France,
Now is the time to prove your hardiment !
To France be words of invitation sent !
They from their fields can see the countenance
Of your fierce war, may ken the glittering lance,
And hear you shouting forth your brave intent.
Left single, in bold parley, ye of yore,
Did from the Norman win a gallant wreath ;
Confirmed the charters that were yours before ;—
No parleying now ! In Britain is one breath ;
We all are with you now from shore to shore :—
Ye men of Kent, 'tis victory or death !

XXIV.

WHAT if our numbers barely could defy
The arithmetic of babes, must foreign hordes,
Slaves, vile as ever were befooled by words,
Striking through English breasts the anarchy
Of Terror, bear us to the ground, and tie
Our hands behind our backs with felon cords?
Yields every thing to discipline of swords?
Is man as good as man, none low, none high?—
Nor discipline nor valour can withstand
The shock, nor quell the inevitable rout,
When in some great extremity breaks out
A people, on their own beloved Land,
Risen, like one man, to combat in the sight
Of a just God for liberty and right.

XXV.

Six thousand veterans practised in war's game,
Tried men, at Killicranky were arrayed
Against an equal host that wore the plaid,
Shepherds and herdsmen.—Like a whirlwind came
The Highlanders, the slaughter spread like flame ;
And Garry, thundering down his mountain-road,
Was stopped, and could not breathe beneath the load
Of the dead bodies.—'Twas a day of shame
For them whom precept and the pedantry
Of cold mechanic battle do enslave.
O for a single hour of that Dundee,
Who on that day the word of onset gave !
Like conquest would the Men of England see ;
And her Foes find a like inglorious grave.

XXVI.

ANTICIPATION. OCTOBER, 1803.

SHOUT, for a mighty Victory is won !
On British ground the Invaders are laid low ;
The breath of Heaven has drifted them like snow,
And left them lying in the silent sun,
Never to rise again !—the work is done.
Come forth, ye old men, now in peaceful show
And greet your sons ! drums beat and trumpets blow !
Make merry, wives ! ye little children, stun
Your grandame's ears with transport of your noise !
Clap, infants, clap your hands ! Divine must be
That triumph, when the very worst, the pain,
And even the prospect of our brethren slain,
Hath something in it which the heart enjoys :—
In glory will they sleep and endless sanctity.

XXVII.

NOVEMBER, 1806.

ANOTHER year!—another deadly blow!
Another mighty Empire overthrown!
And We are left, or shall be left, alone;
The last that dare to struggle with the Foe.
'Tis well! from this day forward we shall know
That in ourselves our safety must be sought;
That by our own right hands it must be wrought;
That we must stand unpropped, or be laid low.
O dastard whom such foretaste doth not cheer!
We shall exult, if they who rule the land
Be men who hold its many blessings dear,
Wise, upright, valiant; not a servile band,
Who are to judge of danger which they fear,
And honour which they do not understand.

SERIES II.



I.

ON A CELEBRATED EVENT IN ANCIENT HISTORY.

A ROMAN Master stands on Grecian ground ;
And to the people at the Isthmian Games
Assembled, He, by a herald's voice, proclaims
THE LIBERTY OF GREECE :—the words rebound
Until all voices in one voice are drowned ;
Glad acclamation by which air is rent !
And birds, high flying in the element,
Drop to the earth, astonished at the sound !
Yet were the thoughtful grieved ; and still that voice
Haunts, with sad echoes, musing Fancy's ear :
Ah ! that a *Conqueror's* words should be so dear :
Ah ! that a *boon* could shed such rapturous joys !
A gift of that which is not to be given
By all the blended powers of Earth and Heaven.

II.

UPON THE SAME EVENT.

WHEN, far and wide, swift as the beams of morn
The tidings passed of servitude repealed,
And of that joy which shook the Isthmian Field,
The rough Ætolians smiled with bitter scorn.
“’Tis known,” cried they, “that he, who would adorn
His envied temples with the Isthmian crown,
Must either win, through effort of his own,
The prize, or be content to see it worn
By more deserving brows.—Yet so ye prop,
Sons of the brave who fought at Marathon!
Your feeble spirits. Greece her head hath bowed,
As if the wreath of liberty thereon
Would fix itself as smoothly as a cloud,
Which, at Jove’s will, descends on Pelion’s top.”

III.

TO THOMAS CLARKSON, ON THE FINAL PASSING OF THE
BILL FOR THE ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE TRADE.

March, 1807.

CLARKSON ! it was an obstinate hill to climb :
How toilsome—nay, how dire—it was, by thee
Is known ; by none, perhaps, so feelingly :
But thou, who, starting in thy fervent prime,
Didst first lead forth that enterprise sublime,
Hast heard the constant Voice its charge repeat,
Which, out of thy young heart's oracular seat,
First roused thee.—O true yoke-fellow of Time,
Duty's intrepid liegeman, see, the palm
Is won, and by all Nations shall be worn !
The blood-stained Writing is for ever torn ;
And thou henceforth wilt have a good man's calm,
A great man's happiness ; thy zeal shall find
Repose at length, firm friend of human kind !

IV.

A PROPHECY. FEBRUARY, 1807.

HIGH deeds, O Germans, are to come from you !
Thus in your books the record shall be found,
' A watchword was pronounced, a potent sound—
ARMINIUS!—all the people quaked like dew
Stirred by the breeze ; they rose, a Nation, true,
True to herself—the mighty Germany,
She of the Danube and the Northern Sea,
She rose, and off at once the yoke she threw.
All power was given her in the dreadful trance ;
Those new-born Kings she withered like a flame.'
—Woe to them all ! but heaviest woe and shame
To that Bavarian who could first advance
His banner in accursed league with France,
First open traitor to the German name !

V.

COMPOSED BY THE SIDE OF GRASMERE LAKE.
1807.

CLOUDS, lingering yet, extend in solid bars
Through the grey west ; and lo ! these waters, steeled
By breezeless air to smoothest polish, yield
A vivid repetition of the stars ;
Jove, Venus, and the ruddy crest of Mars
Amid his fellows beauteously revealed
At happy distance from earth's groaning field,
Where ruthless mortals wage incessant wars.
Is it a mirror ?—or the nether Sphere
Opening to view the abyss in which she feeds
Her own calm fires ?—But list ! a voice is near ;
Great Pan himself low-whispering through the reeds,
“ Be thankful, thou ; for, if unholy deeds
Ravage the world, tranquillity is here ! ”

VI.

Go back to antique ages, if thine eyes
The genuine mien and character would trace
Of the rash Spirit that still holds her place,
Prompting the world's audacious vanities!
Go back, and see the Tower of Babel rise;
The pyramid extend its monstrous base,
For some Aspirant of our short-lived race,
Anxious an aery name to immortalize.
There, too, ere wiles and politic dispute
Gave specious colouring to aim and act,
See the first mighty Hunter leave the brute—
To chase mankind, with men in armies packed
For his field-pastime high and absolute,
While, to dislodge his game, cities are sacked!

VII.

COMPOSED WHILE THE AUTHOR WAS ENGAGED IN WRITING A
TRACT, OCCASIONED BY THE CONVENTION OF CINTRA.

Not 'mid the World's vain objects that enslave
The free-born Soul—that World whose vaunted skill
In selfish interest perverts the will,
Whose factions lead astray the wise and brave—
Not there ; but in dark wood and rocky cave,
And hollow vale which foaming torrents fill
With omnipresent murmur as they rave
Down their steep beds, that never shall be still :
Here, mighty Nature ! in this school sublime
I weigh the hopes and fears of suffering Spain ;
For her consult the auguries of time,
And through the human heart explore my way ;
And look and listen—gathering, whence I may,
Triumph, and thoughts no bondage can restrain.

VIII.

COMPOSED AT THE SAME TIME AND ON THE SAME
OCCASION.

I DROPPED my pen ; and listened to the Wind
That sang of trees up-torn and vessels tost—
A midnight harmony ; and wholly lost
To the general sense of men by chains confined
Of business, care, or pleasure ; or resigned
To timely sleep. Thought I, the impassioned strain,
Which, without aid of numbers, I sustain,
Like acceptation from the World will find.
Yet some with apprehensive ear shall drink
A dirge devoutly breathed o'er sorrows past ;
And to the attendant promise will give heed—
The prophecy,—like that of this wild blast,
Which, while it makes the heart with sadness shrink,
Tells also of bright calms that shall succeed.

IX.

HÖFFER.

OF mortal parents is the Hero born
By whom the undaunted Tyrolese are led ?
Or is it Tell's great Spirit, from the dead
Returned to animate an age forlorn ?
He comes like Phœbus through the gates of morn
When dreary darkness is discomfited :
Yet mark his modest state ! upon his head,
That simple crest, a heron's plume, is worn.
O Liberty ! they stagger at the shock
From van to rear—and with one mind would flee,
But half their host is buried :—rock on rock
Descends :—beneath this godlike Warrior, see !
Hills, torrents, woods, embodied to bemoek
The Tyrant, and confound his cruelty.

X.

ADVANCE—come forth from thy Tyrolean ground,
Dear Liberty! stern Nymph of soul untamed;
Sweet Nymph, O rightly of the mountains named!
Through the long chain of Alps from mound to mound
And o'er the eternal snows, like Echo, bound;
Like Echo, when the hunter train at dawn
Have roused her from her sleep: and forest-lawn,
Cliffs, woods and caves, her viewless steps resound
And babble of her pastime!—On, dread Power!
With such invisible motion speed thy flight,
Through hanging clouds, from craggy height to height,
Through the green vales and through the herdsman's bower—
That all the Alps may gladden in thy might,
Here, there, and in all places at one hour.

XI.

FEELINGS OF THE TYROLESE.

THE Land we from our fathers had in trust,
And to our children will transmit, or die ;
This is our maxim, this our piety ;
And God and Nature say that it is just.
That which we *would* perform in arms—we must !
We read the dictate in the infant's eye ;
In the wife's smile ; and in the placid sky ;
And, at our feet, amid the silent dust
Of them that were before us.—Sing aloud
Old songs, the precious music of the heart !
Give, herds and flocks, your voices to the wind !
While we go forth, a self-devoted crowd,
With weapons grasped in fearless hands, to assert
Our virtue, and to vindicate mankind.

XII.

ALAS! what boots the long laborious quest
Of moral prudence, sought through good and ill ;
Or pains abstruse—to elevate the will,
And lead us on to that transcendent rest
Where every passion shall the sway attest
Of Reason, seated on her sovereign hill ;
What is it but a vain and curious skill,
If sapient Germany must lie deprest,
Beneath the brutal sword?—Her haughty Schools
Shall blush : and may not we with sorrow say,
A few strong instincts and a few plain rules,
Among the herdsmen of the Alps, have wrought
More for mankind at this unhappy day
Than all the pride of intellect and thought ?

XIII.

AND is it among rude untutored Dales,
There, and there only, that the heart is true ?
And, rising to repel or to subdue,
Is it by rocks and woods that man prevails ?
Ah no ! though Nature's dread protection fails,
There is a bulwark in the soul. This knew
Iberian Burghers when the sword they drew
In Zaragoza, naked to the gales
Of fiercely-breathing war. The truth was felt
By Palafox, and many a brave compeer,
Like him of noble birth and noble mind ;
By ladies, meek-eyed women without fear ;
And wanderers of the street, to whom is dealt
The bread which without industry they find.

XIV.

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

XV.

ON THE FINAL SUBMISSION OF THE TYROLESE.

IT was a *moral* end for which they fought ;
Else how, when mighty Thrones were put to shame,
Could they, poor Shepherds, have preserved an aim,
A resolution, or enlivening thought ?
Nor hath that moral good been *vainly* sought ;
For in their magnanimity and fame
Powers have they left, an impulse, and a claim
Which neither can be overturned nor bought.
Sleep, Warriors, sleep ! among your hills repose !
We know that ye, beneath the stern control
Of awful prudence, keep the unvanquished soul :
And when, impatient of her guilt and woes,
Europe breaks forth ; then, Shepherds ! shall ye rise
For perfect triumph o'er your Enemies.

XVI.

HAIL, Zaragoza ! If with unwet eye
We can approach, thy sorrow to behold,
Yet is the heart not pitiless nor cold ;
Such spectacle demands not tear or sigh.
These desolate remains are trophies high
Of more than martial courage in the breast
Of peaceful civic virtue : they attest
Thy matchless worth to all posterity.
Blood flowed before thy sight without remorse ;
Disease consumed thy vitals ; War upheaved
The ground beneath thee with volcanic force :
Dread trials ! yet encountered and sustained
Till not a wreck of help or hope remained,
And law was from *necessity* received.

XVII.

SAY, what is Honour?—'Tis the finest sense
Of *justice* which the human mind can frame,
Intent each lurking frailty to disclaim,
And guard the way of life from all offence
Suffered or done. When lawless violence
Invades a Realm, so pressed that in the scale
Of perilous war her weightiest armies fail,
Honour is hopeful elevation,—whence
Glory, and triumph. Yet with politic skill
Endangered States may yield to terms unjust;
Stoop their proud heads, but not unto the dust—
A Foe's most favourite purpose to fulfil:
Happy occasions oft by self-mistrust
Are forfeited; but infamy doth kill.

XVIII.

THE martial courage of a day is vain,
An empty noise of death the battle's roar,
If vital hope be wanting to restore,
Or fortitude be wanting to sustain,
Armies or kingdoms. We have heard a strain
Of triumph, how the labouring Danube bore
A weight of hostile corpses: drenched with gore
Were the wide fields, the hamlets heaped with slain.
Yet see (the mighty tumult overpast)
Austria a Daughter of her Throne hath sold!
And her Tyrolean Champion we behold
Murdered, like one ashore by shipwreck cast,
Murdered without relief. Oh! blind as bold,
To think that such assurance can stand fast!

XIX.

BRAVE Schill! by death delivered, take thy flight
From Prussia's timid region. Go, and rest
With heroes, 'mid the islands of the Blest,
Or in the fields of empyrean light.

A meteor wert thou crossing a dark night ;
Yet shall thy name, conspicuous and sublime,
Stand in the spacious firmament of time,
Fixed as a star : such glory is thy right.

Alas ! it may not be : for earthly fame
Is Fortune's frail dependant ; yet there lives
A Judge, who, as man claims by merit, gives ;
To whose all-pondering mind a noble aim,
Faithfully kept, is as a noble deed ;
In whose pure sight all virtue doth succeed.

XX.

CALL not the royal Swede unfortunate,
Who never did to Fortune bend the knee ;
Who slighted fear ; rejected stedfastly
Temptation ; and whose kingly name and state
Have ‘perished by his choice, and not his fate !’
Hence lives He, to his inner self endeared ;
And hence, wherever virtue is revered,
He sits a more exalted Potentate,
Throned in the hearts of men. Should Heaven ordain
That this great Servant of a righteous cause
Must still have sad or vexing thoughts to endure,
Yet may a sympathising spirit pause,
Admonished by these truths, and quench all pain
In thankful joy and gratulation pure *.

* See Note to Sonnet VII. Page 125.

XXI.

Look now on that Adventurer who hath paid
His vows to Fortune ; who in cruel slight
Of virtuous hope, of liberty, and right,
Hath followed wheresoe'er a way was made
By the blind Goddess,—ruthless, undismayed ;
And so hath gained at length a prosperous height,
Round which the elements of worldly might
Beneath his haughty feet, like clouds, are laid.
O joyless power that stands by lawless force !
Curses are *his* dire portion, scorn, and hate,
Internal darkness and unquiet breath ;
And, if old judgments keep their sacred course,
Him from that height shall Heaven precipitate
By violent and ignominious death.

XXII.

Is there a power that can sustain and cheer
The captive chieftain, by a tyrant's doom,
Forced to descend alive into his tomb—
A dungeon dark ! where he must waste the year,
And lie cut off from all his heart holds dear ;
What time his injured country is a stage
Whereon deliberate Valour and the rage
Of righteous Vengeance side by side appear,
Filling from morn to night the heroic scene
With deeds of hope and everlasting praise :—
Say can he think of this with mind serene
And silent fetters ? Yes, if visions bright
Shine on his soul, reflected from the days
When he himself was tried in open light.

XXIII.

1810.

AH! where is Palafox? Nor tongue nor pen
Reports of him, his dwelling or his grave!
Does yet the unheard-of vessel ride the wave?
Or is she swallowed up, remote from ken
Of pitying human-nature? Once again
Methinks that we shall hail thee, Champion brave,
Redeemed to baffle that imperial Slave,
And through all Europe cheer desponding men
With new-born hope. Unbounded is the might
Of martyrdom, and fortitude, and right.
Hark, how thy Country triumphs!—Smilingly
The Eternal looks upon her sword that gleams,
Like his own lightning, over mountains high,
On rampart, and the banks of all her streams.

XXIV.

IN due observance of an ancient rite,
The rude Biscayans, when their children lie
Dead in the sinless time of infancy,
Attire the peaceful corse in vestments white ;
And, in like sign of cloudless triumph bright,
They bind the unoffending creature's brows
With happy garlands of the pure white rose :
Then do a festal company unite
In choral song ; and, while the uplifted cross
Of Jesus goes before, the Child is borne
Uncovered to his grave : 'tis closed,—her loss
The Mother *then* mourns, as she needs must mourn ;
But soon, through Christian faith, is grief subdued ;
And joy returns, to brighten fortitude.

XXV.

FEELINGS OF A NOBLE BISCAYAN AT ONE OF THOSE
FUNERALS. 1810.

YET, yet, Biscayans! we must meet our Foes
With firmer soul, yet labour to regain
Our ancient freedom; else 'twere worse than vain
To gather round the bier these festal shows.
A garland fashioned of the pure white rose
Becomes not one whose father is a slave:
Oh, bear the infant covered to his grave!
These venerable mountains now enclose
A people sunk in apathy and fear.
If this endure, farewell, for us, all good!
The awful light of heavenly innocence
Will fail to illuminate the infant's bier;
And guilt and shame, from which is no defence,
Descend on all that issues from our blood.

XXVI.

THE OAK OF GUERNICA.

The ancient oak of Guernica, says Laborde in his account of Biscay, is a most venerable natural monument. Ferdinand and Isabella, in the year 1476, after hearing mass in the church of Santa Maria de la Antigua, repaired to this tree, under which they swore to the Biscayans to maintain their *fueros* (privileges). What other interest belongs to it in the minds of this people will appear from the following

SUPPOSED ADDRESS TO THE SAME. 1810.

OAK of Guernica ! Tree of holier power
 Than that which in Dodona did enshrine
 (So faith too fondly deemed) a voice divine
 Heard from the depths of its aërial bower—
 How canst thou flourish at this blighting hour ?
 What hope, what joy can sunshine bring to thee,
 Or the soft breezes from the Atlantic sea,
 The dews of morn, or April's tender shower ?
 Stroke merciful and welcome would that be
 Which should extend thy branches on the ground,
 If never more within their shady round
 Those lofty-minded Lawgivers shall meet,
 Peasant and lord, in their appointed seat,
 Guardians of Biscay's ancient liberty.

XXVII.

INDIGNATION OF A HIGH-MINDED SPANIARD.

1810.

WE can endure that He should waste our lands,
Despoil our temples, and by sword and flame
Return us to the dust from which we came ;
Such food a Tyrant's appetite demands :
And we can brook the thought that by his hands
Spain may be overpowered, and he possess,
For his delight, a solemn wilderness
Where all the brave lie dead. But, when of bands
Which he will break for us he dares to speak,
Of benefits, and of a future day
When our enlightened minds shall bless his sway ;
Then, the strained heart of fortitude proves weak :
Our groans, our blushes, our pale cheeks declare
That he has power to inflict what we lack strength to bear.

XXVIII.

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

XXIX.

1810.

O'ERWEENING Statesmen have full long relied
On fleets and armies, and external wealth :
But from *within* proceeds a Nation's health ;
Which shall not fail, though poor men cleave with pride
To the paternal floor ; or turn aside,
In the thronged city, from the walks of gain,
As being all unworthy to detain
A Soul by contemplation sanctified.
There are who cannot languish in this strife,
Spaniards of every rank, by whom the good
Of such high course was felt and understood ;
Who to their Country's cause have bound a life
Erewhile, by solemn consecration, given
To labour, and to prayer, to nature, and to heaven *.

* See Laborde's character of the Spanish people ; from him the sentiment of these last two lines is taken.

XXX.

THE FRENCH AND THE SPANISH GUERILLAS.

HUNGER, and sultry heat, and nipping blast
From bleak hill-top, and length of march by night
Through heavy swamp, or over snow-clad height—
These hardships ill sustained, these dangers past,
The roving Spanish Bands are reached at last,
Charged, and dispersed like foam : but as a flight
Of scattered quails by signs do reunite,
So these,—and, heard of once again, are chased
With combinations of long-practised art
And newly-kindled hope ; but they are fled—
Gone are they, viewless as the buried dead :
Where now ?—Their sword is at the Foeman's heart !
And thus from year to year his walk they thwart,
And hang like dreams around his guilty bed.

XXXI.

SPANISH GUERRILLAS.

1811.

THEY seek, are sought ; to daily battle led,
Shrink not, though far outnumbered by their Foes,
For they have learnt to open and to close
The ridges of grim war ; and at their head
Are captains such as erst their country bred
Or fostered, self-supported chiefs,—like those
Whom hardy Rome was fearful to oppose ;
Whose desperate shock the Carthaginian fled.
In One who lived unknown a shepherd's life
Redoubted Viriatus breathes again ;
And Mina, nourished in the studious shade,
With that great Leader * vies, who, sick of strife
And bloodshed, longed in quiet to be laid
In some green island of the western main.

* Sertorius.

XXXII.

1811.

THE power of Armies is a visible thing,
Formal, and circumscribed in time and space ;
But who the limits of that power shall trace
Which a brave People into light can bring
Or hide, at will,—for freedom combating
By just revenge inflamed? No foot may chase,
No eye can follow, to a *fatal* place
That power, that spirit, whether on the wing
Like the strong wind, or sleeping like the wind
Within its awful caves.—From year to year
Springs this indigenious produce far and near ;
No craft this subtle element can bind,
Rising like water from the soil, to find
In every nook a lip that it may cheer.

XXXIII.

1811.

HERE pause : the poet claims at least this praise,
That virtuous Liberty hath been the scope
Of his pure song, which did not shrink from hope
In the worst moment of these evil days ;
From hope, the paramount duty that Heaven lays,
For its own honour, on man's suffering heart.
Never may from our souls one truth depart—
That an accursed thing it is to gaze
On prosperous tyrants with a dazzled eye ;
Nor—touched with due abhorrence of *their* guilt
For whose dire ends tears flow, and blood is spilt,
And justice labours in extremity—
Forget thy weakness, upon which is built,
O wretched man, the throne of tyranny !

XXXIV.

THE FRENCH ARMY IN RUSSIA.

1812—13.

YE Storms, resound the praises of your King !
And ye mild Seasons—in a sunny clime,
Midway on some high hill, while father Time
Looks on delighted—meet in festal ring,
And loud and long of Winter's triumph sing !
Sing ye, with blossoms crowned, and fruits, and flowers,
Of Winter's breath surcharged with sleety showers,
And the dire flapping of his hoary wing !
Knit the blithe dance upon the soft green grass ;
With feet, hands, eyes, looks, lips, report your gain ;
Whisper it to the billows of the main,
And to the aërial zephyrs as they pass,
That old decrepit Winter—*He* hath slain
That Host, which rendered all your bounties vain !

XXXV.

By Moscow self-devoted to a blaze
Of dreadful sacrifice ; by Russian blood
Lavished in fight with desperate hardihood ;
The unfeeling Elements no claim shall raise
To rob our Human-nature of just praise
For what she did and suffered. Pledges sure
Of a deliverance absolute and pure
She gave, if Faith might tread the beaten ways
Of Providence. But now did the Most High
Exalt his still small voice ;—to quell that Host
Gathered his power, a manifest ally ;
He, whose heaped waves confounded the proud boast
Of Pharaoh, said to Famine, Snow, and Frost,
“ Finish the strife by deadliest victory !”

XXXVI.

THE GERMANS ON THE HEIGHTS OF HOCKHEIM.

ABRUPTLY paused the strife ;—the field throughout
Resting upon his arms each warrior stood,
Checked in the very act and deed of blood,
With breath suspended, like a listening scout.
O Silence ! thou wert mother of a shout
That through the texture of yon azure dome
Cleaves its glad way, a cry of harvest home
Uttered to Heaven in ecstasy devout !
The barrier Rhine hath flashed, through battle-smoke,
On men who gaze heart-smitten by the view,
As if all Germany had felt the shock !
—Fly, wretched Gauls ! ere they the charge renew
Who have seen—themselves now casting off the yoke—
The unconquerable Stream his course pursue.

XXXVII.

NOVEMBER, 1813.

Now that all hearts are glad, all faces bright,
Our aged Sovereign sits, to the ebb and flow
Of states and kingdoms, to their joy or woe,
Insensible. He sits deprived of sight,
And lamentably wrapt in twofold night,
Whom no weak hopes deceived ; whose mind ensued,
Through perilous war, with regal fortitude,
Peace that should claim respect from lawless Might.
Dread King of Kings, vouchsafe a ray divine
To his forlorn condition ! let thy grace
Upon his inmost soul in mercy shine ;
Permit his heart to kindle, and to embrace
(Though it were only for a moment's space)
The triumphs of this hour ; for they are THINE !

XXXVIII.

FEELINGS OF A FRENCH ROYALIST,

ON THE DISINTERMENT OF THE REMAINS OF THE DUKE D'ENGHEN.

DEAR Reliques! from a pit of vilest mould
Uprisen, to lodge among ancestral kings ;
And to inflict shame's salutary stings
On the remorseless hearts of men grown old
In a blind worship ; men perversely bold
Even to this hour : yet, some shall now forsake
Their monstrous Idol, if the dead e'er spake
To warn the living ; if truth were ever told
By aught redeemed out of the hollow grave.—
O murdered Prince ! meek, loyal, pious, brave !
The power of retribution once was given :
But 'tis a rueful thought that willow bands
So often tie the thunder-wielding hands
Of Justice sent to earth from highest Heaven !

XXXIX.

OCCASIONED BY THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

(The last six lines intended for an Inscription.)

FEBRUARY, 1816.

INTREPID sons of Albion! not by you
Is life despised; ah no, the spacious earth
Ne'er saw a race who held, by right of birth,
So many objects to which love is due:
Ye slight not life—to God and Nature true;
But death, becoming death, is dearer far,
When duty bids you bleed in open war:
Hence hath your prowess quelled that impious crew.
Heroes!—for instant sacrifice prepared;
Yet filled with ardour and on triumph bent
'Mid direst shocks of mortal accident—
To you who fell, and you whom slaughter spared
To guard the fallen, and consummate the event,
Your Country rears this sacred Monument!

XL.

SIEGE OF VIENNA RAISED BY JOHN SOBIESKI.

FEBRUARY, 1816.

O, FOR a kindling touch from that pure flame
 Which ministered, erewhile, to a sacrifice
 Of gratitude, beneath Italian skies,
 In words like these. ‘Up, Voice of song! proclaim
 ‘Thy saintly rapture with celestial aim :
 ‘For lo! the Imperial City stands released
 ‘From bondage threatened by the embattled East,
 ‘And Christendom respire; from guilt and shame
 ‘Redeemed, from miserable fear set free
 ‘By one day’s feat, one mighty victory.
 ‘—Chant the Deliverer’s praise in every tongue!
 ‘The cross shall spread, the crescent hath waxed dim;
 ‘He conquering, as in joyful Heaven is sung,
 ‘HE CONQUERING THROUGH GOD, AND GOD BY HIM *.’

* See Filicaia’s Ode.

XLI.

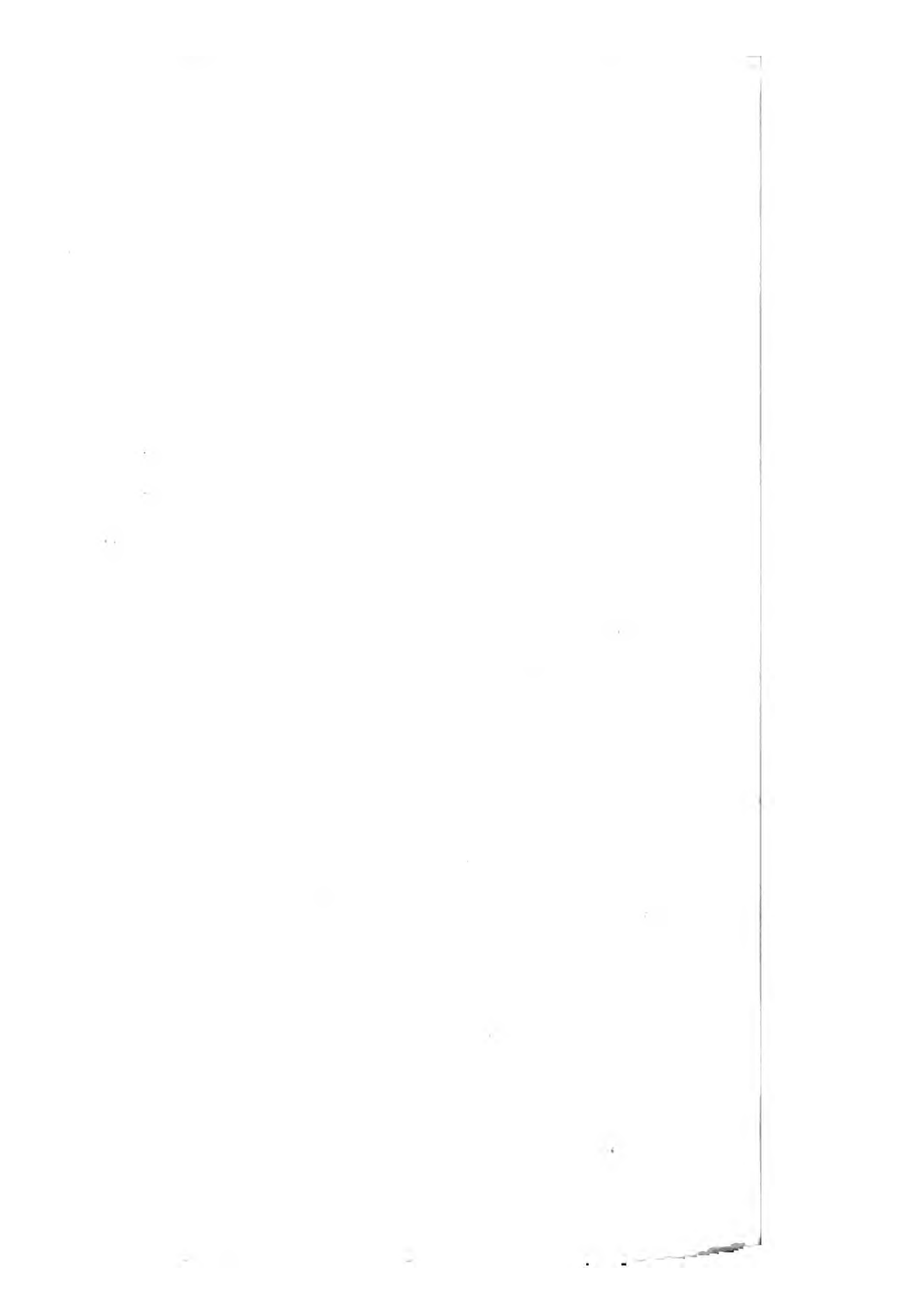
OCCASIONED BY THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

FEBRUARY, 1816.

