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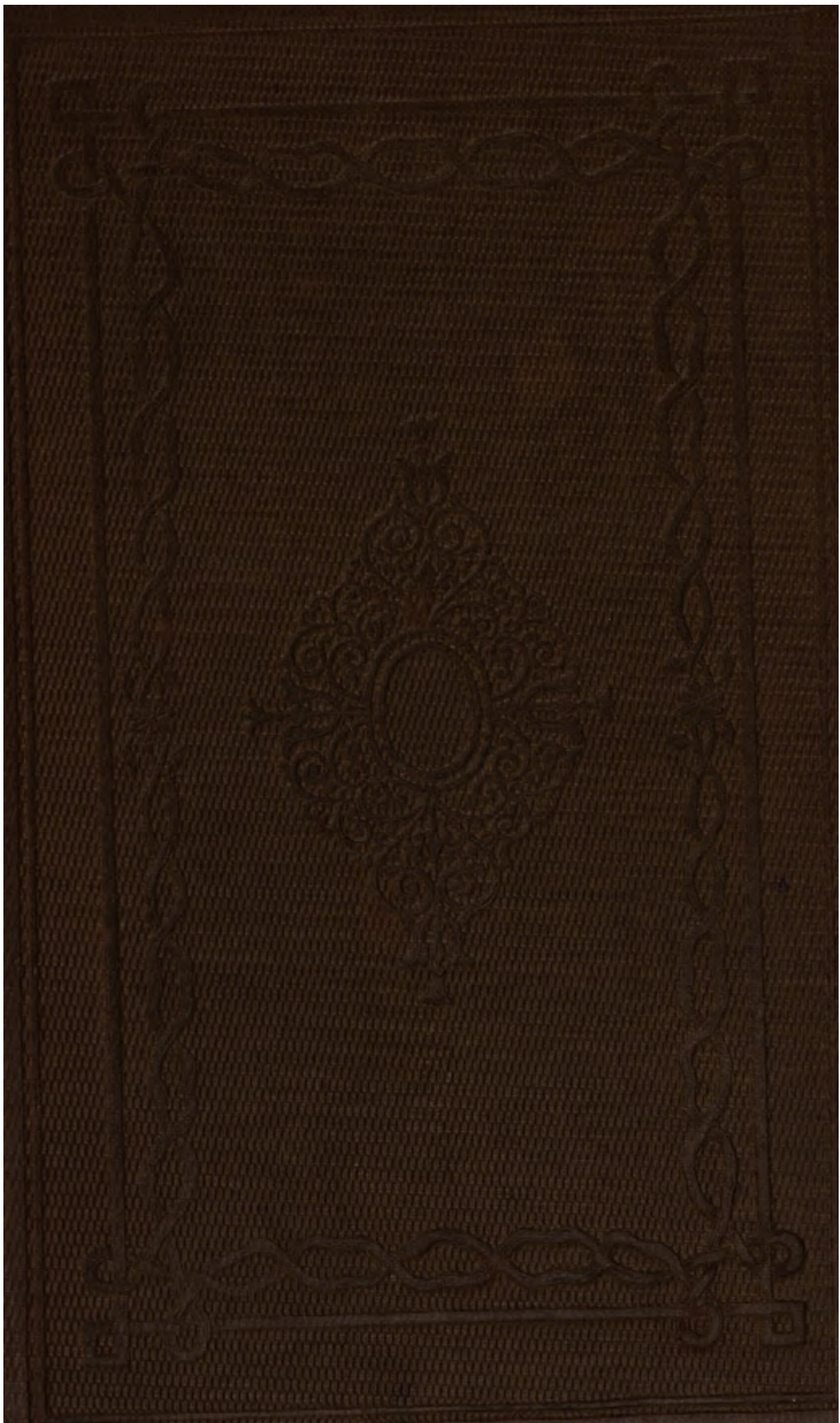
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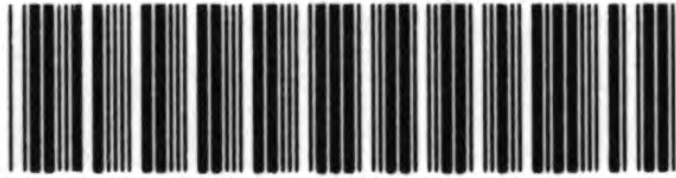
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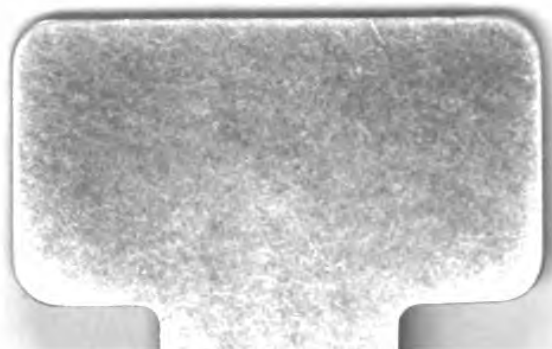


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THE VILLAGE;

AND

Other Poems:

RELIGIOUS AND MISCELLANEOUS

BY JAMES DODD,

PRESTON BROOK.



WITH A PREFACE AND EDITORIAL CORRECTIONS,

BY THE

REV. WILLIAM ANTLIFF,

HASLINGDEN.

LONDON:

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PREFACE.

POETRY is the music of the soul. And little music is there in a soul for which poetry has no charms. As in the outward, so in the inward ear, a great variety of capacity and discrimination is discoverable. But within the extremes of low, vulgar, tasteless incapacity, at the one end, and lofty, refined, and exquisite taste, and power of appreciation, and origination, at the other, there is comprehended an innumerable host of human minds of an almost infinite diversity of shades of difference in their relish for poetry, and delight under its influence. And who is there of any sentiment or ideality that has not attempted poetry at one time or another? All do not succeed; but to know this, is to know that many wish to do. And what harm in the wish? Let the endeavour be encouraged; the time might be worse spent. If one fail, another may not; and society, as well as the respective individuals, may be somewhat the better for it.

But what is Poetry? the question, though often asked, and often attempted to be answered, may be mooted again. Not rhyme, not jingle, not words, constitute poetry. Many a rhymster, poetaster, amateur, connoisseur, has been dubbed a poet, without much rhyme or reason. Perhaps they have adopted the poetic maxim of a great Poet:—

“For rhyme with reason may dispense,
And sound has right to govern sense.”

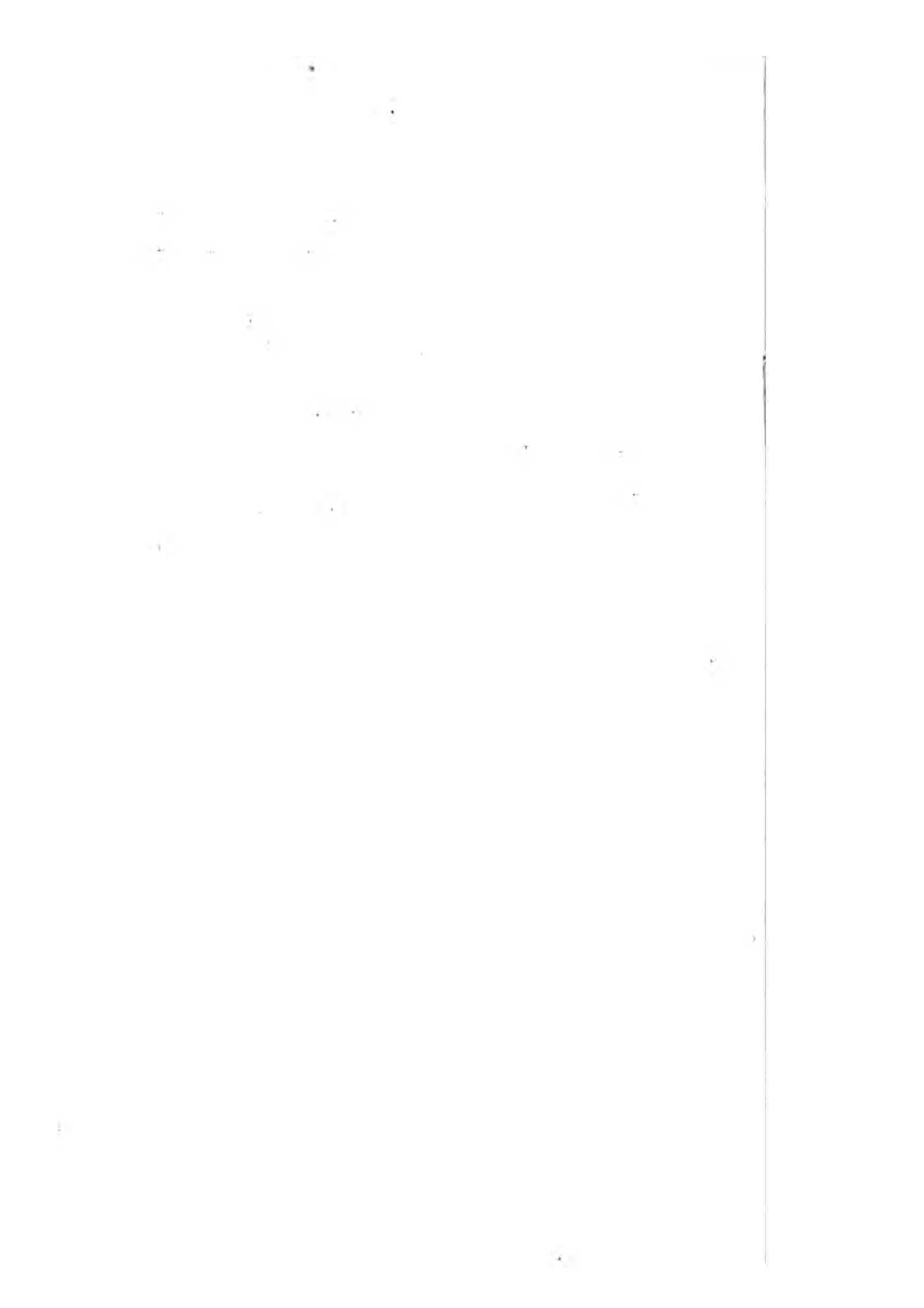
Let them have the full benefit of this interpretation; but let us in the meantime expound our idea of poetry. We hold that genius to some extent is essential to true poetic ability. There must be originality of conception; vigour, elasticity, power of thought. There must be sentiment, fire, feeling, all flowing through, aye, flooding the soul, 'The afflatus must be down on the genuine poet. He must have the necessary bumps, developments, and what not, in the head, o'er the temples, eyes, or elsewhere. The sanguine, or nervous temperament, or a compound of both, should be possessed. He must feel poetry springing up, bubbling, welling, irresistibly in his deepest soul, or we query if he will ever deserve the name of a poet. Any boy may string words together so as to make a tinkling, jingling, sound; but your true poet will not find this meet his taste; he will ask for feeling, sentiment, real living poetic heat. There may be poetry, pure, powerful, profuse, without rhyme; but so also may there be, (alas! we see enough of it,) rhyme without poetry. We like to meet both.

We greatly mistake if the reader will not find both in this little book. The author is a native, not an exotic in the region of poetry. Born and bred a farmer, and yet a young man, he has felt the fire burning in his bones, and has begged me to assist him in giving it vent. I should have regretted a spontaneous conflagration, and have therefore looked over his verses, and put them under the manipulations of the compositor, and pressman, to save him from this deprecated martyrdom. Let him now be heard. If ought of poetry be found in him, let no man despise his youth. Great poets generally start early; let

him have a turn while the day is before him. He may perchance come up by night-fall with some modern camp-followers in the wake of Milton or Shakspeare, Homer or Virgil, Dryden or Pope, Byron or Burns, Pollok or Prior, Montgomery or Wordsworth. At least let him try. I think I risk nothing in saying I have found some good thoughts, pure sentiments, sweet lines, genuine poetry, in the book. I ask no one to subscribe to every thought, word, or image herein. I should ask what I could neither give nor expect. But if any ordinary reader shall find himself prepared with a better original book, why I hope soon to meet with it. Till then, farewell.

W. A.

November 1st, 1853.



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THE VILLAGE.

Canto First.

I.

