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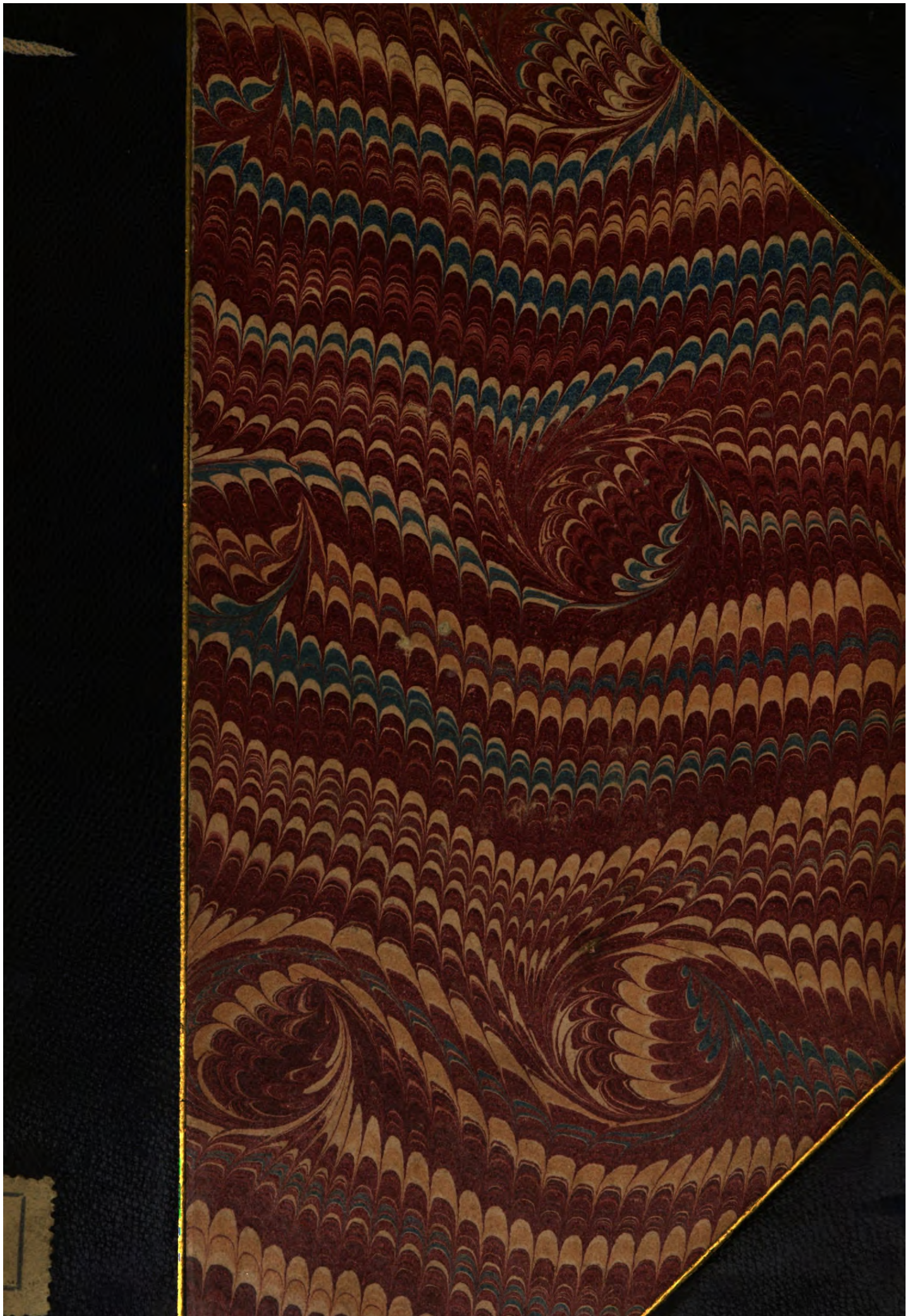
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POEMS UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

LONDON :
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

P O E M S

UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

BY

PETER CUNNINGHAM,

A 'PRENTICE IN THE DIVINE ART OF POESY.

O little booke, thou art so unconning,
How darst thou put thy self in prees for drede?
THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF.

LONDON :
PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

MDCCCXLI.

280. e. 962.

I never drank of Aganippe well,
Nor ever did in shade of Tempe sit,
Poor layman I, for sacred rites unfit.

SIR PHILIP SYDNEY.

Sure there are poets which did never dream
Upon Parnassus, nor did taste the stream
Of Helicon.

SIR JOHN DENHAM.

I have written at my own peril ; understand you at your own pleasures : I have not so little man in me as to want my faults ; nor so much fool in me as to think it ; nor so little modesty as to swear it ; nor so much child in me as to whine at Zoilus. My request is, that the faultless hand may throw the first stone.

