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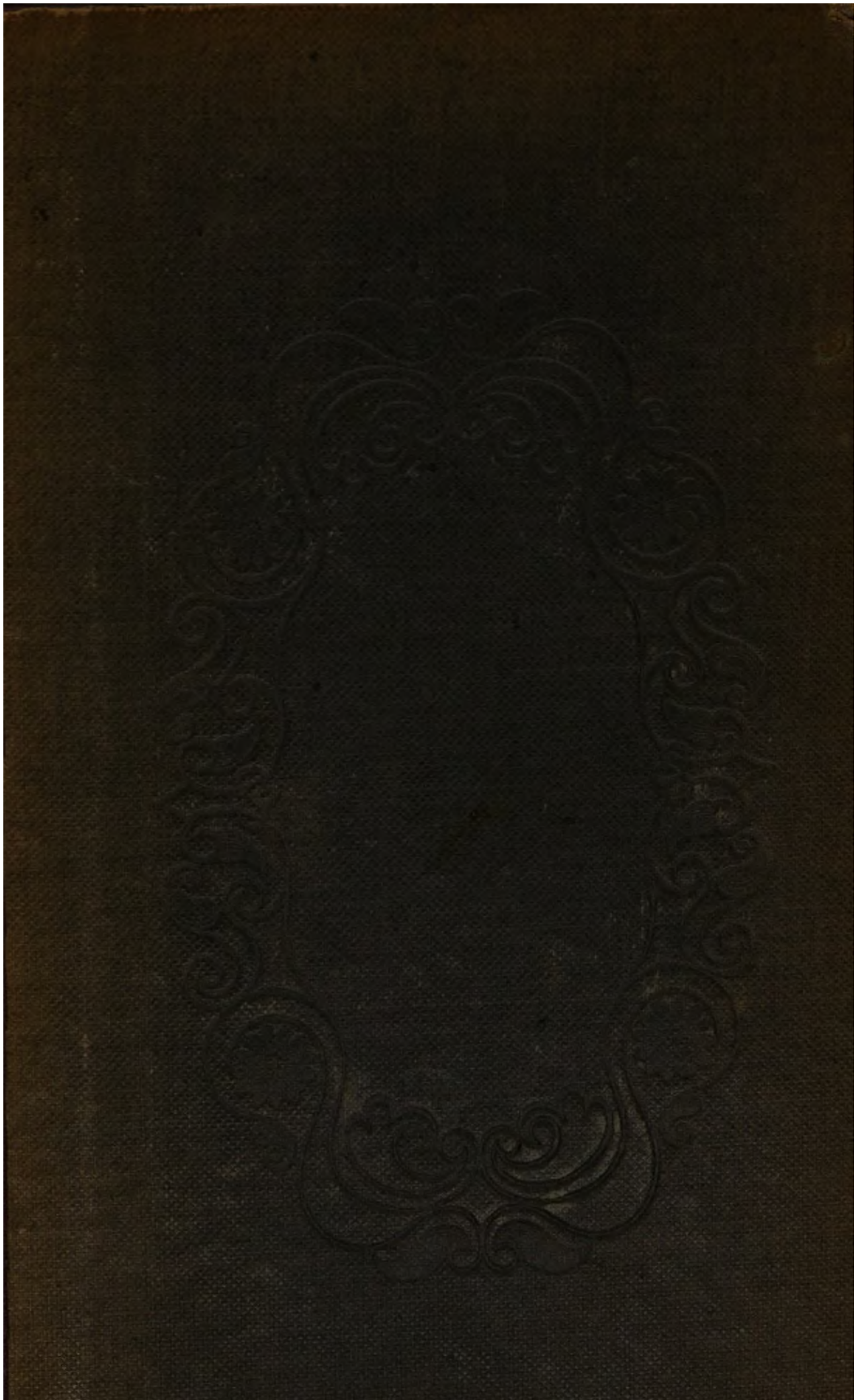
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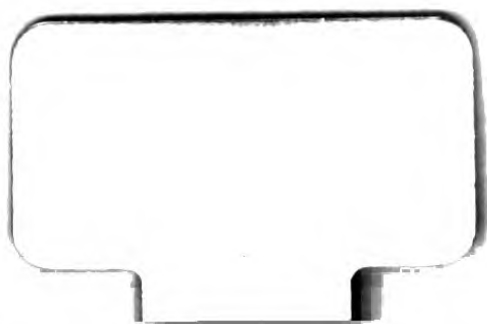
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XM83,1 [Son]

1130

Anne Nunn

Feb: 27 1842

to J. Twells



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15/600. 9002

*J. Jewells  
November 8*

THE  
SONNETS  
OF  
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

COLLECTED IN ONE VOLUME,

WITH

A FEW ADDITIONAL ONES, NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

LONDON  
EDWARD MOXON, DOVER STREET.

MDCCLXXXVIII.

