



# Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

<http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks>



This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.



5

**POEMS:**

CONTAINING

**THE INDIAN,**

AND

**LAZARUS.**



**LONDON:**

Printed for

**BALDWIN, CRADOCK, AND JOY,**

**PATERNOSTER-ROW.**



1820.



---

**C. Baldwin, Printer,  
New Bridge-street, London.**

---

---

---

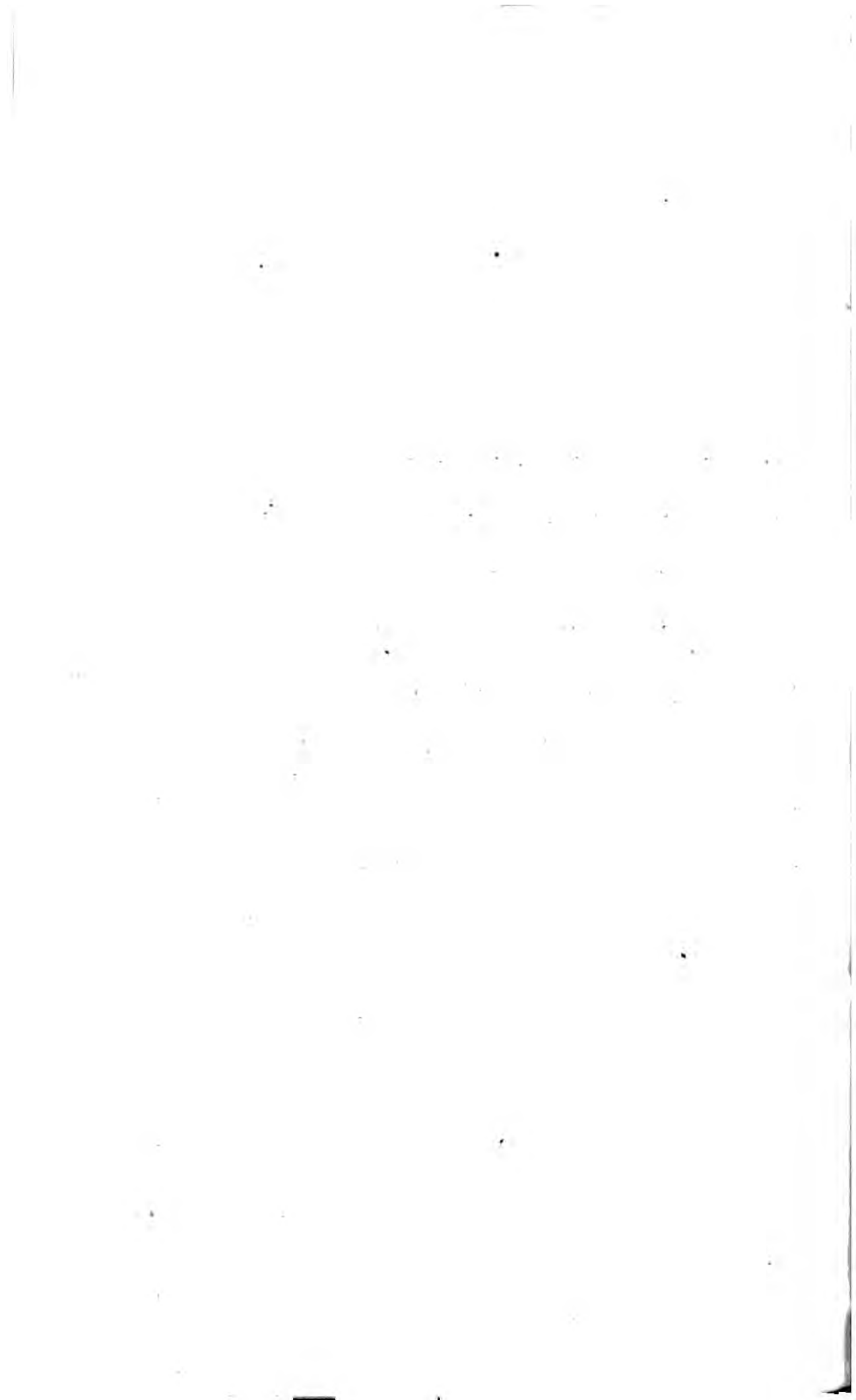
**The Indian.**

---

---



IN the following tale an American warrior (with whose address it opens) is supposed to be returning from a distant excursion, with his wife, a young and beautiful Indian, when he is mortally wounded by an arrow from an ambush. The introduction of the missionary at the close need not be deemed unnatural, as the Moravians have often penetrated to some of the North American tribes.





# THE INDIAN,

A Poem.

---

---

## CANTO I.

“ **T**HOUGH fast the sun withdraws its light  
“ Behind the Apalachés\* height,  
“ So strong its parting rays are cast  
“ As still to cheer the lonely waste;  
“ How long the course our strength has borne  
“ Since first arose the smiling morn!  
“ Through wild, and brake, and deep’ning wood,  
“ Where yawn’d the precipice we’ve stood,  
“ Traced every print of hostile feet,  
“ And shunn’d the tiger’s grim retreat,

\* A ridge of lofty mountains.