THE Bard—whose soul is meek as dawning day,
Yet trained to judgments righteously severe ;
Fervid, yet conversant with holy fear,
As recognising one Almighty sway :
He—whose experienced eye can pierce the array
Of past events ; to whom, in vision clear,
The aspiring heads of future things appear,
Like mountain-tops whose mists have rolled away—
Assoiled from all encumbrance of our time,
He only, if such breathe, in strains devout
Shall comprehend this victory sublime ;
Shall worthily rehearse the hideous rout,
The triumph hail, which from their peaceful clime
Angels might welcome with a choral shout !

XLII.

EMPERORS and Kings, how oft have temples rung
With impious thanksgiving, the Almighty's scorn!
How oft above their altars have been hung
Trophies that led the good and wise to mourn
Triumphant wrong, battle of battle born,
And sorrow that to fruitless sorrow clung!
Now, from Heaven-sanctioned victory, Peace is sprung;
In this firm hour Salvation lifts her horn.
Glory to arms! But, conscious that the nerve
Of popular reason, long mistrusted, freed
Your thrones, ye Powers, from duty fear to swerve!
Be just, be grateful; nor, the oppressor's creed
Reviving, heavier chastisement deserve
Than ever forced unpitied hearts to bleed.



CLASS THIRD.



ITINERARY SONNETS.

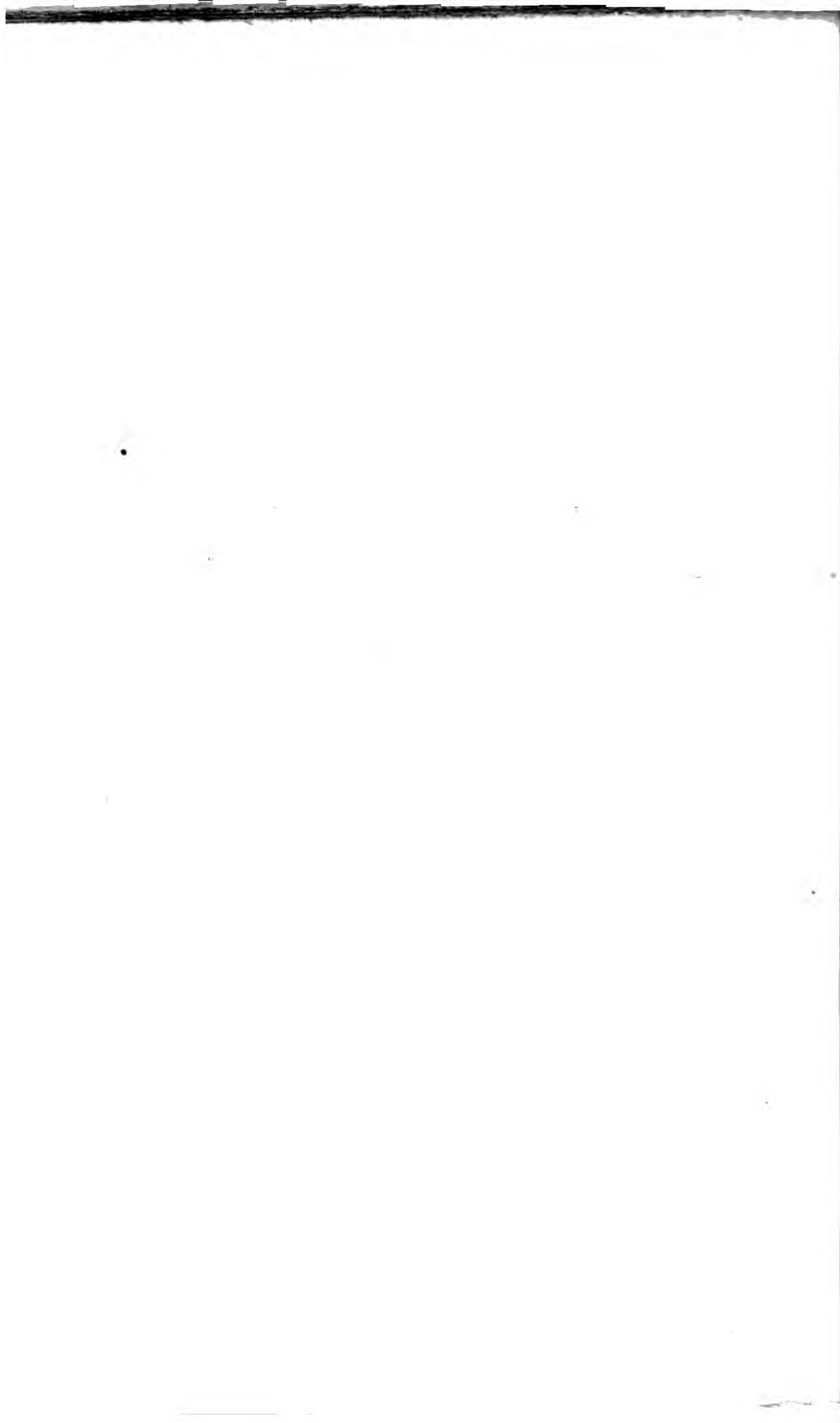
FIRST SERIES.

SELECTED FROM MEMORIALS OF A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT,
1820.

DEDICATION.

(SENT WITH THESE POEMS, IN M.S., TO —.)

*DEAR Fellow-travellers! think not that the Muse,
To you presenting these memorial Lays,
Can hope the general eye thereon would gaze,
As on a mirror that gives back the hues
Of living Nature; no—though free to choose
The greenest bowers, the most inviting ways,
The fairest landscapes and the brightest days—
Her skill she tried with less ambitious views.
For You she wrought: Ye only can supply
The life, the truth, the beauty: she confides
In that enjoyment which with You abides,
Trusts to your love and vivid memory;
Thus far contented, that for You her verse
Shall lack not power the ‘meeting soul to pierce!’*



I.

FISH-WOMEN.—ON LANDING AT CALAIS.

'Tis said, fantastic ocean doth enfold
The likeness of whate'er on land is seen ;
But, if the Nereid Sisters and their Queen,
Above whose heads the tide so long hath rolled,
The Dames resemble whom we here behold,
How fearful were it down through opening waves
To sink, and meet them in their fretted caves,
Withered, grotesque, immeasurably old,
And shrill and fierce in accent!—Fear it not :
For they Earth's fairest Daughters do excel ;
Pure undecaying beauty is their lot ;
Their voices into liquid music swell,
Thrilling each pearly cleft and sparry grot,
The undisturbed abodes where Sea-nymphs dwell !

II.

BRUGÈS.

BRUGÈS I saw attired with golden light
(Streamed from the west) as with a robe of power :
The splendour fled ; and now the sunless hour,
That, slowly making way for peaceful night,
Best suits with fallen grandeur, to my sight
Offers the beauty, the magnificence,
And sober graces, left her for defence
Against the injuries of time, the spite
Of fortune, and the desolating storms
Of future war. Advance not—spare to hide,
O gentle Power of darkness ! these mild hues ;
Obscure not yet these silent avenues
Of stateliest architecture, where the Forms
Of nun-like females, with soft motion, glide !

III.

BRUGES.

THE Spirit of Antiquity—enshrined
In sumptuous buildings, vocal in sweet song,
In picture, speaking with heroic tongue,
And with devout solemnities entwined—
Mounts to the seat of grace within the mind :
Hence Forms that glide with swan-like ease along ;
Hence motions, even amid the vulgar throng,
To an harmonious decency confined :
As if the streets were consecrated ground,
The city one vast temple, dedicate
To mutual respect in thought and deed ;
To leisure, to forbearances sedate ;
To social cares from jarring passions freed ;
A deeper peace than that in deserts found !

IV.

AFTER VISITING THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

A WINGED Goddess—clothed in vesture wrought
Of rainbow colours ; One whose port was bold,
Whose overburthened hand could scarcely hold
The glittering crowns and garlands which it brought—
Hovered in air above the far-famed Spot.
She vanished ; leaving prospect blank and cold
Of wind-swept corn that wide around us rolled
In dreary billows, wood, and meagre cot,
And monuments that soon must disappear :
Yet a dread local recompence we found ;
While glory seemed betrayed, while patriot-zeal
Sank in our hearts, we felt as men *should* feel
With such vast hoards of hidden carnage near,
And horror breathing from the silent ground !

V.

BETWEEN NAMUR AND LIEGE.

WHAT lovelier home could gentle Fancy choose ?
Is this the Stream, whose cities, heights, and plains,
War's favourite playground, are with crimson stains
Familiar, as the Morn with pearly dews ?
The Morn, that now, along the silver MEUSE,
Spreading her peaceful ensigns, calls the swains
To tend their silent boats and ringing wains,
Or strip the bough whose mellow fruit bestrews
The ripening corn beneath it. As mine eyes
Turn from the fortified and threatening hill,
How sweet the prospect of yon watery glade,
With its grey rocks clustering in pensive shade—
That, shaped like old monastic turrets, rise
From the smooth meadow-ground, serene and still !

VI.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

WAS it to disenchant, and to undo,
That we approached the Seat of Charlemaine?
To sweep from many an old romantic strain
That faith which no devotion may renew!
Why does this puny Church present to view
Her feeble columns? and that scanty chair!
This sword that one of our weak times might wear!
Objects of false pretence, or meanly true!
If from a traveller's fortune I might claim
A palpable memorial of that day,
Then would I seek the Pyrenean Breach
That ROLAND clove with huge two-handed sway,
And to the enormous labour left his name,
Where unremitting frosts the rocky crescent bleach.

VII.

IN THE CATHEDRAL AT COLOGNE.

O FOR the help of Angels to complete
This Temple—Angels governed by a plan
Thus far pursued (how gloriously!) by Man,
Studious that HE might not disdain the seat
Who dwells in heaven! But that aspiring heat
Hath failed; and now, ye Powers! whose gorgeous wings
And splendid aspect yon emblazonings
But faintly picture, 'twere an office meet
For you, on these unfinished shafts to try
The midnight virtues of your harmony:—
This vast design might tempt you to repeat
Strains that call forth upon empyreal ground
Immortal Fabrics, rising to the sound
Of penetrating harps and voices sweet!

VIII.

IN A CARRIAGE, UPON THE BANKS OF THE RHINE.

AMID this dance of objects sadness steals
O'er the defrauded heart—while sweeping by,
As in a fit of Thespian jollity,
Beneath her vine-leaf crown the green Earth reels:
Backward, in rapid evanescence, wheels
The venerable pageantry of Time,
Each beetling rampart, and each tower sublime,
And what the Dell unwillingly reveals
Of lurking cloistral arch, through trees espied
Near the bright River's edge. Yet why repine?
To muse, to creep, to halt at will, to gaze—
Such sweet wayfaring—of life's spring the pride,
Her summer's faithful joy—*that* still is mine,
And in fit measure cheers autumnal days.

IX.

THE SOURCE OF THE DANUBE.

Not, like his great Compeers, indignantly
Doth DANUBE spring to life * ! The wandering Stream
(Who loves the Cross, yet to the Crescent's gleam
Unfolds a willing breast) with infant glee
Slips from his prison walls : and Fancy, free
To follow in his track of silver light,
Mounts on rapt wing and with a moment's flight
Hath reached the encincture of that gloomy sea
Whose waves the Orphean lyre forbade to meet
In conflict ; whose rough winds forgot their jars
To waft the heroic progeny of Greece ;
When the first Ship sailed for the golden Fleece—
ARGO—exalted for that daring feat
To fix in heaven her shape distinct with stars.

* See Note.

X.

ON APPROACHING THE STAUB-BACH, LAUTERBRUNNEN.

UTTERED by whom, or how inspired—designed
For what strange service, does this concert reach
Our ears, and near the dwellings of mankind !
Mid fields familiarized to human speech ?—
No Mermaids warble—to allay the wind
Driving some vessel toward a dangerous beach—
More thrilling melodies ; Witch answering Witch,
To chant a love-spell, never intertwined
Notes shrill and wild with art more musical :
Alas ! that from the lips of abject Want
Or Idleness in tatters mendicant
The strain should flow—free fancy to enthrall,
And with regret and useless pity haunt
This bold, this bright, this sky-born, WATERFALL * !

* See Note.

XI

THE FALL OF THE AAR—HANDEC.

FROM the fierce aspect of this River, throwing
His giant body o'er the steep rock's brink,
Back in astonishment and fear we shrink :
But gradually a calmer look bestowing,
Flowers we espy beside the torrent growing ;
Flowers that peep forth from many a cleft and chink,
And, from the whirlwind of his anger, drink
Hues ever fresh, in rocky fortress blowing :
They suck—from breath that, threatening to destroy,
Is more benignant than the dewy eve—
Beauty, and life, and motions as of joy :
Nor doubt but HE to whom yon Pine-trees nod
Their heads in sign of worship, Nature's God,
These humbler adorations will receive.

XII.

THE TOWN OF SCHWYTZ.

By antique Fancy trimmed—though lowly, bred
To dignity—in thee, O SCHWYTZ ! are seen
The genuine features of the golden mean ;
Equality by Prudence governèd,
Or jealous Nature ruling in her stead ;
And therefore art thou blest with peace, serene
As that of the sweet fields and meadows green
In unambitious compass round thee spread.
Majestic BERNE, high on her guardian steep,
Holding a central station of command,
Might well be styled this noble Body's HEAD :
Thou, lodged 'mid mountainous entrenchments deep,
Its HEART ; and ever may the heroic Land
Thy name, O SCHWYTZ, in happy freedom keep * !

* Nearly 500 years (says Ebel, speaking of the French Invasion,) had elapsed, when, for the first time, foreign soldiers were seen upon the frontiers of this small Canton, to impose upon it the laws of their governors.

XIII.

ON HEARING THE "RANZ DES VACHES" ON THE TOP OF
THE PASS OF ST. GOTHARD.

I LISTEN—but no faculty of mine
Avails those modulations to detect,
Which, heard in foreign lands, the Swiss affect
With tenderest passion ; leaving him to pine
(So fame reports) and die,—his sweet-breath'd kine
Remembering, and green Alpine pastures decked
With vernal flowers. Yet may we not reject
The tale as fabulous.—Here while I recline,
Mindful how others by this simple Strain
Are moved, for me—upon this Mountain named
Of God himself from dread pre-eminence—
Aspiring thoughts, by memory reclaimed,
Yield to the Music's touching influence ;
And joys of distant home my heart enchain.

XIV.

THE LAST SUPPER, BY LEONARDO DA VINCI, IN THE REFECTORY
OF THE CONVENT OF MARIA DELLA GRAZIA—MILAN*.

THO' searching damp and many an envious flaw
Have marred this Work ; the calm ethereal grace,
The love deep-seated in the Saviour's face,
The mercy, goodness, have not failed to awe
The Elements ; as they do melt and thaw
The heart of the Beholder—and erase
(At least for one rapt moment) every trace
Of disobedience to the primal law.

The annunciation of the dreadful truth
Made to the Twelve, survives : lip, forehead, cheek,
And hand reposing on the board in ruth
Of what it utters, while the unguilty seek
Unquestionable meanings—still bespeak
A labour worthy of eternal youth !

* See Note.

XV.

THE COLUMN INTENDED BY BUONAPARTE FOR A TRIUMPHAL EDIFICE IN
MILAN, NOW LYING BY THE WAY-SIDE IN THE SIMPLON PASS.

AMBITION—following down this far-famed slope
Her Pioneer, the snow-dissolving Sun,
While clarions prate of kingdoms to be won—
Perchance, in future ages, here may stop ;
Taught to mistrust her flattering horoscope
By admonition from this prostrate Stone—
Memento uninscribed of Pride o'erthrown ;
Vanity's hieroglyphic ; a choice trope
In Fortune's rhetoric. Daughter of the Rock,
Rest where thy course was stayed by Power divine !
The Soul transported sees, from hint of thine,
Crimes which the great Avenger's hand provoke,
Hears combats whistling o'er the ensanguined heath :
What groans ! what shrieks ! what quietness in death !

XVI.

ECHO, UPON THE GEMMI.

WHAT beast of chase hath broken from the cover?
Stern GEMMI listens to as full a cry,
As multitudinous a harmony
Of sounds as rang the heights of Latmos over,
When, from the soft couch of her sleeping Lover,
Up-starting, Cynthia skimmed the mountain-dew
In keen pursuit—and gave, where'er she flew,
Impetuous motion to the Stars above her.
A solitary Wolf-dog, ranging on
Through the bleak concave, wakes this wondrous chime
Of æry voices locked in unison,—
Faint—far-off—near—deep—solemn and sublime!
—So, from the body of one guilty deed,
A thousand ghostly fears, and haunting thoughts, proceed!

XVII.

SKY-PROSPECT—FROM THE PLAIN OF FRANCE.

Lo! in the burning west, the craggy nape
Of a proud Ararat! and, thereupon,
The Ark, her melancholy voyage done!
Yon rampant cloud mimics a lion's shape;
There combats a huge crocodile—agape
A golden spear to swallow! and that brown
And massy grove, so near yon blazing town,
Stirs and recedes—destruction to escape!
Yet all is harmless—as the Elysian shades
Where Spirits dwell in undisturbed repose—
Silently disappears, or quickly fades:
Meek Nature's evening comment on the shows
That for oblivion take their daily birth
From all the fuming vanities of Earth!

XVIII.

ON BEING STRANDED NEAR THE HARBOUR OF BOULOGNE*.

WHY cast ye back upon the Gallic shore
Ye furious waves ! a patriotic Son
Of England—who in hope her coast had won,
His project crowned, his pleasant travel o'er ?
Well—let him pace this noted beach once more,
That gave the Roman his triumphal shells ;
That saw the Corsican his cap and bells
Haughtily shake, a dreaming Conqueror !—
Enough : my Country's cliffs I can behold,
And proudly think, beside the chafing sea,
Of checked ambition, tyranny controlled,
And folly cursed with endless memory :
These local recollections ne'er can cloy ;
Such ground I from my very heart enjoy !

* See Note.

XIX.

AFTER LANDING—THE VALLEY OF DOVER.

Nov. 1820.

WHERE be the noisy followers of the game
Which faction breeds! the turmoil where? that passed
Through Europe, echoing from the newsman's blast,
And filled our hearts with grief for England's shame.
Peace greets us;—rambling on without an aim
We mark majestic herds of cattle, free
To ruminate, couched on the grassy lea;
And hear far-off the mellow horn proclaim
The Season's harmless pastime. Ruder sound
Stirs not; enrapt I gaze with strange delight,
While consciousnesses, not to be disowned,
Here only serve a feeling to invite
That lifts the spirit to a calmer height,
And makes this rural stillness more profound.

XX.

AT DOVER.

FROM the Pier's head, musing—and with increase
Of wonder, long I watched this sea-side Town,
Under the white cliff's battlemented crown,
Hushed to a depth of more than Sabbath peace.
How strange, methought, this orderly release
From social noise—quiet elsewhere unknown!
A Spirit whispered, "Doth not Ocean drown
Trivial in solemn sounds? Let wonder cease.
His overpowering murmurs have set free
Thy sense from pressure of life's common din;
As the dread voice that speaks from out the sea
Of God's eternal Word, the voice of Time
Deadens—the shocks of tumult, shrieks of crime,
The shouts of folly, and the groans of sin."

SECOND SERIES.

Composed or suggested during a Tour in Scotland, &c., 1831.

I.

ON THE DEPARTURE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT FROM
ABBOTSFORD, FOR NAPLES.

A TROUBLE, not of clouds or weeping rain,
Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light,
Engendered, hangs o'er Eildon's triple height :
Spirits of Power, assembled there, complain
For kindred Power departing from their sight ;
While Tweed, best pleased in chanting a blithe strain,
Saddens his voice again, and yet again.
Lift up your hearts, ye Mourners ! for the might
Of the whole world's good wishes with Him goes ;
Blessings and prayers in nobler retinue
Than sceptred king or laurelled conqueror knows,
Follow this wondrous Potentate. Be true,
Ye winds of ocean, and the midland sea,
Wafting your Charge to soft Parthenope !

II.

A PLACE OF BURIAL IN THE SOUTH OF SCOTLAND.

PART fenced by man, part by a rugged steep
That curbs a foaming brook, a Grave-yard lies ;
The hare's best couching-place for fearless sleep ;
Which moonlit elves, far seen by credulous eyes,
Enter in dance. Of church, or sabbath ties,
No vestige now remains ; yet thither creep
Bereft Ones, and in lowly anguish weep
Their prayers out to the wind and naked skies.
Proud tomb is none ; but rudely-sculptured knights,
By humble choice of plain old times, are seen
Level with earth, among the hillocks green :
Union not sad, when sunny daybreak smites
The spangled turf, and neighbouring thickets ring
With *jubilate* from the choirs of spring !

III.

ON THE SIGHT OF A MANSE IN THE SOUTH OF
SCOTLAND.

SAY, ye far-travelled clouds, far-seeing hills—
Among the happiest-looking homes of men
Scatter'd all Britain over, through deep glen,
On airy upland, and by forest rills,
And o'er wide plains whereon the sky distils
Her lark's loved warblings—does aught meet your ken
More fit to animate the Poet's pen,
Aught that more surely by its aspect fills
Pure minds with sinless envy, than the Abode
Of the good Priest; who, faithful through all hours
To his high charge, and truly serving God,
Has yet a heart and hand for trees and flowers,
Enjoys the walks his predecessors trod,
Nor covets lineal rights in lands and towers.

IV.

COMPOSED IN ROSLIN CHAPEL, DURING A STORM.

THE wind is now thy organist ;—a clank
(We know not whence) ministers for a bell
To mark some change of service. As the swell
Of music reached its height, and even when sank
The notes, in prelude, ROSLIN ! to a blank
Of silence, how it thrilled thy sumptuous roof,
Pillars, and arches,—not in vain time-proof,
Though Christian rites be wanting ! From what bank
Came those live herbs ? by what hand were they sown
Where dew falls not, where rain-drops seem unknown ?
Yet in the Temple they a friendly niche
Share with their sculptured fellows, that, green-grown,
Copy their beauty more and more, and preach,
Though mute, of all things blending into one.

V.

THE TROSACHS.

THERE'S not a nook within this solemn Pass,
But were an apt confessional for One
Taught by his summer spent, his autumn gone,
That Life is but a tale of morning grass
Withered at eve. From scenes of art which chase
That thought away, turn, and with watchful eyes
Feed it 'mid Nature's old felicities,
Rocks, rivers, and smooth lakes more clear than glass
Untouched, unbreathed upon. Thrice happy quest,
If from a golden perch of aspen spray
(October's workmanship to rival May)
The pensive warbler of the ruddy breast
That moral sweeten by a heaven-taught lay,
Lulling the year, with all its cares, to rest!

VI.

THE pibroch's note, discountenanced or mute ;
The Roman kilt, degraded to a toy
Of quaint apparel for a half-spoilt boy ;
The target, mouldering like ungathered fruit ;
The smoking steam-boat eager in pursuit,
As eagerly pursued ; the umbrella spread
To weather-fend the Celtic herdsman's head—
All speak of manners withering to the root,
And some old honours, too, and passions high :
Then may we ask, though pleased that thought should range
Among the conquests of civility,
Survives imagination—to the change
Superior? Help to virtue does it give?
If not, O Mortals, better cease to live !

VII.

COMPOSED IN THE GLEN OF LOCH ETIVE.

“ THIS Land of Rainbows (spanning glens whose walls,
Rock-built, are hung with rainbow-coloured mists)
Of far-stretched Meres whose salt flood never rests,
Of tuneful caves and playful waterfalls,
Of mountains varying momentarily their crests—
Proud be this land! whose poorest huts are halls
Where Fancy entertains becoming guests ;
While native song the heroic Past recalls.”
Thus, in the net of her own wishes caught,
The Muse exclaimed ; but Story now must hide
Her trophies, Fancy crouch ;—the course of pride
Has been diverted, other lessons taught,
That make the Patriot-spirit bow her head
Where the all-conquering Roman feared to tread.

VIII.

COMPOSED AFTER READING A NEWSPAPER OF THE DAY.

“ PEOPLE ! your chains are severing link by link ;
Soon shall the Rich be levelled down—the Poor
Meet them half way.” Vain boast ! for These, the more
They thus would rise, must low and lower sink
Till, by repentance stung, they fear to think ;
While all lie prostrate, save the tyrant few
Bent in quick turns each other to undo,
And mix the poison, they themselves must drink.
Mistrust thyself, vain Country ! cease to cry,
“ Knowledge will save me from the threatened woe.”
For, if than other rash ones more thou know,
Yet on presumptuous wing as far would fly
Above thy knowledge as they dared to go,
Thou wilt provoke a heavier penalty.

IX.

EAGLES.

COMPOSED AT DUNOLLY CASTLE IN THE BAY OF OBAN.

DISHONOURED Rock and Ruin ! that, by law
Tyrannic, keep the Bird of Jove embarred
Like a lone criminal whose life is spared.
Vexed is he, and screams loud. The last I saw
Was on the wing ; stooping, he struck with awe
Man, bird, and beast ; then, with a consort paired,
From a bold headland, their loved aery's guard,
Flew high above Atlantic waves, to draw
Light from the fountain of the setting sun.
Such was this Prisoner once ; and, when his plumes
The sea-blast ruffles as the storm comes on,
In spirit, for a moment, he resumes
His rank 'mong freeborn creatures that live free,
His power, his beauty, and his majesty.

X.

IN THE SOUND OF MULL.

TRADITION, be thou mute! Oblivion, throw
Thy veil in mercy o'er the records, hung
Round strath and mountain, stamped by the ancient tongue
On rock and ruin darkening as we go,—
Spots where a word, ghost-like, survives to show
What crimes from hate, or desperate love, have sprung;
From honour misconceived, or fancied wrong,
What feuds, not quenched but fed by mutual woe.
Yet, though a wild vindictive Race, untamed
By civil arts and labours of the pen,
Could gentleness be scorned by those fierce Men,
Who, to spread wide the reverence they claimed
For patriarchal occupations, named
Yon towering Peaks, 'SHEPHERDS OF ETIVE GLEN*?'

* In Gaelic, *Buachail Eite*.

XI.

SUGGESTED AT TYNDRUM IN A STORM.

ENOUGH of garlands, of the Arcadian crook,
And all that Greece and Italy have sung
Of Swains reposing myrtle groves among !
Ours couch on naked rocks,—will cross a brook
Swoln with chill rains, nor ever cast a look
This way or that, or give it even a thought
More than by smoothest pathway may be brought
Into a vacant mind. Can written book
Teach what *they* learn ? Up, hardy Mountaineer !
And guide the Bard, ambitious to be One
Of Nature's privy council, as thou art,
On cloud-sequestered heights, that see and hear
To what dread Powers He delegates his part
On earth, who works, in the heaven of heavens, alone.

XII.

THE EARL OF BREADALBANE'S RUINED MANSION, AND
FAMILY BURIAL-PLACE, NEAR KILLIN.

WELL sang the Bard who called the grave, in strains
Thoughtful and sad, the 'narrow house.' No style
Of fond sepulchral flattery can beguile
Grief of her sting; nor cheat, where he detains
The sleeping dust, stern Death. How reconcile
With truth, or with each other, decked remains
Of a once warm Abode, and that *new* Pile,
For the departed, built with curious pains
And mausolean pomp? Yet here they stand
Together—'mid trim walks and artful bowers—
To be looked down upon by ancient hills,
That, for the living and the dead, demand
And prompt a harmony of genuine powers;
Concord that elevates the mind, and stills.

XIII.

'REST AND BE THANKFUL!'

AT THE HEAD OF GLENCROE.

DOUBLING and doubling with laborious walk,
Who, that has gained at length the wished-for Height,
This brief, this simple way-side Call can slight,
And rest not thankful? Whether cheered by talk
With some loved friend, or by the unseen hawk
Whistling to clouds and sky-born streams, that shine
At the sun's outbreak, as with light divine,
Ere they descend to nourish root and stalk
Of valley flowers. Nor, while the limbs repose,
Will we forget that, as the fowl can keep
Absolute stillness, poised aloft in air,
And fishes front, unmoved, the torrent's sweep,—
So may the Soul, through powers that Faith bestows,
Win rest, and ease, and peace, with bliss that Angels share.

XIV.

HIGHLAND HUT.

SEE what gay wild flowers deck this earth-built Cot,
Whose smoke, forth-issuing whence and how it may,
Shines in the greeting of the sun's first ray
Like wreaths of vapour without stain or blot.
The limpid mountain rill avoids it not ;
And why shouldst thou ?—If rightly trained and bred,
Humanity is humble, finds no spot
Which her Heaven-guided feet refuse to tread.
The walls are cracked, sunk is the flowery roof,
Undressed the pathway leading to the door ;
But love, as Nature loves, the lonely Poor ;
Search, for their worth, some gentle heart wrong-proof,
Meek, patient, kind, and, were its trials fewer,
Belike less happy.—Stand no more aloof * !

* See Note.

XV.

THE BROWNIE.