LONDON :  
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS TO THE QUEEN,  
WHITEFRIARS.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

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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.*





## CONTENTS.

*An asterisk is prefixed to the new Sonnets.*

### MISCELLANEOUS SONNETS.

#### PART FIRST.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| Dedication, 3  | Grief, thou hast lost an ever-ready friend, 23                       |
| Nuns fret not, 5   | To S. H., 24   |
| Written in very early Youth, 6   | Composed in one of the Valleys of Westmoreland, on Easter Sunday, 25 |
| Admonition. Intended more particularly, &c., 7                         | Decay of Piety, 26   |
| "Beloved Vale!" I said, 8  | Composed on the Eve of the Marriage of a Friend, 27                  |
| Pelion and Ossa, 9   | From the Italian of Michael Angelo, 28                               |
| There is a little unpretending Rill, 10                                | From the same, 29  |
| Her only pilot the soft breeze, 11                                     | From the same. To the Supreme Being, 30                              |
| The fairest, brightest hues, 12  | Surprised by joy, 31   |
| Upon the sight of a beautiful Picture, 13                              | Methought I saw the footsteps, 32                                    |
| "Why, Minstrel, these untuneful murmurings, 14                         | Even so for me a Vision sanctified, 33                               |
| Aerial Rock—whose solitary brow, 15                                    | Air sleeps—from strife or stir, 34                                   |
| To Sleep, 16   | Composed at —— Castle, 35  |
| To Sleep, 17   | Returning from a Tour in Scotland, 1803, 36                          |
| To Sleep, 18   | Where lies the Land, 37  |
| The Wild-duck's Nest, 19   | With Ships the sea was sprinkled, 38                                 |
| Written upon a blank leaf in "The Complete Angler," 20                 | The world is too much with us, 39                                    |
| To the Poet, John Dyer, 21   | A volant Tribe of Bards, 40  |
| On the detraction which followed the publication of a certain Poem, 22 | 'Weak is the will of Man, 41   |

How sweet it is, 42  
 I am not One who much, 43  
 "Yet life," you say, "is life," 44  
 Wings have we, 45  
 Nor can I not believe, 46  
 To B. R. Haydon, 47  
 From the dark chambers of dejection, 48  
 Fair Prime of life, 49  
 I watch, and long have watched, 50  
 I heard (alas! 'twas only in a dream), 51  
 Retirement, 52  
 To the Memory of Raisley Calvert, 53

---

PART SECOND.

Scorn not the Sonnet, 54  
 Not Love, not War, 55  
 Mark the centred hazels, 56  
 Composed after a journey across the  
 Hambleton Hills, 57  
 Those words were uttered, 58  
 While not a leaf seems faded, 59  
 How clear, how keen, 60  
 Composed during a Storm, 61  
 To a Snow-drop, 62  
 To the Lady Mary Lowther, 63  
 Dedication to the Author's Poem, The  
 Excursion, 64  
 To the Lady Beaumont, 65  
 There is a pleasure, 66  
 The Shepherd, looking eastward, 67  
 When haughty expectations, 68  
 Hail, Twilight, 69  
 With how sad steps, O Moon, 70  
 Even as a dragon's eye, 71  
 The stars are mansions, 72  
 Desponding Father! 73  
 Captivity.—Mary Queen of Scots, 74  
 St. Catherine of Ledbury, 75  
 Though narrow be that old Man's  
 cares, 76  
 Four fiery steeds, 77  
 Brook! whose society, 78

Composed on the Banks of a Rocky  
 Stream, 79  
 Pure element of waters! 80  
 Malham Cove, 81  
 Gordale, 82  
 Composed upon Westminster Bridge, 83  
 Oxford, May 30, 1820, 84  
 Oxford, May 30, 1820, 85  
 Recollection of the Portrait of King  
 Henry VIII., 86  
 On the Death of George III., 87  
 Fame tells of groves, 88  
 A Parsonage in Oxfordshire, 89  
 Composed among the Ruins of a Castle,  
 &c., 90  
 To the Lady E. B. and the Hon. Miss  
 P., 91  
 To the Torrent at the Devil's Bridge, 92  
 In the Woods of Rydal, 93  
 When Philoctetes in the Lemnian  
 Isle, 94  
 While Anna's peers, 95  
 To the Cuckoo, 96  
 "Wait, prithee, wait," 97  
 The infant M—— M——, 98  
 To ——, in her seventieth year, 99  
 To Rotha Q——, 100  
 A Grave-stone in Worcester Cathedral, 101  
 Roman Antiquities (Herefordshire),  
 102  
 Chatsworth! thy stately mansion, 103  
 A Tradition of Oken Hill, 104  
 Filial Piety, 105  
 To the Author's Portrait, 106  
 Why art thou silent? 107  
 To B. R. Haydon (Picture of Napo-  
 leon Buonaparte), 108  
 Upon the late General Fast, March,  
 1832, 109  
 \* Protest against the Ballot, 110  
 \* Blest Statesman He, 111  
 \* To the planet Venus, Jan., 1838, 112  
 \* Oh, what a wreck! 113  
 In my mind's eye a Temple, 114  
 Conclusion. To ——, 115