My country boasts of arts and sciences,—
Of genius, skill, of enterprize, of gain ;—
Of power, of peace,—of firm alliances
With all that's sacred :—let it so remain.
If nations boast of war, in haughty strain,
Show pompous wreaths ambition led to seize :
Shall worth, improvement, virtue, not attain
A theme more lasting, borne by every breeze
Which bears through all the world, life, competence,
and ease.

II.

When war hath triumph'd, then hath misery reign'd :
When war hath languished, then hath nature smiled :
And by her smiles the joys of peace are gain'd,
And teeming plenty crowns our healthful toils.
Thy villages, my country, in the broils
Of armed nations ne'er were torn like those
Of fair Italia ;—where numerous spoils
Have oft been seiz'd by ruthless hands : her foes
Making her homes the scenes of foul and direful woes.

III.

If it is right to boast of murd'rous war,
 'Tis surely well to boast of fruitful peace!
That does the harmonies of nature mar;—
This tells of pleasure that shall never cease.
 Go, philanthropic mortal to the place,
 And seek the power that does the hero fire:
 Gaze on the mangled forms,—the wretched trace
 Of beings once like thee;—and hark the choir
 Of maddening misery as nature doth expire!

IV.

View homes and hearts made desolate:—hear cries
 Burst forth from all the evils' heated powers!—
 And mark from all this costly sacrifice,
 The untold gain of misery that is ours!
 (Show me just heavens!—why these consuming showers?
 Ye never strew'd our path so full of ill!)
 Then thou accursed evil that devours
 My country's youth, and strikes aspiring will,
 Away—where'er thou may'st, thou art hell's feeder
 still.

V.

Oh! tis a fearful thing to tread upon
 Another's peace! to plant our feet among
 The struggling virtues of humanity.
 And add to suffering, fierce and treacherous wrong!
 Can pen proclaim it? or can human tongue
 Declare what evil in oppression dwells?—
 To crush the spirit as it pants along
 Life's troubled path, nor heed the speaking swells
 Of noble nature, as it in the bosom dwells!

VI.

To act a part like this,—what nation can
Whose power is liberty,—whose love is sweet
Enlightenment,—whose deeds are peace? The man
That claims his rights, his brother's wish should meet:
Right should concede to right! And light compete
With light! Let Justice hold his sceptred sway!
The universal brotherhood complete—
The bonds of peace, if recognized—the stay!
Freedom's our birthright! who shall quench the light
of day?

VII.

And what is right for one is right for all:
The light that is, is light for all the world!
The Moral Rules extend to great and small,
And all their stores are evermore unfurl'd.
Then, Albion, hark to mercy's gentle call;
And spread the light which makes thee truly great,
That those which seek thy sheltering wing, may all
Find kindly succour by thy powerful state,
With all the peaceful virtues that upon thee wait.

VIII.

And though the blast of war be rarely heard
Resounding o'er thy peaceful hills and dales;
Though its dread horrors cross thee but in word,
Nor half its woes revealed in spreading tales;—
Remember where thy iron arm prevails,
On shores remote,—on lands that are not thine;
And hear the groans as lingering weakness fails,
Pour'd forth by all that's sacred, on the shrine
Of struggling *liberty*, whose cause is right,—divine.

IX.

If He, who raises nations at His will,
 Should raise up those whom thou hast long oppress'd,
 Or by dissensions, all the woes fulfil
 On thee, which thou hast caus'd in lands distress'd ;—
 If He should raise up these, with all the rest
 Of fiercer passions which revenge inspires,
 To crush thee in thy turn ;—unmourn'd, unblest,
 Would be thy lot ; the fierce unnatural fires
 Would still unceasing burn, as lingering life expires !

X.

Why should He not ? should'st thou be favour'd more
 Than they ?—They too are his—his purchas'd right ;—
 Bought by the power that guards thy favour'd shore :—
 And rais'd to share with thee each pure delight :
 Yea, rais'd—but not to bear thy fiercer might.
 Oh, would'st thou dare to brave high heaven's
 command !—
 And madly grasp at power with hellish spite ?—
 Ah,—never !—cleanse at once thy reeking hand :
 And may the fruits of peace spread o'er thy happy land !

XI.

Peace has her blessings, and none ever shared
 Them more than thou !—There is a watchful eye
 O'er all thou dost—thy way is well prepared,
 And much destroyed that would thy peace destroy ;
 But oh, the blessings that thou dost enjoy,
 Are not given merely for enjoyment's sake ;
 But that thou may'st thy nobler parts employ,—
 Enforcing *right*, in spreading *truths*, which make
 Thee what thou art, that others may thy lot partake.

XII.

Example has a strong inducing power,
 And greatness gives a fascinating grace ;
 And who should hold it forth like thee, from hour
 To hour, that nations may behold thy face ?
 Heed not their scorn ; and let fierce despots pace
 Their royal halls with sad and troubled air :
 The suffering millions loud will advocate
 The cause of Liberty !—for it shall wear
 Victorious smiles when despotism shall despair.

XIII.

And if they cast upon thee looks of scorn,
 Still onward move !—a cause that's right shall stay,
 And still like beams of early breaking morn,
 March to perfection in the light of day.
 For some must lead ;—determin'd, force the way,—
 And why not thou, fair Island of the seas ?
 Behold, a power that's mighty, does array
 Thee with the march of *light* ! Then ready seize
 The blissful hour, and swell the cause in every breeze.

XIV.

To do thy duty is the law of heaven !
 To gain its smiles should be thy constant care ;
 And unto thee the sacred light is given,
 Its glorious will reveal'd, and open there !
 Then move,—fear not thy foes,—nor even spare
 The sinews of thy strength,—tax all,—try all :—
 An arm Almighty, will thy way prepare ;—
 Then why this doubting ? see the heathen fall
 And hark the captive's cry that for thy help does call.

XV.

Kneel before none; but 'fore thy Maker kneel!—
 Here thou canst safely, humbly bend thy knee;
 It is required,—and be not proud,—but feel
 The weight of life, and what it is to *be*!
 For much is given, Albion, unto thee:—
 And where 'tis so, from thence is much requir'd;
 Thou should'st adore the power that makes thee free,
 And all thy soul by hallow'd zeal be fired,
 To gain the smile of Heaven, and be by Heaven
 admired.

XVI.

But ah!—why do I thus? a child of thine!
 Yet spurn me not, my strain to thee would rise:
 And if that burning ardour be not mine,—
 Yet mine is faithful to thy liberties!
 I love thee as my mother! and the ties
 Of mystic fellowship hath hallow'd all;
 With thee I feel are link'd my destinies;
 And I must too obey the solemn call,
 And in thy greatness rise, or by thy failings fall!

XVII.

Then let me sing a calm and peaceful song,
 To swell through earth and vibrate unto Heaven:
 Let holy inspiration touch my tongue,—
 Let hallow'd fire unto my heart be given:—
 No more to be by varying passions driven;—
 No more to sink by painful weight of ill;—
 No more my breast by aching tortures riven.—
 Oh could I mount superior with my will,
 And gain the sacred stream, and drink the unmingled
 rill.

XVIII.

Come genial air, delighting zephyr breeze,
Lave through my locks and fan my heated brow;
Swell o'er the land and ripple through the trees,
And all around thy quickening influence throw :
Come thou indulgent Muse, my soul release !
Inspire my powers and breathe in all my song :
Calm ruder passions into perfect peace,—
And let my heart expand, ere from my tongue
Bursts forth the humble strains which unto thee
 belong.

XIX.

E'en yonder mingling with the smiles of life,
The lovely village shows its silent spires ;
Its stillness breathes no sad discordant strife,
And all its beauty, speaks its fond desires :
It fears no foul intruder to its fires ;—
And yet the weary wanderer here can rest,
And crave a portion as his state requires :—
And whilst with smiles his thankful heart is blest,
His wants are all relieved and all his wrongs redrest.

XX.

Those simple few that dwell within yon vale
Were never startled by war's fiercer blast ;
The clang of arms,—the roar,—the direful tale
Of living tortures never gloom'd their past :
Oh, that their joys for evermore may last,
That they like nature still may rest in peace !
May they their strength in nobler callings cast,
That freedom may aspiring powers release,
That as they still progress, their joys may still increase.

XXI.

I wish it well, because it is a place
 I love! Its very fields and flowers and trees,—
 And many other things—assisting, grace
 It with a charm that no cold blast can freeze.
 Those homes—how beautiful!—those hearths, and
 these,
 And those, and all—illumin'd by the smiles
 Of happy hearts that only seek to please!—
 Ah! tell me not the scene too soon beguiles,
 Ye never reap'd the love from such enrapturing toils.

XXII.

To live,—to think,—to move,—or what ye will,
 That life is,—has been,—or should be ;—I know
 I live, because I think and act, and still
 Endure,—of joy, or grief, or pain below.
 To live and feel of happiness,—does show
 Of something all superior to the earth ;
 And though we may a many joys forego,
 Yet still we may attest our humble worth
 When all the nobler powers are ceaseless swelling forth.

XXIII.

I dwell not here on right or wrong ;—some time
 Perhaps, these may inspire my humble strain :
 I speak of joys that were to me sublime,—
 I think on hours that will not come again.
 Let life be e'er so dark, there will remain
 Some rays of light, our dreariest path t' illumine ;
 A smile,—a look,—a tear,—how these may gain
 A power upon us ;—and in darkest gloom !
 Awake, a joy that may through life unceasing bloom !

XXIV.

To view the place in after years that youth
 Has sanctified and memory hallow'd,—
 To dwell again with features smiling truth,—
 With hearts whose atmosphere was purely good;—
 To meet again with these—again to bud
 The joys of truth,—of peace,—of early love!—
 Ah! would not this be rapture? the abode
 Of all that's sacred to the mind?—go prove
 The joy, it will thy deepest, tenderest feelings move

XXV.

Such, then, shall be the burden of my song;—
 But oh,—I cannot sing the happy weal
 That ever must to me alone belong,—
 The holiest part,—my soul can only *feel* :
 Think not I would that only part conceal.
 Ah! no! it will my humble powers inspire :
 But then the heart that is as hard as steel,
 Should never be where sacred joys aspire,
 To tread beneath its feet, a holy, pure, desire.

XXVI.

Then to my song!—o'er every favour'd shade
 Luxuriant Autumn throws her teeming store ;
 Though smiling roses now in beauty fade,
 And lilies white, and tulips are no more.
 Behold o'er every hill, in every glade,
 Nature sits smiling, radiant, all divine ;
 A thousand pleasures do the scene pervade ;
 A genial feeling rears a lovely shrine,
 To offer incense, and with happy nature join.

XXVII.

Oft in the smiling fields I fain alone
Would careless wander, o'er the varied scene ;
And tread with lightness on the carpet thrown
O'er nature lovely in luxuriant green.
To gaze on smiles to teeming blessings grown ;
To hear the murmurs lingering in the air ;
To view the movings of the great Unknown,
To seize the joys his kindly hands prepare,
And in the universal song his love declare.

XXVIII.

O who can tell the joys which in me rise
When thus employ'd, in watching nature's ways ;
In seeking out what prouder hearts despise,
Those simple truths which nature here displays !
There's not a flower that greets my wandering eyes,
There's not a breeze which mellows through the vale,
There's not a shade, a sound that doth arise,
But breathes within my ears the joyful tale,
That one Almighty is, who does in all prevail !

XXIX.

Let proud philosophy in haughty mood,
Spread the dim theories her sons would learn ;
But only with the *truths revealed*, pursued,
Can we more wise from her high school return !
Lo, beauty, light, and life, so purely good ;
Design, and the Designer's power combine !
Yea, nature—be the whole but rightly view'd,
Is one vast reservoir of facts, which shine
In union with the *sacred light* which is divine !

XXX.

Who can behold the light of day, nor yet
Admire the power which did compose its parts?
Or can the eye conceive,—adapted to beget
The loveliness of life, that light imparts?
All nature's links harmoniously are met;
The mighty chain moves sweetly, pure, and good!
Earth, air, sun, moon,—the thousand worlds—beset
With human reasonings—and the blooming sod
Proclaim, the voice of Nature is the voice of God!

XXXI.

Break forth in singing, all ye hills!—ye vales
Resound the praises of your Maker's name!
Echo the theme ye mountains, swell ye dales,
The choir, his Glorious Majesty proclaim!
Thou world of brightness, as thy power prevails,
Shadow the image of his glorious form!
And orbs of heaven, show forth his care! ye gales
Tempestuous speak! ye elements perform
His will in peace, as in his wrath's imperious storm!