QUARLES.

And now being taught by Custom to beg something of the reader, it shall be this, that in reading these poems he will consider his own frailty and fallibility ; and read with the same temper and apprehension as if himself had written, and I were to judge.

ALEX. BROME.



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ADVERTISEMENT.

HE is a bold man, and I say it tremblingly, who will call a few occasional rhymes by the name of 'Poems.' Verse-men have found of late but few to listen, fewer to praise, and still fewer to purchase. There was a time when a single poem, nay, a decent epigram, procured a niche in the poetic temple:—

Fame then was cheap, and the first comers sped,
And they have kept it since by being dead—DRYDEN ;

but the world, inundated with verse of one particular level of genius, has grown palled and weary of the monotonous mediocrity of poetaccios, poetasters, and poetitos, as Ben Jonson designates the ten-pound tenants of Parnassus, and will now attend to none who fly even a middle flight in the poetic heaven. O, why then write, and above all why take to type and paper? Indeed I know not, unless I say with poor Flecknoe, whose position in poetry I may share, but sink below I cannot, that "I write to avoid idleness, and print to avoid the imputation." However great the folly and the sin of rhyme, old Habington has said all I would wish to say of the rhymes that follow. "If not too indulgent to what is my

own," he writes, "I think even these verses will have that proportion in the world's opinion that Heaven hath allotted to me in fortune ; not so high as to be wondered at, nor so low as to be contemned."

I have limited the number of copies, which are for private circulation only, to *seventy-five*. Time will lessen the number, and friends in many kindly ways may still further decrease it, till perhaps a fine uncut copy becomes unique, and falling into the hands, a thousand years hence, of some madman in books, is printed (O, that in our ashes our wonted fires may live !) as a contribution to some Roxburgh or Bannatyne Club of the year 2841. Who can tell ?

PETER CUNNINGHAM.

27, LOWER BELGRAVE PLACE,
February 1841.

THE POWER OF SONG.



O SOUL of heavenly song, 'tis thine to be
A friend to life and life's best friend to me,
To sweeten toil with each delicious strain,
And make us feel the raptures which you feign,
To lessen distance, absence, and regret,
And force us from a world we would forget.
All own thy power, and every brain-fed sense
Joys to confess thy secret influence ;
From scenes of sorrow sadden'd minds to tear,
And warm and waft us when you will and where.

Divine Enchantress, thy sweet voice is known
On Dnieper's banks, the Danube, Rhine, and Rhone,
By Doon and Lugar, most melodious streams,
The Mulla, the Meander, and the Thames ;
Where Lake Ontario's sea-like waters flow,
By hoar Himalya's solitudes of snow,

By Behring's straits and ice-girt Greenland's shores,
Where affluent Tagus its abundance pours ;
In country or in city pent,—at sea
All love to tell how much they owe to thee ;
On hill-side passes blythe the herd-boy sings,
Nor heeds the sad vicissitude of things,
Alike to him, no griefs his mind assail,
Zembla's cold clime, or Arno's flowery vale,
The bare bleak region of a northern sky,
As lands in sunnier latitudes that lie.
With song the mother soothes her child to rest,
And clasps its throbbing bosom to her breast,
The conscious child its little ears will lend,
And finds thy voice in infancy a friend.
Even in death the pious man believes
With song Heaven's Angel his saved soul receives,
With song will waft it to that sacred sky,
Where hopes pursue not, flickering fade, and die.
All love thee, one and all, enchantress kind,
Acknowledge thee for their own good assign'd.
In the pitch'd tent the soldier loves to hear
Thy strains benignant fall upon his ear,
And if encamp'd in regions far removed
From clime and kindred all he loves and loved,
Still dwells he on some recollected strain,
Some soft sweet song that wafts him home again,

Wife, children, friends, where absent feelings fix,
In fancy's panorama move and mix,
His mother's fireside, every former face,
Man's vigorous mould and woman's softer grace,
Rills, streams, and brooks, that happy youth made dear,
Dance to the eye and bicker to the ear,
'Till all so colour'd is to fever'd view
As Cotswold's hills or Cheviot's mountains blue ;
Thy power, O Song, when past, false, faithless, and untrue.

Delusive Cheat, to raise the thoughts above
The stern realities wherein we move,
And when our happiest senses are most high,
Let Memory tell us what we feel's a lie ;
Yet love I thee as Hope, although thou art
Like her, deceptive to the head and heart ;
Yet why turn angry, since thou canst not be
More than thou art, and kind thou'st been to me,—
And what would life be worth when wanting thee ?
I, one of many, own thy kindling power
Something to fly to in affliction's hour.
And O, what bold ambition would attain,
That make me and admit me of thy train,
Give utterance to thoughts which you inspire,
And touch my unpoetic lips with fire.