## POLITICAL SONNETS.

## FIRST SERIES.

Composed near Calais. August, 1802, 119  
 Calais, August, 1802, 120  
 Composed near Calais, August 7, 1802, 121  
 I grieved for Buonapartè, 122  
 Calais, August 15, 1802, 123  
 On the extinction of the Venetian Republic, 124  
 The King of Sweden, 125  
 To Toussaint L'Ouverture, 126  
 We had a Fellow-passenger, 127  
 Composed in the Valley near Dover, 128  
 Inland, within a hollow vale, 129  
 Thought of a Briton on the Subjugation of Switzerland, 130  
 Written in London, September, 1802, 131  
 London, 1802, 132  
 Great men have been among us, 133  
 It is not to be thought of, 134  
 When I have borne in memory, 135  
 One might believe, 136  
 There is a bondage worse, 137  
 These times strike monied worldlings, 138  
 England ! the time is come, 139  
 When, looking on the present face, 140  
 To the Men of Kent, 141  
 What if our numbers, 142  
 Six thousand veterans, 143  
 Anticipation. October, 1803, 144  
 Another year!—another deadly blow, 145

## SECOND SERIES.

On a Celebrated Event in Ancient History, 146  
 Upon the same Event, 147  
 To Thomas Clarkson, March, 1807, 148

A Prophecy. February, 1807, 149  
 Composed by the side of Grasmere Lake, 150  
 Go back to antique ages, 151  
 Composed while the Author was engaged in writing a Tract, 152  
 Composed at the same time, 153  
 Hôffer, 154  
 Advance—come forth from thy Tyrolean ground, 155  
 Feelings of the Tyrolese, 156  
 Alas ! what boots the long laborious quest, 157  
 And is it among rude untutored Dales, 158  
 O'er the wide earth, 159  
 On the final submission of the Tyrolese, 160  
 Hail, Zaragoza ! 161  
 Say, what is Honour ? 162  
 The martial courage of a day, 163  
 Brave Schill ! by death delivered, 164  
 Call not the royal Swede unfortunate, 165  
 Look now on that Adventurer, 166  
 Is there a power that can sustain, 167  
 Ah ! where is Palafox ? 168  
 In due observance of an ancient rite, 169  
 Feelings of a noble Biscayan, 170  
 The Oak of Guernica, 171  
 Indignation of a high-minded Spaniard, 172  
 Avaunt all specious pliancy, 173  
 O'erweening Statesmen have full long, 174  
 The French and the Spanish Guerillas, 175  
 Spanish Guerillas, 176  
 The power of Armies is a visible thing, 177  
 Here pause : the poet claims at least, 178  
 The French army in Russia, 179

By Moscow self-devoted, 180	Siege of Vienna raised by John Sobieski, 185
The Germans on the Heights of Hockheim, 181	Occasioned by the Battle of Waterloo, 186
Now that all hearts are glad, 152	Emperors and kings, how oft have temples rung, 187
Feelings of a French Royalist, 183	
Occasioned by the Battle of Waterloo, 184	

---

 ITINERARY SONNETS.
 