THE VILLAGE.

Canto Secund.

I.

Tis morn : the wings of light have swept away
The lingering vestiges of sable night ;
The sun in splendour ushers in the day,
And labour wakes to move in active might.
The scene is clothed in beauty ! bush and bray
And smiling flowers, luxuriant to behold,
Arrayed in pearly dews, in full display,
Imparting fragrance as the hours unfold,
And loveliness and life, gain treasures here untold !

II.

Forth wings the swallow from the lowly shed,
Singing its farewell to its summer's home ;
The lapwing mounts above the tow'ring head,
And to a distant part would careless roam.
The cotter rises from his humble bed,
And careless for his morning toil prepares,
To labour hard to earn his daily bread ;
And if sufficiency does crown his cares,
No lord is happier, with his ease and his affairs.

III.

He moves along, inhales the morning breeze ;
 His mantling cheeks show health's propitious smiles :
 His vigorous step, his robust nature frees,
 And conscious worth the weary hours beguiles.
 No indigestion prostrates minds at ease,
 When labour gives to all her helping hand !
 Mild perspiration takes away disease !
 In forcing life it does the foe withstand,
 Destroys and renovates, as by supreme command.

IV.

Awake, go forth, ye young in early morn ;
 Exert your powers,—drink in the balmy air ;
 Let cheering joy your youthful hearts adorn,
 And share the life surrounding everywhere.
 The sun, in purpling east, in beauty born,
 Gives light to wake ye up at duty's call ;
 And marches forth, nor ever weary worn,
 A bright example freely gives to all ;—
 Then gird your loins, and 'neath his standard now
 enroll.

V.

“Go to the ant, thou sluggard, learn her ways
 And then be wise ;” she labours to prepare
 For stormy winter and for evil days,
 Improving gifts with much judicious care :
 And man was formed to *do* as well as *gaze* !
 His frame requires exertion, and his mind
 By thoughts sublime, its nobler powers can raise,
 To heights of greatness,—great for human kind ;
 In truths revealed,—life's mystery,—and joys assigned.

VI.

The village wakes to active life, and to
 The calls of duty gaily does prepare ;
 And each his various calling doth pursue,
 Some sad,—some gay,—so clogged with anxious care.
 I need not sing the various things they do :
 Some loiter,—some are busy,—all intent
 On matters which they know, or think they view ;
 Nor can I say that all their time's well spent,
 Nor yet presume that they are all and each content.

VII.

Well, let that be, they bear it, let them say,
 I know not why I should bear others' toils :
 I have enough to bear my own, and pay
 A certain court to all that nod or smile.
 And though my thoughts are apt to rove away,
 I scarce know where,—I need not whisper where :
 They often to my wishes truant play ;
 But then I can't command them always : bear
 Just as they will ; they lead me into many a snare.

VIII.

Oh, nature ! mother ! friend and sister thou !
 Teach me thy laws ! My panting bosom fill !
 In all thy ways thou calmly movest now,
 Yet all thy many calls thou dost fulfil !
 Thou art adorn'd ! and on thy peering brow
 Sits smiling harmony, that all prevades.
 Oh, teach me now that I thyself may know,
 On hills, in dales, in plains, and cooling shades,
 Pour on my soul the beauteous light that never fades

IX.

For taught by thee, my soul receives a tone,
 Of sweet simplicity, and kindling fire.
 Devotion moves me,—claims me as her own,
 And all my soul expands in warm desire.
 I feel I'm thine, my panting heart is grown
 Link'd with thy life,—strong in thy sympathies.
 If in the desert waste, I'm not alone,—
 Thy form surrounds me, cheers me with thy joys,
 And bids life's tenderest pleasures in my bosom rise.

X.

I love thee, nature! for behold through thee,
 My heart for life a stronger task hath gain'd:
 I knew thee not until the light did be
 My guide;—that light which God himself ordain'd.
 Himself revealed! and then, behold, did flee
 Those mists of ignorance with their sable gloom;
 My soul escaped from thralldom,—I was free!
 Confusion does no more my powers consume,
 Aspires to God, and breathes in nature's grand per-
 fume.

XI.

What were the stately halls to such as I?
 The laughing dames? the sparkling viands' store?
 Or what the gifts which riches do supply?
 The grand designs, the shelves of ancient lore?
 My bounding heart would pant for freedom's joy,
 Where no restraint should curb its restless force,
 And nature should my tuneful tongue employ,
 Resound her praise, pursue each devious course,
 And in her wilds of grandeur seek life's living source.

XII.

Why should I not ? for to thy ponderous frame
 I am related as life's scenes unfold :
 From thee at first in innocence I came,
 A little lamb of thy extended fold :
 I was thy care ;—thou nurs'd'st me with an arm,
 To make me all that thou would'st wish to own :
 And still thou lov'st me, for I feel the same,—
 Blest, cheer'd, cloth'd, fed by thee ; nor is unknown
 Thy love, it doth for all thy breaking stripes atone.

XIII.

And when life's visionary scenes are past,
 Where shall I turn, fond mother ! but to thee ?
 A power divine may o'er my visions cast
 Some dim, strange spectres of eternity.—
 But these are mine, when death's untimely blast
 Hath chill'd the anxious current of life's stream !—
 Till this shall be, let all thou art and wast
 Roll o'er my soul,—mix with each anxious dream ;—
 And gild the last dark scenes with hope's departing
 gleam.

XIV.

Then now to thee I turn, and 'neath this shade
 Of fruitful branches spreading o'er my head ;
 With thy fond scenes upon my heart pourtrayed,
 And thousand blessings all around me spread ;
 Here consecrate me thine !—my breast was made
 To share thy life, to feel thy loveliness !
 And till thy scenes shall from my visions fade,
 So may I love thee,—so my thoughts express,
 As thou would'st wish—my only happiness.

XV.

I need not sing what many bards have sung,
The daily routine of their peaceful life :
Nor tell from whence their little wealth has sprung :
Nor speak of all their schemes with greatness rife :
Suffice to say, where once dread stillness hung
Cold o'er the scene which does demand my song ;
A voice awoke the sleeping scene, and rung
A peal of gladness all the wilds among,
And pure enlightenment did move in power along !

XVI.

And where dim wildness reign'd in awful gloom,
Rich fertile vales, and healthful hills appear ;
And groves are vocal,—stretching landscape's bloom,
In all the varying grandeur of the year.
Industry seal'd their fierce unhallow'd doom,
And from her hand flung blessings all around ;
Soon every scene did other garbs assume,
And *plenty* in each smiling cot was found,
Creating peace, and healing many a rankling wound.

XVII.

Of wilder grandeur let him sing, that loves
To see what England ne'er shall see again ;
But I, poor bard, will sing of cultural groves,—
Of corn-crown'd hills, of rich diluting plains :
Where warbling birds can sing their amorous loves,
And kine can browse in pastures rich and green ;
And men attain the innocence of doves,
In all that elevates home's peaceful scene,
And holds the darksome past as if it ne'er had been.

XVIII.

Toil brings its own reward ; it is an art
 Link'd with the laws of nature, firm and sure :
 Yea, though not all, it is a moving part
 Of this our being, and must as us endure.
 It is not mov'd by philosophic start,
 Nor can proud genius prove its overthrow :
 It is the safe, descriptive, lasting mart,
 That stands for all whilst in this vale below,
 To guide from ills, disease, and many a torturing woe.

XIX.

Who can enumerate what it bestows ?
 Or tell its blessings to our suffering race ?
 Through it the desert blossoms as the rose,
 And fulness smiles on nature's bounteous face.
 Six days, fond child of earth, let none oppose
 The claims of nature, which must shortly cease ;
 But on the seventh day seek rest ! let it disclose,
 Still richer blessings in thy short release,—
 And seek life's harmonies, and rest thy soul in peace !

XX.

Hail, day of rest ! thou hallow'd type of heaven !
 Thou art the link which holds us to the skies !
 When in life's storms our souls are tempest driven,
 Thy heavenly rays bid languid hopes arise !
 To us, thou priceless treasure ! thou art given !—
 To us,—to us thy nature is revealed !—
 And if thy teachings now were from us riven,
 Oh,—what would then my hapless country shield ?
 Away ! thou harrowing dream, in hell thy visions
 wield.

XXI.

Oh, let thy light go forth, thou day of days !
Bright as the sun thy matchless blessings prove !
And in earth's dark remotest corners raise
Thy gladdening smile,—thy feast of richest love !
Yea, in those lands that never heard thy praise :—
Let Africa's dark sons thy teachings share ;—
And Asia, glutted in a thousand ways,—
May she for thee a holy path prepare,
And on her peering brows, thy hallowed garlands
wear.

XXII.

Ah !—there is evil deeper than the grave !
And darkness darker than the shades of hell !
And *wrong* that rolls in fierce tumultuous wave,
And *tortures* that no human tongue can tell.
And can thy power illuminate and save ?—
Restore and rectify our suffering race ?—
Give peace and freedom to the tortured slave ?
And stamp confusion in th' oppressor's face ?
Yea, we believe,—the world ere long shall thee embrace.

XXIII.

And when that glorious era shall arrive,
Infants shall lisp thy name, and men rejoice ;
And from the earth thy heavenly light shall drive
Oppression's scourge, and every shade of vice :
And then the world in virtue's paths shall thrive ;
And angel graces on its features shine ;
And all with generous emulation strive
For greater excellence in things divine !—
Haste,—glorious era ! happy period ! be thou mine.

XXIV.

Then let proud Rome of ancient glory boast ;—
 Of deeds her arms victoriously achieved ;—
 Of all her palaces and princely host,—
 Of pantheons which the vulgar crowd deceived ;—
 Of games, where gladiators sternly lost
 Their name, their kindred, all that bound to earth ;—
 Or of her coliseum,—or the cost
 Of all her grandeur, of her scenes of mirth ;—
 With all, there's no asylum there for suffering worth.

XXV.

And let the ever memorable Greece,
 Proclaim to all the world her depth of lore ;
 Remain a mystery as her days increase,
 Till time shall sweep her hence, (or all restore :)
 As *light* prevails, e'en her dim power shall cease,—
 Her softest, sweetest, moving eloquence ;—
These cannot stand before the truths of peace !
 For *reason* may a feeble light dispense,
 But of itself, 'tis but like midnight elegance !

XXVI.

Shame on thee, Athens !—for thy sons were bright,
 Intelligent, illustrious, and refin'd :—
 But, oh ! on thee had never dawn'd the light
 Which giveth freedom to the labouring mind !—
 But thou art past—boast not : thou didst delight
 Not in humanity, nor deeds of love :
 And nature breathing in thy quick'ning sight,
 Did oft thy madly reasoning course reprove ;—
 Farewell, thou ancient mystery, thou art known above.

XXVII.

But Albion, if she boasteth, 'tis not these
 Shall be her theme, she has a nobler theme,—
 Which like the mellowing, incense-bearing breeze,
 Breathes in the sweets with which its courses teem :
 And in her path behold the fruitful trees,
 The odoriferous flowers which truth reveals ;
 And liberty her thousand members frees ;—
 Through all her frame the moving virtue steals,
 Which rests not, is undying, as her nature feels.

XXVIII.

And whence is this ?—behold, her sabbath set,
 Warms the horizon of her tempered powers !
 And see the vernal smile of peace begun,
 To generate in fructifying showers.
 Smile on thou orb of glory ! thou hast done
 Much for the land that boasts thy hallowed ray ;
 'Till thou a mad conflicting world hast won ;—
 And driven distraction with its torturing sway,
 From souls that ne'er inhaled thy everlasting day.

XXIX.

And here I would a tribute bear to thee,
 Of time that's past, endear'd by thousand ties ;
 When my young heart thou first inspir'dst, to see
 Thy light adorning all that never dies !
 Oh ! dear thou art, as dear for ever be :
 Remembrance leaves the past, my powers adore ;—
 Again thy holy brightness smiles on me :—
 Again I join thy praises as before,
 And let me in thy glories live for evermore.

XXX.

In yonder homes thy power is felt and seen ;
 At thy approach, vice, skulking, seeks the shade ;
 For all within thy chastening power have been,
 And own thou hast a reformation made :
 They can rejoice when thou dost roll between
 The anxious past, they daily undergo :
 For thou illuminates earth's troubled scene,
 And scatter'st many a gathering cloud of woe,
 And giv'st them of the joys which mortals share below.