[Upon a small island not far from the head of Loch Lomond, are some remains of an ancient building, which was for several years the abode of a solitary Individual, one of the last survivors of the Clan of Macfarlane, once powerful in that neighbourhood. Passing along the shore opposite this island in the year 1814, the Author learned these particulars, and that this person then living there had acquired the appellation of 'The Brownie.' See "The Brownie's Cell," (Vol. 3, p. 154,) of the Author's Poems, edit. 1837, to which the following is a sequel.

'How disappeared he?' Ask the newt and toad;
 Ask of his fellow men, and they will tell
 How he was found, cold as an icicle,
 Under an arch of that forlorn abode;
 Where he, unpropp'd, and by the gathering flood
 Of years hemm'd round, had dwelt, prepared to try
 Privation's worst extremities, and die
 With no one near save the omnipresent God.
 Verily so to live was an awful choice—
 A choice that wears the aspect of a doom;
 But in the mould of mercy all is cast
 For Souls familiar with the eternal Voice;
 And this forgotten Taper to the last
 Drove from itself, we trust, all frightful gloom.

XVI.

TO THE PLANET VENUS, AN EVENING STAR.

COMPOSED AT LOCH LOMOND.

THOUGH joy attend Thee orient at the birth
Of dawn, it cheers the lofty spirit most
To watch thy course when Day-light, fled from earth,
In the grey sky hath left his lingering Ghost,
Perplexed as if between a splendour lost
And splendour slowly mustering. Since the Sun,
The absolute, the world-absorbing One,
Relinquished half his empire to the host
Emboldened by thy guidance, holy Star,
Holy as princely, who that looks on thee
Touching, as now, in thy humility
The mountain borders of this seat of care,
Can question that thy countenance is bright,
Celestial Power, as much with love as light ?

XVII.

BOTHWELL CASTLE.

(PASSED UNSEEN, ON ACCOUNT OF STORMY WEATHER.)

IMMURED in Bothwell's towers, at times the Brave
(So beautiful is Clyde) forgot to mourn
The liberty they lost at Bannockbourn.
Once on those steeps *I* roamed at large, and have
In mind the landscape, as if still in sight ;
The river glides, the woods before me wave ;
Then why repine that now in vain I crave
Needless renewal of an old delight ?
Better to thank a dear and long-past day
For joy its sunny hours were free to give
Than blame the present, that our wish hath crost.
Memory, like sleep, hath powers which dreams obey,
Dreams, vivid dreams, that are not fugitive :
How little that She cherishes is lost !

XVIII.

PICTURE OF DANIEL IN THE LION'S DEN, AT
HAMILTON PALACE.

AMID a fertile region green with wood
And fresh with rivers, well did it become
The ducal Owner, in his palace-home,
To naturalise this tawny Lion brood ;
Children of Art, that claim strange brotherhood
(Couched in their den) with those that roam at large
Over the burning wilderness, and charge
The wind with terror while they roar for food.
Sate are *these* ; and still—to eye and ear ;
Hence, while we gaze, a more enduring fear !
Yet is the Prophet calm, nor would the cave
Daunt him—if his Companions, now be-drowsed
Outstretched and listless, were by hunger roused :
Man placed him here, and God, he knows, can save.

XIX.

THE AVON.

(A FEEDER OF THE ANNAN.)

AVON—a precious, an immortal name !
Yet is it one that other rivulets bear
Like this unheard-of, and their channels wear
Like this contented, though unknown to Fame :
For great and sacred is the modest claim
Of Streams to Nature's love, where'er they flow ;
And ne'er did Genius slight them as they go,
Tree, flower, and green herb, feeding without blame.
But Praise can waste her voice on work of tears,
Anguish, and death : full oft where innocent blood
Has mixed its current with the limpid flood,
Her heaven-offending trophies Glory rears :
Never for like distinction may the good
Shrink from *thy* name, pure Rill! with unpleased ears.

XX.

SUGGESTED BY A VIEW FROM AN EMINENCE IN
INGLEWOOD FOREST.

THE forest huge of ancient Caledon
Is but a name, nor more is Inglewood,
That swept from hill to hill, from flood to flood :
On her last thorn the nightly moon has shone ;
Yet still, though unappropriate Wild be none,
Fair parks spread wide where Adam Bell might deign
With Clym o' the Clough, were they alive again,
To kill for merry feast their venison.
Nor wants the holy Abbot's gliding Shade
His church with monumental wreck bestrown ;
The feudal Warrior-chief, a Ghost unlaid,
Hath still his castle, though a skeleton,
That he may watch by night, and lessons con
Of power that perishes, and rights that fade.

XXI.

HART'S-HORN TREE, NEAR PENRITH.

HERE stood an Oak, that long had borne affixed
To his huge trunk, or, with more subtle art,
Among its withering topmost branches mixed,
The palmy antlers of a hunted Hart,
Whom the Dog Hercules pursued—his part
Each desperately sustaining, till at last
Both sank and died, the life-veins of the chased
And chaser bursting here with one dire smart.
Mutual the victory, mutual the defeat!
High was the trophy hung with pitiless pride;
Say, rather, with that generous sympathy
That wants not, even in rudest breasts, a seat;
And, for this feeling's sake, let no one chide
Verse that would guard thy memory, HART'S-HORN TREE! *

* See Note.

XXII.

FANCY AND TRADITION.

THE Lovers took within this ancient grove
Their last embrace ; beside those crystal springs
The Hermit saw the Angel spread his wings
For instant flight ; the Sage in yon alcove
Sate musing ; on that hill the Bard would rove,
Not mute, where now the linnet only sings :
Thus every where to truth Tradition clings,
Or Fancy localises Powers we love.
Were only History licensed to take note
Of things gone by, her meagre monuments
Would ill suffice for persons and events :
There is an ampler page for man to quote,
A readier book of manifold contents,
Studied alike in palace and in cot.

XXIII.

COUNTESS' PILLAR.

[On the roadside between Penrith and Appleby, there stands a pillar with the following inscription :—

' This pillar was erected, in the year 1656, by Anne Countess Dowager of Pembroke, &c. for a memorial of her last parting with her pious mother, Margaret Countess Dowager of Cumberland, on the 2d of April, 1616 ; in memory whereof she hath left an annuity of 4*l.* to be distributed to the poor of the parish of Brougham, every 2d day of April for ever, upon the stone table placed hard by. Laus Deo ! ']

WHILE the Poor gather round, till the end of time
 May this bright flower of Charity display
 Its bloom, unfolding at the appointed day ;
 Flower than the loveliest of the vernal prime
 Lovelier—transplanted from heaven's purest clime !
 ' Charity never faileth : ' on that creed,
 More than on written testament or deed,
 The pious Lady built with hope sublime.
 Alms on this stone to be dealt out *for ever !*
 ' LAUS DEO.' Many a Stranger passing by
 Has with that parting mixed a filial sigh,
 Blest its humane Memorial's fond endeavour ;
 And fastening on those lines an eye tear-glazed,
 Has ended, though no Clerk, with ' God be praised ! '

XXIV.

ROMAN ANTIQUITIES.

(FROM THE ROMAN STATION AT OLD PENRITH.)

How profitless the relics that we cull,
Troubling the last holds of ambitious Rome,
Unless they chasten fancies that presume
Too high, or idle agitations lull !
Of the world's flatteries if the brain be full,
To have no seat for thought were better doom,
Like this old helmet, or the eyeless skull
Of him who gloried in its nodding plume.
Heaven out of view, our wishes what are they ?
Our fond regrets tenacious in their grasp ?
The Sage's theory ? the Poet's lay ?—
Mere Fibulæ without a robe to clasp ;
Obsolete lamps, whose light no time recalls ;
Urns without ashes, tearless lacrymals !

[Having been prevented by the lateness of the season, in 1831, from visiting Staffa and Iona, the author made these the principal objects of a short tour in the summer of 1833, of which the following series of sonnets is a Memorial. The course pursued was down the Cumberland river Derwent, and to Whitehaven; thence (by the Isle of Man, where a few days were passed) up the Frith of Clyde to Greenock, then to Oban, Staffa, Iona; and back towards England, by Loch Awe, Inverary, Loch Goil-head, Greenock, and through parts of Renfrewshire, Ayrshire, and Dumfriesshire to Carlisle, and thence up the river Eden, and homewards by Ullswater.]

THIRD SERIES.

Composed or suggested during a Tour chiefly in Scotland, &c., 1833.

I.

ADIEU, Rydalian Laurels! that have grown
And spread as if ye knew that days might come
When ye would shelter in a happy home,
On this fair Mount, a Poet of your own—
One who ne'er ventured for a Delphic crown
To sue the God ; but, haunting your green shade
All seasons through, is humbly pleased to braid
Ground-flowers, beneath your guardianship, self sown.
Farewell ! no Minstrels now with harp new-strung
For summer wandering quit their household bowers ;
Yet not for this wants Poesy a tongue
To cheer the Itinerant on whom she pours
Her spirit, while he crosses lonely moors,
Or musing sits forsaken halls among.

II.

WHY should the Enthusiast, journeying through this Isle,
Repine as if his hour were come too late ?
Not unprotected in her mouldering state,
Antiquity salutes him with a smile,
Mid fruitful fields that ring with jocund toil,
And pleasure-grounds where Taste, refined Co-mate
Of Truth and Beauty, strives to imitate,
Far as she may, primeval Nature's style.
Fair land ! by Time's parental love made free,
By social Order's watchful arms embraced ;
With unexampled union meet in thee,
For eye and mind, the present and the past ;
With golden prospect for futurity,
If what is rightly revered may last.

III.

THEY called Thee MERRY ENGLAND, in old time ;
A happy people won for thee that name
With envy heard in many a distant clime ;
And, spite of change, for me thou keep'st the same
Endearing title, a responsive chime
To the heart's fond belief ; though some there are
Whose sterner judgments deem that word a snare
For inattentive Fancy, like the lime
Which foolish birds are caught with. Can, I ask,
This face of rural beauty be a mask
For discontent, and poverty, and crime ;
These spreading towns a cloak for lawless will ?
Forbid it, Heaven !—and MERRY ENGLAND still
Shall be thy rightful name, in prose and rhyme !

IV.

TO THE RIVER GRETA, NEAR KESWICK.

GRETA, what fearful listening ! when huge stones
Rumble along thy bed, block after block :
Or, whirling with reiterated shock,
Combat, while darkness aggravates the groans :
But if thou (like Cocytus from the moans
Heard on his rueful margin) thence wert named
The Mourner, thy true nature was defamed,
And the habitual murmur that atones
For thy worst rage, forgotten. Oft as Spring
Decks, on thy sinuous banks, her thousand thrones,
Seats of glad instinct and love's carolling,
The concert, for the happy, then may vie
With liveliest peals of birth-day harmony :
To a grieved heart, the notes are benisons.

V.

TO THE RIVER DERWENT.

AMONG the mountains were we nursed, loved Stream !
Thou near the eagle's nest—within brief sail,
I, of his bold wing floating on the gale,
Where thy deep voice could lull me ! Faint the beam
Of human life when first allowed to gleam
On mortal notice.—Glory of the vale,
Such thy meek outset, with a crown, though frail,
Kept in perpetual verdure by the steam
Of thy soft breath !—Less vivid wreath entwined
Nemæan victor's brow ; less bright was worn,
Meed of some Roman chief—in triumph borne
With captives chained ; and shedding from his car
The sunset splendours of a finished war
Upon the proud enslavers of mankind !

VI.

IN SIGHT OF THE TOWN OF COCKERMOUTH,

(Where the Author was born, and his Father's remains are laid.)

A POINT of life between my Parent's dust,
And yours, my buried Little-ones! am I ;
And to those graves looking habitually
In kindred quiet I repose my trust.
Death to the innocent is more than just ;
And, to the sinner, mercifully bent ;
So may I hope, if truly I repent
And meekly bear the ills which bear I must :
And You, my Offspring! that do still remain,
Yet may outstrip me in the appointed race,
If e'er, through fault of mine, in mutual pain
We breathed together for a moment's space,
The wrong, by love provoked, let love arraign,
And only love keep in your hearts a place.

VII.

ADDRESS FROM THE SPIRIT OF COCKERMOUTH CASTLE.

“THOU look'st upon me, and dost fondly think,
Poet ! that, stricken as both are by years,
We, differing once so much, are now Compeers,
Prepared, when each has stood his time, to sink
Into the dust. Erewhile a sterner link
United us ; when thou in boyish play,
Entering my dungeon, didst become a prey
To soul-appalling darkness. Not a blink
Of light was there ;—and thus did I, thy Tutor,
Make thy young thoughts acquainted with the grave ;
While thou wert chasing the wing'd butterfly
Through my green courts ; or climbing, a bold suitor,
Up to the flowers whose golden progeny
Still round my shattered brow in beauty wave.”

VIII.

NUN'S WELL, BRIGHAM.

THE cattle crowding round this beverage clear
To slake their thirst, with reckless hoofs have trod
The encircling turf into a barren clod ;
Through which the waters creep, then disappear,
Born to be lost in Derwent flowing near ;
Yet, o'er the brink, and round the limestone-cell
Of the pure spring (they call it the "Nun's Well,"
Name that first struck by chance my startled ear)
A tender Spirit broods—the pensive Shade
Of ritual honours to this Fountain paid
By hooded Votaresses with saintly cheer !
Albeit oft the Virgin-mother mild
Looked down with pity upon eyes beguiled
Into the shedding of ' too soft a tear.'

IX.

TO A FRIEND,

(ON THE BANKS OF THE DERWENT.)

PASTOR and Patriot!—at whose bidding rise
These modest walls, amid a flock that need,
For one who comes to watch them and to feed,
A fixed Abode—keep down presageful sighs.
Threats, which the unthinking only can despise,
Perplex the Church; but be thou firm,—be true
To thy first hope, and this good work pursue,
Poor as thou art. A welcome sacrifice
Dost Thou prepare, whose sign will be the smoke
Of thy new hearth; and sooner shall its wreaths,
Mounting while earth her morning incense breathes,
From wandering fiends of air receive a yoke
And straightway cease to aspire, than God disdain
This humble tribute as ill-timed or vain.

X.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

(LANDING AT THE MOUTH OF THE DERWENT, WORKINGTON.)

DEAR to the Loves, and to the Graces vowed,
The Queen drew back the wimple that she wore ;
While to the throng that on the Cumbrian shore
Her landing hailed, how touchingly she bowed !
And like a Star (that, from a sombre cloud
Of pine-tree foliage poised in air, forth darts,
When a soft summer gale at evening parts
The gloom that did its loveliness enshroud)
She smiled ; but Time, the old Saturnian Seer,
Sighed on the wing as her foot pressed the strand,
With step prelude to a long array
Of woes and degradations hand in hand ;
Weeping captivity, and shuddering fear—
Stilled by the ensanguined block of Fotheringay !

XI.

IN THE CHANNEL, BETWEEN THE COAST OF CUMBERLAND
AND THE ISLE OF MAN.

RANGING the heights of Scawfell or Black-comb,
In his lone course the Shepherd oft will pause,
And strive to fathom the mysterious laws
By which the clouds, arrayed in light or gloom,
On Mona settle, and the shapes assume
Of all her peaks and ridges. What he draws
From sense, faith, reason, fancy, of the cause,
He will take with him to the silent tomb.
Or, by his fire, a child upon his knee,
Haply the untaught Philosopher may speak
Of the strange sight, nor hide his theory
That satisfies the simple and the meek,
Blest in their pious ignorance, though weak
To cope with Sages undevoutly free.

XII.

AT SEA, OFF THE ISLE OF MAN.

BOLD words affirmed, in days when faith was strong
And doubts and scruples seldom teased the brain,
That no adventurer's bark had power to gain
These shores if he approached them bent on wrong ;
For suddenly up-conjured from the Main,
Mists rose to hide the Land—that search, though long
And eager, might be still pursued in vain :—
O Fancy, what an age was *that* for song !
That age, when not by *laws* inanimate,
As men believed, the waters were impelled,
The air controlled, the stars their courses held ;
But element and orb on *acts* did wait
Of POWERS endued with visible form, instinct
With will, and to their work by passion linked.

XIII.

DESIRE we past illusions to recal ?
To reinstate wild Fancy, would we hide
Truths whose thick veil Science has drawn aside ?
No,—let this Age, high as she may, instal
In her esteem the thirst that wrought man's fall,
The universe is infinitely wide ;
And conquering Reason, if self-glorified,
Can nowhere move uncrossed by some new wall
Or gulf of mystery, which thou alone,
Imaginative Faith ! canst overleap,
In progress toward the fount of Love,—the throne
Of Power whose ministers the records keep
Of periods fixed, and laws established, less
Flesh to exalt than prove its nothingness.

XIV.

ON ENTERING DOUGLAS BAY, ISLE OF MAN.

'Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori.'

THE feudal Keep, the bastions of Cohorn,
Even when they rose to check or to repel
Tides of aggressive war, oft served as well
Greedy ambition armed to treat with scorn
Just limits ; but yon Tower, whose smiles adorn
This perilous bay, stands clear of all offence ;
Blest work it is of love and innocence,
A Tower of refuge to the else forlorn.
Spare it, ye waves, and lift the mariner,
Struggling for life, into its saving arms !
Spare, too, the human helpers ! Do they stir
'Mid your fierce shock like men afraid to die ?
No ; their dread service nerves the heart it warms,
And they are led by noble HILLARY *.

* See Note.

XV.

BY THE SEA-SHORE, ISLE OF MAN.

WHY stand we gazing on the sparkling Brine
With wonder smit by its transparency,
And all-enraptured with its purity ?—
Because the unstained, the clear, the crystalline,
Have ever in them something of benign !
Whether in gem, in water, or in sky,
A sleeping infant's brow, or wakeful eye
Of a young maiden, only not divine.
Scarcely the hand forbears to dip its palm
For beverage drawn as from a mountain well :
Temptation centres in the liquid Calm ;
Our daily raiment seems no obstacle
To instantaneous plunging in, deep Sea !
And revelling in long embrace with thee *.

* The sea-water on the coast of the Isle of Man is singularly pure and beautiful.

XVI.

ISLE OF MAN.

A YOUTH too certain of his power to wade
On the smooth bottom of this clear bright sea,
To sight so shallow, with a bather's glee
Leapt from this rock, and but for timely aid
He, by the alluring element betrayed,
Had perished. Then might Sea-nymphs (and with sighs
Of self-reproach) have chanted elegies
Bewailing his sad fate, when he was laid
In peaceful earth: for, doubtless, he was frank,
Utterly in himself devoid of guile;
Knew not the double-dealing of a smile;
Nor aught that makes men's promises a blank,
Or deadly snare: and He survives to bless
The Power that saved him in his strange distress.

XVII.

ISLE OF MAN.

DID pangs of grief for lenient time too keen,
Grief that devouring waves had caused—or guilt
Which they had witnessed, sway the man who built
This Homestead, placed where nothing could be seen,
Nought heard, of ocean troubled or serene ?
No—a Ship-soldier on paternal land,
That o'er the channel holds august command,
The dwelling raised,—a veteran Marine ;
Who, in disgust, turned from the neighbouring sea
To shun the memory of a listless life
That hung between two callings. May no strife
More hurtful here beset him, doomed though free,
Self-doomed, to worse inaction, till his eye
Shrink from the daily sight of earth and sky !

XVIII.

BY A RETIRED MARINER.

(A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR.)

FROM early youth I ploughed the restless Main,
My mind as restless and as apt to change ;
Through every clime and ocean did I range,
In hope at length a competence to gain ;
For poor to Sea I went, and poor I still remain.
Year after year I strove, but strove in vain,
And hardships manifold did I endure,
For Fortune on me never deign'd to smile ;
Yet I at last a resting-place have found,
With just enough life's comforts to procure,
In a snug Cove on this our favoured Isle,
A peaceful spot where Nature's gifts abound ;
Then sure I have no reason to complain,
Though poor to Sea I went, and poor I still remain.

XIX.

AT BALA-SALA, ISLE OF MAN.

(SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR.)

BROKEN in fortune, but in mind entire
And sound in principle, I seek repose
Where ancient trees this convent-pile enclose *
In ruin beautiful. When vain desire
Intrudes on peace, I pray the eternal Sire
To cast a soul-subduing shade on me,
A grey-haired, pensive, thankful Refugee ;
A shade—but with some sparks of heavenly fire
Once to these cells vouchsafed. And when I note
The old Tower's brow yellowed as with the beams
Of sunset ever there, albeit streams
Of stormy weather-stains that semblance wrought,
I thank the silent Monitor, and say
"Shine so, my aged brow, at all hours of the day!"

* Rushen Abbey.

XX.

TYNWALD HILL.

ONCE on the top of Tynwald's formal mound
(Still marked with green turf circles narrowing
Stage above stage) would sit this Island's King,
The laws to promulgate, enrobed and crowned ;
While, compassing the little mount around,
Degrees and Orders stood, each under each :
Now, like to things within fate's easiest reach,
The power is merged, the pomp a grave has found.
Off with yon cloud, old Snafell ! that thine eye
Over three Realms may take its widest range ;
And let, for them, thy fountains utter strange
Voices, thy winds break forth in prophecy,
If the whole State must suffer mortal change,
Like Mona's miniature of sovereignty.

XXI.

DESPOND who will—*I* heard a voice exclaim,
“ Though fierce the assault, and shatter’d the defence,
It cannot be that Britain’s social frame,
The glorious work of time and providence,
Before a flying season’s rash pretence,
Should fall ; that She, whose virtue put to shame,
When Europe prostrate lay, the Conqueror’s aim,
Should perish, self-subverted. Black and dense
The cloud is ; but brings *that* a day of doom
To Liberty ? Her sun is up the while,
That orb whose beams round Saxon Alfred shone :
Then laugh, ye innocent Vales ! ye Streams, sweep on,
Nor let one billow of our heaven-blest Isle
Toss in the fanning wind a humbler plume.”

XXII.

IN THE FRITH OF CLYDE, AILSA CRAG.

(July 17.)

SINCE risen from ocean, ocean to defy,
Appeared the Crag of Ailsa, ne'er did morn
With gleaming lights more gracefully adorn
His sides, or wreath with mist his forehead high :
Now faintly darkening with the sun's eclipse,
Still is he seen, in lone sublimity,
Towering above the sea and little ships ;
For dwarfs the tallest seem while sailing by,
Each for her haven ; with her freight of Care,
Pleasure, or Grief, and Toil that seldom looks
Into the secret of to-morrow's fare ;
Though poor, yet rich, without the wealth of books,
Or aught that watchful Love to Nature owes
For her mute Powers, fix'd Forms, or transient Shows.

XXIII.

ON THE FRITH OF CLYDE.

(IN A STEAM-BOAT.)

ARRAN! a single-crested Teneriffe,
A St. Helena next in shape and hue,
Varying her crowded peaks and ridges blue;
Who but must covet a cloud-seat, or skiff
Built for the air, or wingèd Hippogriff?
That he might fly, where no one could pursue,
From this dull Monster and her sooty crew;
And, as a God, light on thy topmost cliff.
Impotent wish! which reason would despise
If the mind knew no union of extremes,
No natural bond between the boldest schemes
Ambition frames, and heart-humilities.
Beneath stern mountains many a soft vale lies,
And lofty springs give birth to lowly streams.

XXIV.

ON REVISITING DUNOLLY CASTLE.

[See former series, p. 221.]

THE captive Bird was gone ;—to cliff or moor
Perchance had flown, delivered by the storm ;
Or he had pined, and sunk to feed the worm :
Him found we not ; but, climbing a tall tower,
There saw, impaved with rude fidelity
Of art mosaic, in a roofless floor,
An Eagle with stretched wings, but beamless eye—
An eagle that could neither wail nor soar.
Effigy of the Vanished—(shall I dare
To call thee so ?) or symbol of fierce deeds
And of the towering courage which past times
Rejoiced in—take, whate'er thou be, a share,
Not undeserved, of the memorial rhymes
That animate my way where'er it leads !

XXV.

THE DUNOLLY EAGLE.

NOT to the clouds, not to the cliff, he flew ;
But when a storm, on sea or mountain bred,
Came and delivered him, alone he sped
Into the castle-dungeon's darkest mew.
Now, near his master's house in open view
He dwells, and hears indignant tempests howl,
Kennelled and chained. Ye tame domestic fowl,
Beware of him ! Thou, saucy cockatoo,
Look to thy plumage and thy life !—The roe,
Fleet as the west wind, is for *him* no quarry ;
Balanced in ether he will never tarry,
Eyeing the sea's blue depths. Poor Bird ! even so
Doth man of brother man a creature make
That clings to slavery for its own sad sake.

XXVI.

CAVE OF STAFFA.

WE saw, but surely, in the motley crowd,
Not One of us has felt the far-famed sight ;
How *could* we feel it ? each the other's blight,
Hurried and hurrying, volatile and loud.
O for those motions only that invite
The Ghost of Fingal to his tuneful Cave
By the breeze entered, and wave after wave
Softly embosoming the timid light !
And by *one* Votary who at will might stand
Gazing, and take into his mind and heart,
With undistracted reverence, the effect
Of those proportions where the almighty hand
That made the worlds, the sovereign Architect,
Has deigned to work as if with human Art !

XXVII.

CAVE OF STAFFA.

THANKS for the lessons of this Spot—fit school
For the presumptuous thoughts that would assign
Mechanic laws to agency divine ;
And, measuring heaven by earth, would overrule
Infinite Power. The pillared vestibule,
Expanding yet precise, the roof embowed,
Might seemed designed to humble man, when proud
Of his best workmanship by plan and tool.
Down-bearing with his whole Atlantic weight
Of tide and tempest on the Structure's base,
And flashing to that Structure's topmost height,
Ocean has proved its strength—and of its grace
In calms is conscious, finding for his freight
Of softest music some responsive place.

XXVIII.

CAVE OF STAFFA.

YE shadowy Beings, that have rights and claims
In every cell of Fingal's mystic Grot,
Where are ye? Driven or venturing to the spot,
Our fathers glimpses caught of your thin Frames,
And, by your mien and bearing, knew your names ;
And they could hear *his* ghostly song who trod
Earth, till the flesh lay on him like a load,
While he struck his desolate harp without hopes or aims.
Vanished ye are, but subject to recal ;
Why keep *we* else the instincts whose dread law
Ruled here of yore, till what men felt they saw,
Not by black arts but magic natural !
If eyes be still sworn vassals of belief,
Yon light shapes forth a Bard, that shade a Chief.

XXIX.

FLOWERS ON THE TOP OF THE PILLARS AT THE
ENTRANCE OF THE CAVE.

HOPE smiled when your nativity was cast,
Children of Summer! Ye fresh Flowers that brave
What Summer here escapes not, the fierce wave,
And whole artillery of the western blast,
Battering the Temple's front, its long-drawn nave
Smiting, as if each moment were their last.
But ye, bright Flowers, on frieze and architrave
Survive, and once again the Pile stands fast,
Calm as the Universe from specular towers
Of heaven contemplated by Spirits pure—
Suns and their systems, diverse yet sustained
In symmetry, and fashioned to endure,
Unhurt, the assault of Time with all his hours,
As the supreme Artificer ordained.

XXX.

IONA.

ON to Iona!—What can she afford
To *us* save matter for a thoughtful sigh,
Heaved over ruin with stability
In urgent contrast? To diffuse the WORD
(Thy Paramount, mighty Nature! and Time's Lord)
Her Temples rose, 'mid pagan gloom; but why,
Even for a moment, has our verse deplored
Their wrongs, since they fulfilled their destiny?
And when, subjected to a common doom
Of mutability, those far-famed Piles
Shall disappear from both the sister Isles,
Iona's Saints, forgetting not past days,
Garlands shall wear of amaranthine bloom,
While heaven's vast sea of voices chants their praise.

XXXI.

IONA.

(UPON LANDING.)

How sad a welcome ! To each voyager
Some ragged child holds up for sale a store
Of wave-worn pebbles, pleading on the shore
Where once came monk and nun with gentle stir,
Blessings to give, news ask, or suit prefer.
Yet is yon neat trim church a grateful speck
Of novelty amid the sacred wreck
Strewn far and wide. Think, proud Philosopher !
Fallen though she be, this Glory of the west,
Still on her sons the beams of mercy shine ;
And ' hopes, perhaps more heavenly bright than thine,
A grace by thee unsought and unpossesst,
A faith more fixed, a rapture more divine
Shall gild their passage to eternal rest.'

XXXII.

THE BLACK STONES OF IONA.

[See Martin's Voyage among the Western Isles.]

HERE on their knees men swore: the stones were black,
Black in the people's minds and words, yet they
Were at that time, as now, in colour grey,
But what is colour, if upon the rack
Of conscience souls are placed by deeds that lack
Concord with oaths? What differ night and day
Then, when before the Perjured on his way
Hell opens, and the heavens in vengeance crack
Above his head uplifted in vain prayer
To Saint, or Fiend, or to the Godhead whom
He had insulted—Peasant, King, or Thane?
Fly where the culprit may, guilt meets a doom;
And, from invisible worlds at need laid bare,
Come links for social order's awful chain.

XXXIII.

HOMEWARD we turn. Isle of Columba's Cell,
Where Christian piety's soul-cheering spark
(Kindled from Heaven between the light and dark
Of time) shone like the morning-star, farewell!—
And fare thee well, to Fancy visible,
Remote St. Kilda, lone and loved sea-mark
For many a voyage made in her swift bark,
When with more hues than in the rainbow dwell
Thou a mysterious intercourse dost hold ;
Extracting from clear skies and air serene,
And out of sun-bright waves, a lucid veil,
That thickens, spreads, and, mingling fold with fold,
Makes known, when thou no longer canst be seen,
Thy whereabouts, to warn the approaching sail.

XXXIV.

GREENOCK.

Per me si va nella Città dolente.

WE have not passed into a doleful City,
We who were led to-day down a grim dell,
By some too boldly named 'the Jaws of Hell :'
Where be the wretched ones, the sights for pity ?
These crowded streets resound no plaintive ditty :—
As from the hive where bees in summer dwell,
Sorrow seems here excluded ; and that knell,
It neither damps the gay, nor checks the witty.
Alas ! too busy Rival of old Tyre,
Whose merchants Princes were, whose decks were thrones ;
Soon may the punctual sea in vain respire
To serve thy need, in union with that Clyde
Whose nursling current brawls o'er mossy stones,
The poor, the lonely, herdsman's joy and pride.