EPISTLE TO W. C. MACREADY, ESQ.

(Nov. 1838.)

—◆—

IN you, great Sir, I see made manifest
The actors of past times who've play'd the best,
Burbage and Betterton revived in you,
What Kean and Kemble were, and Garrick too.
For Poets, 'tis mysterious how, can cast
Their eyes upon the future and the past ;
From the cold grave to mimic life reclaim
The well-sock'd figure and the buskin'd name,
And in their fancy with fine visions fraught
Lowen and Taylor see whom Shakspeare taught.

Quick in conception, ay, and accurate,
You take of character the estimate
Exact, and what must more excite surprise,
What you conceive, that, Sir, you realise.
So that your audience in wild wonder see
You look your part, become what you would be.
Nor is this all, your voice unto the sense
To say you suit, O envied excellence,

Articulating clearly, while you cost,
No pain your hearers, and no word is lost.
No passage by you wrongly understood,
Your action graceful, artist-like, and good.
Nor did Hermione her part perform
Better than you, and you like her are warm
As flesh and blood,—I firmly this believe,
Deceiving others you yourself deceive.
Me you've deceived I'll candidly confess,
In air, in gesture, attitude, and dress ;
I've thought the inky garment which you bore
In Hamlet, was the dress that Hamlet wore ;
Your painted copy of Othello's hue,
Othello's own, and the great Moor was you !

If in our ashes live their wonted fires,
And clay-cold bodies have of old desires
Some portion left—and dead to men flit o'er
This earth at times and haunt where once before
They lived corporeal ; Shakspeare I am sure
Glow with delight to see you act his Moor,
His Hamlet, Richard, or his Prospero,
And fain to embrace you would his state forego.
So well, Sir, you embody what he's writ,
For at his radiant fire your flame's been lit,
He sees you look each part the way he fancied it !

How much does England owe you and this age,
 For you, Sir, seek to moralise our stage,
 And save us from that folly which prefers
 To our own islesmen squalling foreigners,
 Our capon-conquerors from seized seats to drive,
 And shame to say e'en Shakspeare to revive.
 From empty operas to regain our ears,
 And through them work on eyes unused to tears,
 Make the full heart its callous courses spurn,
 And Vice's cheeks with Virtue's blushes burn,
 While the long plaudit anxious thousands raise
 To stamp your labours with a people's praise,
 See injured Genius reassert her right
 O'er trills and queer ha has ! to give delight,
 And Britons rise demanding to make good
 That sense and Shakspeare still are understood,—
 Turn'd conscious that there's more for ear and eye
 Than things to tickle stuff mere sound and scene to die.
 Take, Sir, as gospel what these lines express,
 Love had said more, could Approbation less ? *

* The *commendation* of good things may fall within a many, the *approbation* but in a few.—BEN JONSON (*Catiline*).

THE FAREWELL.

(7 APRIL, 1839.)

THIS day time steals my three-and-twentieth year,
And for this lease of life what bud or bloom ?
' My hasting days fly on with fleet career,'
And to what goodness can I say I've come ?

But ere the remnant of life's lamp be spent,
Before I'm number'd as among the dead,
I mean to recollect the paths I went,
And judge from thence the steps I am to tread,

And say farewell to all this world holds dear,
Its pomp, its tinsel, vanities, and toys,
And henceforth live in a new hemisphere,
And for myself make intellectual joys.

Not that I'll court a sunless solitude,
To live from all society away,
But that I'll seek as every wise man would,
Within myself the pleasures of the day.

Books are dumb-speaking friends, companions kind,
That solace send and thinking souls address,
That suit themselves still to the varying mind,
And conversation lend to loneliness.

Not that I'll lead a solitary life,
Though solitude 'tis said hath charms for some,
But quit the hum of men, the stir of strife,
And from this world look to a world to come.

At times 'mid trees, and streams, and lawns, and meads,
Pass pleasantly away soft sabbath hours,
True Poet! finding in what men call weeds,
More beauty than in cultivated flowers.

The wise when by themselves are ne'er alone,
Hedge-rows and fields society afford,
There they converse with the Eternal One,
And relish best His own undoubted word.

TO AN UNBOUGHT AND DUSTY LUTE.

THERE hangest thou with cobwebs cover'd o'er,
 Thy strings, thou saddest of sad instruments
 The lover has ! Neglected all thy notes,
 And in thy hollow womb shut up, to wait
 The pity of some passing passenger,
 Well skill'd to touch the tenderest tones and stops
 Thy form so fit affords. Sad place for thee !
 Emblem of flower that seeks in lonely spot
 The poet's eye, or virgin (flower-alike)
 The asking of the tongue she loves to hear,
 While neither find the eye or sound they seek.
 Made for some true and skilful touch attuned
 To plaintive numbers of Orphean fame,
 Not hung as now on walls begrimed with dust
 For spider, cobweb, and unhappy fly :—
 Thy sighs, if sigh thou dost, must be that thou,
 Unask'd-for Lute, O how I pity thee !
 Wert ever torn from out thy native grove,
 A peach upon a wall that none will pull,
 Or on Venetian waters thou art not
 In gondola to play to lady's ear.