XXXI.

Renewed by thee, again they take the field,
 More ardently their varied tasks engage :
 And dormant faculties no more concealed,
 Adds each its tribute to the moving age !
 The rivers of the earth have long revealed,
 Their stores to us through enterprising skill :
 And science, like a strong protecting shield,
 Improved by man's invigorating will,
 Makes stubborn elements his wishes now fulfil.

XXXII.

Progression !—endless !—boundless !—infinite !
 Inspiring principle in life, to *be* !
 Pure element of heaven,—the law,—the light,—
 The ruling agent of eternity !
 Still move the scene, omnipotent, and write
 Indelibly thy burning characters,
 That we may yet in nobler deeds delight,
 And share the gifts thy bounteous hand confers,
 And own the power which deep within our bosom stirs.

XXXIII.

Hail, moving Majesty!—eternal power!—
My country's sons with heavenly light inspire!
And lead them on improving every hour,
To heights for which their nobler powers aspire!
No retrogressive move should thee devour;
Let *forward* be our theme,—our cheering song!
Nor falsèr colours lure us to their bower,
But in thy greatness, may we too grow strong,
And be a burning fire to every shade of wrong.

XXXIV.

And wilt thou stay? yea, thou shalt ever stay!
Thy heavenly light, no more shall be concealed;
Discovery drives a thousand mists away,
And nature's pent up secrets are revealed;
Thine is the light,—the everlasting ray,—
The glorious dawn of immortality!—
To bring us to perfection's happy day,
Till thine arrayed in holy sanctity,
And full of years shall burst into eternity.

THE VILLAGE.

Canto Third.

I.

The glorious sun has run his daily round,
And calmly sinks to rest i'th' western sky ;
Rich splendours now his parting hour surround,
To crown his exit as he seems to die :
In every grove the tuneful songsters raise
Their strains to Him who does their wants supply :
And nature joins the grateful songs of praise,
Whilst thankful creatures feel the general joy,
And swell the happy lay to Him who reigns on high.

II.

Lo ! stillness round this scattered village reigns,
Save where the urchins sport with merry din ;
No Philomela pours her melting strains,
But fluttering bats dull evening sports begin :
Now closing are the beauties of yon plains,
Yon towering hills are fading from the sight ;—
And nought but evening's peaceful scene remains :—
The hardy sons of toil in conscious right,
Now seek their homes to share the blessings of the
night.

III.

I see their consorts waiting at their doors,
 Whilst children run to lisp their sires' return :
 The welcome, balm in weary nature pours,
 And all the father in their bosoms burns :
 When all are settled, soon the calm restores,
 To each his duties in the evening's stay :
 Some seek in pages for the precious ores
 Of knowledge, as 'tis known in this their day,
 Whilst some discuss the cares which in their bosoms
 prey.

IV.

Think not, ye proud, that all is careless smile,
 Among the crowd, which for your ease provides !
 Think not, that those engaged in active toil,
 Are free from ills which linger at your sides !
 Are they not mortal ?—in their frames resides
 That fearful scourge in many forms,—*disease* !
 And in their breasts the raging storm abides,
 Of many passions ! every baneful breeze
 Sweeping the soul with tempests like the troubled seas.

V.

All have not peace that do its garb assume :—
 All have not joy that seek the merry throng ;
 And grief may riot 'neath the cheeks that bloom,
 And death may lurk in frames appearing strong :
 Could we but read the heart that suffers wrong
 From wounds which we perhaps inflicted there ;
 Could we behold the pangs which roll along
 The sacred strings of hearts that cannot share,
 Of life,—of love,—of joy,—no feelings but—*despair* !

VI.

Hark!—what lamentings break upon mine ear?
 Whence came those moans,—like nature's awful moans?
 Behold the *West*!—the curse,—the curse is there,—
 My brothers' *hell*!—hear ye my sisters' groans?
 Ah! wherefore where they made?—The very air
 Seems burden'd with the breathings of their cries!
 Have they a hope? 'tis madden'd to despair!
 Earth,—hell exults!—the demon's scourge destroys:—
Stripes,—groans,—BLOOD,—DEATH!—bear witness,
 earth! behold, ye skies!

VII.

Yet raise your heads, my tortured brothers! lift
 Them up,—your freedom yet ye shall obtain!
 Behold, th' Avenger is approaching swift,—
 Your tears were seen,—they were not shed in vain!
 Who are they that oppress?—do ever reign
 Within their hearts the feelings of their race?
 Alas! there are a meekly few that deign
 To thank their Maker for his gifts of grace!
 Ah! did such madness ever human soul disgrace?

VIII.

We have no slaves;—thank God! we have no slaves!
 We seek exemption from the awful deed:
 We thirst for freedom!—daily, error brave!—
 And seek to help; to weep with hearts that bleed:
 Spread on, thou heavenly *light*! thy glory leads
 Up to the richest gifts of liberty!
 If *wrong* deceives, its power no more succeeds;—
 And if the tortured slaves shall e'er be free,
 'Tis thou must do the work!—Naught else prevails
 but thee.

IX.

If, ye oppress'd, we can't your fetters break,
Yet ye have woke our tenderest sympathies :
We'll advocate with all our powers awake,
The only cause that bids our hopes arise :
We know there is no joy like that to seek,
The couch of suffering, minist'ring relief :—
To raise the hand that's sinking,—low and weak ;—
To stay the cause of overflowing grief,
And crown with deeds of mercy, life, so precious, brief.

X.

Day, with its noise and burdens disappear,
And stealing come the sable shades of night ;
The hum of nature dies upon the ear,
And calmness fills the scene with pure delight.
The moon adorn'd, in her exalted sphere,
Pours glory on the solemn hours between ;
And grandeur shines in every star so clear,
To teach man truths by the astounding scene
In ample exhibition of a sky serene.

XI.

The shades of evening! peaceful shades of eve!
Sweet closing scene of day's departing hours!
What balmy joys our hopeful hearts receive—
Inhaling fragrance in thy fading bowers.
Welcome thou art!—come with thy soothing powers,
And calm my aching temples into peace!
A balmy fragrance all around me lowers,
My pent up feelings gain in thee release,
And feel a source of joy that never more may cease.

XII.

Alone, and in yon calm and peaceful shade
William and Anna walk in mutual pride :
Their little troubles from their memories fade,
And naught with love the evening can divide.
And those are blest whose love with love's repaid ;—
Whose hearts are never stain'd by foul deceit ;
To yonder pair, *youth* lends its pleasing aid ;
Heart strikes to heart, and makes their joy complete ;
And virtue, beauty, youth, and love, so blended, meet.

XIII.

I love to gaze on *youthful love* ! when mind
With mind do fondly round each other twine ;—
When all the virtues of the heart combined
Do rule the will and in the actions shine :
Each does the other from foul evils bind,—
Provokes and stimulates to daring deeds ;
And perseverance to affection join'd,
Still hands them on to gain their little needs,
And all the calm serenity of life succeeds.

XIV.

Now Henry, too forsakes his book, to share
The blessings of the evening's peaceful cool ;
He feels the virtues of the balmy air
And makes a meditative walk his rule.
Free from embarrassment and anxious care,—
A youthful ardour burning in his soul ;
He gazes on the scene surpassing fair,
Suggests and reasons on the boundless whole,
And thinks his heaven revealed, beyond the starry pole.

XV.

This is the hour!—This is the pleasing hour!
 Let us go forth beneath the bright orb'd sky;
 Mary, away!—and leave the shaded bower,
 To gaze upon the golden arch on high!
 See, worlds on worlds!—our anxious spirits tour,
 And mingle with the music of the spheres!—
 The boundless,—infinite,—Almighty Power,
 Is ceaseless rolling on our listful ears—
 Through all th' immensity which every where appears.

XVI.

What are *we*?—ah, what were we!—Countless worlds
 Immense, unspeakable, declare HIS name!
 The glorious truths thy sable garb unfurls,
 Calm night!—are what no tongue shall e'er proclaim.
 Speak though, bright orb! that lead'st the starry
 flame
 O'er the blue arch;—we take the wing with thee,—
 Speak of the Power that form'd thee,—tell His fame
 Pure as thy smiling face appears to me!—
 Oh! could I learn,—thou speakest of—ETERNITY.

XVII.

Eternity!—Eternity!—ah, who
 Can know Eternity?—What is *to be*,
What was, and *is*,—for evermore,—below,—
 Above,—are swallowed in Eternity!
 Ah, what art thou, Great God?—Can mortals know
 Thy nature, and behold thee on thy throne?
 We soon shall pass the scenes which show
 Thee shadow'd in Eternity!—alone,
 Thy works are yet enough for us, thou great Unknown.

XVIII.

Away, my soul away ;—regain thy sphere ;
 Why would'st thou soar as yet above the skies ?
 Thou fain would'st burst the chains which hold thee
 here,
 And like thee,—mingle with the mysteries !
 Behold the worlds surrounding everywhere.
 These are enough for thy frail powers to scan ;
 Oh, glorious scene, unnumbered orbs appear !
 My rising soul surveys the wond'rous plan ;—
 To comprehend ;—but oh ! I feel myself but *man* !

XIX.

Away, away my soul, the earth regain,
 The scene o'erwhelms thee ;—oh, away,—descend ;
 Amid the wonders of thy little world remain ;
 For why the wonders of the spheres ascend ?
 My humble song the minstrel would attain,—
 To sing of scenes congenial to my view :—
 Come muse, from earth again inspire my strain,
 I love the walks we've wander'd through and through,
 They are familiar grown, ye unknown worlds adieu.

XX.

Here are the paths I wandered when a boy ;
 When my young heart, elate with many a scene
 Of youthful fancy, lingered with each joy,
 Or rambled in the fields arrayed in green :—
 I join'd each bird that sung ; and tried to spy
 Their little nests in sheltered calm retreat ;—
 Or, pluck'd the flowers,—whose bosoms to the sky,—
 Might well have shrunk from my intruding feet,—
 Which ruder than the breezes, did their tendrils greet.

XXI.

Those windows now,—amid the falling gloom,—
 Of scattered dwellings, rising to the skies ;—
 (As sombre sadness veileth every bloom
 And exhalations silently arise :)—
 Do something like enchantment's garb assume !—
 And when I think of all the cheering smiles,
 Which often do the humblest paths perfume,—
 I seem to share the thousand little wiles,
 Which make men quite forget their sorrows and their
 toils.

XXII.

Peace dwells with many,—yet it might with more :
 Might does not give to all *home's* fruitful joys :
 Dissensions may create a rankling sore,—
 But oh, forgive, ere fiercer passions rise.
 Seek not the *cup*,—for it can ne'er restore
 One ray of comfort to the aching breast ;
 But live by *hope* ; the storm may yet blow o'er ;
 And all may smile again with double zest !
 Do all thou cans't of *right*, and leave to heaven the
 rest.

XXIII.

Hark !—but they are the sounds I oft have heard,
 When all was calm ;—their noise annoys mine ear :—
 It is not like the music of the bird,
 That sings night's hours away in plaintive cheer :
 But oh ! 'tis like hell's maddening career !—
 Behold the drunkard, struggling against the *light* !
 His reason reels ;—his health's destroyed ;—the fear
 Of God is gone ;—his course is dark as night :
 He lives disgraced ;—he dies—oh, close it from my
 sight.

XXIV.

Oh, England ! strive to purify thy land ;
 Allow not this !—it cankers on thy name :
 Its sad effects are seen on every hand,
 In slaying thine, and sinking thee in shame.—
 This scene contrast ;—let us thy sight command ;
 Behold yon house that's reared for prayer and praise :
 See there, the humble, kneeling, pious band,
 And hark ! what prayers for thy support they raise ;
 Oh, England ! cultivate the strength of all thy days.

XXV.

If ever spot of earth was free from ill ;
 Thou would'st imagine this the very spot ;
 Here nature's teeming hands are never still,
 And seeming plenty smiles on every cot.
 No town is near its poison to instil,
 To counteract creation's peaceful plan :
 But oh !—each does his cup of sorrows fill,
 And drinks it up, to poison life's short span,
 To prove that there is *woe*, wherever there is *man* !

XXVI.