XXXV.

“THERE !” said a Stripling, pointing with meet pride
Towards a low roof with green trees half concealed,
“Is Mosgiel Farm ; and that’s the very field
Where Burns ploughed up the Daisy.” Far and wide
A plain below stretched seaward, while, descried
Above sea-clouds, the Peaks of Arran rose ;
And, by that simple notice, the repose
Of earth, sky, sea, and air, was vivified.
Beneath ‘ the random *bield* of clod or stone’
Myriads of daisies have shone forth in flower
Near the lark’s nest, and in their natural hour
Have passed away ; less happy than the One
That, by the unwilling ploughshare, died to prove
The tender charm of poetry and love.

XXXVI

THE RIVER EDEN, CUMBERLAND

EDEN ! till now thy beauty had I viewed
By glimpses only, and confess with shame
That verse of mine, whate'er its varying mood,
Repeats but once the sound of thy sweet name :
Yet fetched from Paradise that honour came,
Rightfully borne; for Nature gives thee flowers
That have no rivals among British bowers ;
And thy bold rocks are worthy of their fame.
Measuring thy course, fair Stream ! at length I pay
To my life's neighbour dues of neighbourhood ;
But I have traced thee on thy winding way
With pleasure sometimes by the thought restrained
That things far off are toiled for, while a good
Not sought, because too near, is seldom gained.

XXXVII.

MONUMENT OF MRS. HOWARD,

(by Nollekins,)

IN WETHERAL CHURCH, NEAR CORBY, ON THE BANKS OF THE EDEN.

STRETCHED on the dying Mother's lap, lies dead
Her new-born Babe, dire issue of bright hope !
But Sculpture here, with the divinest scope
Of luminous faith, heavenward hath raised that head
So patiently—and through one hand has spread
A touch so tender for the insensate Child—
(Earth's lingering love to parting reconciled,
Brief parting—for the spirit is all but fled)
That we, who contemplate the turns of life
Through this still medium, are consoled and cheered ;
Feel with the Mother, think the severed Wife
Is less to be lamented than revered ;
And own that Art, triumphant over strife
And pain, hath powers to Eternity endeared.

XXXVIII.

SUGGESTED BY THE FOREGOING.

TRANQUILLITY ! the sovereign aim wert thou
In heathen schools of philosophic lore ;
Heart-stricken by stern destiny of yore,
The Tragic Muse thee served with thoughtful vow ;
And what of hope Elysium could allow
Was fondly seized by Sculpture, to restore
Peace to the Mourner. But when He who wore
The crown of thorns had from a bleeding brow
Through our sad being shed his glorious light,
Then Arts which still had drawn a softening grace
From shadowy fountains of the Infinite,
Communed with that Idea face to face :
And move around it now as planets run,
Each in its orbit round the central Sun.

XXXIX.

NUNNERY.

THE floods are roused, and will not soon be weary ;
Down from the Pennine Alps * how fiercely sweeps
CROGLIN, the stately Eden's tributary !
He raves, or through some moody passage creeps
Plotting new mischief—out again he leaps
Into broad light, and sends, through regions airy,
That voice which soothed the Nuns while on the steps
They knelt in prayer, or sang to blissful Mary.
That union ceased : then, cleaving easy walks
Through crags, and smoothing paths beset with danger,
Came studious Taste ; and many a pensive stranger
Dreams on the banks, and to the river talks.
What change shall happen next to Nunnery Dell ?
Canal, and Viaduct, and Railway, tell !

* The chain of Crossfell, which parts Cumberland and Westmoreland from Northumberland and Durham.

XL.

STEAMBOATS, VIADUCTS, AND RAILWAYS.

MOTIONS and Means, on land and sea at war
With old poetic feeling, not for this,
Shall ye, by Poets even, be judged amiss !
Nor shall your presence, howsoe'er it mar
The loveliness of Nature, prove a bar
To the Mind's gaining that prophetic sense
Of future change, that point of vision, whence
May be discovered what in soul ye are.
In spite of all that beauty may disown
In your harsh features, Nature doth embrace
Her lawful offspring in Man's art ; and Time,
Pleased with your triumphs o'er his brother Space,
Accepts from your bold hands the proffered crown
Of hope, and smiles on you with cheer sublime.

XLI.

THE MONUMENT COMMONLY CALLED LONG MEG AND HER
DAUGHTERS, NEAR THE RIVER EDEN.

A WEIGHT of awe, not easy to be borne,
Fell suddenly upon my Spirit—cast
From the dread bosom of the unknown past,
When first I saw that family forlorn *.
Speak Thou, whose massy strength and stature scorn
The power of years—pre-eminent, and placed
Apart, to overlook the circle vast—
Speak, Giant-mother ! tell it to the Morn
While she dispels the cumbrous shades of Night ;
Let the Moon hear, emerging from a cloud ;
At whose behest uprose on British ground
That Sisterhood, in hieroglyphic round
Forth-shadowing, some have deemed, the infinite
The inviolable God, that tames the proud !

* See Note

XLII.

LOWTHER.

LOWTHER ! in thy majestic Pile are seen
Cathedral pomp and grace, in apt accord
With the baronial castle's sterner mien ;
Union significant of God adored,
And charters won and guarded by the sword
Of ancient honour ; whence that goodly state
Of polity which wise men venerate,
And will maintain, if God his help afford.
Hourly the democratic torrent swells ;
For airy promises and hopes suborned
The strength of backward-looking thoughts is scorned.
Fall if ye must, ye Towers and Pinnacles,
With what ye symbolise ; authentic Story
Will say, Ye disappeared with England's Glory !

XLIII.

TO THE EARL OF LONSDALE.

' Magistratus indicat virum.'

LONSDALE! it were unworthy of a Guest,
Whose heart with gratitude to thee inclines,
If he should speak, by fancy touched, of signs
On thy Abode harmoniously imprest,
Yet be unmoved with wishes to attest
How in thy mind and moral frame agree
Fortitude, and that christian Charity
Which, filling, consecrates the human breast.
And if the Motto on thy 'scutcheon teach
With truth, ' THE MAGISTRACY SHOWS THE MAN ;'
That searching test thy public course has stood ;
As will be owned alike by bad and good,
Soon as the measuring of life's little span
Shall place thy virtues out of Envy's reach *.

* See Note.

XLIV.

TO CORDELIA M———,

HALLSTEADS, ULLSWATER.

Not in the mines beyond the western main,
You tell me, Delia ! was the metal sought,
Which a fine skill, of Indian growth, has wrought
Into this flexible yet faithful Chain ;
Nor is it silver of romantic Spain
You say, but from Helvellyn's depths was brought,
Our own domestic mountain. Thing and thought
Mix strangely ; trifles light, and partly vain,
Can prop, as you have learnt, our nobler being :
Yes, Lady, while about your neck is wound
(Your casual glance oft meeting) this bright cord,
What witchery, for pure gifts of inward seeing,
Lurks in it, Memory's Helper, Fancy's Lord,
For precious tremblings in your bosom found !

XLV.

CONCLUSION.

Most sweet it is with unuplifted eyes
To pace the ground, if path be there or none,
While a fair region round the traveller lies
Which he forbears again to look upon ;
Pleased rather with some soft ideal scene,
The work of Fancy, or some happy tone
Of meditation, slipping in between
The beauty coming and the beauty gone.
If Thought and Love desert us, from that day
Let us break off all commerce with the Muse ;
With Thought and Love companions of our way,
Whate'er the senses take or may refuse,
The Mind's internal heaven shall shed her dews
Of inspiration on the humblest lay.

CLASS FOURTH.



THE RIVER DUDDON.



A SERIES OF SONNETS.

THE RIVER DUDDON rises upon Wrynose Fell, on the confines of Westmoreland, Cumberland, and Lancashire ; and, having served as a boundary to the two last counties for the space of about twenty-five miles, enters the Irish Sea, between the Isle of Walney and the Lordship of Millum.

THE RIVER DUDDON.



I.

Not envying Latian shades—if yet they throw
A grateful coolness round that crystal Spring,
Bandusia, prattling as when long ago
The Sabine Bard was moved her praise to sing ;
Careless of flowers that in perennial blow
Round the moist marge of Persian fountains cling ;
Heedless of Alpine torrents thundering
Through ice-built arches radiant as heaven's bow—
I seek the birth-place of a native Stream.
All hail, ye mountains ! hail, thou morning light !
Better to breathe at large on this clear height,
Than toil in needless sleep from dream to dream :
Pure flow the verse, pure, vigorous, free, and bright,
For Duddon, long-loved Duddon, is my theme !

II.

CHILD of the clouds ! remote from every taint
Of sordid industry thy lot is cast ;
Thine are the honours of the lofty waste ;
Not seldom, when with heat the valleys faint,
Thy handmaid Frost with spangled tissue quaint
Thy cradle decks ;—to chant thy birth, thou hast
No meaner Poet than the whistling Blast,
And Desolation is thy Patron-saint !
She guards thee, ruthless Power ! who would not spare
Those mighty forests, once the bison's screen,
Where stalked the huge deer to his shaggy lair *
Through paths and alleys roofed with sombre green ;
Thousands of years before the silent air
Was pierced by whizzing shaft of hunter keen !

* The deer alluded to is the Leigh, a gigantic species long since extinct.

III.

How shall I paint thee ?—Be this naked stone
My seat, while I give way to such intent ;
Pleased could my verse, a speaking monument,
Make to the eyes of men thy features known.
But as of all those tripping lambs not one
Outruns his fellows, so hath Nature lent
To thy beginning nought that doth present
Peculiar ground for hope to build upon.
To dignify the spot that gives thee birth,
No sign of hoar Antiquity's esteem
Appears, and none of modern Fortune's care ;
Yet thou thyself hast round thee shed a gleam
Of brilliant moss, instinct with freshness rare ;
Prompt offering to thy Foster-mother, Earth !

IV.

TAKE, cradled Nursling of the mountain, take
This parting glance, no negligent adieu !
A Protean change seems wrought while I pursue
The curves, a loosely-scattered chain doth make ;
Or rather thou appear'st a glistering snake,
Silent, and to the gazer's eye untrue,
Thridding with sinuous lapse the rushes, through
Dwarf willows gliding, and by ferny brake.
Lo ! from a distant steep the undaunted Rill
Starts instantly enrobed in snow-white foam ;
And laughing dares the Adventurer, who hath clomb
So high, a rival purpose to fulfil ;
Else let the dastard backward wend, and roam,
Seeking less bold achievement, where he will !

V.

SOLE listener, Duddon ! to the breeze that played
With thy clear voice, I caught the fitful sound
Wafted o'er sullen moss and craggy mound—
Unfruitful solitudes, that seemed to upbraid
The sun in heaven !—but now, to form a shade
For Thee, green alders have together wound
Their foliage ; ashes flung their arms around ;
And birch-trees risen in silver colonnade.
And thou hast also tempted here to rise,
'Mid sheltering pines, this Cottage rude and grey ;
Whose ruddy children, by the mother's eyes
Carelessly watched, sport through the summer day,
Thy pleased associates : light as endless May
On infant bosoms lonely Nature lies.

VI.

FLOWERS.

ERE yet our course was graced with social trees
It lacked not old remains of hawthorn bowers,
Where small birds warbled to their paramours ;
And, earlier still, was heard the hum of bees ;
I saw them ply their harmless robberies,
And caught the fragrance which the sundry flowers,
Fed by the stream with soft perpetual showers,
Plenteously yielded to the vagrant breeze.
There bloomed the strawberry of the wilderness ;
The trembling eyebright showed her sapphire blue,
The thyme her purple, like the blush of Even ;
And if the breath of some to no caress
Invited, forth they peeped so fair to view,
All kinds alike seemed favourites of Heaven.

VII.

“CHANGE me, some God, into that breathing rose !”
The love-sick Stripling fancifully sighs,
The envied flower beholding, as it lies
On Laura’s breast, in exquisite repose ;
Or he would pass into her bird, that throws
The darts of song from out its wiry cage ;
Enraptured,—could he for himself engage
The thousandth part of what the Nymph bestows :
And what the little careless innocent
Ungraciously receives. Too daring choice !
There are whose calmer mind it would content
To be an uncultured floweret of the glen,
Fearless of plough and scythe ; or darkling wren
That tunes on Duddon’s banks her slender voice.

VIII.

WHAT aspect bore the Man who roved or fled,
First of his tribe, to this dark dell—who first
In this pellucid Current slaked his thirst ?
What hopes came with him ? what designs were spread
Along his path ? His unprotected bed
What dreams encompassed ? Was the intruder nursed
In hideous usages, and rites accursed,
That thinned the living and disturbed the dead ?
No voice replies ;—both air and earth are mute ;
And Thou, blue Streamlet, murmuring yield'st no more
Than a soft record, that, whatever fruit
Of ignorance thou might'st witness heretofore,
Thy function was to heal and to restore,
To sooth and cleanse, not madden and pollute !

IX.

THE STEPPING-STONES.

THE struggling Rill insensibly is grown
Into a Brook of loud and stately march,
Crossed ever and anon by plank or arch ;
And, for like use, lo ! what might seem a zone
Chosen for ornament—stone matched with stone
In studied symmetry, with interspace
For the clear waters to pursue their race
Without restraint. How swiftly have they flown,
Succeeding—still succeeding ! Here the Child
Puts, when the high-swoln Flood runs fierce and wild,
His budding courage to the proof ; and here
Declining Manhood learns to note the sly
And sure encroachments of infirmity,
Thinking how fast time runs, life's end how near !

X.

THE SAME SUBJECT.

Not so that Pair whose youthful spirits dance
With prompt emotion, urging them to pass ;
A sweet confusion checks the Shepherd-lass ;
Blushing she eyes the dizzy flood askance ;
To stop ashamed—too timid to advance ;
She ventures once again—another pause !
His outstretched hand He tauntingly withdraws—
She sues for help with piteous utterance !
Chidden she chides again ; the thrilling touch
Both feel, when he renews the wished-for aid :
Ah ! if their fluttering hearts should stir too much,
Should beat too strongly, both may be betrayed.
The frolic Loves who, from yon high rock, see
The struggle, clap their wings for victory !

XI.

THE FAËRY CHASM.

No fiction was it of the antique age :
A sky-blue stone, within this sunless cleft,
Is of the very foot-marks unbereft
Which tiny Elves impressed ; on that smooth stage
Dancing with all their brilliant equipage
In secret revels—haply after theft
Of some sweet Babe—Flower stolen, and coarse Weed left
For the distracted Mother to assuage
Her grief with, as she might !—But, where, oh ! where
Is traceable a vestige of the notes
That ruled those dances wild in character ?—
Deep underground ? Or in the upper air,
On the shrill wind of midnight ? or where floats
O'er twilight fields the autumnal gossamer ?

XII.

HINTS FOR THE FANCY.

ON, loitering Muse—the swift Stream chides us—on !
Albeit his deep-worn channel doth immure
Objects immense portrayed in miniature,
Wild shapes for many a strange comparison !
Niagaras, Alpine passes, and anon
Abodes of Naiads, calm abysses pure,
Bright liquid mansions, fashioned to endure
When the broad oak drops, a leafless skeleton,
And the solidities of mortal pride,
Palace and tower, are crumbled into dust.
The Bard who walks with Duddon for his guide,
Shall find such toys of fancy thickly set :
Turn from the sight, enamoured Muse—we must ;
And, if thou canst, leave them without regret !

XIII.

OPEN PROSPECT.

HAIL to the fields—with Dwellings sprinkled o'er,
And one small hamlet, under a green hill
Clustering, with barn and byre, and spouting mill !
A glance suffices ;—should we wish for more,
Gay June would scorn us. But when bleak winds roar
Through the stiff lance-like shoots of pollard ash,
Dread swell of sound ! loud as the gusts that lash
The matted forests of Ontario's shore
By wasteful steel unsmitten—then would I
Turn into port ; and, reckless of the gale,
Reckless of angry Duddon sweeping by,
While the warm hearth exalts the mantling ale,
Laugh with the generous household heartily
At all the merry pranks of Donnerdale !

XIV.

O MOUNTAIN Stream ! the Shepherd and his Cot
Are privileged Inmates of deep solitude ;
Nor would the nicest Anchorite exclude
A field or two of brighter green, or plot
Of tillage-ground, that seemeth like a spot
Of stationary sunshine :—thou hast viewed
These only, Duddon ! with their paths renewed
By fits and starts, yet this contents thee not.
Thee hath some awful Spirit impelled to leave,
Utterly to desert, the haunts of men,
Though simple thy companions were and few ;
And through this wilderness a passage cleave
Attended but by thy own voice, save when
The clouds and fowls of the air thy way pursue !

XV.

FROM this deep chasm, where quivering sunbeams play
Upon its loftiest crags, mine eyes behold
A gloomy NICHE, capacious, blank, and cold ;
A concave free from shrubs and mosses grey ;
In semblance fresh, as if, with dire affray,
Some Statue, placed amid these regions old
For tutelary service, thence had rolled,
Startling the flight of timid Yesterday !
Was it by mortals sculptured ?—weary slaves
Of slow endeavour ! or abruptly cast
Into rude shape by fire, with roaring blast
Tempestuously let loose from central caves ?
Or fashioned by the turbulence of waves,
Then, when o'er highest hills the Deluge pass'd ?

XVI.

AMERICAN TRADITION.

SUCH fruitless questions may not long beguile
Or plague the fancy 'mid the sculptured shows
Conspicuous yet where Oroonoko flows ;
There would the Indian answer with a smile
Aimed at the White Man's ignorance, the while
Of the GREAT WATERS telling how they rose,
Covered the plains, and, wandering where they chose,
Mounted through every intricate defile,
Triumphant.—Inundation wide and deep,
O'er which his Fathers urged, to ridge and steep
Else unapproachable, their buoyant way ;
And carved, on mural cliff's undreaded side,
Sun, moon, and stars, and beast of chase or prey ;
Whate'er they sought, shunned, loved, or deified * !

* See Humboldt's Personal Narrative.

XVII.

RETURN.

A DARK plume fetch me from yon blasted yew,
Perched on whose top the Danish Raven croaks ;
Wheeling aloft the Bird of Rome invokes
Departed ages, and still sheds anew
Loose fragments of wild wailing, that bestrew
The clouds and thrill the chambers of the rocks ;
And into silence hush the timorous flocks,
That, calmly couching while the nightly dew
Moistened each fleece, beneath the twinkling stars
Slept amid that lone Camp on Hardknot's height *,
Whose Guardians bent the knee to Jove and Mars :
Or near that mystic Round of Druid frame
Tardily sinking by its proper weight
Deep into patient Earth, from whose smooth breast it came !

* See Note.

XVIII.

SEATHWAITE CHAPEL.

SACRED Religion! 'mother of form and fear,'
Dread arbitress of mutable respect,
New rites ordaining when the old are wrecked,
Or cease to please the fickle worshipper;
Mother of Love! (that name best suits thee here)
Mother of Love! for this deep vale, protect
Truth's holy lamp, pure source of bright effect,
Gifted to purge the vapoury atmosphere
That seeks to stifle it;—as in those days
When this low Pile* a Gospel Teacher knew,
Whose good works formed an endless retinue:
Such Priest as Chaucer sang in fervent lays;
Such as the heaven-taught skill of Herbert drew;
And tender Goldsmith crowned with deathless praise!

* See Note.

XIX.

TRIBUTARY STREAM.

My frame hath often trembled with delight
When hope presented some far-distant good,
That seemed from heaven descending like the flood
Of yon pure waters, from their aëry height
Hurrying, with lordly Duddon to unite ;
Who, 'mid a world of images imprest
On the calm depth of his transparent breast,
Appears to cherish most that Torrent white,
The fairest, softest, liveliest of them all !
And seldom hath ear listened to a tune
More lulling than the busy hum of Noon,
Swoln by that voice—whose murmur musical
Announces to the thirsty fields a boon
Dewy and fresh, till showers again shall fall.

XX.

THE PLAIN OF DONNERDALE.

THE old inventive Poets, had they seen,
Or rather felt, the entrancement that detains
Thy waters, Duddon! 'mid these flowery plains;
The still repose, the liquid lapse serene,
Transferred to bowers imperishably green,
Had beautified Elysium! But these chains
Will soon be broken;—a rough course remains,
Rough as the past; where Thou, of placid mien,
Innocuous as a firstling of the flock,
And countenanced like a soft cerulean sky,
Shalt change thy temper; and, with many a shock
Given and received in mutual jeopardy,
Dance, like a Bacchanal, from rock to rock,
Tossing her frantic thyrsus wide and high!

XXI.

WHENCE that low voice?—A whisper from the heart,
That told of days long past, when here I roved
With friends and kindred tenderly beloved ;
Some who had early mandates to depart,
Yet are allowed to steal my path athwart
By Duddon's side ; once more do we unite,
Once more beneath the kind Earth's tranquil light ;
And smothered joys into new being start.
From her unworthy seat, the cloudy stall
Of Time, breaks forth triumphant Memory ;
Her glistening tresses bound, yet light and free
As golden locks of birch, that rise and fall
On gales that breathe too gently to recal
Aught of the fading year's inclemency !

XXII.

TRADITION.

A LOVE-LORN Maid, at some far-distant time,
Came to this hidden pool, whose depths surpass
In crystal clearness Dian's looking-glass ;
And, gazing, saw that Rose, which from the prime
Derives its name, reflected as the chime
Of echo doth reverberate some sweet sound :
The starry treasure from the blue profound
She longed to ravish ;—shall she plunge, or climb
The humid precipice, and seize the guest
Of April, smiling high in upper air ?
Desperate alternative ! what fiend could dare
To prompt the thought ?—Upon the steep rock's breast
The lonely Primrose yet renews its bloom,
Untouched memento of her hapless doom !

XXIII.

SHEEP-WASHING.

SAD thoughts, avaunt!—the fervor of the year,
Poured on the fleece-encumbered flock, invites
To laving currents for prelusive rites
Duly performed before the Dales-men shear
Their panting charge. The distant Mountains hear,
Hear and repeat, the turmoil that unites
Clamour of boys with innocent despites
Of barking dogs, and bleatings from strange fear.
Meanwhile, if Duddon's spotless breast receive
Unwelcome mixtures as the uncouth noise
Thickens, the pastoral River will forgive
Such wrong; nor need *we* blame the licensed joys,
Though false to Nature's quiet equipoise:
Frank are the sports, the stains are fugitive.

XXIV.

THE RESTING-PLACE.

MID-NOON is past;—upon the sultry mead
No zephyr breathes, no cloud its shadow throws :
If we advance unstrengthened by repose,
Farewell the solace of the vagrant reed !
This Nook—with woodbine hung and straggling weed,
Tempting recess as ever pilgrim chose,
Half grot, half arbour—proffers to enclose
Body and mind, from molestation freed,
In narrow compass—narrow as itself :
Or if the Fancy, too industrious Elf,
Be loth that we should breathe awhile exempt
From new incitements friendly to our task,
Here wants not stealthy prospect, that may tempt
Loose Idless to forego her wily mask.

XXV.

METHINKS 'twere no unprecedented feat
Should some benignant Minister of air
Lift, and encircle with a cloudy chair,
The One for whom my heart shall ever beat
With tenderest love ;—or, if a safer seat
Atween his downy wings be furnished, there
Would lodge her, and the cherished burden bear
O'er hill and valley to this dim retreat !
Rough ways my steps have trod ;—too rough and long
For her companionship ; here dwells soft ease :
With sweets that she partakes not some distaste
Mingles, and lurking consciousness of wrong ;
Languish the flowers ; the waters seem to waste
Their vocal charm ; their sparklings cease to please.

XXVI.

RETURN, Content! for fondly I pursued,
Even when a child, the Streams—unheard, unseen;
Through tangled woods, impending rocks between;
Or, free as air, with flying inquest viewed
The sullen reservoirs whence their bold brood—
Pure as the morning, fretful, boisterous, keen,
Sparkling like salt-sea billows, white and green—
Poured down the hills, a choral multitude!
Nor have I tracked their course for scanty gains;
They taught me random cares and truant joys,
That shield from mischief and preserve from stains
Vague minds, while men are growing out of boys;
Maturer Fancy owes to their rough noise
Impetuous thoughts that brook not servile reins.

XXVII.

FALLEN, and diffused into a shapeless heap,
Or quietly self-buried in earth's mould,
Is that embattled House, whose massy Keep
Flung from yon cliff a shadow large and cold.
There dwelt the gay, the bountiful, the bold ;
Till nightly lamentations, like the sweep
Of winds, though winds were silent, struck a deep
And lasting terror through that ancient Hold.
Its line of Warriors fled ;—they shrunk when tried
By ghostly power :—but Time's unsparing hand
Hath plucked such foes, like weeds, from out the land ;
And now, if men with men in peace abide,
All other strength the weakest may withstand,
All worse assaults may safely be defied.

XXVIII.

JOURNEY RENEWED.

I ROSE while yet the cattle, heat-opprest,
Crowded together under rustling trees
Brushed by the current of the water-breeze ;
And for their sakes, and love of all that rest,
On Duddon's margin, in the sheltering nest ;
For all the startled scaly tribes that slink
Into his coverts, and each fearless link
Of dancing insects forged upon his breast ;
For these, and hopes and recollections worn
Close to the vital seat of human clay ;
Glad meetings, tender partings, that upstay
The drooping mind of absence, by vows sworn
In his pure presence near the trysting thorn—
I thanked the Leader of my onward way.

XXIX.

No record tells of lance opposed to lance,
Horse charging horse, 'mid these retired domains ;
Tells that their turf drank purple from the veins
Of heroes, fallen, or struggling to advance,
Till doubtful combat issued in a trance
Of victory, that struck through heart and reins
Even to the inmost seat of mortal pains,
And lightened o'er the pallid countenance.
Yet, to the loyal and the brave, who lie
In the blank earth, neglected and forlorn,
The passing Winds memorial tribute pay ;
The Torrents chant their praise, inspiring scorn
Of power usurped ; with proclamation high,
And glad acknowledgment, of lawful sway.

.XXX.

Who swerves from innocence, who makes divorce
Of that serene companion—a good name,
Recovers not his loss ; but walks with shame,
With doubt, with fear, and haply with remorse :
And oft-times he—who, yielding to the force
Of chance-temptation, ere his journey end,
From chosen comrade turns, or faithful friend—
In vain shall rue the broken intercourse.
Not so with such as loosely wear the chain
That binds them, pleasant River ! to thy side :—
Through the rough copse wheel Thou with hasty stride ;
I choose to saunter o'er the grassy plain,
Sure, when the separation has been tried,
That we, who part in love, shall meet again.

XXXI.

THE KIRK OF ULPHA to the pilgrim's eye
Is welcome as a star, that doth present
Its shining forehead through the peaceful rent
Of a black cloud diffused o'er half the sky :
Or as a fruitful palm-tree towering high
O'er the parched waste beside an Arab's tent ;
Or the Indian tree whose branches, downward bent,
Take root again, a boundless canopy.
How sweet were leisure ! could it yield no more
Than 'mid that wave-washed Church-yard to recline,
From pastoral graves extracting thoughts divine ;
Or there to pace, and mark the summits hoar
Of distant moon-lit mountains faintly shine,
Soothed by the unseen River's gentle roar.

XXXII.

Not hurled precipitous from steep to steep ;
Lingering no more 'mid flower-enamelled lands
And blooming thickets ; nor by rocky bands
Held ; but in radiant progress toward the Deep
Where mightiest rivers into powerless sleep
Sink, and forget their nature—*now* expands
Majestic Duddon, over smooth flat sands
Gliding in silence with unfettered sweep !
Beneath an ampler sky a region wide
Is opened round him :—hamlets, towers, and towns,
And blue-topped hills, behold him from afar ;
In stately mien to sovereign Thames allied
Spreading his bosom under Kentish downs,
With commerce freighted, or triumphant war.

XXXIII.

CONCLUSION.

BUT here no cannon thunders to the gale ;
Upon the wave no haughty pendants cast
A crimson splendour : lowly is the mast
That rises here, and humbly spread, the sail ;
While less disturbed than in the narrow Vale
Through which with strange vicissitudes he passed,
The wanderer seeks that receptacle vast
Where all his unambitious functions fail.
And may thy Poet, cloud-born Stream ! be free—
The sweets of earth contentedly resigned,
And each tumultuous working left behind
At seemly distance—to advance like Thee ;
Prepared, in peace of heart, in calm of mind
And soul, to mingle with Eternity !

XXXIV.

AFTER-THOUGHT.

*I THOUGHT of Thee, my partner and my guide,
As being past away.—Vain sympathies !
For, backward, Duddon ! as I cast my eyes,
I see what was, and is, and will abide ;
Still glides the Stream, and shall not cease to glide ;
The Form remains, the Function never dies ;
While we, the brave, the mighty, and the wise,
We Men, who in our morn of youth defied
The elements, must vanish ;—be it so !
Enough, if something from our hands have power
To live, and act, and serve the future hour ;
And if, as toward the silent tomb we go,
Through love, through hope, and faith's transcendent dower,
We feel that we are greater than we know.*

CLASS FIFTH.

ECCLESIASTICAL SONNETS.

IN SERIES.

PART I.

FROM THE INTRODUCTION OF CHRISTIANITY INTO BRITAIN,
TO THE CONSUMMATION OF THE PAPAL
DOMINION.

**' A verse may catch a wandering Soul, that flies
Deeper Tracts, and by a blest surprise
Convert delight into a Sacrifice.'**

ADVERTISEMENT.

DURING the month of December, 1820, I accompanied a much-beloved and honoured Friend in a walk through different parts of his estate, with a view to fix upon the site of a new Church which he intended to erect. It was one of the most beautiful mornings of a mild season,—our feelings were in harmony with the cherishing influences of the scene; and, such being our purpose, we were naturally led to look back upon past events with wonder and gratitude, and on the future with hope. Not long afterwards, some of the Sonnets which will be found towards the close of this series were produced as a private memorial of that morning's occupation.

The Catholic Question, which was agitated in Parliament about that time, kept my thoughts in the same course; and it struck me that certain points in the Ecclesiastical History of our Country might advantageously be presented to view in verse. Accordingly, I took up the subject, and what I now offer to the Reader was the result.