ON THE PORTRAIT OF LADY PEEL, BY SIR
THOMAS LAWRENCE.

So fair a form, so fair a face,
Such placid sweetness in the mind,
Such modest loveliness and grace,
We look for but we seldom find.

We love, by Lely's labours made,
The beauties of a distant day,
And lips and eyes in dust low laid
Smile in their old and artful way.

Rare artisan indeed, to make
An eye with all its liquid light,
To captivate, and win, and take,
With its original delight !

If, Lawrence, here thy pencil fail'd
The very charms of life to give,
When Time o'er Nature has prevail'd,
More than a Lely thou shalt live.

And after-ages then shall trace
 Upon thy canvas life-like, there,
A shadowy something of the face,
 Of what was beautiful and fair.

And maidens then shall pleased admire,
 And Art reflect what Nature 's been;
That pleasing look they shall desire,
 And long to have that graceful mien.

But when they know what life she led,
 And whom she was—her happy flame,
They'll wish they'd been the wife instead,
 And envy more the husband's name.

THE CHARACTER OF A COUNTRY GIRL'S LIFE.

—◆—
A COUNTRY girl ! what happiness,
Tripping at dew-fall o'er the green,
Rich in herself, not in her dress,
Of quiet look and simple mien !

That sings while working at the wheel
Soft strains untutor'd and untaught,
Sung so the listener learns to feel
The verses and the voice unsought.

And in the merry month of May,
No bird that flits from tree to tree,
And warbles in its own sweet way,
Can happier or blither be.

Her idle thoughts no wants create,
Her rank she suits unto her mind ;
Poor, but content in her estate,
She all things she can wish can find.

Her heart made up of innocence,
Of quiet thoughts and calm desires,
She looks to as her best defence,
And feels not that she more requires.

In this she puts her strength and trust,
Happy in health her bread to earn ;
Remembers she's but living dust,
And that to dust itself she'll turn ;—

Springs with the lark from out her bed,
With Chanticleer retires to rest :
Hers is the purest life that 's led,
And her reward will be the best.

THE INVOCATION.

—◆—

SWEET Lark, that in the early eye of day
Soar'st to the portal of the heavenly gate,
Lend me thy voice ;

Bold Bird, that sail'st o'er huge Ben Nevis' top
Till mountain-pines become as garden-shrubs,
Drop me a quill ;

Sweet Philomel, that sing'st soft strains, just such
As Heaven might use, perhaps in heaven are found,
Teach me thy song ;

And, Fancy, from the silver Mulla come,
And of thy treasures some impart to me,
Enchantress kind,

For I have to complain of love, as yet,
Without return—then, Fancy, tell some tale
To soothe my woe.

Or, Philomela, when thou lend'st thy throat,
My sorrow I can then pour out in strains
To death unknown.

Eagle of Jove, when with thy quill I write,
My thoughts may soar through skies of calmest blue,
And be content.

But rather I would have the Lark's sweet voice,
And sing of her as very Nature fair,
As love unkind,

Who pleased might turn her liking into love,
And let this head upon her bosom rest,
And dream through night

Of angel bosoms, havens of content
Divine, till I awaking, soft partake
A greater bliss,

And, find a bosom fragrant as the morn,
A voice as sweet as woodland minstrelsy
Of luscious note,—

And, what is more, a heart for good inclined,
Perceiving GOD in all that HE hath wrought,
All that HE is,

And ready like the Lark, when morning opes,
To pour her hymn of love to Heaven's high throne
In note with me.

A FANCY.

IF man his soul might give away
When he doth his whole heart make o'er,
I'd give thee mine this very day,
Sweet Mary Moore.

If man had but alone to live,
And love as some would have it be,
Each thought I'd dedicate and give
Alone to thee.

I'd set thee on Fame's pinnacle,
And hold thee all the world before,
And swear that none on earth excel
Sweet Mary Moore.

Nay, I would worship thee, sweet one,
Do what some men to saints will do,
To show that I for thee would run
Earth's limits through.

Knees would not be enough for thee ;
To kiss thee, that could never prove
The unchangeable stern truth in me,
Or how I love.

But, no ! Then read in me my heart,
View in these eyes that heart laid bare,
And think how very dear thou art,
Twice mirror'd there !

RECOLLECTION.