---

## FIRST SERIES (CONTINENT).

Dedication, 191

Fish-women.—On landing at Calais, 193

Brugès, 194

Brugès, 195

After visiting the Field of Waterloo, 196

Between Namur and Liege, 197

Aix-la-Chapelle, 198

In the Cathedral at Cologne, 199

In a carriage, upon the banks of the Rhine, 200

The source of the Danube, 201

On approaching the Staub-bach, 202

The Fall of the Aar—Handec, 203

The town of Schwytz, 204

On hearing the "Ranz des Vaches," 205

The last Supper, by Leonardo da Vinci, 206

The Column lying in the Simplon Pass, 207

Echo, upon the Gemmi, 208

Sky-prospect — from the Plain of France, 209

On being stranded near the Harbour of Boulogne, 210

After landing—the Valley of Dover, 211

At Dover, 212

## SECOND SERIES (SCOTLAND, 1831).

On the Departure of Sir Walter Scott, 213

A Place of Burial in the South of Scotland, 214

On the Sight of a Manse, 215

Composed in Roslin Chapel, 216

The Trosachs, 217

The pibroch's note, discountenanced or mute, 218

Composed in the Glen of Loch Etive, 219

Composed after reading a Newspaper, 220

Eagles (Dunolly Castle), 221

In the sound of Mull, 222

Suggested at Tyndrum in a Storm, 223

The Earl of Breadalbane's ruined Mansion, &c. 224

'Rest and be thankful!' 225

Highland Hut, 226

The Brownie, 227

To the Planet Venus (Loch Lomond), 228

Bothwell Castle, 229

Picture of Daniel in the Lion's Den, 230

The Avon, 231

Suggested by a view from an Eminence in Inglewood Forest, 232

Hart's Horn Tree, 233

Fancy and Tradition, 234

Countess' Pillar, 235

Roman Antiquities (Old Penrith), 236

## THIRD SERIES (SCOTLAND, 1833).

Adieu, Rydalian Laurels! 238

Why should the Enthusiast, 239

They called Thee Merry England, 240	On revisiting Dunolly Castle, 261
To the River Greta, near Keswick, 241	The Dunolly Eagle, 262
To the River Derwent, 242	Cave of Staffa, 263
In sight of the town of Cockermouth, 243	Cave of Staffa, 264
Address from the Spirit of Cockermouth Castle, 244	Cave of Staffa, 265
Nun's Well, Brigham, 245	Flowers (Cave of Staffa), 266
To a Friend, 246	Iona, 267
Mary Queen of Scots, 247	Iona, 268
In the Channel (Coast of Cumberland), 248	The Black Stones of Iona, 269
At Sea, off the Isle of Man, 249	Homeward we turn, 270
Desire we past illusions to recal? 250	Greenock, 271
On entering Douglas Bay, 251	"There," said a Stripling, 272
By the Sea-shore, Isle of Man, 252	The River Eden, Cumberland, 273
Isle of Man, 253	Monument of Mrs. Howard, 274
Isle of Man, 254	Suggested by the foregoing, 275
By a retired Mariner, 255	Nunnery, 276
At Bala-Sala, Isle of Man, 256	Steamboats, Viaducts, and Railways, 277
Tynwald Hill, 257	Long Meg and her Daughters, 278
Despond who will, 258	Lowther, 279
In the Frith of Clyde, Ailsa Crag, 259	To the Earl of Lonsdale, 280
On the Frith of Clyde, 260	To Cordelia M——, 281
	Conclusion, 282

THE RIVER DUDDON.

Not envying Latian shades, 285	Tributary Stream, 303
Child of the clouds! 286	The Plain of Donnerdale, 304
How shall I paint thee? 287	Whence that low voice? 305
Take, cradled Nursling, 288	Tradition, 306
Sole listener, Duddon, 289	Sheep-washing, 307
Flowers, 290	The Resting-place, 308
"Change me, some God, 291	Methinks 'twere no unprecedented feat, 309
What aspect bore the Man? 292	Return, Content, 310
The Stepping-stones, 293	Fallen and diffused, 311
The same subject, 294	Journey renewed, 312
The Faëry Chasm, 295	No record tells, 313
Hints for the Fancy, 296	Who swerves from innocence, 314
Open prospect, 297	The Kirk of Ulpha, 315
O mountain Stream, 298	Not hurled precipitous, 316
From this deep chasm, 299	Conclusion, 317
American tradition, 300	After-thought, 318
Return, 301	
Seathwaite Chapel, 302	

## ECCLESIASTICAL SONNETS.

## PART FIRST.

Introduction, 323  
 Conjectures, 324  
 Trepidation of the Druids, 325  
 Druidical excommunication, 326  
 Uncertainty, 327  
 Persecution, 328  
 Recovery, 329  
 Temptations from Roman refinements,  
   330  
 Dissensions, 331  
 Struggle of the Britons, 332  
 Saxon Conquest, 333  
 Monastery of Old Bangor, 334  
 Casual Incitement, 335  
 Glad tidings, 336  
 Paulinus, 337  
 Persuasion, 338  
 Conversion, 339  
 Apology, 340  
 Primitive Saxon Clergy, 341  
 Other influences, 342  
 Seclusion, 343  
 Continued, 344  
 Reproof, 345  
 Saxon Monasteries, 346  
 Missions and Travels, 347  
 Alfred, 348  
 His Descendants, 349  
 Influence abused, 350  
 Danish conquests, 351  
 Canute, 352  
 The Norman Conquest, 353  
 Coldly we spake, 354  
 The Council of Clermont, 355  
 Crusades, 356  
 Richard I., 357  
 An Interdict, 358  
 Papal Abuses, 359  
 Scene in Venice, 360  
 Papal Dominion, 361

## PART SECOND.

Cistercian Monastery, 362  
 Deplorable his lot, 363  
 Monks and Schoolmen, 364  
 Other benefits, 365  
 Continued, 366  
 Crusaders, 367  
 Transubstantiation, 368  
 The Vaudois, 369  
 Praised be the Rivers, 370  
 Waldenses, 371  
 Archbishop Chichely to Henry V., 372  
 Wars of York and Lancaster, 373  
 Wicliffe, 374  
 Corruptions of the Higher Clergy, 375  
 Abuse of Monastic Power, 376  
 Monastic Voluptuousness, 377  
 Dissolution of the Monasteries, 378  
 The same subject, 379  
 Continued, 380  
 Saints, 381  
 The Virgin, 382  
 Apology, 383  
 Imaginative Regrets, 384  
 Reflections, 385  
 Translation of the Bible, 386  
 The point at issue, 387  
 Edward VI., 388  
 Edward signing the warrant, &c. 389  
 Revival of Popery, 390  
 Latimer and Ridley, 391  
 Cranmer, 392  
 General view, 393  
 English Reformers in exile, 394  
 Elizabeth, 395  
 Eminent Reformers, 396  
 The same, 397  
 Distractions, 398  
 Gunpowder Plot, 399  
 Illustration, 400  
 Troubles of Charles the First, 401  
 Laud, 402  
 Afflictions of England, 403

CONTENTS.