When this work was far advanced, I was agreeably surprised to find that my friend, Mr. Southey, was engaged with similar views, in writing a concise History of the Church *in* England. If our Productions, thus unintentionally coinciding, shall be found to illustrate each other, it will prove a high gratification to me, which I am sure my Friend will participate.

W. WORDSWORTH.

RYDAL MOUNT,
January 24, 1822.

For the convenience of passing from one point of the subject to another without shocks of abruptness, this work has taken the shape of a series of Sonnets: but the Reader, it is hoped, will find that the pictures are often so closely connected as to have jointly the effect of passages of a poem in a form of stanza to which there is no objection but one that bears upon the Poet only—its difficulty.

I.

INTRODUCTION.

I—WHO accompanied with faithful pace
Cerulean Duddon from his cloud-fed spring,
And loved with spirit ruled by his to sing
Of mountain-quiet and boon nature's grace ;
I, who essayed the nobler Stream to trace
Of Liberty, and smote the plausible string
Till the checked Torrent, proudly triumphing,
Won for herself a lasting resting-place—
Now seek upon the heights of Time the source
Of a HOLY RIVER, on whose banks are found
Sweet pastoral flowers, and laurels that have crowned
Full oft the unworthy brow of lawless force ;
And, for delight of him who tracks its course,
Immortal amaranth and palms abound.

II.

CONJECTURES.

IF there be prophets on whose spirits rest
Past things, revealed like future, they can tell
What Powers, presiding o'er the sacred well
Of Christian Faith, this savage Island blessed
With its first bounty. Wandering through the west,
Did holy Paul * a while in Britain dwell,
And call the Fountain forth by miracle,
And with dread signs the nascent Stream invest ?
Or He, whose bonds dropped off, whose prison doors
Flew open, by an Angel's voice unbarred ?
Or some of humbler name, to these wild shores
Storm-driven ; who, having seen the cup of woe
Pass from their Master, sojourned here to guard
The precious Current they had taught to flow ?

* See Note.

III.

TREPIDATION OF THE DRUIDS.

SCREAMS round the Arch-druid's brow the seamew *—white
As Menai's foam ; and toward the mystic ring
Where Augurs stand, the Future questioning,
Slowly the cormorant aims her heavy flight,
Portending ruin to each baleful rite,
That, in the lapse of ages, hath crept o'er
Diluvian truths, and patriarchal lore.
Haughty the Bard ;—can these meek doctrines blight
His transports ? wither his heroic strains ?
But all shall be fulfilled ;—the Julian spear
A way first opened ; and, with Roman chains,
The tidings come of Jesus crucified ;
They come—they spread—the weak, the suffering, hear ;
Receive the faith, and in the hope abide.

* This water-fowl was, among the Druids, an emblem of those traditions connected with the deluge that made an important part of their mysteries. The Cormorant was a bird of bad omen.

IV.

DRUIDICAL EXCOMMUNICATION.

MERCY and Love have met thee on thy road,
Thou wretched Outcast, from the gift of fire
And food cut off, by sacerdotal ire,
From every sympathy that Man bestowed !
Yet shall it claim our reverence, that to God,
Ancient of days ! that to the eternal Sire,
These jealous Ministers of law aspire,
As to the one sole fount whence wisdom flowed,
Justice, and order. Tremblingly escaped,
As if with prescience of the coming storm,
That intimation when the stars were shaped ;
And still, 'mid yon thick woods, the primal truth
Glimmers through many a superstitious form
That fills the Soul with unavailing ruth.

V.

UNCERTAINTY.

DARKNESS surrounds us ; seeking, we are lost
On Snowdon's wilds, amid Brigantian coves,
Or where the solitary shepherd roves
Along the plain of Sarum, by the ghost
Of Time and shadows of Tradition, crost ;
And where the boatman of the Western Isles
Slackens his course—to mark those holy piles
Which yet survive on bleak Iona's coast.
Nor these, nor monuments of eldest fame,
Nor Taliesin's unforgotten lays,
Nor characters of Greek or Roman fame,
To an unquestionable Source have led ;
Enough—if eyes, that sought the fountain-head
In vain, upon the growing Rill may gaze.

VI.

PERSECUTION.

LAMENT! for Dioclesian's fiery sword
Works busy as the lightning; but instinct
With malice ne'er to deadliest weapon linked,
Which God's ethereal store-houses afford:
Against the Followers of the incarnate Lord
It rages;—some are smitten in the field—
Some pierced to the heart through th' ineffectual shield
Of sacred home;—with pomp are others gored
And dreadful respite. Thus was Alban tried,
England's first Martyr, whom no threats could shake;
Self-offered victim, for his friend he died,
And for the faith; nor shall his name forsake
That Hill, whose flowery platform seems to rise
By Nature decked for holiest sacrifice*.

* See Note.

VII.

RECOVERY.

As, when a storm hath ceased, the birds regain
Their cheerfulness, and busily re-trim
Their nests, or chant a gratulating hymn
To the blue ether and bespangled plain ;
Even so, in many a re-constructed fane,
Have the survivors of this Storm renewed
Their holy rites with vocal gratitude :
And solemn ceremonials they ordain
To celebrate their great deliverance ;
Most feelingly instructed 'mid their fear—
That persecution, blind with rage extreme,
May not the less, through Heaven's mild countenance,
Even in her own despite, both feed and cheer ;
For all things are less dreadful than they seem.

VIII.

TEMPTATIONS FROM ROMAN REFINEMENTS.

WATCH, and be firm ! for, soul-subduing vice,
Heart-killing luxury, on your steps await.
Fair houses, baths, and banquets delicate,
And temples flashing, bright as polar ice,
Their radiance through the woods—may yet suffice
To sap your hardy virtue, and abate
Your love of Him upon whose forehead sate
The crown of thorns ; whose life-blood flowed, the price
Of your redemption. Shun the insidious arts
That Rome provides, less dreading from her frown
Than from her wily praise, her peaceful gown,
Language, and letters ;—these, though fondly viewed
As humanising graces, are but parts
And instruments of deadliest servitude !

IX.

DISSENSIONS.

THAT heresies should strike (if truth be scanned
Presumptuously) their roots both wide and deep,
Is natural as dreams to feverish sleep.
Lo! Discord at the altar dares to stand
Uplifting toward high Heaven her fiery brand,
A cherished Priestess of the new-baptized!
But chastisement shall follow peace despised.
The Pictish cloud darkens the enervate land
By Rome abandoned; vain are suppliant cries,
And prayers that would undo her forced farewell;
For she returns not.—Awed by her own knell,
She casts the Britons upon strange Allies,
Soon to become more dreaded enemies
Than heartless misery called them to repel.

X.

STRUGGLE OF THE BRITONS AGAINST THE BARBARIANS.

RISE!—they *have* risen: of brave Aneurin ask
How they have scourged old foes, perfidious friends:
The Spirit of Caractacus descends
Upon the Patriots, animates their task;—
Amazement runs before the towering casque
Of Arthur, bearing through the stormy field
The virgin sculptured on his Christian shield:—
Stretched in the sunny light of victory bask
The Host that followed Urien as he strode
O'er heaps of slain;—from Cambrian wood and moss
Druids descend, auxiliars of the Cross;
Bards, nursed on blue Plinlimmon's still abode,
Rush on the fight, to harps preferring swords,
And everlasting deeds to burning words!

XI.

SAXON CONQUEST.

NOR wants the cause the panic-striking aid
Of hallelujahs * tost from hill to hill
For instant victory. But Heaven's high will
Permits a second and a darker shade
Of Pagan night. Afflicted and dismayed,
The Relics of the sword flee to the mountains :
O wretched Land! whose tears have flowed like fountains ;
Whose arts and honours in the dust are laid
By men yet scarcely conscious of a care
For other monuments than those of Earth ;
Who, as the fields and woods have given them birth,
Will build their savage fortunes only there ;
Content, if foss, and barrow, and the girth
Of long-drawn rampart, witness what they were.

* See Note.

XII.

MONASTERY OF OLD BANGOR*.

*THE oppression of the tumult—wrath and scorn—
The tribulation—and the gleaming blades—*
Such is the impetuous spirit that pervades
The song of Taliesin ; ours shall mourn
The *unarmed* Host who by their prayers would turn
The sword from Bangor's walls, and guard the store
Of Aboriginal and Roman lore,
And Christian monuments, that now must burn
To senseless ashes. Mark ! how all things swerve
From their known course, or vanish like a dream ;
Another language spreads from coast to coast ;
Only perchance some melancholy Stream
And some indignant Hills old names preserve,
When laws, and creeds, and people, all are lost !

* See Note.

XIII.

CASUAL INCITEMENT.

A BRIGHT-HAIRED company of youthful slaves,
Beautiful strangers, stand within the pale
Of a sad market, ranged for public sale,
Where Tiber's stream the immortal City laves :
ANGLI by name ; and not an Angel waves
His wing who could seem lovelier to man's eye
Than they appear to holy Gregory ;
Who, having learnt that name, salvation craves
For Them, and for their Land. The earnest Sire,
His questions urging, feels, in slender ties
Of chiming sound, commanding sympathies ;
DE-IRIANS—he would save them from God's IRE ;
Subjects of Saxon ÆLLA—they shall sing
Glad HALLE-lujahs to the eternal King !

XIV.

GLAD TIDINGS.

FOR ever hallowed be this morning fair,
Blest be the unconscious shore on which ye tread,
And blest the silver Cross, which ye, instead
Of martial banner, in procession bear ;
The Cross preceding Him who floats in air,
The pictured Saviour !—By Augustin led,
They come—and onward travel without dread,
Chanting in barbarous ears a holy prayer.
Rich conquest over minds which they would free
Awaits their coming :—the tempestuous sea
Of ignorance, that ran so rough and high
And heeded not the voice of clashing swords,
These good men humble by a few bare words,
And calm with fear of God's divinity.

XV.

PAULINUS*.

BUT, to remote Northumbria's royal Hall,
Where thoughtful Edwin, tutored in the school
Of sorrow, still maintains a heathen rule,
Who comes with functions apostolical?
Mark him, of shoulders curved and stature tall,
Black hair, and vivid eye, and meagre cheek,
His prominent feature like an eagle's beak ;
A Man whose aspect doth at once appal
And strike with reverence. The Monarch leans
Toward the pure truths this Delegate propounds,
Repeatedly his own deep mind he sounds
With careful hesitation,—then convenes
A synod of his Counsellors :—give ear,
And what a pensive Sage doth utter, hear !

* See Note.

XVI.

PERSUASION.

“ MAN’S life is like a Sparrow, mighty King !
“ That—while at banquet with your Chiefs you sit
“ Housed near a blazing fire—is seen to flit
“ Safe from the wintry tempest. Fluttering,
“ Here did it enter ; there, on hasty wing,
“ Flies out, and passes on from cold to cold ;
“ But whence it came we know not, nor behold
“ Whither it goes. Even such, that transient Thing,
“ The human Soul ; not utterly unknown
“ While in the Body lodged, her warm abode ;
“ But from what world She came, what woe or weal
“ On her departure waits, no tongue hath shown ;
“ This mystery if the Stranger can reveal,
“ His be a welcome cordially bestowed * !”

* See Note.

XVII.

CONVERSION.

PROMPT transformation works the novel Lore ;
The Council closed, the Priest in full career
Rides forth, an armèd man, and hurls a spear
To desecrate the Fane which heretofore
He served in folly. Woden falls, and Thor
Is overturned ; the mace, in battle heaved
(So might they dream) till victory was achieved,
Drops, and the God himself is seen no more.
Temple and Altar sink, to hide their shame
Amid oblivious weeds. ‘ *O come to me,
Ye heavy laden !* ’ such the inviting voice
Heard near fresh streams * ; and thousands, who rejoice
In the new Rite—the pledge of sanctity,
Shall, by regenerate life, the promise claim.

* See Note.

XVIII.

APOLOGY.

NOR scorn the aid which Fancy oft doth lend
The Soul's eternal interests to promote :
Death, darkness, danger, are our natural lot ;
And evil Spirits *may* our walk attend
For aught the wisest know or comprehend ;
Then be *good* Spirits free to breathe a note
Of elevation ; let their odours float
Around these Converts ; and their glories blend,
The midnight stars outshining, or the blaze
Of the noon-day. Nor doubt that golden cords
Of good works, mingling with the visions, raise
The Soul to purer worlds : and *who* the line
Shall draw, the limits of the power define
That even imperfect faith to man affords ?

XIX.

PRIMITIVE SAXON CLERGY*.

How beautiful your presence, how benign,
Servants of God! who not a thought will share
With the vain world; who, outwardly as bare
As winter trees, yield no fallacious sign
That the firm soul is clothed with fruit divine!
Such Priest, when service worthy of his care
Has called him forth to breathe the common air,
Might seem a saintly Image from its shrine
Descended:—happy are the eyes that meet
The Apparition; evil thoughts are stayed
At his approach, and low-bowed necks entreat
A benediction from his voice or hand;
Whence grace, through which the heart can understand;
And vows, that bind the will, in silence made.

* See Note.

XX.

OTHER INFLUENCES.

AH, when the Body, round which in love we clung,
Is chilled by death, does mutual service fail?
Is tender pity then of no avail?
Are intercessions of the fervent tongue
A waste of hope?—From this sad source have sprung
Rites that console the Spirit, under grief
Which ill can brook more rational relief:
Hence, prayers are shaped amiss, and dirges sung
For Souls whose doom is fixed! The way is smooth
For Power that travels with the human heart:
Confession ministers the pang to soothe
In him who at the ghost of guilt doth start.
Ye holy Men, so earnest in your care,
Of your own mighty instruments beware!

XXI.

SECLUSION.

LANCE, shield, and sword relinquished—at his side
A bead-roll, in his hand a claspèd book,
Or staff more harmless than a shepherd's crook,
The war-worn Chieftain quits the world—to hide
His thin autumnal locks where Monks abide
In cloistered privacy. But not to dwell
In soft repose he comes. Within his cell,
Round the decaying trunk of human pride,
At morn, and eve, and midnight's silent hour,
Do penitential cogitations cling ;
Like ivy, round some ancient elm, they twine
In grisly folds and strictures serpentine ;
Yet, while they strangle, a fair growth they bring,
For recompense—their own perennial bower.

XXII.

CONTINUED.

METHINKS that to some vacant hermitage
My feet would rather turn—to some dry nook
Scooped out of living rock, and near a brook
Hurled down a mountain-cove from stage to stage,
Yet tempering, for my sight, its bustling rage
In the soft heaven of a translucent pool ;
Thence creeping under sylvan arches cool,
Fit haunt of shapes whose glorious equipage
Would elevate my dreams. A beechen bowl,
A maple dish, my furniture should be ;
Crisp, yellow leaves my bed ; the hooting owl
My night-watch : nor should e'er the crested fowl
From thorp or vill his matins sound for me,
Tired of the world and all its industry.

XXIII.

REPROOF.

BUT what if One, through grove or flowery mead,
Indulging thus at will the creeping feet
Of a voluptuous indolence, should meet
Thy hovering Shade, O venerable Bede !
The saint, the scholar, from a circle freed
Of toil stupendous, in a hallowed seat
Of learning, where thou heard'st the billows beat
On a wild coast, rough monitors to feed
Perpetual industry. Sublime Recluse !
The recreant Soul, that dares to shun the debt
Imposed on human kind, must first forget
Thy diligence, thy unrelaxing use
Of a long life ; and, in the hour of death,
The last dear service of thy passing breath * !

* He expired dictating the last words of a translation of
St John's Gospel.

XXIV.

SAXON MONASTERIES, AND LIGHTS AND SHADES OF
THE RELIGION.

By such examples moved to unbought pains,
The people work like congregated bees ;
Eager to build the quiet Fortresses
Where Piety, as they believe, obtains
From Heaven a *general* blessing ; timely rains
Or needful sunshine ; prosperous enterprise,
Justice and peace :—bold faith ! yet also rise
The sacred Structures for less doubtful gains.
The Sensual think with reverence of the palms
Which the chaste Votaries seek, beyond the grave ;
If penance be redeemable, thence alms
Flow to the poor, and freedom to the slave ;
And if full oft the Sanctuary save
Lives black with guilt, ferocity it calms.

XXV.

MISSIONS AND TRAVELS.

Not sedentary all : there are who roam
To scatter seeds of life on barbarous shores ;
Or quit with zealous step their knee-worn floors
To seek the general mart of Christendom ;
Whence they, like richly-laden merchants, come
To their belovèd cells :—or shall we say
That, like the Red-cross Knight, they urge their way,
To lead in memorable triumph home
Truth, their immortal Una? Babylon,
Learned and wise, hath perished utterly,
Nor leaves her speech one word to aid the sigh
That would lament her ;—Memphis, Tyre, are gone
With all their Arts,—but classic lore glides on
By these Religious saved for all posterity.

XXVI.

ALFRED.

BEHOLD a pupil of the monkish gown,
The pious ALFRED, King to Justice dear!
Lord of the harp and liberating spear;
Mirror of Princes! Indigent Renown
Might range the starry ether for a crown
Equal to *his* deserts, who, like the year,
Pours forth his bounty, like the day doth cheer,
And awes like night with mercy-tempered frown.
Ease from this noble miser of his time
No moment steals; pain narrows not his cares*.
Though small his kingdom as a spark or gem,
Of Alfred boasts remote Jerusalem,
And Christian India, through her wide-spread clime,
In sacred converse gifts with Alfred shares.

* See Note.

XXVII.

HIS DESCENDANTS.

WHEN thy great soul was freed from mortal chains,
Darling of England ! many a bitter shower
Fell on thy tomb ; but emulative power
Flowed in thy line through undegenerate veins.
The Race of Alfred covet glorious pains
When dangers threaten, dangers ever new !
Black tempests bursting, blacker still in view !
But manly sovereignty its hold retains ;
The root sincere, the branches bold to strive
With the fierce tempest, while, within the round
Of their protection, gentle virtues thrive ;
As oft, 'mid some green plot of open ground,
Wide as the oak extends its dewy gloom,
The fostered hyacinths spread their purple bloom.

XXVIII.

INFLUENCE ABUSED.

URGED by Ambition, who with subtlest skill
Changes her means, the Enthusiast as a dupe
Shall soar, and as a hypocrite can stoop,
And turn the instruments of good to ill,
Moulding the credulous people to his will.
Such DUNSTAN :—from its Benedictine coop
Issues the master Mind, at whose fell swoop
The chaste affections tremble to fulfil
Their purposes. Behold, pre-signified,
The Might of spiritual sway ! his thoughts, his dreams,
Do in the supernatural world abide :
So vaunt a throng of Followers, swoln with pride
In what they see of virtues pushed to extremes,
And sorceries of talent misapplied.

XXIX.

DANISH CONQUESTS.

Woe to the Crown that doth the Cowl obey * !
Dissension, checking arms that would restrain
The incessant Rovers of the northern main,
Helps to restore and spread a Pagan sway :
But Gospel-truth is potent to allay
Fierceness and rage ; and soon the cruel Dane
Feels, through the influence of her gentle reign,
His native superstitions melt away.
Thus, often, when thick gloom the east o'ershrouds,
The full-orbed Moon, slow-climbing, doth appear
Silently to consume the heavy clouds ;
How, no one can resolve ; but every eye
Around her sees, while air is hushed, a clear
And widening circuit of ethereal sky.

* See Note.

XXX.

CANUTE.

A PLEASANT music floats along the Mere,
From Monks in Ely chanting service high,
While-as Canute the King is rowing by :
“My Oarsmen,” quoth the mighty King, “draw near,
“That we the sweet song of the Monks may hear !”
He listens (all past conquests and all schemes
Of future vanishing like empty dreams)
Heart-touched, and haply not without a tear.
The Royal Minstrel, ere the choir is still,
While his free barge skims the smooth flood along,
Gives to that rapture an accordant Rhyme*.
O suffering Earth ! be thankful ; sternest clime
And rudest age are subject to the thrill
Of heaven-descended Piety and Song.

* Which is still extant.

XXXI.

THE NORMAN CONQUEST.

THE woman-hearted Confessor prepares
The evanescence of the Saxon line.
Hark ! 'tis the tolling Curfew !—the stars shine ;
But of the lights that cherish household cares
And festive gladness, burns not one that dares
To twinkle after that dull stroke of thine,
Emblem and instrument, from Thames to Tyne,
Of force that daunts, and cunning that ensnares !
Yet as the terrors of the lordly bell,
That quench, from hut to palace, lamps and fires,
Touch not the tapers of the sacred quires ;
Even so a thraldom, studious to expel
Old laws, and ancient customs to derange,
To Creed or Ritual brings no fatal change.

XXXII.

COLDLY we spake. The Saxons, overpowered
By wrong triumphant through its own excess,
From fields laid waste, from house and home devoured
By flames, look up to heaven and crave redress
From God's eternal justice. Pitiless
Though men be, there are angels who can feel
For wounds that death alone has power to heal,
For penitent guilt, and innocent distress.
And has a Champion risen in arms to try
His Country's virtue, fought, and breathes no more ;
Him in their hearts the people canonize ;
And far above the mine's most precious ore
The least small pittance of bare mould they prize
Scooped from the sacred earth where his dear relics lie.

XXXIII.

THE COUNCIL OF CLERMONT.

“ AND shall,” the Pontiff asks, “ profaneness flow
“ From Nazareth—source of Christian piety,
“ From Bethlehem, from the Mounts of Agony
“ And glorified Ascension? Warriors, go,
“ With prayers and blessings we your path will sow ;
“ Like Moses hold our hands erect, till ye
“ Have chased far off by righteous victory
“ These sons of Amalek, or laid them low !”—
“ GOD WILLETH IT,” the whole assembly cry ;
Shout which the enraptured multitude astounds !
The Council-roof and Clermont’s towers reply ;—
“ God willeth it,” from hill to hill rebounds,
And, in awe-stricken Countries far and nigh,
Through ‘ Nature’s hollow arch’ that voice resounds *.

* The decision of this council was believed to be instantly known in remote parts of Europe.

XXXIV.

CRUSADES.

THE turbaned Race are poured in thickening swarms
Along the west; though driven from Aquitaine,
The Crescent glitters on the towers of Spain;
And soft Italia feels renewed alarms;
The scimitar, that yields not to the charms
Of ease, the narrow Bosphorus will disdain;
Nor long (that crossed) would Grecian hills detain
Their tents, and check the current of their arms.
Then blame not those who, by the mightiest lever
Known to the moral world, Imagination,
Upheave, so seems it, from her natural station
All Christendom:—they sweep along (was never
So huge a host!)—to tear from the Unbeliever
The precious Tomb, their haven of salvation.

XXXV.

RICHARD I.

REDOUBTED King, of courage leonine,
I mark thee, Richard ! urgent to equip
Thy warlike person with the staff and scrip ;
I watch thee sailing o'er the midland brine ;
In conquered Cyprus see thy Bride decline
Her blushing cheek, love-vows upon her lip,
And see love-emblems streaming from thy ship,
As thence she holds her way to Palestine.
My Song, a fearless homager, would attend
Thy thundering battle-axe as it cleaves the press
Of war ; but duty summons her away
To tell—how, finding in the rash distress
Of those Enthusiasts a subservient friend,
To giddier heights hath clomb the Papal sway.

XXXVI.

AN INTERDICT.

REALMS quake by turns : proud Arbitress of grace
The Church, by mandate shadowing forth the power
She arrogates o'er heaven's eternal door,
Closes the gates of every sacred place.
Straight from the sun and tainted air's embrace
All sacred things are covered : cheerful morn
Grows sad as night—no seemly garb is worn,
Nor is a face allowed to meet a face
With natural smiles of greeting. Bells are dumb ;
Ditches are graves—funereal rites denied ;
And in the church-yard he must take his bride
Who dares be wedded ! Fancies thickly come
Into the pensive heart ill fortified,
And comfortless despairs the soul benumb.

XXXVII.

PAPAL ABUSES.

As with the Stream our voyage we pursue,
The gross materials of this world present
A marvellous study of wild accident ;
Uncouth proximities of old and new ;
And bold transfigurations, more untrue
(As might be deemed) to disciplined intent
Than aught the sky's fantastic element,
When most fantastic, offers to the view.
Saw we not Henry scourged at Becket's shrine ?
Lo ! John self-stripped of his insignia :—crown,
Sceptre and mantle, sword and ring, laid down
At a proud Legate's feet ! The spears that line
Baronial halls, the opprobrious insult feel ;
And angry Ocean roars a vain appeal.

XXXVIII.

SCENE IN VENICE.

BLACK Demons hovering o'er his mitred head,
To Cæsar's Successor the Pontiff spake ;
" Ere I absolve thee, stoop ! that on thy neck
" Levelled with earth this foot of mine may tread."
Then he, who to the altar had been led,
He, whose strong arm the Orient could not check,
He, who had held the Soldan at his beck,
Stooped, of all glory disinherited,
And even the common dignity of man !—
Amazement strikes the crowd : while many turn
Their eyes away in sorrow, others burn
With scorn, invoking a vindictive ban
From outraged Nature ; but the sense of most
In abject sympathy with power is lost.

XXXIX.

PAPAL DOMINION.

UNLESS to Peter's Chair the viewless wind
Must come and ask permission when to blow,
What further empire would it have ? for now
A ghostly Domination, unconfined
As that by dreaming Bards to Love assigned,
Sits there in sober truth—to raise the low,
Perplex the wise, the strong to overthrow ;
Through earth and heaven to bind and to unbind !
Resist—the thunder quails thee!—crouch—rebuff
Shall be thy recompence ! from land to land
The ancient thrones of Christendom are stuff
For occupation of a magic wand ;
And 'tis the Pope that wields it:—whether rough
Or smooth his front, our world is in his hand !

PART II.

TO THE CLOSE OF THE TROUBLES IN THE REIGN OF
CHARLES I.

I.

CISTERTIAN MONASTERY.

“ *HERE Man more purely lives, less oft doth fall,*
“ *More promptly rises, walks with stricter heed,*
“ *More safely rests, dies happier, is freed*
“ *Earlier from cleansing fires, and gains withal*
“ *A brighter crown*.*”—On yon Cistercian wall
That confident assurance may be read;
And, to like shelter, from the world have fled
Increasing multitudes. The potent call
Doubtless shall cheat full oft the heart's desires ;
Yet, while the rugged Age on pliant knee
Vows to rapt Fancy humble fealty,
A gentler life spreads round the holy spires ;
Where'er they rise, the sylvan waste retires,
And aëry harvests crown the fertile lea.

* See Note.

II.

DEPLORABLE his lot who tills the ground,
His whole life long tills it, with heartless toil
Of villain-service, passing with the soil
To each new Master, like a steer or hound,
Or like a rooted tree, or stone earth-bound ;
But mark how gladly, through their own domains,
The Monks relax or break these iron chains ;
While Mercy, uttering, through their voice, a sound
Echoed in Heaven, cries out, “ Ye Chiefs, abate
These legalised oppressions ! Man—whose name
And nature God disdained not ; Man—whose soul
Christ died for—cannot forfeit his high claim
To live and move exempt from all controul
Which fellow-feeling doth not mitigate !”

III.

MONKS AND SCHOOLMEN.

RECORD we too, with just and faithful pen,
That many hooded Cenobites there are,
Who in their private cells have yet a care
Of public quiet ; unambitious men,
Counsellors for the world, of piercing ken ;
Whose earnest exhortations from afar
Move Princes to their duty, peace or war ;
And oft-times in the most forbidding den
Of solitude, with love of science strong,
How patiently the yoke of thought they bear !
How subtly glide its finest threads along !
Spirits that crowd the intellectual sphere
With mazy boundaries, as the astronomer
With orb and cycle girds the starry throng.

IV.

OTHER BENEFITS.

AND, not in vain embodied to the sight,
Religion finds even in the stern retreat
Of feudal sway her own appropriate seat ;
From the collegiate pomps on Windsor's height
Down to the humbler altar, which the Knight
And his Retainers of the embattled hall
Seek in domestic oratory small,
For prayer in stillness, or the chanted rite ;
Then chiefly dear, when foes are planted round,
Who teach the intrepid guardians of the place—
Hourly exposed to death, with famine worn,
And suffering under many a perilous wound—
How sad would be their durance, if forlorn
Of offices dispensing heavenly grace !

V.

CONTINUED.

AND what melodious sounds at times prevail !
And, ever and anon, how bright a gleam
Pours on the surface of the turbid Stream !
What heartfelt fragrance mingles with the gale
That swells the bosom of our passing sail !
For where, but on *this* River's margin, blow
Those flowers of chivalry, to bind the brow
Of hardihood with wreaths that shall not fail ?—
Fair Court of Edward ! wonder of the world !
I see a matchless blazonry unfurled
Of wisdom, magnanimity, and love ;
And meekness tempering honourable pride ;
The lamb is couching by the lion's side,
And near the flame-eyed eagle sits the dove.

VI.

CRUSADERS.

NOR can Imagination quit the shores
Of these bright scenes without a farewell glance
Given to the dream-like issues—the romance
Of many-coloured life that Fortune pours
Round the Crusaders, till on distant shores
Their labours end ; or they return to lie,
The vow performed, in cross-legged effigy,
Devoutly stretched upon their chancel floors.
Am I deceived ? Or is their requiem chanted
By voices never mute when Heaven unties
Her inmost, softest, tenderest harmonies ;
Requiem which Earth takes up with voice undaunted,
When she would tell how Brave, and Good, and Wise,
For their high guerdon not in vain have panted !

VII.

TRANSUBSTANTIATION.

ENOUGH! for see, with dim association
The tapers burn; the odorous incense feeds
A greedy flame; the pompous mass proceeds;
The Priest bestows the appointed consecration;
And, while the Host is raised, its elevation
An awe and supernatural horror breeds;
And all the people bow their heads, like reeds
To a soft breeze, in lowly adoration.
This Valdo brooks not. On the banks of Rhone
He taught, till persecution chased him thence,
To adore the Invisible, and Him alone.
Nor are his Followers loth to seek defence,
Mid woods and wilds, on Nature's craggy throne,
From rites that trample upon soul and sense.

VIII.

THE VAUDOIS.