WHY love I things that are inanimate,
And in themselves speak little to the eye ;
Why love I them, unless that they create
Sweet recollections of sweet days gone by ?

Dead flowers at times impressively can speak,
And tell of festive scenes in younger years,
When wakeful to the changings of a cheek,
The heart was hovering between hopes and fears.

Some tell of hours or days, a week or more,
Spent pleasantly what time those fears were gone ;
When wandering along a lonely shore,
We loved, nor heeded how the hours flew on.

As if all round, the sea and all that is,
This gladsome earth, the very heaven above,
Weigh'd in the balance of a single kiss,
Were wanting, and too low exchange for love.

A lock of hair recalls brown ringlets bright
Where Nature above Art was made appear,
That hung in rich luxuriant delight,
As amorous of the face they trinkled near.

I keep such pleasing things that some will deem
The follies of a soul in liking lost ;
A Catholic in love, to me they seem
To whisper of the girl I love the most.

M O R N I N G.

CHASTE Eve hath fled, and fled hath Twilight grey,
And shadowy Night, next sovereign lord around,
Hath in his darkness gone,
And yields to Morning's view.

The clouds shake off the silver dews of sleep,
And Morning from her opal-colour'd couch
The sable curtain draws,
And glads the smiling earth.

Slowly with grace she rises from her bed,
Her tapering limbs at first but faintly seen ;
Then more distinctly traced,
As white as mountain snow.

Bathed are her temples, all her dainty form,
In diamond dew-drops falling through the night,
That all the plain impearls
And glads the opening flowers.

Now starts she forth, her snowy bosom seen,
With rosy fingers pointing from the East,
And with the Sun she bursts
In heavenly beauty round.

Mounts the sweet lark with incensed wings above,
And greets his Maker at the heavenly gate ;
Then downward seeks his love,
And trims his speckled breast.

Each thing rejoices in the Morn's return,
The feather'd songsters amorous descants pour ;
Each flower in silence hymns
The great Creator's name.

Should man be silent, who alone can speak,
And thank Jehovah for the day's return ;
For gracious goodness dealt,
And joys too strong for words ?

OF TRUE BEAUTY.



WHAT is the Beauty all admire,
All doat upon and love ?
One little minute we'll inquire,
What does our passions move—
To such a height,
A single sight,
Can eyes—heart—mind, and very soul excite.

And what is Beauty—but a flower,
The plaything of a day ;
The rainbow of a summer shower,
That flits and fades away—
We wish and have,
We cannot save—
Beauty was born first sister to the grave.

Why woman of a meteor vain ?
 Why strut in passing charms ?
Or why fond man mad to obtain
 What fades within your arms ?
 'Tis yours just now,
 O, soon 'twill bow
Before the share of Ruin's reckless plough !

This tinsel that delights the eye,
 And lives and lingers there,
Rather than love, demands a sigh,
 As fated, frail, and fair.
 'Tis seen, 't has flown,
 O, whither gone !
What mansion fairer than you now disown ?

The angel man holds up to view,
 And blazons at his will ;
Though heavenly deem'd, it is but true,
 She'll prove a woman still.
 What man thinks good,
 In Fancy's mood,
He makes divine—weak human flesh and blood.

Sure Beauty 's but a poet's name
For something he divines ;
And what he cries and holds to fame
Lives only in his lines.
Unwise are we,
To hope to see
On earth what 's heaven's, and heaven's alone can be.

THE LADY TO HER CAVALIER.



To hope to tell how much I love—
How much I think of thee—
Were folly sure, for what can prove—
Not words—the love in me?
And women silently conceal
The passion which they bear,
Nor tell their loves, but them reveal,
By letting fall a tear.

Perhaps a look, perhaps a sigh,
In some soft moment made,
The same kind thing may signify
Much better than what's said,
And speak the leaning of the mind,
The fervour of the heart,
And urge what feeling fails to find,
Words fitting to impart.

Than woman's love in very truth,
Oh say what can exceed !
Through life, with all the warmth of youth,
She likes and loves indeed :
And when her tongue has fondly told
All words can well convey,
Gaze in her eyes, and there behold
What looks alone can say.

THE CAVALIER TO HIS MISTRESS.

—◆—
It was so short, one moment's space,
That kiss you gave to me,
'Tis fair that I should it replace,
And give like one to thee.

And yet again, for kisses bind
To each the other's soul ;
And then I fathom all your mind,
And you my heart control.

And now 'tis right that you should pay
That single one to me :
You cannot surely cry me nay,
Or still my debtor be.

You had, you won from me a kiss,
That kiss you should restore ;
Then grant to me a world of bliss,
By kissing me once more.

Fair one, farewell ! that kiss you gave
My heart pierced through and through ;
My soul, were I one more to crave,
God had not but had you.