Yea, *vice* here reigns ; and every heart does know
 Its bitterness, the fruit of Adam's fall :
 The chain of evil, with its load of woe,
 Binds not a few,—alas ! has fettered all !
 Bereavements,—ills,—and disappointments show,—
 With all the aches, and pains, and anxious fears,
 That man should fix his mind on naught below,
 But seek for joys beyond the rolling spheres ;
 For all must prove—alas !—this is a vale of tears !

XXVII.

Yet virtue has its never dying charms !—
 The only joy that mortals can possess,
 Which will support the mind through all alarms,
 And give through life the richest happiness !
 Oh, how its life the human bosom warms,—
 How folly dies its gentle power beneath ;—
 Gives inward strength, and crouching fear disarms,—
 Nerves all the mind with its inspiring breath,
 And fortifies the soul 'gainst all the power of death !

XXVIII.

Don't ye prove this, ye seers ?—Have ye not tried
 The emptiness of all the world to you ?—
 Art thou not with it, youth, dissatisfied ?
 Or wilt thou go and prove its evils too ?—
 Go then, drink deep, at friendship's fount so wide ;—
 Go join the fairy ring and feel its fire ;—
 Try beauty's charms, or steep thy heart in pride,
 Or let ambitious views thy soul inspire,—
 And feed it with the *world*,—and still there is—*desire* !

XXIX.

Mortal! on earth there is no paradise !
 Appearance oft may tempt thee to believe !—
 But all is vanity before thine eyes,—
 And wakes imagination to deceive !
 The finest metals all have their alloys :—
 Smiles are deceiving ;—*hope's* a traitor known :—
Friendship's a shadow ;—*love's* a bitter prize ;—
 And naught can satisfy beneath the sun,
 And every eye must weep, and every heart must
 groan !

XXX.

The hours of evening now have fled apace ;
 I see their families around their fires ;
 The fathers sit with patriarchal grace,
 And hear their children vent their warm desires :
 And in the midst the matrons hold their place,
 And ever share their younger children's play :
 The elder sing, or talk, or read, to trace
 All dulness from the evening's hours away ;—
 And parents smile, and children crown their happiest
 day !

XXXI.

'Tis not alone thy universities
 Which, Albion, give the world thy nobler youth ;—
 Though these may help to rule thy destinies,
 Or tend to lead thee in the paths of truth ;
 But there are *minds* of daring enterprize,
 That ne'er were form'd in learning's costly dome,—
 And these are they who guard thy liberties!—
 Reared on the *cottage hearths*,—nor taught to roam,
 But live to love their God, and guard their native
 home.

XXXII.

And now is come the hour of balmy rest,
 That's ever welcome to the sons of toil :
 It doth not make alike the idle blest,
 But weary nature feels its sweets the while :
 Now gratitude does fill the Christian's breast ;
 He sees the power which doth his steps attend :
 His heavenly Father all his wants redrest,
 And he will surely guard him to the end ;—
 Then bow'd to earth, pure aspirations from his soul
 ascend !

XXXIII.

Oh! who can picture this delightful scene!
 What tongue can tell the power the humble wield?—
 What pen can paint the heaven above,—serene?
 Or show the arm which does the lowly shield?—
 'Tis not of earth, though earth may intervene,—
 A circle thus employ'd in prayer and praise,
 Is by the Lord,—the King of glory, seen,
 And angels on the light ecstatic gaze,
 And earth and heaven a song of adoration raise!

XXXIV.

England!—behold the mystery of thy power!
 The poor despised are they that shelter thee!
 Their aspirations save thee every hour,
 And crown thy head with glorious liberty!
 Speed on thy light! and on thine *evils* pour,—
 Its force resistless,—on thine only foes!
 Then purer songs shall rise from every bower,
 To calm thy fears,—appease thy aching throes,—
 And bring,—while all around are toss'd, to thee,—
repose!

XXXV.

Tell not to me thy deeds of martial fire;—
 Show me no trophies that thy arms have won;—
 I see the *power* which made thy foes retire;—
 I hear the *voice* which led thy armies on!
 Cromwell! these breathings did thy soul inspire,—
 These first awoke and fann'd thy ardent flame;—
 Gave strength unto thy arms, and fed desire,—
 Led thee and thine to never dying fame,
 And gave to Albion's sons, thy *weapons* and thy *name!*

XXXVI.

Oh, land of Liberty! My native Isle!
I offer up my humble strain to thee!
Oh! long obey the *gospel's truths*; then while—
Opposers sink, thy sons shall still be free!
Let no imaginative scene beguile—
But tread the paths thy nobler sires have trod;
Then *heaven*,—yea, heaven itself,—will on thee smile,
And thou wilt shine through all the earth abroad,—
A city on a hill!—a semblance of thy God!



THERE IS A GOD.

I.

WELCOME, propitious beams of morn!—
Ye yellow streams of glorious light,—
Again the teeming earth adorn,
With all that can our powers delight:—
Our nature wake—our hearts inspire,
And kindle the celestial fire,
Where nature's incense burns.

II.

Reveal to us the hidden Power—
Creating, guiding, guarding all;—
Sustaining still from hour to hour
All things that are, both great and small;—
I feel the Power my soul inflames,—
For oh, the universe proclaims,—
There is—there is a God!

III.

Yon glorious sun—that source of light,
With all his wide extended rays,
Dispelling darkest shades of night,
And lighting, warming, fleeting days;—
Yea, he, from where he centred dwells—
His nature and his glory—tells—
There is—there is a God!

IV.

And when the day is sunk to rest,
 When night's long sable hours prevail ;
 The moon wrapt in a glorious vest,
 Confirms and spreads the "wondrous tale."—
 Her cheering form, her warmless light,—
 Proclaim throughout the lovely night,—
 There is—there is a God !

V.

The stars—those luminary orbs—
 Thick spangled in the lofty sky ;
 The sceptic's maddening whims absorb,
 And all his random schemes destroy ;
 The majesty the scene unfurls,—
 Ascending from a thousand worlds—
 Proclaims—there is a God !

VI.

What power did first these worlds create ?
 And who their mutual harm'ny keeps,—
 But He,—that being wondrous great,
 That never slumbers, never sleeps ?
 Orion with his shining train,
 Re-echoes deep the hallow'd strain,
 There is—there is a God !

VII.

Nor less the universal plan,
 Which we behold from day to day ;
 From creeping worm to lordly man,
 All do their Maker's power display
 And nature's verdure as it grows,
 Unceasing tells,—unceasing shows,—
 There is—there is a God !

VIII.

The exhalations that arise,
 Full teeming with the richest store;—
 The POWER that dwells within the skies,
 That forms and does them all restore;—
 And then the winds and airy flame,
 That scatter blessings, too proclaim—
 There is—there is a God.

IX.

Hark! hear the warbler on yon spray,
 That fears not as it balanc'd stands!
 It seems to dread no dreary day,—
 'Tis fed from out its Maker's hands!
 It claims his care;—its tribute brings,
 And looking upwards, gaily sings,—
 There is—there is a God!

X.

The teeming grades of varied life,
 In forms more strange and varied still,
 With senses which are ever rife,
 Their Maker's wishes to fulfil;
 Also the earth with wond'rous power,
 Sustaining all from hour to hour,
 Confirms—there is a God!

XI.

And can we doubt there is a God?
 Can facts like these cause no surprise?
 Unprejudiced we'll view yon sod,
 A lily meets our wondering eyes:—
 Its form, its hues, its general plan,
 Outvie the feeble arts of man,
 And prove its maker, God

XII.

And would we say that nature yields,—
 As common mother of them all,—
 Such varied forms to deck her fields,
 Assisted by yon glorious ball?
 Who did these fecund powers combine?
 Is there, and was there, no *design*?—
 There is ;—there is a God!

XIII.

And think of life itself, and see
 How all to it a tribute gives :
 All-linked to nature seems to be,
 For by *effects* each being lives :
 The air all breathe,—the food all eat,—
 Do nature's varied wishes meet,
 And tell there is a God!

XIV.

Why talk of "*causes*" and "*effects*?"
 Can "*chance*" bring these, and these sustain?
 'Tis madness! none who e'er reflects,
 But finds such impious talk is vain.
 He who attributes all to *chance*,
 Errs greatly :—nature in advance—
 Doth blush, and owns her God!

XV.

Nay, man, thyself, that *dar'st to boast*,
 With all thy arrogance and pride,
 Dost prove, though all things else were lost,—
 By wants created and supplied ;—
 By all thy flame, and all its fires,—
 Thy soul united,—its desires,—
 Thy all,—there is a God!

XVI.

And thou, poor feeble mortal!—thou
 Of yesterday,—frail nature's child ;—
 If rich, if poor, thou too must bow,
 And to the dust be reconciled :—
 With all thy boasting,—all thy pride—
 The truth will pierce on every side,—
 There is—there is a God!

XVII.

There is a God! this is my joy ;
 This thought doth sweetest pleasures give,—
 I act beneath a father's eye,
 And in him ever move and live!
 His love within my bosom burns,
 And “trembling to its source returns,”
 And draws me unto God!

XVIII.

And thus, great universal Lord!
 Thy works attest thy wondrous power ;
 They sweetly with thyself accord,
 And speak of thee from hour to hour ;—
 That things of time, and things of sense,
 May view thy great omnipotence,—
 And learn thy glorious name!

XIX.

Seen thus by frail humanity,
 When evil tends to veil the sight ;
 Oh, what will death, eternity,
 Reveal, to vision clear as light!
 Then all thy wond'rous self made known,
 How shall we view? my God then own
 Thy poor unworthy child!

THE LOVE OF GOD

MANIFESTED IN THE ATONEMENT MADE FOR FALLEN
HUMANITY.

I.

AWAKE my soul! awake and sing,
The goodness of thy God and King;
Who did his Son a ransom give,
That thou, unworthy thou, might'st live!

II.

And could no lesser gift *redeem*?
Could no archangel sound the theme?
Would none the threat'ning tempest brave;
That they a guilty world might save?

III.

No power was found,—no arm so strong,—
Throughout all heaven's unnumbered throng,
Could God's o'erwhelming vengeance bear,
And all the fearful breach repair!

IV.

But Jesus, his beloved Son,
Did not man's helpless nature shun!—
His life,—oh, wond'rous gift!—he gave,
That he, poor guilty man, might save!

V.

And He—tho' God! became a man,
 To execute *redemption's* plan!
 Left heaven, and its light and life,
 To dwell within a world of strife.

VI.

Can human tongue, or pen declare
 What melting anguish breathed the prayer—
 "This cup pass by," exclaimed the Son,
 "Yet not my will, but thine be done!"

VII.

Oh, bitter draught, can mortals know,
 What drops composed that cup of woe?
 With whom, for whom did he contend,
 That made the bloody sweat descend?

VIII.

And ere he gains the yawning tomb,
 He meets a malefactor's doom!—
 At length—" 'Tis done,"—the Saviour cried,
By man, for man, he meekly died.

IX.

Oh, wond'rous truth! oh, boundless love!—
 Lend us your harps, ye saints above,—
 That we, unworthy, yet may raise,
 Our humble tribute to His praise.

X.

He will accept our humble strain;
 Nor need we breathe a prayer in vain;
 Our secret whispers, if sincere,
 Will surely gain his listening ear.

XI.

Secure beneath his watchful eye,
No cares should e'er our peace destroy ;
For he who does the ravens feed,
Will kindly meet our every need.

XII.

For whom does nature yield her store,
With rich abundance flowing o'er ?
The corn,—the vine,—the herb,—the tree,—
For whom, but—doubting mortal—thee ?

XIII.

And though my health and strength decay,
His arm shall gently clear my way ;—
Soothe nature's pains,—defend my head,—
When through death's dreary paths I tread !

XIV.

And when my days on earth shall cease,
He then will bless my soul with peace,—
Transport me to a happier shore,
To see his face for evermore.

ADDRESS TO THE HOLY GHOST.

I.

COME, Holy Ghost, my heart inspire,—
Bid ruder passions cease ;
Purge me from every vain desire,
And give me perfect peace.
I yield,—I yield to thee !—No more
Forsake this troubled breast ;
But guide me till life's journey's o'er,
Then take me to thy rest.

II.

Come, Holy Ghost! Come, teach my soul
Thy good and perfect laws ;
And make my wounded spirit whole,
That I may spread thy cause.
Free may I be from loathsome sin,
Or all my prayer is vain ;
For pure must be the breast within,
Where thou wilt deign to reign.