BUT whence came they who for the Saviour Lord
Have long borne witness as the Scriptures teach?—
Ages ere Valdo raised his voice to preach
In Gallic ears the unadulterate Word,
Their fugitive Progenitors explored
Subalpine vales, in quest of safe retreats
Where that pure Church survives, though summer heats
Open a passage to the Romish sword,
Far as it dares to follow. Herbs self-sown,
And fruitage gathered from the chesnut wood,
Nourish the sufferers then; and mists, that brood
O'er chasms with new-fallen obstacles bestrown,
Protect them; and the eternal snow that daunts
Aliens, is God's good winter for their haunts.

IX.

PRAISED be the Rivers, from their mountain springs
Shouting to Freedom, "Plant thy banners here!"
To harassed Piety, "Dismiss thy fear,
And in our caverns smooth thy ruffled wings!"
Nor be unthanked their final lingerings—
Silent, but not to high-souled Passion's ear—
'Mid reedy fens wide-spread and marshes drear,
Their own creation. Such glad welcomings
As Po was heard to give where Venice rose,
Hailed from aloft those Heirs of truth divine
Who near his fountains sought obscure repose,
Yet well prepared as glorious lights to shine,
Should that be needed for their sacred Charge;
Blest Prisoners They, whose spirits were at large!

X.

WALDENSES.

THESE had given earliest notice, as the lark
Springs from the ground the morn to gratulate ;
Or rather rose the day to antedate,
By striking out a solitary spark,
When all the world with midnight gloom was dark.—
At length came those Waldensian bands whom Hate
In vain endeavours to exterminate,
Fell Obloquy pursues with hideous bark * :
But they desist not ;—and the sacred fire,
Rekindled thus, from dens and savage woods
Moves, handed on with never-ceasing care,
Through courts, through camps, o'er liminary floods ;
Nor lacks this sea-girt Isle a timely share
Of the new Flame, not suffered to expire.

* See Note.

XI.

ARCHBISHOP CHICHELY TO HENRY V.

“ WHAT beast in wilderness or cultured field
“ The lively beauty of the leopard shows ?
“ What flower in meadow-ground or garden grows
“ That to the towering lily doth not yield ?
“ Let both meet only on thy royal shield !
“ Go forth, great King ! claim what thy birth bestows ;
“ Conquer the Gallic lily which thy foes
“ Dare to usurp ;—thou hast a sword to wield,
“ And Heaven will crown the right.”—The mitred Sire
Thus spake—and lo ! a Fleet, for Gaul addrest,
Ploughs her bold course across the wondering seas ;
For, sooth to say, ambition, in the breast
Of youthful heroes, is no sullen fire,
But one that leaps to meet the fanning breeze.

XII.

WARS OF YORK AND LANCASTER.

THUS is the storm abated by the craft
Of a shrewd Counsellor, eager to protect
The Church, whose power hath recently been checked,
Whose monstrous riches threatened. So the shaft
Of victory mounts high, and blood is quaffed
In fields that rival Cressy and Poitiers—
Pride to be washed away by bitter tears !
For deep as hell itself, the avenging draught
Of civil slaughter. Yet, while temporal power
Is by these shocks exhausted, spiritual truth
Maintains the else endangered gift of life ;
Proceeds from infancy to lusty youth ;
And, under cover of this woeful strife,
Gathers unblighted strength from hour to hour.

XIII.

WICLIFFE.

ONCE more the Church is seized with sudden fear,
And at her call is Wicliffe disinhumed :
Yea, his dry bones to ashes are consumed
And flung into the brook that travels near ;
Forthwith, that ancient Voice which Streams can hear,
Thus speaks (that Voice which walks upon the wind,
Though seldom heard by busy human kind)—
“ As thou these ashes, little Brook ! wilt bear
“ Into the Avon, Avon to the tide
“ Of Severn, Severn to the narrow seas,
“ Into main Ocean they, this deed accurst
“ An emblem yields to friends and enemies
“ How the bold Teacher’s Doctrine, sanctified
“ By truth, shall spread, throughout the world dispersed.

XIV.

CORRUPTIONS OF THE HIGHER CLERGY.

“ WOE to you, Prelates ! rioting in ease
“ And cumbrous wealth—the shame of your estate ;
“ You, on whose progress dazzling trains await
“ Of pompous horses ; whom vain titles please ;
“ Who will be served by others on their knees,
“ Yet will yourselves to God no service pay ;
“ Pastors who neither take nor point the way
“ To Heaven ; for, either lost in vanities
“ Ye have no skill to teach, or if ye know
“ And speak the word——” Alas ! of fearful things
’Tis the most fearful when the people’s eye
Abuse hath cleared from vain imaginings ;
And taught the general voice to prophesy
Of Justice armed, and Pride to be laid low.

XV.

ABUSE OF MONASTIC POWER.

AND what is Penance with her knotted thong ;
Mortification with the shirt of hair,
Wan cheek, and knees indúrated with prayer,
Vigils, and fastings rigorous as long ;
If cloistered Avarice scruple not to wrong
The pious, humble, useful Secular,
And rob the people of his daily care,
Scorning that world whose blindness makes her strong ?
Inversion strange ! that, unto One who lives
For self, and struggles with himself alone,
The amplest share of heavenly favour gives ;
That to a Monk allots, in the esteem
Of God and man, place higher than to him
Who on the good of others builds his own !

XVI.

MONASTIC VOLUPTUOUSNESS.

YET more,—round many a Convent's blazing fire
Unhallowed threads of revelry are spun ;
There Venus sits disguisèd like a Nun,—
While Bacchus, clothed in semblance of a Friar,
Pours out his choicest beverage high and higher
Sparkling, until it cannot choose but run
Over the bowl, whose silver lip hath won
An instant kiss of masterful desire—
To stay the precious waste. Through every brain
The domination of the sprightly juice
Spreads high conceits to madding Fancy dear,
Till the arched roof, with resolute abuse
Of its grave echoes, swells a choral strain,
Whose votive burthen is—"OUR KINGDOM'S HERE!"

XVII.

DISSOLUTION OF THE MONASTERIES.

THREATS come which no submission may assuage,
No sacrifice avert, no power dispute ;
The tapers shall be quenched, the belfries mute,
And, 'mid their choirs unroofed by selfish rage,
The warbling wren shall find a leafy cage ;
The gadding bramble hang her purple fruit ;
And the green lizard and the gilded newt
Lead unmolested lives, and die of age.
The owl of evening and the woodland fox
For their abode the shrines of Waltham choose :
Proud Glastonbury can no more refuse
To stoop her head before these desperate shocks—
She whose high pomp displaced, as story tells,
Arimathean Joseph's wattled cells.

XVIII.

THE SAME SUBJECT.

THE lovely Nun (submissive, but more meek
Through saintly habit than from effort due
To unrelenting mandates that pursue
With equal wrath the steps of strong and weak)
Goes forth—unveiling timidly a cheek
Suffused with blushes of celestial hue,
While through the Convent's gate to open view
Softly she glides, another home to seek.
Not Iris, issuing from her cloudy shrine,
An Apparition more divinely bright!
Not more attractive to the dazzled sight
Those watery glories, on the stormy brine
Poured forth, while summer suns at distance shine,
And the green vales lie hushed in sober light!

XIX.

CONTINUED.

YET many a Novice of the cloistral shade,
And many chained by vows, with eager glee
The warrant hail, exulting to be free ;
Like ships before whose keels, full long embayed
In polar ice, propitious winds have made
Unlooked-for outlet to an open sea,
Their liquid world, for bold discovery,
In all her quarters temptingly displayed !
Hope guides the young ; but when the old must pass
The threshold, whither shall they turn to find
The hospitality—the alms (alas !
Alms may be needed) which that House bestowed ?
Can they, in faith and worship, train the mind
To keep this new and questionable road ?

XX.

SAINTS.

YE, too, must fly before a chasing hand,
Angels and Saints, in every hamlet mourned !
Ah ! if the old idolatry be spurned,
Let not your radiant Shapes desert the Land :
Her adoration was not your demand,
The fond heart proffered it—the servile heart ;
And therefore are ye summoned to depart,
Michael, and thou, St. George, whose flaming brand
The Dragon quelled ; and valiant Margaret
Whose rival sword a like Opponent slew :
And rapt Cecilia, seraph-haunted Queen
Of harmony ; and weeping Magdalene,
Who in the penitential desert met
Gales sweet as those that over Eden blew !

XXI.

THE VIRGIN.

MOTHER ! whose virgin bosom was uncrest
With the least shade of thought to sin allied ;
Woman ! above all women glorified,
Our tainted nature's solitary boast ;
Purer than foam on central ocean tost ;
Brighter than eastern skies at daybreak strewn
With fancied roses, than the unblemished moon
Before her wane begins on heaven's blue coast ;
Thy Image falls to earth. Yet some, I ween,
Not unforgiven the suppliant knee might bend,
As to a visible Power, in which did blend
All that was mixed and reconciled in Thee
Of mother's love with maiden purity,
Of high with low, celestial with terrene !

XXII.

APOLOGY.

Not utterly unworthy to endure
Was the supremacy of crafty Rome ;
Age after age to the arch of Christendom
Aërial keystone haughtily secure ;
Supremacy from Heaven transmitted pure,
As many hold ; and, therefore, to the tomb
Pass, some through fire—and by the scaffold some—
Like saintly Fisher, and unbending More.
' Lightly for both the bosom's lord did sit
' Upon his throne ;' unsoftened, undismayed
By aught that mingled with the tragic scene
Of pity or fear ; and More's gay genius played
With the inoffensive sword of native wit,
Than the bare axe more luminous and keen.

XXIII.

IMAGINATIVE REGRETS.

DEEP is the lamentation ! Not alone
From Sages justly honoured by mankind ;
But from the ghostly tenants of the wind,
Demons and Spirits, many a dolorous groan
Issues for that dominion overthrown :
Proud Tiber grieves, and far-off Ganges, blind
As his own worshippers : and Nile, reclined
Upon his monstrous urn, the farewell moan
Renews. Through every forest, cave, and den,
Where frauds were hatched of old, hath sorrow past—
Hangs o'er the Arabian Prophet's native Waste,
Where once his airy helpers schemed and planned,
Mid spectral lakes bemocking thirsty men,
And stalking pillars built of fiery sand.

XXIV.

REFLECTIONS.

GRANT, that by this unsparing hurricane
Green leaves with yellow mixed are torn away,
And goodly fruitage with the mother spray ;
'Twere madness—wished we, therefore, to detain,
With hands stretched forth in mollified disdain,
The 'trumpery' that ascends in bare display—
Bulls, pardons, relics, cowls black, white, and grey—
Upwhirled, and flying o'er the ethereal plain
Fast bound for Limbo Lake. And yet not choice
But habit rules the unreflecting herd,
And airy bonds are hardest to disown ;
Hence, with the spiritual sovereignty transferred
Unto itself, the Crown assumes a voice
Of reckless mastery, hitherto unknown.

XXV.

TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.

BUT, to outweigh all harm, the sacred Book,
In dusty sequestration wrapt too long,
Assumes the accents of our native tongue ;
And he who guides the plough, or wields the crook,
With understanding spirit now may look
Upon her records, listen to her song,
And sift her laws—much wondering that the wrong,
Which Faith has suffered, Heaven could calmly brook.
Transcendent boon ! noblest that earthly King
Ever bestowed to equalize and bless
Under the weight of mortal wretchedness !
But passions spread like plagues, and thousands wild
With bigotry shall tread the Offering
Beneath their feet, detested and defiled.

XXVI.

THE POINT AT ISSUE.

FOR what contend the wise?—for nothing less
Than that the Soul, freed from the bonds of Sense,
And to her God restored by evidence
Of things not seen, drawn forth from their recess,
Root there, and not in forms, her holiness ;—
For Faith, which to the Patriarchs did dispense
Sure guidance, ere a ceremonial fence
Was needful round men thirsting to transgress ;—
For Faith, more perfect still, with which the Lord
Of all, himself a Spirit, in the youth
Of Christian aspiration, deigned to fill
The temples of their hearts who, with his word
Informed, were resolute to do his will,
And worship him in spirit and in truth.

XXVII.

EDWARD VI.

‘SWEET is the holiness of Youth’—so felt
Time-honoured Chaucer when he framed that Lay
By which the Prioress beguiled the way,
And many a Pilgrim’s rugged heart did melt.
Hadst thou, loved Bard! whose spirit often dwelt
In the clear land of vision, but foreseen
King, child, and seraph, blended in the mien
Of pious Edward kneeling as he knelt
In meek and simple infancy, what joy
For universal Christendom had thrilled
Thy heart! what hopes inspired thy genius, skilled
(O great Precursor, genuine morning Star)
The lucid shafts of reason to employ,
Piercing the Papal darkness from afar!

XXVIII.

EDWARD SIGNING THE WARRANT FOR THE EXECUTION
OF JOAN OF KENT.

THE tears of man in various measure gush
From various sources ; gently overflow
From blissful transport some—from clefts of woe
Some with ungovernable impulse rush ;
And some, coëval with the earliest blush
Of infant passion, scarcely dare to show
Their pearly lustre—coming but to go ;
And some break forth when others' sorrows crush
The sympathising heart. Nor these, nor yet
The noblest drops to admiration known,
To gratitude, to injuries forgiven—
Claim Heaven's regard like waters that have wet
The innocent eyes of youthful Monarchs, driven
To pen the mandates nature doth disown.

XXIX.

REVIVAL OF POPYRY.

THE saintly Youth has ceased to rule, discrowned
By unrelenting Death. O People keen
For change, to whom the new looks always green !
Rejoicing did they cast upon the ground
Their Gods of wood and stone ; and, at the sound
Of counter-proclamation, now are seen,
(Proud triumph is it for a sullen Queen !)
Lifting them up, the worship to confound
Of the Most High. Again do they invoke
The Creature, to the Creature glory give ;
Again with frankincense the altars smoke
Like those the Heathen served ; and mass is sung ;
And prayer, man's rational prerogative,
Runs through blind channels of an unknown tongue.

XXX.

LATIMER AND RIDLEY.

How fast the Marian death-list is unrolled !
See Latimer and Ridley in the might
Of Faith stand coupled for a common flight !
One (like those prophets whom God sent of old)
Transfigured *, from this kindling hath foretold
A torch of inextinguishable light ;
The Other gains a confidence as bold ;
And thus they foil their enemy's despite.
The penal instruments, the shows of crime,
Are glorified while this once-mitred pair
Of saintly Friends ' the murtherer's chain partake,
Corded, and burning at the social stake :'
Earth never witnessed object more sublime
In constancy, in fellowship more fair !

* See Note.

XXXI.

CRANMER.

OUTSTRETCHING flame-ward his upbraided hand
(O God of mercy, may no earthly Seat
Of judgment such presumptuous doom repeat !)
Amid the shuddering throng doth Cranmer stand ;
Firm as the stake to which with iron band
His frame is tied ; firm from the naked feet
To the bare head. The victory is complete ;
The shrouded Body to the Soul's command
Answers with more than Indian fortitude,
Through all her nerves with finer sense endued,
Till breath departs in blissful aspiration :
Then, 'mid the ghastly ruins of the fire,
Behold the unalterable heart entire,
Emblem of faith untouched, miraculous attestation !*

* For the belief in this fact, see the contemporary Historians.

XXXII.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE TROUBLES OF THE REFORMATION.

AID, glorious Martyrs, from your fields of light
Our mortal ken ! Inspire a perfect trust
(While we look round) that Heaven's decrees are just :
Which few can hold committed to a fight
That shows, ev'n on its better side, the might
Of proud Self-will, Rapacity, and Lust,
'Mid clouds enveloped of polemic dust,
Which showers of blood seem rather to incite
Than to allay. Anathemas are hurled
From both sides ; veteran thunders (the brute test
Of truth) are met by fulminations new—
Tartarean flags are caught at, and unfurled—
Friends strike at friends—the flying shall pursue—
And Victory sickens, ignorant where to rest !

XXXIII.

ENGLISH REFORMERS IN EXILE.

SCATTERING, like birds escaped the fowler's net,
Some seek with timely flight a foreign strand ;
Most happy, re-assembled in a land
By dauntless Luther freed, could they forget
Their Country's woes. But scarcely have they met,
Partners in faith, and brothers in distress,
Free to pour forth their common thankfulness,
Ere hope declines :—their union is beset
With speculative notions rashly sown,
Whence thickly-sprouting growth of poisonous weeds ;
Their forms are broken staves ; their passions, steeds
That master them. How enviably blest
Is he who can, by help of grace, enthrone
The peace of God within his single breast !

XXXIV.

ELIZABETH.

HAIL, Virgin Queen ! o'er many an envious bar
Triumphant, snatched from many a treacherous wile !
All hail, sage Lady, whom a grateful Isle
Hath blest, respiring from that dismal war
Stilled by thy voice ! But quickly from afar
Defiance breathes with more malignant aim ;
And alien storms with home-bred ferments claim
Portentous fellowship. Her silver car,
By sleepless prudence ruled, glides slowly on ;
Unhurt by violence, from menaced taint
Emerging pure, and seemingly more bright :
For, wheresoe'er she moves, the clouds anon
Disperse ; or, under a divine constraint,
Reflect some portion of her glorious light.

XXXV.

EMINENT REFORMERS.

METHINKS that I could trip o'er heaviest soil,
Light as a buoyant bark from wave to wave,
Were mine the trusty staff that JEWEL gave
To youthful HOOKER, in familiar style
The gift exalting, and with playful smile * :
For thus equipped, and bearing on his head
The Donor's farewell blessing, can he dread
Tempest, or length of way, or weight of toil ?—
More sweet than odours caught by him who sails
Near spicy shores of Araby the blest,
A thousand times more exquisitely sweet,
The freight of holy feeling which we meet,
In thoughtful moments, wafted by the gales
From fields where good men walk, or bowers wherein they rest.

* See Note.

XXXVI.

THE SAME.

HOLY and heavenly Spirits as they are,
Spotless in life, and eloquent as wise,
With what entire affection do they prize
Their new-born Church ! labouring with earnest care
To baffle all that may her strength impair ;
That Church, the unperverted Gospel's seat ;
In their afflictions a divine retreat ;
Source of their liveliest hope, and tenderest prayer !—
The truth exploring with an equal mind,
In doctrine and communion they have sought
Firmly between the two extremes to steer ;
But theirs the wise man's ordinary lot,
To trace right courses for the stubborn blind,
And prophesy to ears that will not hear.

XXXVII.

DISTRACTIONS.

MEN, who have ceased to reverence, soon defy
Their forefathers ; lo ! sects are formed, and split
With morbid restlessness ;—the ecstatic fit
Spreads wide ; though special mysteries multiply,
The Saints must govern, is their common cry ;
And so they labour, deeming Holy Writ
Disgraced by aught that seems content to sit
Beneath the roof of settled Modesty.
The Romanist exults ; fresh hope he draws
From the confusion, craftily incites
The overweening, personates the mad—
To heap disgust upon the worthier Cause :
Totters the Throne ; the new-born Church is sad,
For every wave against her peace unites.

XXXVIII.

GUNPOWDER PLOT.

FEAR hath a hundred eyes that all agree
To plague her beating heart ; and there is one
(Nor idlest that!) which holds communion
With things that were not, yet were *meant* to be.
Aghast within its gloomy cavity
That eye (which sees as if fulfilled and done
Crimes that might stop the motion of the sun)
Beholds the horrible catastrophe
Of an assembled Senate unredeemed
From subterraneous Treason's darkling power :
Merciless act of sorrow infinite !
Worse than the product of that dismal night,
When gushing, copious as a thunder-shower,
The blood of Huguenots through Paris streamed.

XXXIX.

ILLUSTRATION.

THE JUNG-FRAU AND THE FALL OF THE RHINE NEAR SCHAFFHAUSEN.

THE Virgin Mountain *, wearing like a Queen
A brilliant crown of everlasting snow,
Sheds ruin from her sides ; and men below
Wonder that aught of aspect so serene
Can link with desolation. Smooth and green,
And seeming, at a little distance, slow,
The waters of the Rhine ; but on they go
Fretting and whitening, keener and more keen ;
Till madness seizes on the whole wide Flood,
Turned to a fearful Thing whose nostrils breathe
Blasts of tempestuous smoke—wherewith he tries
To hide himself, but only magnifies ;
And doth in more conspicuous torment writhe,
Deafening the region in his ireful mood.

* The Jung-frau.

XL.

TROUBLES OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

EVEN such the contrast that, where'er we move,
To the mind's eye Religion doth present ;
Now with her own deep quietness content ;
Then, like the mountain, thundering from above
Against the ancient pine-trees of the grove
And the Land's humblest comforts. Now her mood
Recals the transformation of the flood,
Whose rage the gentle skies in vain reprove,
Earth cannot check. O terrible excess
Of headstrong will ! Can this be Piety ?
No—some fierce Maniac hath usurped her name ;
And scourges England struggling to be free :
Her peace destroyed ! her hopes a wilderness !
Her blessings cursed, her glory turned to shame !

XLI.

LAUD*.

PREJUDGED by foes determined not to spare,
An old weak Man for vengeance thrown aside,
Laud, 'in the painful art of dying' tried,
(Like a poor bird entangled in a snare
Whose heart still flutters, though his wings forbear
To stir in useless struggle) hath relied
On hope that conscious innocence supplied,
And in his prison breathes celestial air.
Why tarries then thy chariot? Wherefore stay,
O Death! the ensanguined yet triumphant wheels
Which thou prepar'st, full often, to convey
(What time a State with madding faction reels)
The Saint or Patriot to the world that heals
All wounds, all perturbations doth allay?

* See Note.

XLII.

AFFLICTIONS OF ENGLAND.

HARP! could'st thou venture, on thy boldest string,
The faintest note to echo which the blast
Caught from the hand of Moses as it pass'd
O'er Sinai's top, or from the Shepherd-king,
Early awake, by Siloa's brook, to sing
Of dread Jehovah; then, should wood and waste
Hear also of that name, and mercy cast
Off to the mountains, like a covering
Of which the Lord was weary. Weep, oh! weep,
Weep with the good, beholding King and Priest
Despised by that stern God to whom they raise
Their suppliant hands; but holy is the feast
He keepeth; like the firmament his ways;
His statutes like the chambers of the deep.

PART III.

FROM THE RESTORATION TO THE PRESENT TIMES.



I.

I SAW the figure of a lovely Maid
Seated alone beneath a darksome tree,
Whose fondly over-hanging canopy
Set off her brightness with a pleasing shade.
No Spirit was she ; *that* my heart betrayed,
For she was one I loved exceedingly ;
But while I gazed in tender reverie
(Or was it sleep that with my Fancy played ?)
The bright corporeal presence—form and face—
Remaining still distinct grew thin and rare,
Like sunny mist ;—at length the golden hair,
Shape, limbs, and heavenly features keeping pace
Each with the other in a lingering race
Of dissolution, melted into air.

II.

PATRIOTIC SYMPATHIES.

LAST night, without a voice, this Vision spake
Fear to my Soul, and sadness that might seem
Wholly dissevered from our present theme ;
Yet, my belovèd Country ! I partake
Of kindred agitations for thy sake ;
Thou, too, dost visit oft my midnight dream ;
Thy glory meets me with the earliest beam
Of light, which tells that Morning is awake.
If aught impair thy beauty or destroy,
Or but forebode destruction, I deplore
With filial love the sad vicissitude ;
If thou hast fallen, and righteous Heaven restore
The prostrate, then my spring-time is renewed,
And sorrow bartered for exceeding joy.

III.

CHARLES THE SECOND.

Who comes—with rapture greeted, and caress'd
With frantic love—his kingdom to regain?
Him Virtue's Nurse, Adversity, in vain
Received, and fostered in her iron breast:
For all she taught of hardiest and of best,
Or would have taught, by discipline of pain
And long privation, now dissolves amain,
Or is remembered only to give zest
To wantonness.—Away, Circean revels!
But for what gain? if England soon must sink
Into a gulf which all distinction levels—
That bigotry may swallow the good name,
And, with that draught, the life-blood: misery, shame,
By Poets loathed; from which Historians shrink!

IV.

LATITUDINARIANISM.

YET Truth is keenly sought for, and the wind
Charged with rich words poured out in thought's defence ;
Whether the Church inspire that eloquence,
Or a Platonic Piety confined
To the sole temple of the inward mind ;
And One there is who builds immortal lays,
Though doomed to tread in solitary ways,
Darkness before and danger's voice behind !
Yet not alone, nor helpless to repel
Sad thoughts ; for from above the starry sphere
Come secrets, whispered nightly to his ear ;
And the pure spirit of celestial light
Shines through his soul—' that he may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.'

V.

CLERICAL INTEGRITY.

NOR shall the eternal roll of praise reject
Those Unconforming ; whom one rigorous day
Drives from their Cures, a voluntary prey
To poverty, and grief, and disrespect,
And some to want—as if by tempests wrecked
On a wild coast ; how destitute ! did They
Feel not that Conscience never can betray,
That peace of mind is Virtue's sure effect.
Their altars they forego, their homes they quit,
Fields which they love, and paths they daily trod,
And cast the future upon Providence ;
As men the dictate of whose inward sense
Outweighs the world ; whom self-deceiving wit
Lures not from what they deem the cause of God.

VI.

PERSECUTION OF THE SCOTTISH COVENANTERS.

WHEN Alpine Vales threw forth a suppliant cry,
The majesty of England interposed
And the sword stopped; the bleeding wounds were closed ;
And Faith preserved her ancient purity.
How little boots that precedent of good,
Scorned or forgotten, Thou canst testify,
For England's shame, O Sister Realm ! from wood,
Mountain, and moor, and crowded street, where lie
The headless martyrs of the Covenant,
Slain by Compatriot-protestants that draw
From councils senseless as intolerant
Their warrant. Bodies fall by wild sword-law ;
But who would force the Soul, tilts with a straw
Against a Champion cased in adamant.

VII.

ACQUITTAL OF THE BISHOPS.

A VOICE, from long-expecting thousands sent,
Shatters the air, and troubles tower and spire ;
For Justice hath absolved the innocent,
And Tyranny is balked of her desire :
Up, down, the busy Thames—rapid as fire
Coursing a train of gunpowder—it went,
And transport finds in every street a vent,
Till the whole City rings like one vast quire.
The Fathers urge the People to be still,
With outstretched hands and earnest speech—in vain!
Yea, many, haply wont to entertain
Small reverence for the mitre's offices,
And to Religion's self no friendly will,
A Prelate's blessing ask on bended knees.

VIII.

WILLIAM THE THIRD.

CALM as an under-current, strong to draw
Millions of waves into itself, and run,
From sea to sea, impervious to the sun
And ploughing storm, the spirit of Nassau
(By constant impulse of religious awe
Swayed, and thereby enabled to contend
With the wide world's commotions) from its end
Swerves not—diverted by a casual law.
Had mortal action e'er a nobler scope?
The Hero comes to liberate, not defy;
And, while he marches on with righteous hope,
Conqueror beloved! expected anxiously!
The vacillating Bondman of the Pope
Shrinks from the verdict of his stedfast eye.

IX.

OBLIGATIONS OF CIVIL TO RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

UNGRATEFUL Country if thou e'er forget
The sons who for thy civil rights have bled !
How, like a Roman, Sidney bowed his head,
And Russel's milder blood the scaffold wet ;
But These had fallen for profitless regret
Had not thy holy Church her champions bred,
And claims from other worlds inspirited
The star of Liberty to rise. Nor yet
(Grave this within thy heart !) if spiritual things
Be lost, through apathy, or scorn, or fear,
Shalt thou thy humbler franchises support,
However hardly won or justly dear :
What came from heaven to heaven by nature clings,
And, if dissevered thence, its course is short.

x.

Down a swift Stream, thus far, a bold design,
Have we pursued, with livelier stir of heart
Than his who sees, borne forward by the Rhine,
The living landscapes greet him, and depart ;
Sees spires fast sinking—up again to start !
And strives the towers to number, that recline
O'er the dark steeps, or on the horizon line
Striding with shattered crests his eye athwart.
So have we hurried on with troubled pleasure :
Henceforth, as on the bosom of a stream
That slackens, and spreads wide a watery gleam,
We, nothing loth a lingering course to measure,
May gather up our thoughts, and mark at leisure
Features that else had vanished like a dream.

XI.

WALTON'S BOOK OF LIVES.

THERE are no colours in the fairest sky
So fair as these. The feather, whence the pen
Was shaped that traced the lives of these good men,
Dropped from an Angel's wing. With moistened eye
We read of faith and purest charity
In Statesman, Priest, and humble Citizen :
O could we copy their mild virtues, then
What joy to live, what blessedness to die !
Methinks their very names shine still and bright ;
Apart—like glow-worms on a summer night ;
Or lonely tapers when from far they fling
A guiding ray ; or seen—like stars on high,
Satellites burning in a lucid ring
Around meek Walton's heavenly memory.

XII.

SACHEVEREL.

A SUDDEN conflict rises from the swell
Of a proud slavery met by tenets strained
In Liberty's behalf. Fears, true or feigned,
Spread through all ranks ; and lo ! the Sentinel
Who loudest rang his pulpit 'larum bell,
Stands at the Bar, absolved by female eyes
Mingling their glances with grave flatteries
Lavished on *Him*—that England may rebel
Against her ancient virtue. HIGH and Low,
Watch-words of Party, on all tongues are rife ;
As if a Church, though sprung from heaven, must owe
To opposites and fierce extremes her life,—
Not to the golden mean, and quiet flow
Of truths that soften hatred, temper strife.

XIII.

PLACES OF WORSHIP.

As star that shines dependent upon star
Is to the sky while we look up in love ;
As to the deep fair ships which though they move
Seem fixed, to eyes that watch them from afar ;
As to the sandy desert fountains are,
With palm-groves shaded at wide intervals,
Whose fruit around the sun-burnt Native falls
Of roving tired or desultory war—
Such to this British Isle her christian Fanes,
Each linked to each for kindred services ;
Her spires, her steeple-towers with glittering vanes
Far-kenned, her chapels lurking among trees,
Where a few villagers on bended knees
Find solace which a busy world disdains.

XIV.

PASTORAL CHARACTER.

A GENIAL hearth, a hospitable board,
And a refined rusticity, belong
To the neat mansion, where, his flock among,
The learned Pastor dwells, their watchful Lord.
Though meek and patient as a sheathèd sword ;
Though pride's least lurking thought appear a wrong
To human kind ; though peace be on his tongue,
Gentleness in his heart—can earth afford
Such genuine state, pre-eminence so free,
As when, arrayed in Christ's authority,
He from the pulpit lifts his awful hand ;
Conjures, implores, and labours all he can
For re-subjecting to divine command
The stubborn spirit of rebellious man ?