xi

<p>PART THIRD.</p> <p>I saw the figure of a lovely Maid, 404</p> <p>Patriotic Sympathies, 405</p> <p>Charles the Second, 406</p> <p>Latitudinarianism, 407</p> <p>Clerical Integrity, 408</p> <p>Persecution of the Scotch Covenanters, 409</p> <p>Acquittal of the Bishops, 410</p> <p>William the Third, 411</p> <p>Obligations of civil to religious liberty, 412</p> <p>Down a swift Stream, 413</p> <p>Walton's Book of Lives, 414</p> <p>Sacheverel, 415</p> <p>Places of worship, 416</p> <p>Pastoral character, 417</p> <p>The Liturgy, 418</p> <p>Baptism, 419</p> <p>Sponsors, 420</p>	<p>Catechising, 421</p> <p>Confirmation, 422</p> <p>Confirmation continued, 423</p> <p>Sacrament, 424</p> <p>Rural Ceremony, 425</p> <p>Regrets, 426</p> <p>Mutability, 427</p> <p>Old Abbeys, 428</p> <p>Emigrant French clergy, 429</p> <p>Congratulation, 430</p> <p>New Churches, 431</p> <p>Church to be erected, 432</p> <p>Continued, 433</p> <p>New Church-yard, 434</p> <p>Cathedrals, &amp;c., 435</p> <p>Inside of King's College Chapel, 436</p> <p>The same, 437</p> <p>Continued, 438</p> <p>Ejaculation, 439</p> <p>Conclusion, 440</p> <p>* Valedictory Sonnet, 441</p>
--	---

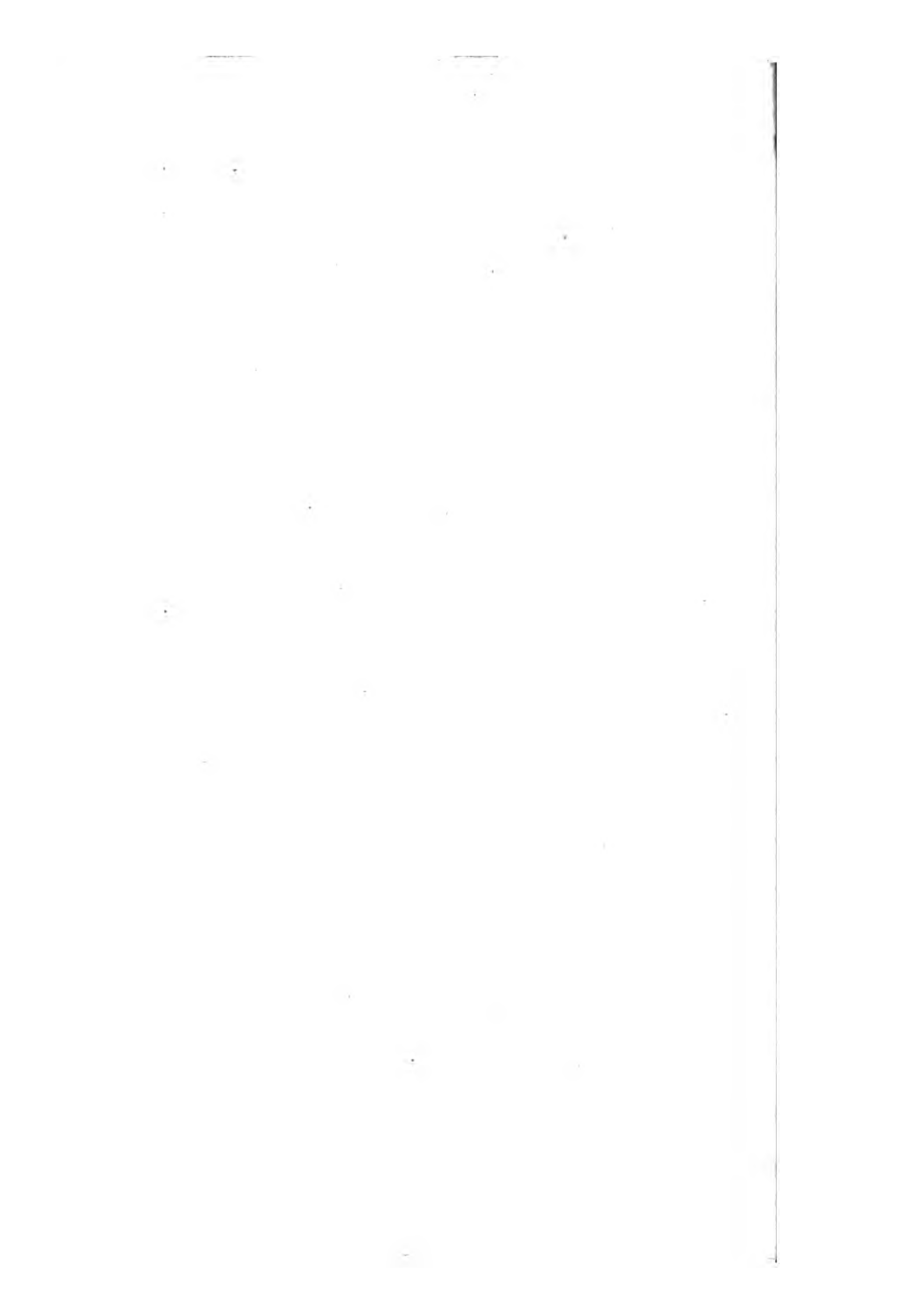
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APPENDIX.