ADDRESS TO A BLACKBIRD,

SHOT ON THE BANKS OF THE CLUDEN, JULY 1834.

No more, sweet Bird, thy voice divine
To man soft amorous notes shall lend,
No more that honied bill of thine
Through woods melodious echoes send ;
That voice in spring no more attend
To rouse up Morning's slumbering eye,—
Thy descant sweet has had its end,
Lost, lost thy rural minstrelsy.

How can one think upon thy death,
Nor find their breast with sorrow move ?
When Music's self 's deprived of breath,
Where is there then like it to love ?
O ruthless man ! thyself reprove :
Why didst thou stay so sweet a voice,
The harmony sent from above
To make the very soul rejoice ?

When weary of the evening air,
No more thou 'lt greet thy place of rest ;
No more, sweet bird, shalt thou repair
To shelter in thy cozy nest.
No more thou 'lt greet the purpling East,
Resplendent o'er the ripen'd corn,
Or Sol, retreating to the West,
But, dying, leave—poor me to mourn.

No more shall Phillis list thy strain,
When wandering down Dalgonar's side ;
No more thy music soothe her pain
'Neath Cluden's hazels, spreading wide.
No more these loitering feet thou 'lt guide
To hear by hedge-row elms thy song,
No more thy fairy form will glide
A passing glance the woods along.

No more thou 'lt flutter on thy wing,
The gayest bird that Nature 's bred ;
No more wilt welcome coming Spring,
Be longer on her bounties fed.
Ye hoary hawthorns ! droop each head ;
Ye raptured scenes ! oh, smile no more ;
But mourn the fate of music dead.
Ye songsters, all this loss deplore !

THE POET'S LOVE.

It is not beauty I admire,
 Mere elegance alone I seek ;
 Nor fairy form that I desire,
 Nor ruddy lip nor rosy cheek :
 But these must all united be
 With other charms to take with me.

It is not that I love a voice
 As soft as is Apollo's lute,
 Nor sunny eyes that please, surprise,
 And speak expressively while mute :
 But these must all united be
 With other charms to take with me.

I little heed the tasteful dress,
 The shawl well o'er the shoulders thrown.
 They add, 'tis true, to loveliness ;
 What are they by themselves alone ?
 The gewgaws that delight the eye,
 A peacock's tail, a butterfly !

How sweet to see a lovely face,
And all the outward charms that win,
Bespeak an intellectual grace,
The riches that prevail within ;
When each with each appropriate suits
Heaven's own God-granted attributes !

How oft the richest ones in purse
The poorest in their souls we find,
The well-proportion'd face and form
United to how mean a mind !
The penniless are richer sure
Than rich folks by their minds made poor.

Then would you learn—Oh ! loves he yet
This creature full of freakful whim ?
Oh, has he loved, or has he found
On earth one good enough for him ?
He has !—with whom ? Oh, shall he tell,
Angels not overfit to dwell.

TO A YOUNG LADY

ON A REPORT THAT HER EYEBROWS WERE PAINTED.

THEY say you paint those arching eyebrows ! why ?
 Because they think we're apt to deify
 One every way so sweet to every mortal eye.

You paint your eyebrows—sure I wonder where
 A golden brown, so delicately fair,
 Chemist on earth could find to lay upon your hair.

Thy softening pencil which with nature vies,
 Would fail to lend such shadows to thine eyes
 As Nature's given thee, and thou dost tricks despise.

Indulgent Nature kindly formed you
 So very winning to th' impartial view,
 No eyebrow even wants a more engaging hue.

You know this—and that virgin loveliness
 You cannot beautify, but may make less—
 And why should Art intrude on Nature's diocess.

Still keep to everlasting Nature true,
And her and her alone throughout pursue,
Then all ideal excellence we'll find in you.

Trust still unto thyself as thou hast done,
And follow up what's been so well begun ;
Be still as now of Beauty, Beauty's paragon.

A CONFESSION.



BEFORE I'd seen you, Fame had said
The seeing was the loving,
And when I saw you first, mine eyes
The truth of this was proving ;
Since then nine years of love have fled,
Of passion now unceasing,
And looks of love, and thoughts and sighs,
Forebode that it's increasing.

But curst in fortune, how can I,
With prudence for my guiding,
Fond, think to win one fair as thee,
But love can know no hiding ;
How leap'd in lightness this fond heart,
The first time I was shown thee ;
But now I wish, if this might be,
That I had never known thee.

You love me by those I eyes I swear,
I've read it there, am reading ;
Your looks at times the love reveal,
Your lips deny the ceding.
But O to love me, now forbear,
Befriend me by rejection ;
I find that I cannot conceal,
Or conquer my affection.

IN PRAISE OF HIS MISTRESS.