XV.

THE LITURGY.

YES, if the intensities of hope and fear
Attract us still, and passionate exercise
Of lofty thoughts, the way before us lies
Distinct with signs, through which in set career,
As through a zodiac, moves the ritual year
Of England's Church ; stupendous mysteries !
Which whoso travels in her bosom, eyes
As he approaches them, with solemn cheer.
Enough for us to cast a transient glance
The circle through ; relinquishing its story
For those whom Heaven hath fitted to advance,
And, harp in hand, rehearse the King of glory—
From his mild advent till his countenance
Shall dissipate the seas and mountains hoary.

XVI.

BAPTISM.

BLEST be the Church, that, watching o'er the needs
Of Infancy, provides a timely shower
Whose virtue changes to a christian Flower
A Growth from sinful Nature's bed of weeds!—
Fitliest beneath the sacred roof proceeds
The ministration; while parental Love
Looks on, and Grace descendeth from above
As the high service pledges now, now pleads.
There, should vain thoughts outspread their wings and fly
To meet the coming hours of festal mirth,
The tombs—which hear and answer that brief cry,
The Infant's notice of his second birth—
Recal the wandering Soul to sympathy
With what man hopes from Heaven, yet fears from Earth.

XVII.

SPONSORS.

FATHER! to God himself we cannot give
A holier name! Then lightly do not bear
Both names conjoined, but of thy spiritual care
Be duly mindful. Still more sensitive
Do *Thou*, in truth a second Mother, strive
Against disheartening custom, that by Thee
Watched, and with love and pious industry
Tended at need, the adopted Plant may thrive
For everlasting bloom. Benign and pure
This Ordinance, whether, loss it would supply,
Prevent omission, help deficiency,
Or seek to make assurance doubly sure.
Shame if the consecrated Vow be found
An idle form, the Word an empty sound!

XVIII.

CATECHISING.

FROM Little down to Least, in due degree,
Around the Pastor, each in new-wrought vest,
Each with a vernal posy at his breast,
We stood, a trembling earnest Company !
With low soft murmur, like a distant bee,
Some spake, by thought-perplexing fears betrayed ;
And some a bold unerring answer made :
How fluttered then thy anxious heart for me,
Belovèd Mother ! Thou whose happy hand
Had bound the flowers I wore, with faithful tie :
Sweet flowers ! at whose inaudible command
Her countenance, phantom-like, doth re-appear :
O lost too early for the frequent tear,
And ill requited by this heartfelt sigh !

.XIX.

CONFIRMATION.

THE Young-ones gathered in from hill and dale,
With holiday delight on every brow :
'Tis passed away ; far other thoughts prevail ;
For they are taking the baptismal Vow
Upon their conscious selves ; their own lips speak
The solemn promise. Strongest sinews fail,
And many a blooming, many a lovely, cheek
Under the holy fear of God turns pale ;
While on each head his lawn-robed Servant lays
An apostolic hand, and with prayer seals
The Covenant. The Omnipotent will raise
Their feeble Souls ; and bear with *his* regrets,
Who, looking round the fair assemblage, feels
That ere the Sun goes down their childhood sets.

XX.

CONFIRMATION CONTINUED.

I SAW a Mother's eye intensely bent
Upon a Maiden trembling as she knelt ;
In and for whom the pious Mother felt
Things that we judge of by a light too faint :
Tell, if ye may, some star-crowned Muse, or Saint !
Tell what rushed in, from what she was relieved—
Then, when her Child the hallowing touch received,
And such vibration through the Mother went
That tears burst forth amain. Did gleams appear ?
Opened a vision of that blissful place
Where dwells a Sister-child ? And was power given
Part of her lost One's glory back to trace
Even to this Rite ? For thus *She* knelt, and, ere
The summer-leaf had faded, passed to Heaven.

XXI.

SACRAMENT.

By chain yet stronger must the Soul be tied :
One duty more, last stage of this ascent,
Brings to thy food, memorial Sacrament !
The Offspring, haply at the Parent's side ;
But not till They, with all that do abide
In Heaven, have lifted up their hearts to laud
And magnify the glorious name of God,
Fountain of grace, whose Son for sinners died. '
Here must my Song in timid reverence pause :
But shrink not, ye, whom to the saving rite
The Altar calls ; come early under laws
That can secure for you a path of light
Through gloomiest shade ; put on (nor dread its weight)
Armour divine, and conquer in your cause !

XXII.

RURAL CEREMONY*.

CONTENT with calmer scenes around us spread
And humbler objects, give we to a day
Of annual joy one tributary lay ;
This day, when, forth by rustic music led,
The village Children, while the sky is red
With evening lights, advance in long array
Through the still church-yard, each with garland gay,
That, carried sceptre-like, o'ertops the head
Of the proud Bearer. To the wide church-door,
Charged with these offerings which their fathers bore
For decoration in the Papal time,
The innocent Procession softly moves :—
The spirit of Laud is pleased in heaven's pure clime,
And Hooker's voice the spectacle approves !

* See Note.

XXIII.

REGRETS.

WOULD that our scrupulous Sires had dared to leave
Less scanty measure of those graceful rites
And usages, whose due return invites
A stir of mind too natural to deceive ;
Giving the Memory help when she would weave
A crown for Hope!—I dread the boasted lights
That all too often are but fiery blights,
Killing the bud o'er which in vain we grieve.
Go, seek, when Christmas snows discomfort bring,
The counter Spirit found in some gay church
Green with fresh holly, every pew a perch
In which the linnet or the thrush might sing,
Merry and loud and safe from prying search,
Strains offered only to the genial Spring.

XXIV.

·MUTABILITY.

FROM low to high doth dissolution climb,
And sinks from high to low, along a scale
Of awful notes, whose concord shall not fail ;
A musical but melancholy chime,
Which they can hear who meddle not with crime,
Nor avarice, nor over-anxious care.
Truth fails not ; but her outward forms that bear
The longest date do melt like frosty rime,
That in the morning whitened hill and plain
And is no more ; drop like the tower sublime
Of yesterday, which royally did wear
His crown of weeds, but could not even sustain
Some casual shout that broke the silent air,
Or the unimaginable touch of Time.

XXV.

OLD ABBEYS.

MONASTIC Domes! following my downward way,
Untouched by due regret I marked your fall!
Now, ruin, beauty, ancient stillness, all
Dispose to judgments temperate as we lay
On our past selves in life's declining day:
For as, by discipline of Time made wise,
We learn to tolerate the infirmities
And faults of others—so, where'er he may,
So with our own the mild Instructor deals,
Teaching us to forget them or forgive.
Perversely curious, then, for hidden ill
Why should we break Time's charitable seals?
Once ye were holy, ye are holy still;
Your spirit freely let me drink, and live!

XXVI.

EMIGRANT FRENCH CLERGY.

EVEN while I speak, the sacred roofs of France
Are shattered into dust : and self-exiled
From altars threatened, levelled, or defiled,
Wander the Ministers of God, as chance
Opens a way for life, or consonance
Of faith invites. More welcome to no land
The fugitives than to the British strand,
Where priest and layman with the vigilance
Of true compassion greet them. Creed and test
Vanish before the unreserved embrace
Of catholic humanity :—distrest
They came,—and, while the moral tempest roars
Throughout the Country they have left, our shores
Give to their Faith a fearless resting-place.

XXVII.

CONGRATULATION.

THUS all things lead to Charity, secured
By THEM who blessed the soft and happy gale
That landward urged the great Deliverer's sail,
Till in the sunny bay his fleet was moored !
Propitious hour ! had we, like them, endured
Sore stress of apprehension *, with a mind
Sickened by injuries, dreading worse designed,
From month to month trembling and unassured,
How had we then rejoiced ! But we have felt,
As a loved substance, their futurity :
Good, which they dared not hope for, we have seen :
A State whose generous will through earth is dealt ;
A State—which, balancing herself between
Licence and slavish order, dares be free.

* See Note.

XXVIII.

NEW CHURCHES.

BUT liberty, and triumphs on the Main,
And laurelled armies, not to be withstood—
What serve they ? if, on transitory good
Intent, and sedulous of abject gain,
The State (ah, surely not preserved in vain !)
Forbear to shape due channels which the Flood
Of sacred truth may enter—till it brood
O'er the wide realm, as o'er the Egyptian plain
The all-sustaining Nile. No more—the time
Is conscious of her want ; through England's bounds,
In rival haste, the wished-for Temples rise !
I hear their sabbath bells' harmonious chime
Float on the breeze—the heavenliest of all sounds
That vale or hill prolongs or multiplies !

XXIX.

CHURCH TO BE ERECTED.

BE this the chosen site ; the virgin sod,
Moistened from age to age by dewy eve,
Shall disappear, and grateful earth receive
The corner-stone from hands that build to God.
Yon reverend hawthorns, hardened to the rod
Of winter storms, yet budding cheerfully ;
Those forest oaks of Druid memory,
Shall long survive, to shelter the Abode
Of genuine Faith. Where, haply, 'mid this band
Of daisies, shepherds sate of yore and wove
May-garlands, there, let the holy altar stand
For kneeling adoration ; while—above,
Broods, visibly portrayed, the mystic Dove,
That shall protect from blasphemy the Land.

XXX.

CONTINUED.

MINE ear has rung, my spirit sunk subdued,
Sharing the strong emotion of the crowd,
When each pale brow to dread hosannas bowed
While clouds of incense mounting veiled the rood
That glimmered like a pine-tree dimly viewed
Through Alpine vapours. Such appalling rite
Our Church prepares not, trusting to the might
Of simple truth with grace divine imbued.
Yet will we not conceal the precious Cross,
Like men ashamed : the Sun with his first smile
Shall greet that symbol crowning the low Pile
And the fresh air of incense-breathing morn
Shall woingly embrace it ; and green moss
Creep round its arms through centuries unborn.

XXXI.

NEW CHURCH-YARD.

THE encircling ground, in native turf arrayed,
Is now by solemn consecration given
To social interests, and to favouring Heaven ;
And where the rugged colts their gambols played,
And wild deer bounded through the forest glade,
Unchecked as when by merry Outlaw driven,
Shall hymns of praise resound at morn and even ;
And soon, full soon, the lonely Sexton's spade
Shall wound the tender sod. Encincture small,
But infinite its grasp of weal and woe !
Hopes, fears, in never-ending ebb and flow ;
The spousal trembling, and the 'dust to dust,'
The prayers, the contrite struggle, and the trust
That to the Almighty Father looks through all.

XXXII.

CATHEDRALS, ETC.

OPEN your gates, ye everlasting Piles !
Types of the spiritual Church which God hath reared ;
Not loth we quit the newly-hallowed sward
And humble altar, 'mid your sumptuous aisles
To kneel, or thrid your intricate defiles,
Or down the nave to pace in motion slow ;
Watching, with upward eye, the tall tower grow
And mount, at every step, with living wiles
Instinct—to rouse the heart and lead the will
By a bright ladder to the world above.
Open your gates, ye Monuments of love
Divine ! thou Lincoln, on thy sovereign hill !
Thou, stately York ! and Ye, whose splendours cheer
Isis and Cam, to patient Science dear !

XXXIII.

INSIDE OF KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE.

TAX not the royal Saint with vain expense,
With ill-matched aims the Architect who planned,
Albeit labouring for a scanty band
Of white-robed Scholars only, this immense
And glorious Work of fine intelligence !
Give all thou canst ; high Heaven rejects the lore
Of nicely-calculated less or more ;
So deemed the man who fashioned for the sense
These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof
Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand cells,
Where light and shade repose, where music dwells
Lingering—and wandering on as loth to die ;
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
That they were born for immortality.

XXXIV.

THE SAME.

WHAT awful perspective! while from our sight
With gradual stealth the lateral windows hide
Their Portraits, their stone-work glimmers, dyed
In the soft chequerings of a sleepy light.
Martyr, or King, or sainted Eremite,
Whoe'er ye be, that thus, yourselves unseen,
Imbue your prison-bars with solemn sheen,
Shine on, until ye fade with coming Night!—
But, from the arms of silence—list! O list!
The music bursteth into second life;
The notes luxuriate, every stone is kissed
By sound, or ghost of sound, in mazy strife;
Heart-thrilling strains, that cast, before the eye
Of the devout, a veil of ecstasy!

XXXV.

CONTINUED.

THEY dreamt not of a perishable home
Who thus could build. Be mine, in hours of fear
Or grovelling thought, to seek a refuge here ;
Or through the aisles of Westminster to roam ;
Where bubbles burst, and folly's dancing foam
Melts, if it cross the threshold ; where the wreath
Of awe-struck wisdom droops : or let my path
Lead to that younger Pile, whose sky-like dome
Hath typified by reach of daring art
Infinity's embrace ; whose guardian crest,
The silent Cross, among the stars shall spread
As now, when She hath also seen her breast
Filled with mementos, satiate with its part
Of grateful England's overflowing Dead.

XXXVI.

EJACULATION.

GLORY to God! and to the Power who came
In filial duty, clothed with love divine,
That made his human tabernacle shine
Like Ocean burning with purpureal flame;
Or like the Alpine Mount, that takes its name
From roseate hues, far kened at morn and even,
In hours of peace, or when the storm is driven
Along the nether region's rugged frame!
Earth prompts—Heaven urges; let us seek the light,
Studious of that pure intercourse begun
When first our infant brows their lustre won;
So, like the Mountain, may we grow more bright
From unimpeded commerce with the Sun,
At the approach of all-involving night.

XXXVII.

CONCLUSION.

WHY sleeps the future, as a snake enrolled,
Coil within coil, at noon-tide? For the WORD
Yields, if with unpretentious faith explored,
Power at whose touch the sluggard shall unfold
His drowsy rings. Look forth!—that Stream behold,
THAT STREAM upon whose bosom we have passed
Floating at ease while nations have effaced
Nations, and Death has gathered to his fold
Long lines of mighty Kings—look forth, my Soul!
(Nor in this vision be thou slow to trust)
The living Waters, less and less by guilt
Stained and polluted, brighten as they roll,
Till they have reached the eternal City built
For the perfected Spirits of the just!

VALEDICTORY SONNET.



*SERVING no haughty Muse, my hands have here
Disposed some cultured Flowerets (drawn from spots
Where they bloomed singly, or in scattered knots)
Each kind in several beds of one parterre ;
Both to allure the casual Loiterer,
And that, so placed, my nurslings may requite
Studious regard with opportune delight,
Nor be unthanked, unless I fondly err.
But, metaphor dismissed, and thanks apart,
Reader, farewell ! My last words let them be,—
If in this book Fancy and Truth agree ;
If simple Nature trained by careful Art
Through It have won a passage to thy heart ;
Grant me thy love, I crave no other fee !*

THE six Sonnets annexed were composed as this Volume was going through the Press, but too late for insertion in the class of miscellaneous ones, to which they belong.

I.

COMPOSED ON MAY-MORNING, 1838.

IF with old love of you, dear Hills! I share
New love of many a rival image brought
From far, forgive the wanderings of my thought:
Nor art thou wrong'd, sweet May! when I compare
Thy present birth-morn with thy last, so fair,
So rich to me in favours. For my lot
Then was, within the famed Egerian Grot
To sit and muse, fanned by its dewy air
Mingling with thy soft breath! That morning, too,
Warblers I heard their joy unbosoming
Amid the sunny, shadowy, Colyseum;
Heard them, unchecked by aught of sombre hue,
For victories there won by flower-crowned Spring,
Chant in full choir their innocent TE DEUM.

RYDAL MOUNT.

II.

COMPOSED ON THE SAME MORNING.

LIFE with yon Lambs, like day, is just begun,
Yet Nature seems to them a heavenly guide.
Does joy approach? they meet the coming tide;
And sullenness avoid, as now they shun
Pale twilight's lingering glooms,—and in the sun
Couch near their dams, with quiet satisfied;
Or gambol—each with his shadow at his side
Varying its shape wherever he may run.
As they from turf yet hoar with sleepy dew
All turn, and court the shining and the green,
Where herbs look up, and opening flowers are seen;
Why to God's goodness cannot We be true,
And so, His gifts and promises between,
Feed to the last on pleasures ever new?

III.

HARK! 'tis the Thrush, undaunted, undeprest,
By twilight premature of cloud and rain ;
Nor does that roaring wind deaden his strain
Who carols thinking of his Love and nest,
And seems, as more incited, still more blest.
Thanks, thou hast snapped a fire-side Prisoner's chain,
Exulting Warbler! eased a fretted brain,
And in a moment charmed my cares to rest.
Yes, I will forth, bold Bird! and front the blast,
That we may sing together, if thou wilt,
So loud, so clear, my Partner through life's day,
Mute in her nest love-chosen, if not love-built
Like thine, shall gladden, as in seasons past,
Thrilled by loose snatches of the social Lay.

IV.

'Tis He whose yester-evening's high disdain
Beat back the roaring storm—but how subdued
His day-break note, a sad vicissitude!
Does the hour's drowsy weight his glee restrain?
Or, like the nightingale, her joyous vein
Pleased to renounce, does this dear Thrush attune
His voice to suit the temper of yon Moon
Doubly depressed, setting, and in her wane?
Rise, tardy Sun! and let the Songster prove
(The balance trembling between night and morn
No longer) with what ecstasy upborne
He can pour forth his spirit. In heaven above,
And earth below, they best can serve true gladness
Who meet most feelingly the calls of sadness.

v.

A PLEA FOR AUTHORS. MAY, 1838.

FAILING impartial measure to dispense
To every suitor, Equity is lame ;
And social Justice, stript of reverence
For natural rights, a mockery and a shame ;
Law but a servile dupe of false pretence,
If, guarding grossest things from common claim
Now and for ever, She, to works that came
From mind and spirit, grudge a short-lived fence.
“ What ! lengthened privilege, a lineal tie
For *books!*” Yes, heartless Ones, or be it proved
That 'tis a fault in Us to have lived and loved
Like others, with like temporal hopes to die ;
No public harm that Genius from her course
Be turned ; and streams of truth dried up, even at their
source !

VI.

A POET TO HIS GRANDCHILD.

(Sequel to the foregoing.)

“ SON of my buried Son, while thus thy hand
“ Is clasping mine, it saddens me to think
“ How Want may press thee down, and with thee sink
“ Thy Children left unfit, through vain demand
“ Of culture, even to feel or understand
“ My simplest Lay that to their memory
“ May cling ;—hard fate ! which haply need not be
“ Did Justice mould the Statutes of the Land.
“ A Book time-cherished and an honoured name
“ Are high rewards ; but bound they nature’s claim
“ Or Reasons ? No—hopes spun in timid line
“ From out the bosom of a modest home
“ Extend through unambitious years to come,
“ My careless Little-one, for thee and thine !”

MAY 23RD.

NOTES.

Dedicatory Sonnet, Page 3, two last lines.

'Something less than joy, but more than dull content.'

COUNTESS OF WINCHILSEA.

Page 93. Line 1.

'Wild Redbreast,' &c.

This Sonnet, as Poetry, explains itself, yet the scene of the incident having been a wild wood, it may be doubted, as a point of natural history, whether the bird was aware that his attentions were bestowed upon a human, or even a living, creature. But a Redbreast will perch upon the foot of a gardener at work, and alight on the handle of the spade when his hand is half upon it—this I have seen. And under my own roof I have witnessed affecting instances of the creature's friendly visits to the chambers of sick persons, as described in the Author's poems, vol. i., page 252. One of these welcome intruders used frequently to roost upon a nail in the wall, from which a picture had hung, and was ready, as morning came, to pipe his song in the hearing of the Invalid, who had been long confined to her room. These attachments to a particular person, when marked and continued, used to be reckoned ominous ; but the superstition is passing away.

Page 110. Sonnet LVII.

' Protest against the Ballot.'

Having in this notice alluded only in general terms to the mischief which, in my opinion, the Ballot would bring along with it, without especially branding its immoral and anti-social tendency, (for which no political advantages, were they a thousand times greater than those presumed upon, could be a compensation,) I have been impelled to subjoin a reprobation of it upon that score. In no part of my writings have I mentioned the name of any cotemporary, that of Buonaparte only excepted, but for the purpose of eulogy ; and therefore, as in the concluding verse of what follows, there is a deviation from this rule (for the blank will be easily filled up) I have excluded the Sonnet from the body of the collection, and placed it here as a public record of my detestation, both as a man and a citizen, of the proposed contrivance :—

Said Secrecy to Cowardice and Fraud
 Falsehood and Treachery, in close council met,
 Deep under ground, in Pluto's cabinet,
 " The frost of England's pride will soon be thawed ;
 " Hooded the open brow that overawed
 " Our schemes ; the faith and honour, never yet
 " By us with hope encountered, be upset ;—
 " For once I burst my bands, and cry, applaud !"
 Then whispered she, " The Bill is carrying out !"
 They heard, and, starting up, the Brood of Night
 Clapped hands, and shook with glee their matted locks ;
 All Powers and Places that abhor the light
 Joined in the transport, echoed back their shout,
 Hurrah for ———, hugging his Ballot-box !

Page 111. Last line.

' All change is perilous, and all chance unsound.'

SPENSER.

Page 121. Line 1.

'Jones ! as from Calais southward'

This excellent Person, one of my earliest and dearest friends, died in the year 1835. We were under-graduates together of the same year, at the same college ; and companions in many a delightful ramble through his own romantic Country of North Wales. Much of the latter part of his life he passed in comparative solitude ; which I know was often cheered by remembrance of our youthful adventures, and of the beautiful regions which, at home and abroad, we had visited together. Our long friendship was never subject to a moment's interruption,—and, while revising these volumes for the last time, I have been so often reminded of my loss, with a not displeasing sadness, that I trust the Reader will excuse this passing mention of a Man who well deserves from me something more than so brief a notice. Let me only add, that during the middle part of his life he resided many years (as Incumbent of the Living) at a Parsonage in Oxfordshire, which is the subject of one of the "Miscellaneous Sonnets."

Page 125. Sonnet VII.

In this and a succeeding Sonnet on the same subject, let me be understood as a Poet availing himself of the situation which the King of Sweden occupied, and of the principles AVOWED IN HIS MANIFESTOS ; as laying hold of these advantages for the purpose of embodying moral truths. This remark might, perhaps, as well have been suppressed ; for to those who may be in sympathy with the course of these Poems, it will be superfluous ; and will, I fear, be thrown away upon that other class, whose besotted admiration of the intoxicated despot hereafter placed in contrast with him, is the most melancholy evidence of degradation in British feeling and intellect which the times have furnished.

Page 145. Last line.

‘ Danger which they fear, and honour which they understand not.’

Words in Lord Brooke’s Life of Sir P. Sidney.

Page 148. Line 5.

‘ Didst first lead forth that enterprise sublime.’

This honour has, I am told, been denied to Mr. Clarkson by the Sons of Mr. Wilberforce, in the account of his life lately published by them, and priority of exertion in this cause—(public exertion, I suppose, for with private I have nothing to do)—claimed for their father. The writer of the article upon that work in the Edinburgh Review has also maintained the opinion of the biographers ; and, alluding to this sonnet in terms of courtesy, affirms that its author is under a mistake. Although in fact who might be first and who might be second, where such rare and high qualities were put forth by both labourers, is of little moment ; yet, in case Mr. C. should not himself think it worth while to take up the matter, I shall avail myself of some future occasion to make public the grounds of evidence upon which I first entertained, and still retain, the belief that I am not in error in having spoken as I have done through every part of this humble tribute to the virtues of my honoured friend.

Page 179. Sonnet xxxiv.

See, upon the same subject, page 237, vol. III. of the Author’s Poems. Edition of 1837.

Page 181. Sonnet xxxvi.

The event is thus recorded in the journals of the day :—
‘ When the Austrians took Hockheim, in one part of the engagement they got to the brow of the hill, whence they had their first view of the Rhine. They instantly halted—not a gun was fired—not a voice heard : they stood gazing on the river with those feelings which the events of the last fifteen years at once called up. Prince Schwartzenberg rode up to know the cause of this sudden stop ; they then gave three

cheers, rushed after the enemy, and drove them into the water.'

Page 193. Sonnet i.

If in this Sonnet I should seem to have borne a little too hard upon the personal appearance of the worthy Poissardes of Calais, let me take shelter under the authority of my lamented Friend the late Sir George Beaumont. He, a most accurate observer, used to say of them, that their features and countenances seemed to have conformed to those of the creatures they dealt in. At all events the resemblance is striking.

Page 194. Sonnet ii.

Brugès.

This is not the first poetical tribute which in our times has been paid to this beautiful city. Mr. Southey, in the "Poet's Pilgrimage," speaks of it in lines which I cannot deny myself the pleasure of connecting with my own.

'Time hath not wronged her, nor hath ruin sought
 Rudely her splendid structures to destroy,
 Save in those recent days with evil fraught,
 When Mutability, in drunken joy
 Triumphant, and from all restraint released,
 Let loose her fierce and many-headed beast.
 But for the scars in that unhappy rage
 Inflicted, firm she stands and undecayed ;
 Like our first Sires, a beautiful old age
 Is hers in venerable years arrayed ;
 And yet, to her, benignant stars may bring,
 What fate denies to man,—a second spring.
 When I may read of tilts in days of old,
 And tourneys graced by Chieftains of renown,
 Fair dames, grave citizens, and warriors bold,
 If fancy would portray some stately town,
 Which for such pomp fit theatre should be,
 Fair Bruges, I shall then remember thee.'

‘ In this city are many vestiges of the splendour of the Burgundian Dukedom, and the long black mantle universally worn by the females is probably a remnant of the old Spanish connection, which, if I do not much deceive myself, is traceable in the grave deportment of its inhabitants. Bruges is comparatively little disturbed by that curious contest, or rather conflict, of Flemish with French propensities in matters of taste, so conspicuous through other parts of Flanders. The hotel to which we drove at Ghent furnished an odd instance. In the passages were paintings and statues, after the antique, of Hebe and Apollo ; and in the garden, a little pond, about a yard and a half in diameter, with a weeping willow bending over it, and under the shade of that tree, in the centre of the pond, a wooden painted statue of a Dutch or Flemish boor, looking ineffably tender upon his mistress, and embracing her. A living duck, tethered at the feet of the sculptured lovers, alternately tormented a miserable eel and itself with endeavours to escape from its bonds and prison. Had we chanced to espy the hostess of the hotel in this quaint rural retreat, the exhibition would have been complete. She was a true Flemish figure, in the dress of the days of Holbein, her symbol of office, a weighty bunch of keys, pendent from her portly waist. In Brussels, the modern taste in costume, architecture, &c., has got the mastery ; in Ghent there is a struggle ; but in Bruges old images are still paramount, and an air of monastic life among the quiet goings-on of a thinly-peopled city is inexpressibly soothing ; a pensive grace seems to be cast over all, even the very children.’—*Extract from Journal.*

Page 198. Line 14.

‘ *Where unremitting frosts the rocky crescent bleach.*’

‘ Let a wall of rocks be imagined from three to six hundred feet in height, and rising between France and Spain, so as physically to separate the two kingdoms—let us fancy this wall curved like a crescent, with its convexity towards France.

Lastly, let us suppose, that in the very middle of the wall, a breach of three hundred feet wide has been beaten down by the famous *Roland*, and we may have a good idea of what the mountaineers call the BRECHE DE ROLAND.—*Raymond's Pyrenees.*

Page 200. Sonnet viii.

‘ From St. Goar to Bingen—Castles commanding innumerable small fortified villages—nothing could exceed the delightful variety ; but the postilions, who were intoxicated, whisked us far too fast through those beautiful scenes.’—*Extract from Journal.*

Page 201. Line 1.

‘ *Not, like his great Compeers, indignantly
Doth Danube spring to life !*’

Before this quarter of the Black Forest was inhabited, the source of the Danube might have suggested some of those sublime images which Armstrong has so finely described ; at present, the contrast is most striking. The Spring appears in a capacious stone Basin in front of a Ducal palace, with a pleasure-ground opposite ; then, passing under the pavement, takes the form of a little, clear, bright, black, vigorous rill, barely wide enough to tempt the agility of a child five years old to leap over it,—and entering the garden, it joins, after a course of a few hundred yards, a stream much more considerable than itself. The *copiousness* of the spring at *Doneschingen* must have procured for it the honour of being named the Source of the Danube.

Page 202. Sonnet x.

“ The Staub-bach ” is a narrow Stream, which after a long course on the heights, comes to the sharp edge of a somewhat overhanging precipice, overleaps it with a bound, and, after a fall of 930 feet, forms again a rivulet. The vocal powers of these musical Beggars may seem to be exaggerated ; but

this wild and savage air was utterly unlike any sounds I had ever heard ; the notes reached me from a distance, and on what occasion they were sung I could not guess, only they seemed to belong, in some way or other, to the Waterfall—and reminded me of religious services chanted to Streams and Fountains in Pagan times. Mr. Southey has thus accurately characterised the peculiarity of this music : ‘ While we were at the Waterfall, some half-score peasants, chiefly women and girls, assembled just out of reach of the Spring, and set up—surely, the wildest chorus that ever was heard by human ears,—a song not of articulate sounds, but in which the voice was used as a mere instrument of music, more flexible than any which art could produce,—sweet, powerful, and thrilling beyond description.’—See Notes to “ A Tale of Paraguay.”

Page 206. Line 1.

*‘ Though searching damp and many an envious flaw
Have marred this Work ; ’*

This picture of the Last Supper has not only been grievously injured by time, but the greatest part of it, if not the whole, is said to have been retouched, or painted over again. These niceties may be left to connoisseurs,—I speak of it as I felt. The copy exhibited in London some years ago, and the engraving by Morghen, are both admirable ; but in the original is a power which neither of those works has attained, or even approached.

Page 210. Sonnet xviii.

Near the town of Boulogne, and overhanging the beach, are the remains of a tower which bears the name of Caligula, who here terminated his western expedition, of which these sea-shells were the boasted spoils. And at no great distance from these ruins, Buonaparte, standing upon a mound of earth, harangued his ‘ Army of England,’ reminding them of the exploits of Cæsar, and pointing towards the white cliffs, upon

which their standards *were to float*. He recommended also a subscription to be raised among the soldiery to erect on that ground, in memory of the foundation of the "Legion of Honour," a Column—which was not completed at the time we were there.