III.

Come and crush sin's alluring power,
And set my spirit free ;
And give, yea, in the present hour,
Thyself and heaven to me !
Then let me bask beneath thy smiles,
And breathe thy genuine flame ;
That kept by thee from evil's wiles,
I still may spread thy name.

IV.

Teach me, that I myself may know !—
My inmost heart may see ;—
And give me power that I below,
May more resemble thee.
Oh—make my conscience quick to learn
The first approach of sin ;
And with a jealous eye discern
What lurking lies within !

V.

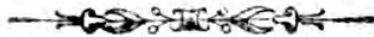
In every scene of earthly strife,
My helpless nature shield ;—
And let me from the storms of life,
By thee be all concealed !
Not freedom from affliction's rod,
Shall be my daily prayer :
For all who suffer thus from God,
Are his peculiar care.

VI.

Thy love shall be my sweet delight—
Thy peace, my rising sun ;—
Thy joy,—my comfort through the night,
My heaven on earth begun !
Then I shall in the good abound,
Still more from day to day ;
And ready, shall be watching found,
When call'd from earth away.

VII.

And in the last,—the solemn hour,—
When dissolution's near ;—
When death with his resistless power,
Shall 'fore my eyes appear ;—
Oh, then, as ever, let me know
The grace to mortals given ;
That as I die to all below,
I may be born in heaven !



HYMN TO PROVIDENCE.

I.

How wond'rous are thy works, O Lord!
They do thy matchless name record;
The heavens thy mighty power declare,
And tell thou wast, and still art there:
And through the earth thy arm we trace,
Where order reigns, or beauties grace;
And then, thy care on all bestowed,
Bespeaks thee wise, and great, and good.

II.

Arise, my drowsy soul, arise!
And pay thy morning sacrifice!—
Join heaven in her harmonious songs;—
Join earth with her ten thousand tongues:—
Join all that do an anthem raise
To spread their great Creator's praise;—
Let gratitude thy pow'rs inspire,
To swell the universal choir!

III.

To me in every dangerous scene,
Thou hast, O Lord! a refuge been:
When fearful storms were gathering fast—
And threatenings howl'd in every blast;—
Secure beneath thy sheltering wing,
Of mercy still my soul could sing;
And when mine eye no way could see,
Thyself wast there to comfort me.

IV.

An orphan, though in childhood left,
Of earthly parents' care bereft,
Yet safe beneath thy watchful eye,
Thou more than didst the loss supply.
If evil lured my feet to stray,
Thy mercy cried "this is the way ;"
Thus safely kept from evil's harm,
I fain would trust through life thy arm.

V.

O let me lie upon thy breast !
And be my wants by thee redrest ;
Then life, whate'er my state shall be,
If long, if short, I'll spend to thee !
Then death no more my soul shall fear,
Through all its shades thou wilt appear ;
'Twill but my rising spirit free,
And join it, O my God, to thee !



A HYMN,
ON REVIEWING THE HEAVENS.

I.

Oh thou great comprehending Lord,
That fill'st unbounded space ;
Whose arm upholds and guides all worlds,
And rules in every place !

II.

Yea, worlds on worlds in "phalanx deep,"
Thy purposes fulfil ;
And earth in all her thousand forms
Is governed by thy will !

III.

How all thy glorious works, O Lord,
Confound my feeble sense ;
Nor can my feeble mind expand,
To grasp omnipotence !

IV.

And yet my anxious powers conceive,
A God, mysterious, great,
Doth still uphold these mighty worlds,
Who did them first create.

V.

How shall I now before thee come,
 Whose power I feel and see :—
 When all above, around, beneath,
 Are subject unto thee ?

VI.

I know that I am seen by thee,
 For O! thy searching sight,
 Beholds in all the light of day
 And all the shade of night !

VII.

Thou source of holiness and truth !
 Wilt thou the wanderer claim,
 Who, all degenerate, now would dare
 To importune thy name ?

VIII.

Oh, purify my inward man !—
 And so my soul inspire ;
 That with the universal plan,
 I may to thee aspire.

IX.

And all my finite powers expand,
 That I may justly feel,
 Thy mercy's providential hand,
 As thou shalt it reveal.

X.

Lift me above all meaner strife ;
 Thy humble spirit give,
 That I may live His meekly life,
 Who died that I might live.

XI.

When storms of life shall round me blow,—
Thick dangers round me stand,—
Oh, shield me, gracious God ! within
The hollow of thy hand !

XII.

Through life let me thy goodness see,
In death thy mercy prove ;
And share with all thy saints, O Lord,
The kingdom of thy love.



ODE TO FOLLY.

I.

Avaunt ! thou misty maid of night,
With all thy gloomy train ;
Thick darkening horrors cloud thy light,
And mar thy transient reign.
Away,—nor ever more destroy,
The good which gilds my youthful sky,
And shines my vista through ;
Nor more my meads of thought pervade,
Nor shalt thou feast thee in the shade,
Nor suck the honey'd dew.

II.

Begone ! nor dazzle more my mind,
Nor tell me of thy bliss ;
I fain some solid joys would find,—
Thou mak'st a hell of this :
I know thee, and I've felt thy charms
When lull'd to languor in thy arms,
To dream of happiness :
But fresh awoke, I soon discern'd,
The lessons which I daily learn'd,
Destroy'd my daily peace.

III.

Long careless did I wanton rove
 Within thy slippery ways ;
 Nor e'er against my wishes strove,
 But did my fancy please ;
 Gay as the young and blithesome bird,
 Thy scenes of mirth I still preferred,
 To mourning's gloomy caste ;—
 Each day I lived, (as then I thought,)
 Just as a sprightly being ought ;—
 Unmindful of the last.

IV.

I freely drank thy cups, which seem'd
 Too sweet for youth to know ;
 And heedless, never once I dream'd,
 The giver was but thou ;
 But held by some mysterious power,—
 Which seized me in my madden'd hour,
 I felt thy scorching breath ;—
 And then I saw thee, and surprise,
 Did burst upon my wondering eyes,—
 I saw thy ways were death !—

V.

Begone ! and let me from this hour,
 My will and ways command ;
 For yet I fear thy artful power,—
 Thy evil—leading hand.
 Away !—nor dazzle more my sight,
 Thou misty maid of hellish night,—
 With all thy train complete ;—
 Arm'd with religion's power, I know
 I can through life a conqueror go,
 And tread thee 'neath my feet.

WRITTEN IN A CHURCH-YARD.

I.

Here, let me seek a moment's calm repose,
Free from the busy scenes of earthly strife :
Here, let me muse on all that time bestows,
And strive to solve the *mystery* of *life*.

II.

Here could I rest from evil's baneful power,
Secure from storms fast gathering o'er my head ;—
Here let me hold, if but for one short hour,
A sweet communion with the silent dead !

III.

Life is no dream ! Alas,—life is no dream !—
Ah, would it were, or that my peace was whole !
The past ! the past !—who shall the past redeem !—
Oh, madness !—is there naught that can console ?

IV.

Alas ! my heart is torn with maddening grief :—
Keen is the pang, nor will its tortures cease ;—
Time cannot yield my soul a true relief,—
Nor aught—save heaven—can now restore my peace.

ODE TO A STREAM.

I.

What haste, thou gently rippling, murmuring stream ?
 Dost thou obey a call, or serve some end ?
 This seems to be ; and yet a kind of dream
 Is all that does thy hurrying steps attend.
 I see thy bounds,—thy path meandering lies ;
 Thy bosom heaves as if it were oppressed ;—
 And borne away with one continual noise,
 Are all thy children in thy troubled breast ;—
 Roll, gentle stream, so sweetly, roll.

II.

I stand upon thy banks ;—for oh, I love
 To hear the lulling music of thy voice !
 Go man, admire thy own, thy arts approve,
 But nature, matchless nature, is my choice.
 The sons of Jubal may perfection boast ;
 Fair science may in their inventions shine ;
 All well for man, they serve an end at most,
 But nature breatheth music all divine—
 Roll, gentle stream, so sweetly, roll.

III.

To feel thy power,—and watch upon thy breast
 The bubbles move,—to hear the swelling breeze,—
 To learn the *truths* which *Nature* does attest,—
 I feel I love to live for joys like these !—
 Oh, gentle stream, the part thou seem'st to play,
 Is like the stream, important all to me :—
 Time, like to thee, “ bears all her sons away,”
 To plunge them in a vast eternity ;—
 Roll, gentle stream, so sweetly, roll.

LOOK! FRIEND,
TO THE
LAND THAT'S BEFORE.

I.

Oh, art thou a mortal that's keenly oppress'd
By the torturing wants of the poor ;
When sorrowful feelings make claim to thy breast,
For the bread which thou can'st not secure !
And art thou the sire of a home's anxious scene,
Whence claims come upon thee both pressing and keen ;
Doth *sympathy* none of thy sufferings screen ?
Look ! friend, to the land that's before.

II.

Say,—art thou a being that feels the keen woes
Which a heart disappointed must feel ?
Does each passing day its fresh evils disclose—
Pierce thy breast, like weapons of steel ?—
Is all thy horizon, once smiling and fair,
Eclipsed by a darkness which makes thee forbear ?
Is *hope* chased away by the demon, *despair* ?—
Look ! friend, to the land that's before.

III.

Oh, art thou a christian of lowly degree
That's scorn'd for the faith he maintains ?
Are sore provocations cast thickly on thee,
To add to thy passions and pains ?
Ah, fear not thy foes that thy feelings have torn,—
The sun shall yet shine, though o'ercast in the morn ;
Let smiles of forgiveness thy features adorn ;—
Look ! friend, to the land that's before.

IV.

The land that's before! where oppressions shall cease,
Nor pains, nor distractions are known!
Where pleasures are life! and enjoyments are peace;
And love rules the kingdom above!
Then weep not, dear christian, thy sky so o'ercast,
Will shine but the more when the tempest is past;
And thou shalt in spite of opposers at last,
Enjoy the good land that's before.



COME, BRETHREN,
LET US HAPPY BE.

I.

Come, brethren, let us happy be,
Whilst journeying here below ;
And seek the *power* which makes us free
That does our nature know.
Why should we hanker to destroy
Each other's peace, each other's joy,—
Each other's happiness ?
There is enough to wound our peace,
Without our striving to increase
Each other's wretchedness !

II.

Must we a hellish nature keep,—
If haply we do see,—
Our brother through misfortune weep,—
To mock his misery ?
Ah, why ?—there is a better way ;—
A nobler soul we may display,
In helping him to *bear* :
Let's give to grief what we can spare,
A helping mite,—a brother's care,—
A sympathising tear !

III.

Oh could we live the genuine life,
And have the power to *be*—
Superior to all earthly strife,—
 To feast on charity!
Nor envy then,—nor tempting sin,—
Should ever mar the peace within,
 Or dim the cloudless sky ;—
Like stars that speak a power divine,—
We'd ceaseless *do*, and ceaseless *shine*
 To all eternity.



S T A N Z A S ,

WRITTEN WHILST HEARING SOME BEAUTIFUL SINGING
IN A CHAPEL DURING DIVINE SERVICE.

I.

Hear ye the choir! hear ye the choir!—
How mingling voices sweetly raise,
To him who does their hearts inspire
A grateful tribute to his praise!

II.

The mingling melody of sound
In words of hope, of peace, of joy,
Shall make the christian's heart rebound,
In pleasures streaming from on high.

III.

Ah me!—but though the flesh is weak,
My hopeful spirit yet may prove,
Those heavenly strains that soon shall break
In themes of universal love!

H O M E !

AFTER A SHORT ABSENCE.

I.

Again at home ! again at home !—
My feelings cease to falter ;
I breathe beneath my father's dome
At the domestic altar :
The sacred scenes,—the tender ties,—
Which hold my heart sincerely,
Did first upon this hearth arise,
And so I love it dearly.

II.

Did first upon this hearth arise,
When round the smiling ingle,
Familiar faces shared our joys ;—
With ours did sweetly mingle ;—
A mother's love,—a father's care,
Were like a mantle o'er us,
To shelter us from every snare,
And clear our way before us.

III.

Like birds of May in early morn,
From hence we've fondly sallied,
As oft has here, our nature worn,
With youthful strength been rallied.
Here all our little scenes of mirth,
Were er'st so fondly nourished,
And here like "olive plants" of earth,
Our little figures flourished

IV.