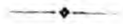
<p>* Composed on May Morning, 443</p> <p>* Composed on the same Morning, 444</p> <p>* Hark ! 'tis the Thrush, 445</p>	<p>* 'Tis He, whose yester-evening's high disdain, 446</p> <p>* A Plea for Authors, 447</p> <p>* A Poet to his Grandchild, 448</p>
---	--

NOTES, 449





CLASS FIRST.



MISCELLANEOUS SONNETS.

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PART I.



## DEDICATION.

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*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!*



## 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 foul 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 centred 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,  
Unswapt, 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, howled  
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 unpossessed ?  
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 thralldom, 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-descried.  
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 dews; 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 ;  
Inviolate, 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.”

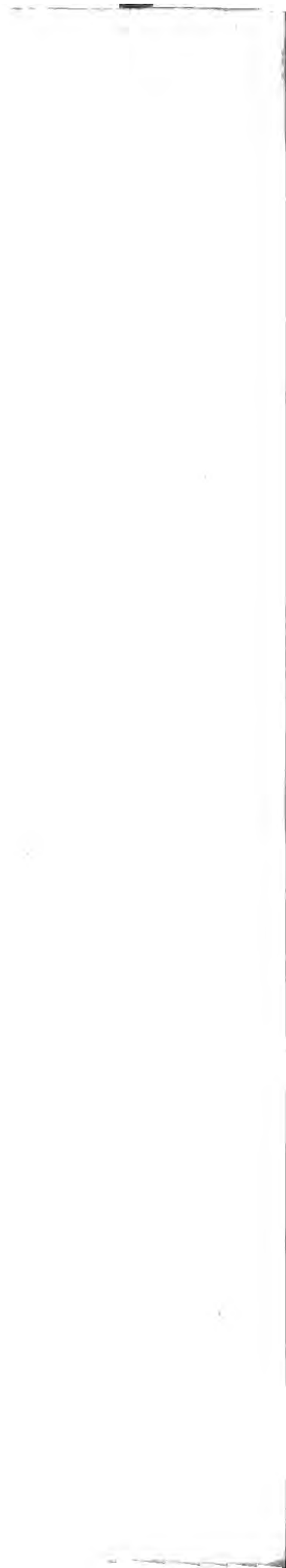
## LXII.