Page 211. Line 6.

' *We mark majestic herds of cattle, free
To ruminatè,*

This is a most grateful sight for an Englishman returning to his native land. Every where one misses, in the cultivated grounds abroad, the animated and soothing accompaniment of animals ranging and selecting their own food at will.

Page 226. Sonnet XIV.

' *Highland Hut.*

This sonnet describes the *exterior* of a Highland hut, as often seen under morning or evening sunshine. To the authoress of the "Address to the Wind," and other poems printed along with mine, who was my fellow traveller in a former Tour, I am indebted for the following extract from her journal, which accurately describes, under particular circumstances, the beautiful appearance of the *interior* of one of these rude habitations.

' On our return from the Trossachs the evening began to darken, and it rained so heavily that we were completely wet before we had come two miles, and it was dark when we landed with our boatman, at his hut upon the banks of Loch Katrine. I was faint from cold: the good woman had provided, according to her promise, a better fire than we had found in the morning; and, indeed, when I sat down in the chimney corner of her smoky biggin, I thought I had never felt more comfortable in my life: a pan of coffee was boiling for us, and, having put our clothes in the way of drying, we all sat down thankful for a shelter. We could not prevail upon

our boatman, the master of the house, to draw near the fire, though he was cold and wet, or to suffer his wife to get him dry clothes till she had served us, which she did most willingly, though not very expeditiously.

‘ A Cumberland man of the same rank would not have had such a notion of what was fit and right in his own house, or, if he had, one would have accused him of servility ; but in the Highlander it only seemed like politeness (however erroneous and painful to us) naturally growing out of the dependence of the inferiors of the clan upon their laird : he did not, however, refuse to let his wife bring out the whiskey bottle for his refreshment, at our request. “ She keeps a dram,” as the phrase is : indeed, I believe there is scarcely a lonely house by the wayside, in Scotland, where travellers may not be accommodated with a dram. We asked for sugar, butter, barley-bread, and milk ; and, with a smile and a stare more of kindness than wonder, she replied, “ Ye’ll get that,” bringing each article separately. We caroused our cups of coffee, laughing like children at the strange atmosphere in which we were : the smoke came in gusts, and spread along the walls ; and above our heads in the chimney (where the hens were roosting) it appeared like clouds in the sky. We laughed and laughed again, in spite of the smarting of our eyes, yet had a quieter pleasure in observing the beauty of the beams and rafters gleaming between the clouds of smoke : they had been crusted over, and varnished by many winters, till, where the firelight fell upon them, they had become as glossy as black rocks, on a sunny day, cased in ice. When we had eaten our supper we sat about half an hour, and I think I never felt so deeply the blessing of a hospitable welcome and a warm fire. The man of the house repeated from time to time that we should often tell of this night when we got to our homes, and interposed praises of his own lake, which he had more than once, when we were returning in the boat, ventured to say was “ bonnier than Loch Lomond.” Our companion from the Trossachs, who, it appeared, was an Edinburgh drawing-

master, going, during the vacation, on a pedestrian tour to John o'Groat's house, was to sleep in the barn with my fellow-travellers, where the man said he had plenty of dry hay. I do not believe that the hay of the Highlands is ever very dry, but this year it had a better chance than usual : wet or dry, however, the next morning they said they had slept comfortably. When I went to bed, the mistress, desiring me to "*go ben,*" attended me with a candle, and assured me that the bed was dry, though not "*sic as I had been used to.*" It was of chaff ; there were two others in the room, a cupboard and two chests, upon one of which stood milk in wooden vessels, covered over. The walls of the house were of stone unplastered : it consisted of three apartments, the cowhouse at one end, the kitchen or house in the middle, and the spence at the other end ; the rooms were divided, not up to the rigging, but only to the beginning of the roof, so that there was a free passage for light and smoke from one end of the house to the other. I went to bed some time before the rest of the family ; the door was shut between us, and they had a bright fire, which I could not see, but the light it sent up among the varnished rafters and beams, which crossed each other in almost as intricate and fantastic a manner as I have seen the under boughs of a large beech tree withered by the depth of shade above, produced the most beautiful effect that can be conceived. It was like what I should suppose an underground cave or temple to be, with a dripping or moist roof, and the moonlight entering in upon it by some means or other ; and yet the colours were more like those of melted gems. I lay looking up till the light of the fire faded away, and the man and his wife and child had crept into their bed at the other end of the room : I did not sleep much, but passed a comfortable night ; for my bed, though hard, was warm and clean : the unusualness of my situation prevented me from sleeping. I could hear the waves beat against the shore of the lake ; a little rill close to the door made a much louder noise, and when I sat up in my bed, I could see the lake through an

open window-place at the bed's head. Add to this, it rained all night. I was less occupied by remembrance of the Trossachs, beautiful as they were, than the vision of the Highland hut, which I could not get out of my head; I thought of the Faery-land of Spenser, and what I had read in romance at other times; and then what a feast it would be for a London Pantomine-maker could he but transplant it to Drury-lane, with all its beautiful colours!—*MS.*

Page 229. Line 4.

'Once on those steeps I roamed.'

The following is from the same *MS.*, and gives an account of the visit to Bothwell Castle here alluded to:—

'It was exceedingly delightful to enter thus unexpectedly upon such a beautiful region. The castle stands nobly, overlooking the Clyde. When we came up to it, I was hurt to see that flower-borders had taken place of the natural overgrowings of the ruin, the scattered stones and wild plants. It is a large and grand pile of red freestone, harmonising perfectly with the rocks of the river, from which, no doubt, it has been hewn. When I was a little accustomed to the unnaturalness of a modern garden, I could not help admiring the excessive beauty and luxuriance of some of the plants, particularly the purple-flowered clematis, and a broad-leaved creeping plant without flowers, which scrambled up the castle wall, along with the ivy, and spread its vine-like branches so lavishly that it seemed to be in its natural situation, and one could not help thinking that, though not self-planted among the ruins of this country, it must somewhere have its native abode in such places. If Bothwell Castle had not been close to the Douglas mansion, we should have been disgusted with the possessor's miserable conception of *adorning* such a venerable ruin; but it is so very near to the house, that of necessity the pleasure-grounds must have extended

beyond it, and perhaps the neatness of a shaven lawn and the complete desolation natural to a ruin might have made an unpleasing contrast ; and, besides being within the precincts of the pleasure-grounds, and so very near the dwelling of a noble family, it has forfeited, in some degree, its independent majesty, and becomes a tributary to the mansion : its solitude being interrupted, it has no longer the command over the mind in sending it back into past times, or excluding the ordinary feelings which we bear about us in daily life. We had then only to regret that the castle and the house were so near to each other ; and it was impossible *not* to regret it ; for the ruin presides in state over the river, far from city or town, as if it might have a peculiar privilege to preserve its memorials of past ages, and maintain its own character for centuries to come. We sat upon a bench under the high trees, and had beautiful views of the different reaches of the river, above and below. On the opposite bank, which is finely wooded with elms and other trees, are the remains of a priory built upon a rock ; and rock and ruin are so blended, that it is impossible to separate the one from the other. Nothing can be more beautiful than the little remnant of this holy place : elm trees (for we were near enough to distinguish them by their branches) grow out of the walls, and overshadow a small, but very elegant window. It can scarcely be conceived what a grace the castle and priory impart to each other ; and the river Clyde flows on, smooth and unruffled below, seeming to my thoughts more in harmony with the sober and stately images of former times, than if it had roared over a rocky channel, forcing its sound upon the ear. It blended gently with the warbling of the smaller birds, and the chattering of the larger ones, that had made their nests in the ruins. In this fortress the chief of the English nobility were confined after the battle of Bannockburn. If a man *is* to be a prisoner, he scarcely could have a more pleasant place to solace his captivity ; but I thought that, for close confinement, I should prefer the banks of a

lake, or the seaside. The greatest charm of a brook or river is in the liberty to pursue it through its windings ; you can then take it in whatever mood you like ; silent or noisy, sportive or quiet. The beauties of a brook or river must be sought, and the pleasure is in going in search of them ; those of a lake or of the sea come to you of themselves. These rude warriors cared little, perhaps, about either ; and yet, if one may judge from the writings of Chaucer, and from the old romances, more interesting passions were connected with natural objects in the days of chivalry than now ; though going in search of scenery, as it is called, had not then been thought of. I had previously heard nothing of Bothwell Castle, at least nothing that I remembered ; therefore, perhaps, my pleasure was greater, compared with what I received elsewhere, than others might feel.—*MS. Journal.*

Page 233. Sonnet XXI.

‘ *The Hart’s-horn Tree.*’

‘ In the time of the first Robert de Clifford, in the year 1333 or 1334, Edward Baliol, King of Scotland, came into Westmoreland, and stayed some time with the said Robert at his castles of Appleby, Brougham, and Pendragon. And during that time they ran a stag by a single greyhound out of Whinfell park to Redkirk, in Scotland, and back again to this place ; where, being both spent, the stag leaped over the pales, but died on the other side ; and the greyhound, attempting to leap, fell, and died on the contrary side. In memory of this fact the stag’s horns were nailed upon a tree just by, and (the dog being named Hercules) this rhythm was made upon them :

‘ Hercules kill’d Hart a greese,
And Hart a greese kill’d Hercules.’

The tree to this day bears the name of Hart’s-horn Tree. The horns in process of time were almost grown over by the

growth of the tree, and another pair were put up in their place.'—*Nicholson and Burns's History of Westmoreland and Cumberland.*

The tree has now disappeared, but the author of these poems well remembers its imposing appearance as it stood, in a decayed state, by the side of the high road leading from Penrith to Appleby. This whole neighbourhood abounds in interesting traditions and vestiges of antiquity, viz., Julian's Bower ; Brougham and Penrith Castles ; Penrith Beacon, and the curious remains in Penrith church-yard ; Arthur's Round Table ; and, close by, Maybrough ; the excavation, called the Giant's Cave, on the banks of the Emont ; Long Meg and her Daughters near Eden, &c. &c.

Page 241. Line 5.

' *But if thou (like Cocytus) &c.*

Many years ago, when the author was at Greta Bridge, in Yorkshire, the hostess of the inn, proud of her skill in etymology, said, that "the name of the river was taken from the *bridge*, the form of which, as every one must notice, exactly resembled a great A." Dr. Whitaker has derived it from the word of common occurrence in the North of England, "*to greet* ;" signifying to lament aloud, mostly with weeping : a conjecture rendered more probable from the stony and rocky channel of both the Cumberland and Yorkshire rivers. The Cumberland Greta, though it does not, among the country people, take up *that* name till within three miles of its disappearance in the river Derwent, may be considered as having its source in the mountain cove of Wythburn, and flowing through Thirlmere, the beautiful features of which lake are known only to those who, travelling between Grasmere and Keswick, have quitted the main road in the vale of Wythburn, and, crossing over to the opposite side of the lake, have proceeded with it on the right hand.

The channel of the Greta, immediately above Keswick, has,

for the purposes of building, been in a great measure cleared of the immense stones which, by their concussion in high floods, produced the loud and awful noises described in the sonnet.

‘The scenery upon this river,’ says Mr. Southey in his Colloquies, ‘where it passes under the woody side of Latrigg, is of the finest and most rememberable kind :—

— “ambiguo lapsu refluitque fluitque,
Occurrensque sibi venturas aspicit undas.”

Page 245. Line 11.

‘*By hooded votaresses,*’ &c.

Attached to the church of Brigham was formerly a chantry, which held a moiety of the manor ; and in the decayed parsonage some vestiges of monastic architecture are still to be seen.

Page 247. Sonnet x.

Mary Queen of Scots landing at Workington.

‘The fears and impatience of Mary were so great,’ says Robertson, ‘that she got into a fisher-boat, and with about twenty attendants landed at Workington, in Cumberland ; and thence she was conducted with many marks of respect to Carlisle.’ The apartment in which the queen had slept at Workington Hall (where she was received by Sir Henry Curwen as became her rank and misfortunes) was long preserved, out of respect to her memory, as she had left it ; and one cannot but regret that some necessary alterations in the mansion could not be effected without its destruction.

Page 251. Line 14.

‘*And they are led by noble Hillary.*’

The TOWER of REFUGE, an ornament to Douglas Bay, was erected chiefly through the humanity and zeal of Sir William

Hillary ; and he also was the founder of the life-boat establishment, at that place ; by which, under his superintendence, and often by his exertions at the imminent hazard of his own life, many seamen and passengers have been saved.

Page 255. Sonnet xviii.

By a retired Mariner.

This unpretending sonnet is by a gentleman nearly connected with the author, who hopes, as it falls so easily into its place, that both the writer and the reader will excuse its appearance here.

Page 257. Line 9.

‘ Off with yon cloud, old Snafell ! ’

The summit of this mountain is well chosen by Cowley as the scene of the “ Vision,” in which the spectral angel discourses with him concerning the government of Oliver Cromwell. ‘ I found myself,’ says he, ‘ on the top of that famous hill in the Island Mona, which has the prospect of three great, and not long since most happy, kingdoms. As soon as ever I looked upon them, they called forth the sad representation of all the sins and all the miseries that had overwhelmed them these twenty years.’ It is not to be denied that the changes now in progress, and the passions, and the way in which they work, strikingly resemble those which led to the disasters the philosophic writer so feelingly bewails. God grant that the resemblance may not become still more striking as months and years advance !

Page 261. Sonnet xxiv.

On revisiting Dunolly Castle.

This ingenious piece of workmanship, as I afterwards learned, had been executed for their own amusement by some labourers employed about the place.

Page 264. Sonnet xxvii.

Cave of Staffa.

The reader may be tempted to exclaim "How came this and the two following sonnets to be written, after the dissatisfaction expressed in the preceding one?" In fact, at the risk of incurring the reasonable displeasure of the master of the steam-boat, I returned to the cave, and explored it under circumstances more favourable to those imaginative impressions, which it is so wonderfully fitted to make upon the mind.

Page 266. Line 1.

*' Hope smiled when your nativity was cast,
Children of summer ! '*

Upon the head of the columns which form the front of the cave, rests a body of decomposed basaltic matter, which was richly decorated with that large bright flower, the ox-eyed daisy. We had noticed the same flower growing with profusion among the bold rocks on the western coast of the Isle of Man; making a brilliant contrast with their black and gloomy surfaces.

Page 268. Sonnet xxxi.

Iona.

The four last lines of this sonnet are adopted from a well-known sonnet of Russel, as conveying the author's feeling better than any words of his own could do.

Page 273. Line 5.

' Yet fetched from Paradise.'

It is to be feared that there is more of the poet than the sound etymologist in this derivation of the name Eden. On the western coast of Cumberland is a rivulet which enters the

sea at Moresby, known also in the neighbourhood by the name of Eden. May not the latter syllable come from the word Dean, *a valley*? Langdale, near Ambleside, is by the inhabitants called Langden. The former syllable occurs in the name Eamont, a principal feeder of the Eden; and the stream which flows, when the tide is out, over Cartmel Sands, is called the Ea—eau, French—aqua, Latin.

Page 276. Line 14.

' Canal, and Viaduct, and Railway, tell ! '

At Corby, a few miles below Nunnery, the Eden is crossed by a magnificent viaduct; and another of these works is thrown over a deep glen or ravine at a very short distance from the main stream.

Page 278. Line 1.

' A weight of awe not easy to be borne.'

The Daughters of Long Meg, placed in a perfect circle eighty yards in diameter, are seventy-two in number above ground; a little way out of the circle stands Long Meg herself, a single stone, eighteen feet high. When I first saw this monument, as I came upon it by surprise, I might overrate its importance as an object; but, though it will not bear a comparison with Stonehenge, I must say, I have not seen any other relique of those dark ages, which can pretend to rival it in singularity and dignity of appearance.

Page 280. Sonnet XLIII.

To the Earl of Lonsdale.

This sonnet was written immediately after certain trials, which took place at the Cumberland Assizes, when the Earl of Lonsdale, in consequence of repeated and long-continued attacks upon his character, through the local press, had thought it right to prosecute the conductors of three several

journals. A verdict of libel was given in one case ; and, in the others, the prosecutions were withdrawn, upon the individuals retracting and disavowing the charges, expressing regret that they had been made, and promising to abstain from the like in future.

Page 290. Line 9.

*' There bloomed the strawberry of the wilderness,
The trembling eyebright showed her sapphire blue.'*

These two lines are in a great measure taken from "The Beauties of Spring, a Juvenile Poem," by the Rev. Joseph Sympson.

Page 302. Line 10.

' When this low Pile a Gospel Teacher knew.'

For a Memoir of this excellent person, see Vol. IV., page 320 of the Author's Poems, 1837, and a sketch of his character in the Seventh Book of "The Excursion," (Vol. VI., page 262,) in the passage beginning—

*' A priest abides before whose life such doubts
Fall to the ground.'*

Page 318. Sonnet xxxiv.

' We feel that we are greater than we know.'

' And feel that I am happier than I know.'

MILTON.

The allusion to the Greek poet will be obvious to the classical reader.

Page 324. Line 6.

' Did holy Paul,' &c.

Stillingfleet adduces many arguments in support of this opinion, but they are unconvincing. The latter part of this Sonnet refers to a favourite notion of Roman Catholic writers, that Joseph of Arimathea and his companions brought Chris-

tianity into Britain, and built a rude church at Glastonbury ; alluded to hereafter, in a passage upon the dissolution of monasteries.

Page 328. Line 13.

' That Hill, whose flowery platform,' &c.

This hill at St. Alban's must have been an object of great interest to the imagination of the venerable Bede, who thus describes it, with a delicate feeling, delightful to meet with in that rude age, traces of which are frequent in his works:—
' Variis herbarum floribus depictus imo usquequaque vestitus, in quo nihil repentè arduum, nihil præceps, nihil abruptum, quem lateribus longè latèque deductum in modum æquoris natura complanat, dignum videlicet eum pro insitâ sibi specie venustatis jam olim reddens, qui beati martyris cruore dicaretur.'

Page 333. Line 1.

*' Nor wants the cause the panic-striking aid
Of hallelujahs '*

Alluding to the victory gained under Germanus.— See Bede.

Page 333. Line 9.

*' By men yet scarcely conscious of a care
For other monuments than those of Earth ;'*

The last six lines of this Sonnet are chiefly from the prose of Daniel ; and here I will state (though to the Readers whom this Poem will chiefly interest it is unnecessary) that my obligations to other prose writers are frequent,—obligations which, even if I had not a pleasure in courting, it would have been presumptuous to shun, in treating an historical subject. I must, however, particularise Fuller, to whom I am indebted in the Sonnet upon Wicliffe and in other instances. And upon the acquittal of the Seven Bishops I have done little more than versify a lively description of that event in the MS. Memoirs of the first Lord Lonsdale.

' Page 334. Sonnet xii. '

' Ethelforth reached the convent of Bangor ; he perceived the Monks, twelve hundred in number, offering prayers for the success of their countrymen : ' If they are praying against us,' he exclaimed, ' they are fighting against us ;' and he ordered them to be first attacked : they were destroyed ; and, appalled by their fate, the courage of Brocmail wavered, and he fled from the field in dismay. Thus abandoned by their leader, his army soon gave way, and Ethelforth obtained a decisive conquest. Ancient Bangor itself soon fell into his hands, and was demolished ; the noble monastery was levelled to the ground ; its library, which is mentioned as a large one, the collection of ages, the repository of the most precious monuments of the ancient Britons, was consumed ; half ruined walls, gates, and rubbish, were all that remained of the magnificent edifice.'—See Turner's valuable history of the Anglo-Saxons.

Taliesin was present at the battle which preceded this desolation.

The account Bede gives of this remarkable event, suggests a most striking warning against National and Religious prejudices.

Page 337. Sonnet xv.

The person of Paulinus is thus described by Bede, from the memory of an eye-witness :—' Longæ staturæ, paululum incurvus, nigro capillo, facie macilentâ, naso adunco, pertenui, venerabilis simul et terribilis aspectu.'

Page 338. Line 1.

' *Man's life is like a Sparrow.*'

¶ See the original of this speech in Bede.—The Conversion of Edwin, as related by him, is highly interesting—and the breaking up of this Council accompanied with an event so striking and characteristic, that I am tempted to give it at length in a translation. ' Who, exclaimed the King, when

the Council was ended, shall first desecrate the altars and the temples? I, answered the Chief Priest; for who more fit than myself, through the wisdom which the true God hath given me, to destroy, for the good example of others, what in foolishness I worshipped? Immediately, casting away vain superstition, he besought the King to grant him, what the laws did not allow to a priest, arms and a courser (equum emissarium); which mounting, and furnished with a sword and lance, he proceeded to destroy the Idols. The crowd, seeing this, thought him mad—he however halted not, but, approaching, he profaned the temple, casting against it the lance which he had held in his hand; and, exulting in acknowledgment of the worship of the true God, he ordered his companions to pull down the temple, with all its enclosures. The place is shown where those idols formerly stood, not far from York, at the source of the river Derwent, and is at this day called Gormund Gaham, *ubi pontifex ille, inspirante Deo vero, polluit ac destruxit eas quas ipse sacraverat aras.* The last expression is a pleasing proof that the venerable Monk of Wearmouth was familiar with the poetry of Virgil.

Page 339. Line 11.

———— ‘*such the inviting voice*
Heard near fresh streams.’

The early propagators of Christianity were accustomed to preach near rivers, for the convenience of Baptism.

Page 341. Sonnet XIX.

Having spoken of the zeal, disinterestedness, and temperance of the clergy of those times, Bede thus proceeds:— ‘*Unde et in magna erat veneratione tempore illo religionis habitus, ita ut ubicunque clericus aliquis, aut monachus adveniret, gaudenter ab omnibus tanquam Dei famulus exciperetur. Etiam si in itinere pergens inveniretur, accurrebant, et flexâ cervice, vel manu signari, vel ore illius se benedici, gaudebant. Verbis quoque horum exhortatoriis diligenter auditum præbebant.*’ Lib. iii. cap. 26.

Page 346. Line 2.

‘ *The people work like congregated bees.*’

See in Turner’s History, vol. iii. p. 528, the account of the erection of Ramsey Monastery. Penances were removable by the performance of acts of charity and benevolence.

Page 348. Line 10.

—‘ *pain narrows not his cares.*’

Through the whole of his life, Alfred was subject to grievous maladies.

Page 351. Line 1.

‘ *Woe to the Crown that doth the Cowl obey!*’

The violent measures carried on under the influence of *Dunstan*, for strengthening the Benedictine Order, were a leading cause of the second series of Danish invasions.—See *Turner*.

Page 362. Line 1.

‘ *Here Man more purely lives,*’ &c.

‘ *Bonum est nos hic esse, quia homo vivit purius, cadit rarius, surgit velocius, incedit cautius, quiescit securius, moritur felicius, purgatur citius, præmiatur copiosius.*’ Bernard. ‘ This sentence,’ says Dr. Whittaker, is usually inscribed on some conspicuous part of the Cistercian houses.’

Page 371. Line 8.

‘ *Fell Obloquy pursues with hideous bark:*’

The list of foul names bestowed upon those poor creatures is long and curious ;—and, as is alas ! too natural, most of the opprobrious appellations are drawn from circumstances into which they were forced by their persecutors, who even consolidated their miseries into one reproachful term, calling them Patarenians or Paturins, from *pati*, to suffer.

Dwellers with wolves, she names them, for the pine
And green oak are their covert ; as the gloom

Of night oft foils their enemy's design,
 She calls them Riders on the flying broom ;
 Sorcerers, whose frame and aspect have become
 One and the same through practices malign.

Page 378. Line 7.

*' And the green lizard and the gilded newt
 Lead unmolested lives, and die of age.'*

These two lines are adopted from a MS., written about the year 1770, which accidentally fell into my possession. The close of the preceding Sonnet on monastic voluptuousness is taken from the same source as is the verse, ' Where Venus sits,' &c., and the line, ' Once ye were holy, ye are holy still,' in a subsequent Sonnet.

Page 391. Line 4.

*' One (like those prophets whom God sent of old)
 Transfigured,' &c.*

' M. Latimer very quietly suffered his keeper to pull off his hose, and his other array, which to looke unto was very simple : and being stripped into his shrowd, he seemed as comely a person to them that were present, as one should lightly see : and whereas in his clothes hee appeared a withered and crooked silie (weak) olde man, he now stood bolt upright, as comely a father as one might lightly behold. * * * *
 Then they brought a faggotte, kindled with fire, and laid the same downe at doctor Ridley's feete. To whome M. Latimer spake in this manner, ' Bee of good comfort, master Ridley, and play the man : wee shall this day light such a candle by God's grace in England, as I trust shall never bee put out.'—
Fox's Acts, &c.

Similar alterations in the outward figure and deportment of persons brought to like trial were not uncommon. See note to the above passage in Dr. Wordsworth's Ecclesiastical Biography, for an example in an humble Welsh fisherman.

Page 396. Line 5.

‘ *The gift exalting, and with playful smile :* ’

‘ On foot they went, and took Salisbury in their way, purposely to see the good Bishop, who made Mr. Hooker sit at his own table ; which Mr. Hooker boasted of with much joy and gratitude when he saw his mother and friends ; and at the Bishop’s parting with him, the Bishop gave him good counsel and his benediction, but forgot to give him money ; which when the Bishop had considered, he sent a servant in all haste to call Richard back to him, and at Richard’s return, the Bishop said to him, ‘ Richard, I sent for you back to lend you a horse which hath carried me many a mile, and I thank God with much ease,’ and presently delivered into his hand a walking-staff, with which he professed he had travelled through many parts of Germany ; and he said, ‘ Richard, I do not give, but lend you my horse ; be sure you be honest, and bring my horse back to me at your return this way to Oxford. And I do now give you ten groats to bear your charges to Exeter ; and here is ten groats more, which I charge you to deliver to your mother, and tell her, I send her a Bishop’s benediction with it, and beg the continuance of her prayers for me. And if you bring my horse back to me, I will give you ten groats more to carry you on foot to the college ; and so God bless you, good Richard.’—*See Walton’s Life of Richard Hooker.*

Page 398. Line 10.

———— ‘ *craftily incites*

The overweening, personates the mad—’

A common device in religious and political conflicts.—*See Strype in support of this instance.*

Page 402. Sonnet xli.

‘ *Laud.*’

In this age a word cannot be said in praise of Laud, or even in compassion for his fate, without incurring a charge of

bigotry ; but, fearless of such imputation, I concur with Hume, ‘ that it is sufficient for his vindication to observe, that his errors were the most excusable of all those which prevailed during that zealous period.’ A key to the right understanding of those parts of his conduct that brought the most odium upon him in his own time, may be found in the following passage of his speech before the Bar of the House of Peers :—‘ Ever since I came in place, I have laboured nothing more, than that the external publick worship of God, so much slighted in divers parts of this kingdom, might be preserved, and that with as much decency and uniformity as might be. For I evidently saw that the publick neglect of God’s service in the outward face of it, and the nasty lying of many places dedicated to that service, *had almost cast a damp upon the true and inward worship of God, which, while we live in the body, needs external helps, and all little enough to keep it in any vigour.*’

Page 417. Line 1.

‘ *A genial hearth,——
And a refined rusticity, belong
To the neat mansion,*’

Among the benefits arising, as Mr. Coleridge has well observed, from a Church establishment of endowments corresponding with the wealth of the country to which it belongs, may be reckoned as eminently important, the examples of civility and refinement which the Clergy, stationed at intervals, afford to the whole people. The established clergy in many parts of England have long been, as they continue to be, the principal bulwark against barbarism, and the link which unites the sequestered peasantry with the intellectual advancement of the age. Nor is it below the dignity of the subject to observe, that their taste, as acting upon rural residences and scenery, often furnishes models which country gentlemen, who are more at liberty to follow the caprices of

fashion, might profit by. The precincts of an old residence must be treated by ecclesiastics with respect, both from prudence and necessity. I remember being much pleased, some years ago, at Rose Castle, the rural Seat of the See of Carlisle, with a style of garden and architecture, which, if the place had belonged to a wealthy layman, would no doubt have been swept away. A parsonage-house generally stands not far from the church ; this proximity imposes favourable restraints, and sometimes suggests an affecting union of the accommodations and elegancies of life with the outward signs of piety and mortality. With pleasure I recal to mind a happy instance of this in the residence of an old and much-valued Friend in Oxfordshire. The house and church stand parallel to each other, at a small distance ; a circular lawn or rather grass-plot, spreads between them ; shrubs and trees curve from each side of the dwelling, veiling, but not hiding, the church. From the front of this dwelling, no part of the burial-ground is seen ; but, as you wind by the side of the shrubs towards the steeple end of the church, the eye catches a single, small low, monumental headstone, moss-grown, sinking into, and gently inclining towards, the earth. Advance, and the churchyard, populous and gay with glittering tombstones, opens upon the view. This humble, and beautiful parsonage called forth a tribute, for which see Sonnet xxxvi. page 89.

Page 425. Sonnet xxii.

This is still continued in many churches in Westmoreland. It takes place in the month of July, when the floor of the stalls is strewn with fresh rushes ; and hence it is called the ‘ Rush-bearing.’

Page 428. Line 10.

‘ Teaching us to forget them or forgive.’

This is borrowed from an affecting passage in Mr. George Dyer’s history of Cambridge.

Page 430. Line 5.

—‘ *had we, like them, endured
Sore stress of apprehension,*’

See Burnet, who is unusually animated on this subject : the east wind, so anxiously expected and prayed for, was called the ‘ Protestant wind.’

Page 433. Line 9.

‘ *Yet will we not conceal the precious Cross,
Like men ashamed :*’

The Lutherans have retained the Cross within their churches : it is to be regretted that we have not done the same.

Page 439. Line 5.

‘ *Or like the Alpine Mount, that takes its name
From roseate hues,*’ &c.

Some say that Monte Rosa takes its name from a belt of rock at its summit—a very unpoetical and scarcely a probable supposition.

Page 448. Line 4.

The author of an animated article, printed in the Law Magazine, in favour of the principle of Serjeant Talfourd’s Copyright Bill, precedes me in the public expression of this feeling ; which had been forced too often upon my own mind, by remembering how few descendants of men eminent in literature are even known to exist.

THE END.

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EDWARD MOXON, DOVER STREET.