If ever sorrow's baneful dart,
One member's peace was trying ;
A sympathy knit every heart,
To drive the power destroying :
If ever joy,—enrapturing joy,—
Fill'd one fond breast with gladness,
The theme would every tongue employ,
And banish all our sadness.

V.

Fond home ! what thoughts thou still dost raise ;
My heart grows young in pleasure ;
Again I live my early days,
Beyond what tongue can measure :
Oh, memory ! still brood o'er each scene !
Sustain the priceless booty ;—
Gild every part in vernal green,
With ever varying beauty.

VI.

The scenes which charm'd, are here to charm ;—
The incense breathing morning,
Pours odours still both fresh and warm,
With beauty rich adorning ;—
The birds still sing, the flowers still smile,
And naught their joys encumbers ;—
But, oh, the hearts which did beguile,
Now lie in silent slumbers !

VII.

What care I for the rude, rude world ?
It charms my heart no longer ;—
The joys, fond home! thou hast unfurled
To lure my heart are stronger ;—
If soon my lingering nature dies,—
I leave this scene terrestrial ;
My soul immortal, then shall rise,
To life and love celestial.



TO M. G.

I.

Why dost thou seek to shun my gaze
And turn from me a friendly eye?
My presence can not in thee raise
Emotions thou would'st fain destroy

II.

Except the visions of the past,
Flit o'er thy mind its calm to grieve;
Like some false rays of light which cast
Their flickering beams but to deceive.

III.

Thy love was like a meteor's beam,
That fell within this darken'd breast,
To raise a visionary dream,
And wake what never more can rest.

IV.

I cannot bear this seeming part,
More cold than if the restless sea
Pour'd freezing waters on my heart,
To quench the flame which burns to thee.

V.

Could'st thou behold upon this heart,
The image which thy vows have made;
Thou would'st not from its presence start,
As from some strange unhallowed shade.

VI.

Too numerous have the ills on me,
Pour'd thick and fast their deadly power ;
And now my heart would turn to thee,
To soothe it in this dreadful hour.

VII.

And canst thou seek to shun my gaze,
And turn from me a tender eye?—
Ah, let affection prompt to seize
What maddening ills may soon destroy !

VIII.

Yet fare thee well,—my prayer shall be
Upon thy head whilst life shall last !
And though no tear may fall for me ;—
Yet mine must fall till all be past.



TO ANNA.



I.

Oh Anna! in thy high abode,
Can'st thou thy hapless lover see?
Behold the heart, whose richest good
Was seeking but to merit thee?

II.

But oh, thy mind was far too great,
For earth to nourish on its breast;
Heaven saw thee wrong'd in this estate,
And early strove to make thee blest;

III.

And added to its joyful throng,
Adorning its celestial soil;—
Yet earth will feel thy absence long,
Now riven from thy radiant smile.

IV.

And oh! can I, so truly thine,
Feel, keenly feel, thy absence less?
Alas! there is no pang like mine,—
The world is now a wilderness!

V.

How oft beneath this hallowed shade,
We've felt,—if ought on earth can feel,—
The joys of love that cannot fade,—
Responding to each fond appeal !

VI.

Again I seek this hallowed spot !—
Again I seek this sacred grove !
Ah,—tears can ill bespeak my lot,
When keen remembrance tells thy love !

VII.

In every flower I see thy smile ;—
In warbler's songs thy voice can trace ;
And yonder sun does hourly toil,
To give reflections of thy face.

VIII.

And when the moon's soft light is given,
Thy form would faintly 'fore me rise :
In stars that deck the vaults of heaven
I see the glory of thine eyes.

IX.

When nature's landscape far and wide,
Did 'fore me stretch in beauteous green,—
How all did seem in glorious pride,
When thou did'st gild the rapturous scene.

X.

The varied sweets of richest bloom,
Did centre round thee as their pole !—
And zephyrs mingling in perfume,
Did breathe the accents of thy soul !

XI.

These still are here,—but thou art gone!—
Ah,—where my hope! or why thy vow!—
E'en nature languishes above,
Yet still remains!—but where art thou!

XII.

Adieu bright scene of sacred love!—
Thou lovely hill!—thou smiling dell!—
Ye birds,—ye flowers,—thou hallowed grove,—
To ye, to yours,—alas!—Farewell.



STANZAS

TO A YOUNG LADY, WHO DISAPPROVED OF THE
AUTHOR'S DRESS.

I.

I HERE my compliments present,
And thank you for your good intent ;—
For heedless of a poor dissent,
The author's dress
Did need the lesson you have sent,
And nothing less.

II.

To think that he,—when youths display
Their capering forms from day to day—
Seeks not to learn a better way,
As times behove ;—
While if he'd hear the *fair one's* plea,
He'd much improve.

III.

But he has seen the airy turns
That slaves in fashion's circle learn,
And few that satisfaction earn
Amid their toils,
Women view their vain concern
With sneers or smiles.

IV.

The man who seeks the crowd to please
 Doth seldom feel his heart at ease,
 And though he may on friendship seize
 And virtue brave,—
 He sacrifices noblest peace—
 A heartless slave.

V.

Such cannot feel the grand desires,
 Which warm the heart with lasting fires,—
 Whose nobler nature soon aspires—
 O'er meaner strife,
 While *conscious worth* the soul inspires
 And gives it life!

VI.

Behold now April decks the plain,—
 The primrose in its modest reign,
 Which envies not the gaudier train
 In beauty's laws;
 Yet from the humble lowly swain
 It gains applause.

VII.

The sparkling gems of richest worth,
 Lie buried in obscurest birth,—
 Till ransacked nature gives them forth
 In frail disguise,
 To please the trifling sons of earth,
 As glittering toys.

VIII.

The smiling fields so lovely seen,
Arrayed in garb so richly green,
Disdain to ask a prettier screen,
 O'er varied earth ;—
The modest, unassuming scene,
 Has genuine worth !

IX.

And Philomela loves to hail
The calm retreat of lonely vale,
Where it can *wrongs of love* bewail
 In melting tone ;—
And oh ! what heart that hears its tale,
 But feels its *own* !



OLD ENGLAND FOR EVER.

I.

OLD England!—old England for ever!
The land of the noble and brave!—
The star of thy glory shall never
Be veil'd by the gloom of the grave.

II.

Thou long did'st with nations contending,
Feel all the sore evils of war;
Yet *liberty's* beams were descending
To light up for ever thy star.

III.

Napoleon, who long'd to confound thee,
Did see thee his rival alone;—
He fear'd the *oak walls* which surround thee,
Nor dared he to grasp at thy throne.

IV.

Thy children,—true hearted,—unfearing,—
Arose, and thy banners unfurl'd;—
And strong as thy foes were appearing,
They *liberty* gave to the world!

V.

And now, in the midst of thy glory,—
That glory, if thou must increase;—
Heed not the rude visions of story,
But shine in the annals of *peace*!

VI.

Live, England, for ever united,
Fast bound by a sevenfold cord;
And not into factions be frightened,
But aim for a *nation's reward!*

VII.

Then if the rude scourge of oppression
With foulness should on thee descend;
'Tis right to maintain thy position,
And with the usurpers contend.

VIII.

And rous'd like the lion to slaughter,
With noise of the battle field din;—
Thy armies on land and on water
Fresh laurels for Britain shall win.

IX.

For England, what force shall withstand thee—
A nation united and free?
Let justice and valour command thee,
Then none shall be like unto thee!

X.

Old England! Old England for ever!
The land of the noble and brave!—
The star of thy glory shall never
Be veil'd by the gloom of the grave!

TO A LADY,
ON BEAUTY AND VIRTUE.

I.

SIGH not for beauty's luring grace,
Which only decks a lump of earth ;
Let nobler themes insure thy peace
And struggle to surpass in *worth* !

II.

For beauty in its tempting bloom,
Shall yield to time and pass away ;—
Shall never stand to brave the tomb,
Nor linger to life's latest day !

III.

But virtue like its heavenly sire,
Will never shorn of beauty be ;
Nor time, nor death will it impair ;—
'Twill shine through all eternity !

IV.

Will shine !—eternity shall roll
Along its vast unbounded shore,
Yet still the young and virtuous soul,
Through all shall still be shining *more*

TO A CHILD AT PLAY.

I.

PLAY, happy child ! play, happy child !
With careless brow,—with frantic wild ;—
Enjoy thy hour in sunny bower,
And romp and shout with all thy power ;—
Thy morning light it should be bright,
And thou should'st know no ills of night,
Nor meet with grief or fear !

II.

Another day ! Another day !—
Thy mirth and play will wane away,
And thou must know thy lot below,
And drink of living streams of woe !
Alas ! thy prize, too early dies,
Nor ever to thy longing eyes
Will it again appear !



TO MY MOTHER:
THE WANDERER'S LAMENT.

I.

My mother! oh, my mother! where
Art thou to calm my troubled will?
Thy absence is my only care:
My nature fails,—my sorrows fill
The cup—I would have long destroyed,—
But thou art with me,—by my side!—
My mother! yea, my mother still.

II.

If e'er thy smiles from me depart,
Then friends are false and foes increase;
And sadness labours on my heart,
And all my cheering comforts cease:
The world is then a wilderness,
And life is only bitterness;—
My mother! hush my soul to peace.

III.

I early left my peaceful home,
Unknown, unknowing aught of care;
O'er oceans,—continents to roam,
Nor thought who should my path prepare,—
A stranger scene,—a distant shore,—
Where mountains heave, or rivers roar
I found,—but not my mother there.

IV.

I've heard the murmurs of the seas,
 When threatening tempests seem'd to cast
 Their vengeance in a maddening breeze,
 To stir the ocean with its blast!
 When rolling waves did sweep the air
 And seemed to mock our fierce despair!—
 Methought, my mother! all was past!

V.

I've seen on many a distant shore
 Strange things for many a changeling's choice;—
 Seen customs odd, and maxims more,
 And every shade of fiercer vice;
 I've heard the sweetest sounds on earth,
 But oh! they had not half the worth,
 To soothe me, like my mother's voice.

VI.

I've felt the desert solitude!
 Where all was like the power of death!
 Where awful silence seems to brood
 O'er all the evil powers beneath!
 Where night with direful train, is found
 To spread a thousand dangers round
 To steal away life's lingering breath.

VII.

But oh!—the prayer my mother taught,
 Clung to my lips, and it was mine!
 And death with evil horrors fraught,
 Could not remove *my soul* from *thine*.
 For in the terror-striking blast
 I felt her arms around me cast;—
 I worshipp'd at my mother's shrine.

VIII.

And she,—my firmest, only friend,
 Who watch'd me long with anxious care,—
 Who to my failings did attend,
 And for my safety breathed a prayer ;
 Who made my home, and soothed my pains,—
 Behold ! my father's house remains,—
 Alas ! but not my mother there.

IX.

She who impress'd upon my mind
 Those lessons which all ought to gain—
 Rebuked me when I was unkind,
 And bade me faithful still remain :
 Who stirr'd within my glowing breast
 The fires that never more shall rest,
 Till life shall sink in death's cold main.

X.

Who taught me when—but ah !—can I
 Repeat what thou did'st teach to me ?
 With me thy precepts ne'er shall die,
 But live to all eternity !
 The little world in which I move
 Shall share with me thy *light* and *love*,
 And honours to thy memory !

XI.

Though torn from all thy kindly aid,—
 Though severed from thy warm embrace,—
 Yet still I meet thee in the shade,
 And fondly dwell upon thy face :
 And as through ruder life I toil—
 Where duty calls, thy 'proving smile
 Shall nerve me with redeeming grace !

XII.

My mother ! still I feel thee mine !—
Inspiring, guarding, yet abide !
And meekly as I seek thy shrine,
Oh, be thou evermore my guide !
Thy kind protection round me spread,—
As angel hovering o'er my head,—
My mother, lingering by my side.



ODE TO SPRING

I.

RETURN, again, lov'd spring, return,
 To me thou art a welcome guest ;
 My heart with gen'rous raptures burns,
 When I can fold upon my breast,
 The vestiges by thee possess'd,
 Of hope, of joy, of loveliness ;—
 Of peace, of love, of life caress'd,
 Of pure, unmingled happiness !

II.