## 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.

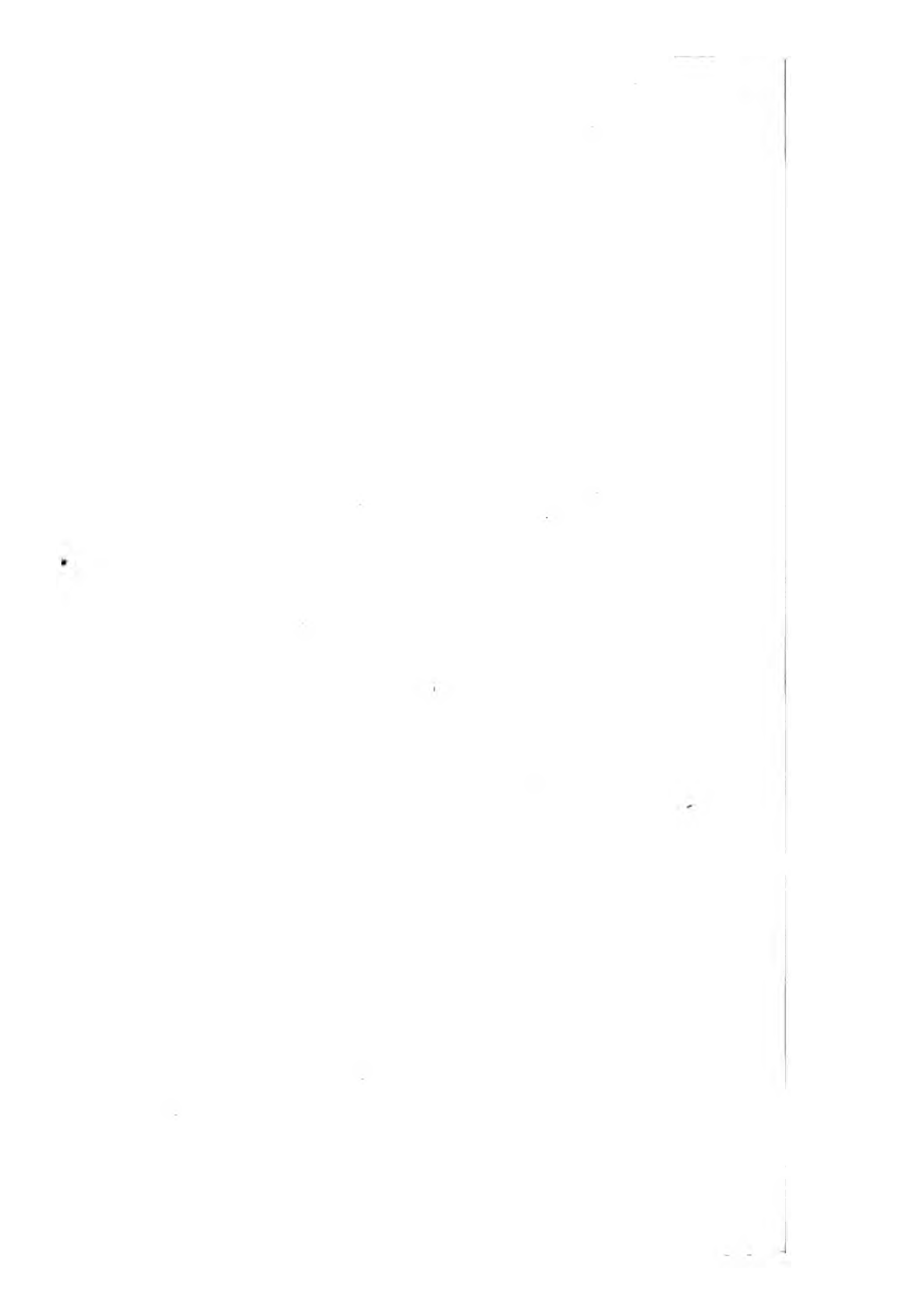


CLASS SECOND.



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 havè 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 acceptance 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 bemock  
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 GUERILLAS.

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 indigenous 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'ENGHIEN.

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.

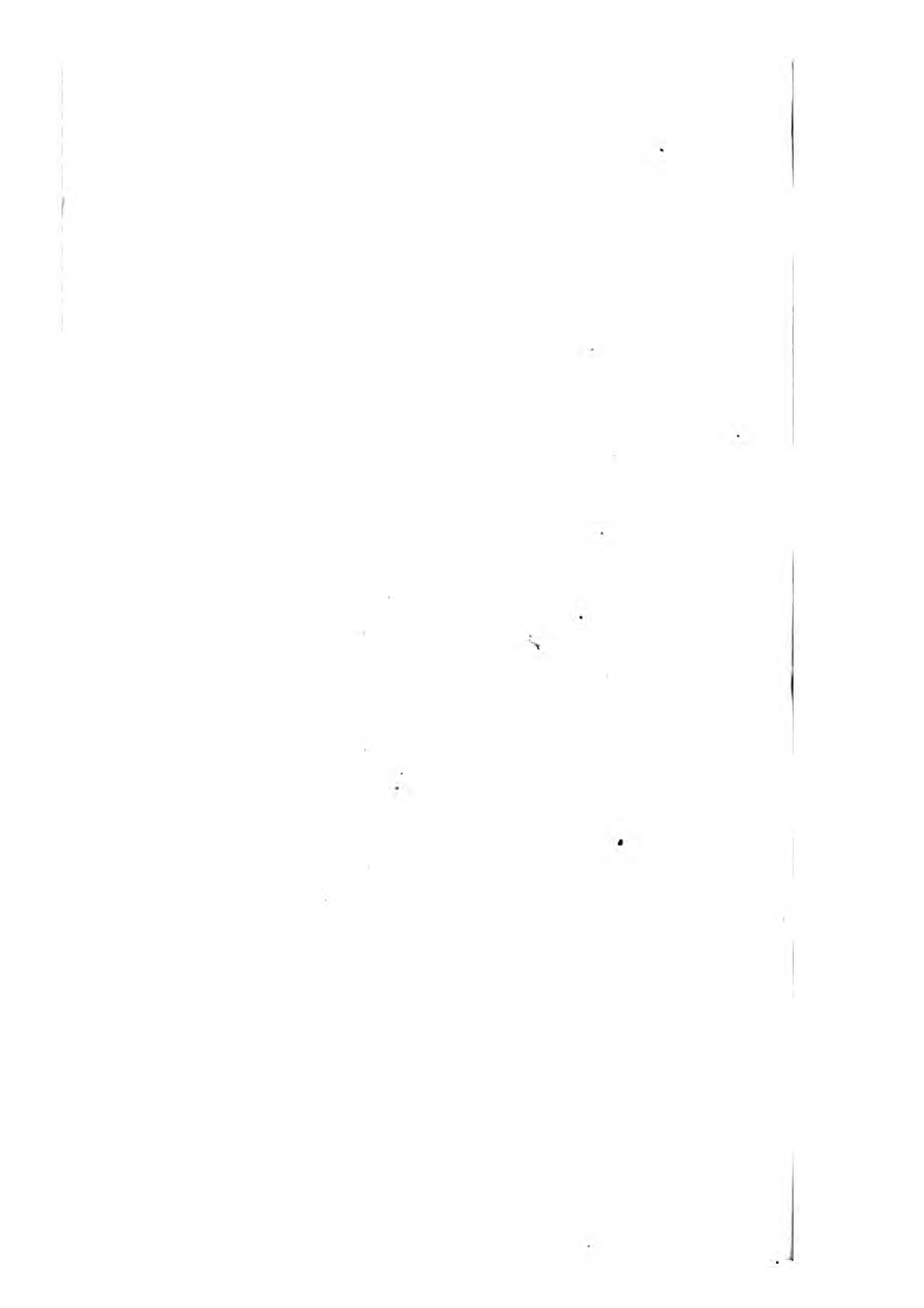
OCCASIONED BY THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

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.