It's not in lonely midnight walks,
When the moon is in the full,
That the girl that rules this warm warm heart,
Doth look most beautiful :
But when the gay waltz striketh up,
And the room with beauty's full—
'Tis then, 'tis then, compared with all,
She looks most beautiful.

There 's something in her dewy eyes
That man's affections win—
And that resistless in her smile,
No other smile found in.
And in her sweet soft look and voice,
That witchery of song—
That mermaid melody of tongue
That carries you along.

But rather than at social shrines,
The festive and the midnight ball;
The courtly crowd, the glittering show,
Where everything is lordly all—
I'd meet the maid I love the best
In other and more raptured scenes—
And wound in her enwinding arms—
Conceive then what Contentment means.

HANGER-HILL.



WE read in many a living lay
Of Eden, scenes in Roslin-glen,
At Ballochmyle and Endermay,
At Hagley and at Hawthornden,
Of spots sweet placed by bickering brooks,
That wanton at their own wild will,
Yet dearer than all these to me
The winding walks of Hanger-Hill.

For Nature in her happiest mood,
When young, delighted there to dwell,
And still she seems to haunt the spot
She at creation liked so well.
What though no waters wind around,
No streamlet, river, flow or rill,
Yet dear with all their wants I hold
The winding walks of Hanger-Hill.

But why the secret tell in song,
How Hanger-Hill is dear to me,
For some may see it and ne'er long
Among its pleasant walks to be.
For woman may have made it dear,
And woman so may keep it still,
Some love not—some will never love
Soft woman or sweet Hanger-Hill.

Yet pity them, poor soulless lumps,
Yes pity them indeed I do,
For Nature's been unkind to them,
And they to her unkindness true.
Yet some have loved a winding walk
Whom woman with no pleasures fill,
Yet who'd love not the girl I love
Would never love sweet Hanger-Hill.

ON A FLOWER.

THAT flower I pluck'd at morning's break
Was freshly dipt in diamond dew,
No sweeter gift could mortal make,
Than that sweet flower I made to you.
Just in your breast three moments worn,
It flourish'd and unrivall'd blew,
Then from its fragrant dwelling torn
'Twas withering cast from out your view.
'Tis this way that with me you'll do,
You first my fluttering heart will take,
Then kiss me and caress me too,
And what you've captured then you'll break.
To sorrow's state and storms I've left
You other loves as flowers renew,
Nor think how soon of all bereft,
Alike we moulder 'neath the yew.

A SONG.



I PRYTHEE look no more on me,
 What have I gain'd by wooing,
A feverish lip, an aching heart,
 What but mine own undoing.
O let no more those eyes be turn'd,
 Me with mock kindness viewing,
I've seen too much yet can't leave off
 Their liquid light pursuing.
But give, O give me back my heart,
 Why woe on woe renewing ;
Is 't not enough that you have been,
 By one glance, my undoing ?

TO A LINNET AMONG THE WOODS OF WYE.

—◆—
CEASE, little Bird on yonder bough,
And wing thy way unto the west ;
O leave the pleasant woods of Wye,
And seek the girl I love the best.

But why the best ? I do not know
Of any love but loving her,
And knowing no degrees in love,
I must not, cannot say, prefer.

Relate wherever I have been,
By mountain, river, tower, and tree ;
How often I her face have seen,
How often she has been with me.

That even now I think I trace,
For O what cannot fancy find !
The lineaments of her sweet face,
So emblematic of her mind.

And that I now can hear the tongue
I've ever loved the most to hear ;
And see those eyes of love, from which
I've kiss'd the sunshine and the tear.

And often, often when in sleep,
Those ringlets of luxuriance seem
To twine adown her neck to win,
These fingers to disorder them.

And that her lips have been, alas !
(Sweet little Bird, remember this !)
But visionary lips alone,
I fain would, though I could not, kiss.

And make her feel, dear Bird of Birds,
(That song may still remain to thee,)
When she returns what thousands sweet
Of kisses she's in debt to me.

And come to-morrow to this bough,
Where ceaseless in your song you've been,
That I may see you, for I love
To see whatever she has seen.

September, 1840.

TO THE WYE.



JUST as thou flow'st, sweet Wye, my life should be,
Sunny and smooth, order'd harmoniously,
And as thou dost soft woods, sweet meadows find,
As seaward thy pure waters wend and wind,
So I would have life's pleasant places free,
Life's best enjoyments open unto me,
And I would have my passions order'd so,
As thou dost break on banks and stones, to show
No sediment of rage, but flowing as thou first didst flow.
And as thou dost at times in bays recede,
Half sleeping 'neath the bank of some soft mead,
So I would stay at times to look, and see
If I 'd done well, or how my course should be.
And as thou hurriest to thy ocean bed,
My life I 'd wish to have so hurried.

A SONG.