Yea, messenger of rural joy,
 I hear thy tender vocal strains ;
 Ah, that such sounds should ever die,—
 That nought of thee and thine remains !
 My heart is sicken'd, and my brains
 Whirl in confusion at the sight
 Of him that seeks, but never gains
 Such joys as thine, in haunts of night.

III.

What aids—appliances he needs—
 He heaves the deadly potions round ;—
 But hurries with resistless speed,
 The fading *light*,—the lingering *sound* !
 Who has the healing virtue found,
 Where lust bids fiery passions rise ?
 The gangrene beats in every wound,
 And feeds what never, never dies.

IV.

Come, genial spring, let me embrace
Thy life, and thee with fondness kiss :
Thou know'st no ills !—and all thy face
Beams with a thousand ecstacies !
Thine is the simplest form of bliss ;
Thou dost the tenderest joys impart ;
Creating in a world like this
A love that never can depart !

V.

Oh ! breathe thy nature on my soul !—
Bathe me in odours from thy throne !—
My heart with melody control,
And feed it with the life unknown !
Give me—for now I am thine own,—
The clear conception, pure design,
That seems to linger, all alone,
On thousand touches that are thine !

VI.

And though the feeblest of earth's sons,
Methinks thou fain would'st succour me ;
And breathe the vital power that runs
Through thine, to make the suppliant free :
Infuse thy power, and let me be
Gay as the birds that chaunt and sing ;
My hopeful heart has long'd for thee,
To feel thy varied joys, O spring !

VII.

And if I gaze upon the life
 Pervading all the boundless scene,
 With filial love,—adoring,—rife
 With feelings that should not have been ;—
 Where shall my heart, exulting, screen
 Adoring powers from kindred ties ?
 Behold ! in Him who clothes with green,
 The vales, beneath the smiling skies.

VIII.

In Him, whose hand is deep impress'd
 On thee, lov'd spring—on all that's thine :
 Thy truths sink deep within my breast
 To prove that they are all divine !
 When innocence and beauty shine,
 When order, love, and life are given,
 To breathe upon a heart like mine,—
 They are the opening joys of heaven !

IX.

Oh, evermore my soul inspire
 With foretastes of eternal joys,
 To join the universal choir,
 Till death shall close these hopeful eyes !
 Then may my soul, exulting, rise
 To prove what thou did'st faintly show—
 The glory of our paradise
 All radiant o'er thy form below !

WHEN WEARY NATURE.

I.

When weary nature seeks reviving rest,
Oh! who will lead me to the haunts of peace!
Where nature's wants are evermore redrest,
And hard contending passions learn to cease.

II.

I take the lists within the field of strife,
To stand unmov'd when boding vapours lower;
To feel the vengeance of the "storms of life;"
Which on my poor defenceless head they pour.

III.

Oh, wilt thou hide me in thy "secret place,"
Great Ruler of the universal scene?
That I may rest within thy kind embrace,
And find my *shelter* where my *hope* hath been!

IV.

Let nature fail, if thou wilt give me grace!—
Let vengeance pour, if thou art still my *friend*!—
Thy arms shall fold me in a fond embrace
To triumph as the anxious scene shall end.

I LOVE THE RUDE SCENES.

I.

I love the rude scenes where my wild fancy wanders,
Among thy rude mountains, oh Scotia, afar ;
To rove o'er the heaths in the path that meanders,
And view their dark frowns when the elements war.

II.

I love the dear spot where the high rolling billows
Are sweeping, and heaving, in sad, solemn roar ;
To view the dark wave when its foaming head pillows,
With deep lulling noise, on the hard rocky shore.

III.

I love the rude scenes where the forest is rearing
Its tall lofty head to the rage of the gale ;
When the cold swelling tempest with fierceness is
tearing
The boughs that are broken from those that are hale.

IV.

When the leaves from the boughs with violence are
scatter'd,
O'er wilds with the tempest still wilder than they ;
When the rude rushing storms 'gainst the wild woods
are battered,
And nature commingling, its orgies does play.

V.

And as the chill breezes are sweeping fast by me
With deep hollow moans in the trees wild and bare,—
When the fiend of the storm is seemingly nigh me,
And wreaking its rage in the boisterous air.

VI.

When day with its worshippers calmly are sleeping,
Untroubled by sorrow, untortured by care ;—
Then wake Philomela, with thee jointly keeping,
I'll pour my complaints on the night's lonely air.

VII.

My cloak wrapped round me, I'd carelessly wander,
Where fancy on all her bold pinions would lead ;
O'er mountains and vales, in the paths that meander
With one to protect me, my dog, for his speed.

VIII.

My soul would then rise to dull languor superior,
When scenes so exciting my spirits did fan ;
With themes so sublime, could I love the inferior ?—
The poor feeble pleasures,—the follies of man !

IX.

Away, ye gay tinsels, of fashion and story ;—
I sigh not for grandeur or earthly renown !
Ye warriors away, with your emblems of glory,—
I court not your smile, and I fear not your frown.

X.

Oh, lend to my frame but the eagle's strong pinions,
I'd smile at the storm as I rode on the wind ;
Soon Albion I'd leave all thy homely dominions,
To view the rude haunts and the ways of mankind.

XI.

Yet not that I hate thee, dear land of my fathers ;
Thy liberty's sweet, and thy freedom I love ;
Yet where is the land where no storm of ill gathers
To mar the bright sky that shines glorious above ?

XII.

Oh, then let me live in my soul moving vision,
With few beloved friends, for the mystic spells bind ;
Far, far from contention, from reckless division,—
With those who respect not the rights of mankind !

XIII.

Awake then, sad heart, and enjoy the light slumbers,
Where nature, rude nature, thy peace of mind screens ;
And here shall the muses in loud rolling numbers,
Resound to the world, that I love the rude scenes.



THE TURTLE.

I.

Oh, hear ye the turtle invoking to gladness ;
And nature awaking to join the sweet theme ?
The turtle,—the turtle !—begone weary sadness,
For joy shall my faltering spirit redeem.

II.

The turtle !—the turtle !—Away to the thicket
Where trees are low bending with foliage crown'd ;
Away,—oh, away,—through the path so intricate,
And breathe in the silence which reigneth around !

III.

My Mary, dost hear the soft notes so complaining ?—
They tell me of days that have caus'd me to mourn !—
But these shall not darken the scene that's remaining
Nor grieve me with ills that may never return.

IV.

Oh ! see'st thou the sun how he flames o'er the moun-
tains ?
Behold the bright glory that streaks the blue sky !—
Reflection still shows on the breasts of the fountains
A mild lonely beauty to greet the fond eye.

V.

Here nature is clad in the glory of morning ;—
Here verdure is smiling ;—here loveliness dwells ;—
Here primroses wild are the copses adorning ;
And life-beaming beauty—all sadness dispels !

VI.

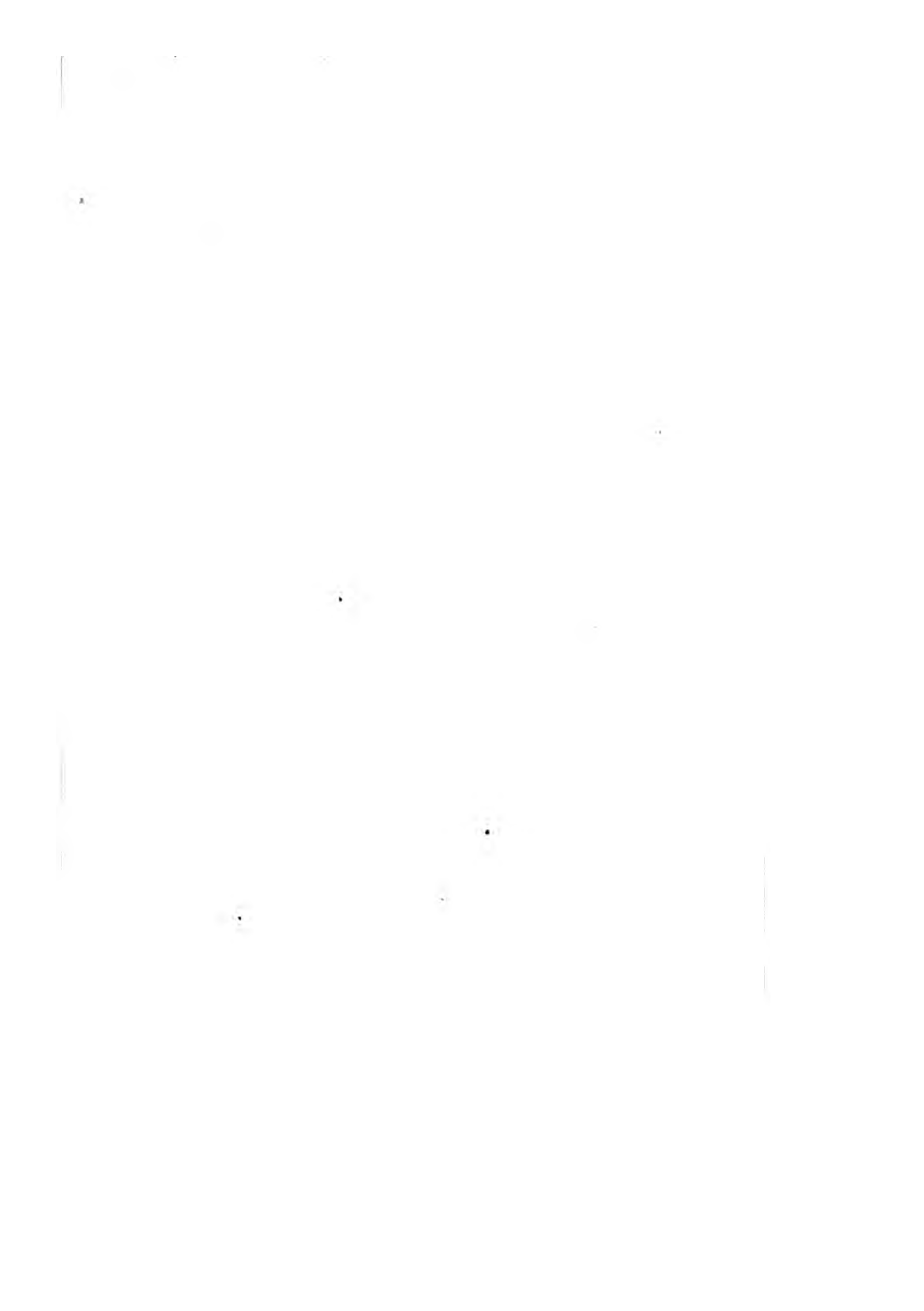
Away to repining !—the dire recollection
Of sorrows long past still creates me a pain !
The dayspring of gladness awakes my affection,
And freedom returns to my bosom again.



Their wanderings to and fro, with all thy
Milder rays of borrow'd charms ; then bless their
Youth, and let that season be propitious
To the coming day :—and there are deeds perform'd
Beneath thy gentle power that might rejoice
Thee much ; all men's pursuits and hopes are not
Alike, but varied as their features are :
The virtuous and the charitable ;—the
Wise and good, methinks thou lov'st to watch,
Resembling thee so much ; but then the
Treachorous and ill disposed,—the foul
Destroyer of the social scene,—the base
Deceiver in his lewd designs,—and he
That tramples all that's sacred 'neath his feet,
Waylaying innocence with artful snares,
And wringing hearts inspired by every good ;
These—these deformed images of men, too,
Nightly act, unblushing in thy sight, their
Dark infernal deeds ! But these are but a
Part ;—the dark designs, the plots, intrigues, the
Snares ;—the Cain that thirsts for brother's blood, with
All the malice of a murderer's heart ;—and
All his hellish arts combined ;—present, a
Sad resemblance to the *first*, at whose creation,
Thou with all the morning stars,
Did'st sing for joy !—These I've beheld ;—but there
Are evils done in thy pale light, of which
I nothing know that thou behold'st, enough
To melt thee, Phœbe, to a flood of tears !
Yet oh, fond moon ! in pity to our race,
To thy companions in the heavens above,

Reveal them not ! Tell not our shame unto
The universal worlds ; lest constellations
Sing in harmony no more ; but grieve at
What should be our grief, and banish us their
Company ! for little though I see, located
As I am,—I see,— what, would to heaven were
Never seen !—But oh ! if with thyself, bright
Queen of night, I march'd unceasing round this
Varied stage, and saw with all thy wide
Extended rays, the wrongs and evils
Perpetrated here,—alas ! what should I see !







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