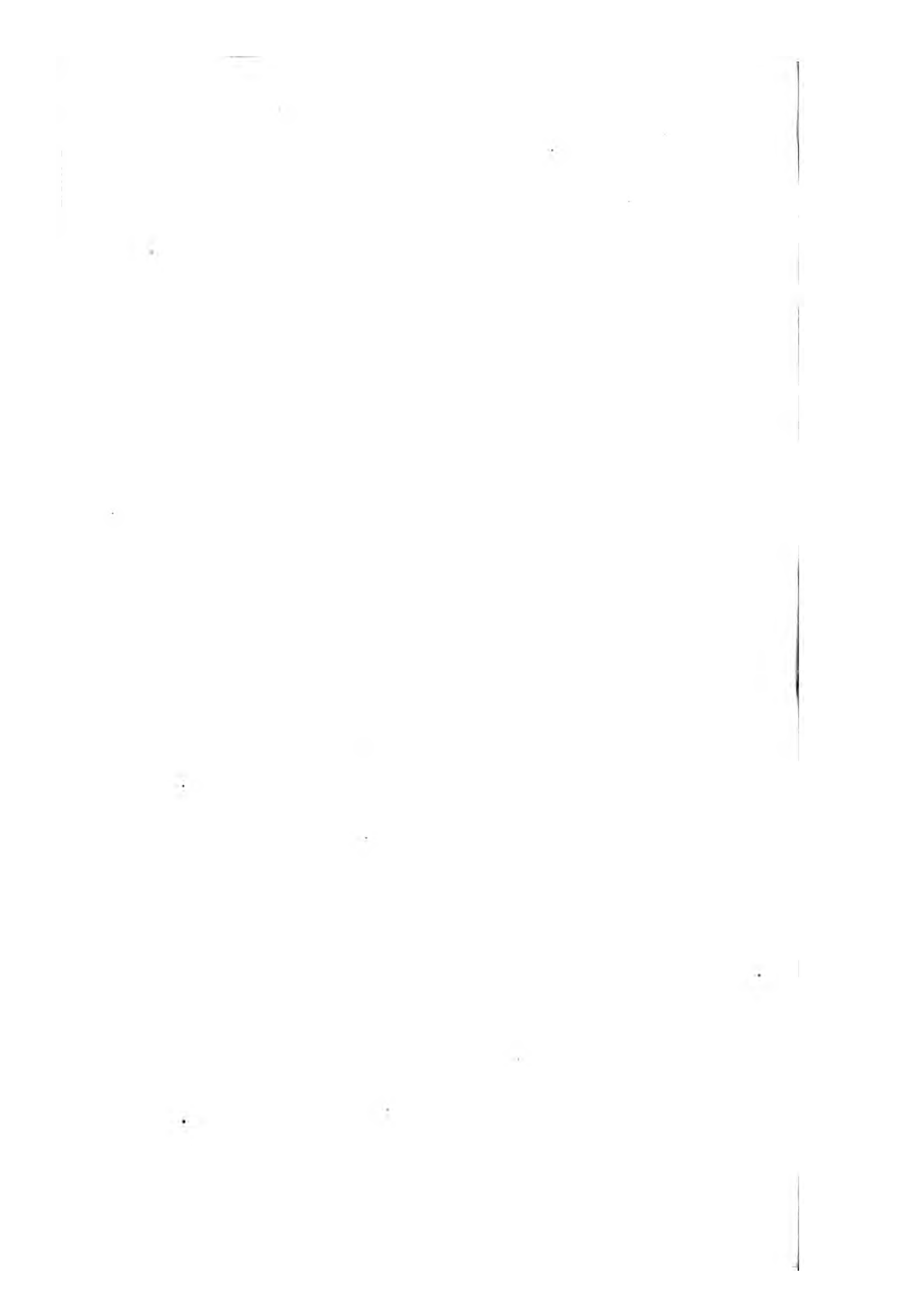


ITINERARY SONNETS.



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.

## BRUGÈS.

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 aëry 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.

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### 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.

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### 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 prelusive 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 *biold* 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 steeps  
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.

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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 unculled 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.

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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.

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*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.

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### 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 uncroft  
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 POPERY.

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 murderer'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.

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## 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.

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### 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. ' 1  
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 thrud 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 niccly-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 p<sup>er</sup>spective ! while from our sight  
With gradual stealth the lateral windows hide  
Their Portraitures, 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.

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*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.

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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 unpleasing 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 1.

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 11.

*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-leafed 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.

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~~J. P. ...~~

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