If all this heart hath now to say
My tongue could tell to thee, Mary,
Thy gentle feet would never stray
So far awa' frae me, Mary,
So far awa' frae me.

If link'd in love and join'd in soul,
O we maun never be, Mary,
Once more in love I 'll think of thee,
Then lay me down and die, Mary.
Then lay me down and die.

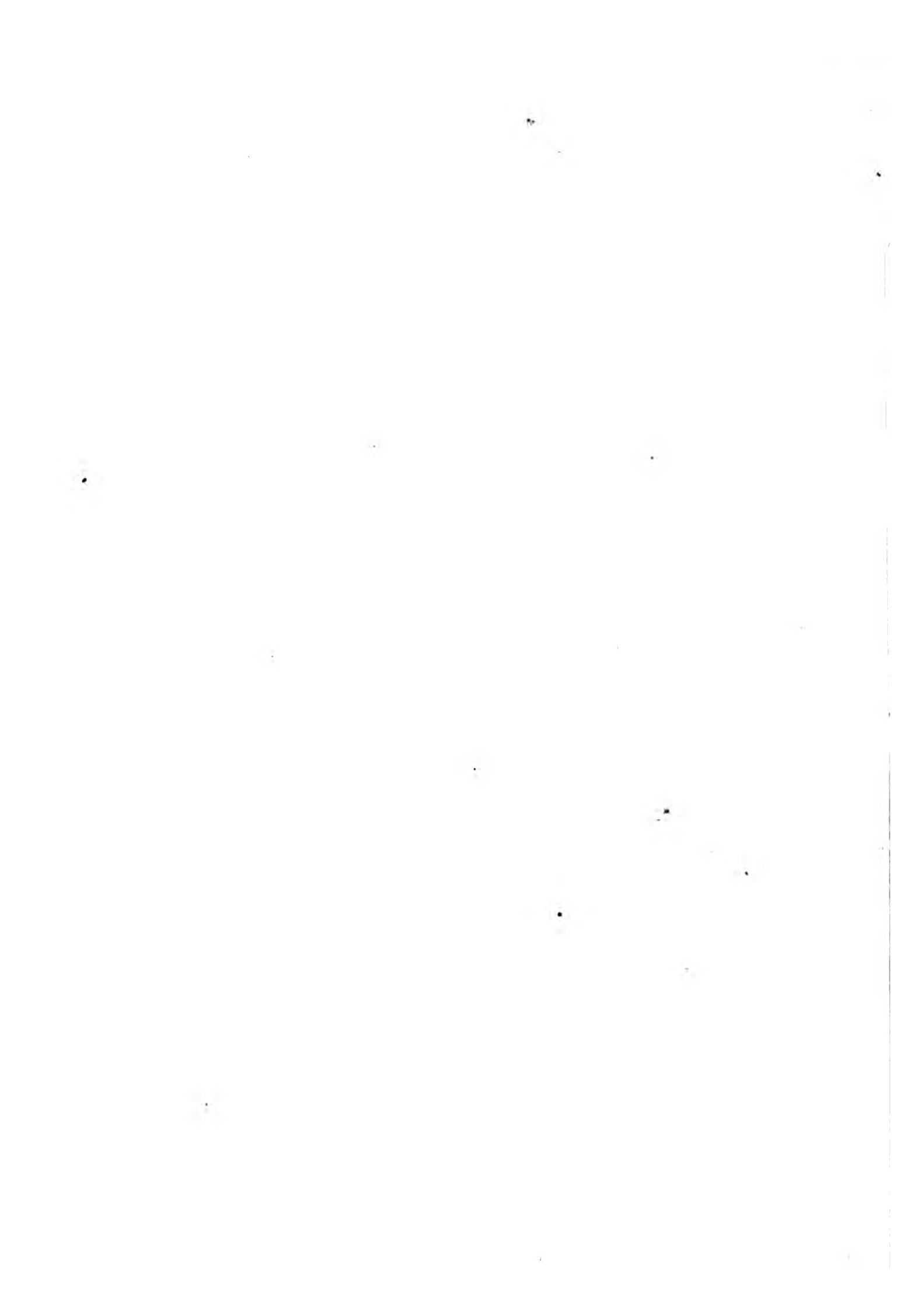
ON M. C.



BENEATH this marble sleeps a little child,
Once lovely, for on her kind Nature smiled,
Till Death unlook'd for wing'd her soul on high,
And bade a Mother weep, a Father sigh ;
Three Brothers mourn'd her loss, who gave up breath
So calm, as if she 'd been in love with Death.
Earth struggled still to have her as her own,
But Heaven selected her as its alone ;
Her name 's not written here, yet knows not sleep,
It lives with those who think of her and weep.
Of what avail within this world of strife,
To leave a name already in The Book of Life ?

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