“ Yet when that lofty ridge is past  
“ What joy our wearied hearts shall feel  
“ When far beneath, our view we cast  
“ Our own, our native home to hail!  
“ There where it stands in savage pride 15  
“ With those my brother chiefs beside;  
“ O’erhung by trees of ev’ry hue,  
“ Which scarce the sun-beam pierces through,  
“ That lovely on the blue lake gleams  
“ And brightens all its subject streams. 20

“ Five days have roll’d our absence o’er,  
“ Since first we sought Ontario’s shore,  
“ But swift, my Ila, they have flown,  
“ In thy society beguiled;  
“ Thy voice has cheer’d the desert lone, 25  
“ And toil was light while thou hast smiled:  
“ At home thou’lt charm the tedious hour  
“ And sing thy chieftain’s martial power;

“ How well he ’scaped the Iroquois  
“ Where swift Myamis’ waters flow ;  
“ Rush’d breathless through the foaming tide,  
“ And all their baffled host defied ;  
“ In dead of night like serpent crept,  
“ Where Chousa’s careless people slept ;  
“ Sent the wild war-cry through the shade,  
“ And a relentless slaughter made !  
“ When Saki’s chief his brother slew,  
“ No quiet, no delight he knew,  
“ Till that dark bosom felt his sword,  
“ That well avenged the death deplored.  
“ Yes ! this more sweet shall make repose,  
“ And while thy tuneful measure flows,  
“ O’er those high deeds I’ll joy again,  
“ Or mourn my only brother slain.”

But he is fall’n—that voice no more  
Shall tell of toils and combats o’er :

Fast from his side the current flows,  
Dimly on all his dark eyes close,  
As cold becomes each active limb,  
The waste—the sky—are gone to him!  
His weeping love he hears not now,  
Feels not her lips his throbbing brow:—

“ O go not yet to yonder shore,  
“ My dearest warrior—wake again!  
“ Behold thy Ila’s face once more,  
“ And listen to her tender strain.

“ O ’tis a land all dark and drear,  
“ No love like mine to sooth thy pain;  
“ No breast like this thine head to bear,—  
“ My chief, my warrior,—wake again.

“ That home of peace awaits us near,  
“ Those sweetest scenes our presence claim,  
“ And Ila’s constant, fondest care,  
“ Shall bring thee ease and joy again.

Returning life he seems to feel,  
Roused by the voice he loved so well;  
And feebly clasps that yielding hand,  
And points to yonder mountain's land,—  
“Gone are thy chieftain's strength and joys, 70  
“Too fast this ebbing stream destroys,  
“Yet could I reach my native place,  
“Gaze on each well-known warrior's face,  
“While love's and friendship's arms were nigh  
“Peaceful thine Illidon would die. 75  
“Fly then—and leave me here to rest,  
“Nay weep not—'tis my last request.”  
She flies—she gains that mountain's pass,  
Down its descent her footsteps haste,  
As lightning through the wintry storm 80  
Glides through the wood her fairy form;  
And nought the torrent's force avails,  
To stop the course that love impels,  
She presses through the tangled brake,  
Though fiercely hiss'd the coiling snake; 85

Deeply her tender limbs are torn  
By the broad aloe's cruel thorn,  
But soon the place she seeks is nigh,  
And swift for aid her accents fly.

Now beauteous stream'd expiring day 90  
Where sad and lone the warrior lay,  
Fix'd on its glory was his look,  
As if his fluttering spirit took  
E'en then of earth her last farewell  
With blest and noble chiefs to dwell. 95  
Yet when he turn'd his eye to view  
From whence the fatal arrow flew,  
Revenge in that expression flash'd,  
Feebly his powerless weapons clash'd;  
Yet blame him not—for of his heart 100  
That passion had from childhood part,  
When he had heard from lips of love,  
None nobler could the bosom move.

And think not in this last distress  
Such hate did all his soul possess. 103  
Fled not his thoughts to that high scene  
(Though error's clouds might intervene)  
Of glorious and unchanging life,  
When closed was nature's final strife?  
He deem'd some brighter clime his rest, 114  
Where toil and want should ne'er molest,  
But shining arms and beauteous vest  
Should wrap the joyous warrior round;  
There would his ardent soul desire,  
While converse high and feast inspire, 115  
With sweetest voice and tuneful lyre,  
His wars and past exploits to sound.  
Yes! that inspiring hope had pow'r  
To sooth the Indian's dying hour.  
Where is the breast, that does not know, 120  
A kindling joy—or bleeding woe,  
A hope, a fear—of what may be,  
When on thy brink—Eternity!

In fields of blood, where shuddering groan  
Is mingled with the victor's cry,  
Or where the tempest's hollow moan  
Brings awful desolation nigh;  
When sinks the strength and fades the eye,  
When earth's frail hopes and comforts fly,  
It pants for that which cannot die.

A welcome sound salutes his ear,  
Of rapid feet approaching near;  
And soon that swift and friendly band  
Mournful around their chieftain stand;  
To his parch'd lips a draught applied,  
And staunch'd the life-blood from his side.  
O'er his faint limbs a mantle cast,  
And gently on their shoulders placed.  
'Gainst grief and pain he sternly steels  
His breast, though sharp the pang it feels:  
Throws a last glance on that wide plain—  
Ne'er shall he rouse its deer again.



And as they tread the lofty height,  
Thinks how he sprang from slumbers light,  
And hail'd from thence the crimson beam, 145  
O'er all th' exulting prospect stream.  
Again that glory shall descend,  
Where'er those fairest scenes extend,  
Shall rest upon the mountain's snow,  
Shall pierce the waving woods below, 150  
And glance upon the river's flow.  
No more! O agony of thought!  
Shall to his sight their charms be brought:  
No rising day his life shall know,  
No sweet return of joys below. 155  
They dearer seem'd at that farewell,  
With deeper force did mem'ry dwell  
On scenes, on loves, for ever fading,  
Like mother o'er her beauteous child;  
When death its shrinking form's invading 160  
Thinks how it look'd and how it smiled;

To each fond moment gives a charm,  
That soothes, yet aids her soul's alarm.  
The shades of midnight deeply rest  
On the cold stream and mountain's breast.  
That Indian town—that valley's pride,  
Through which the silent waters glide,  
Whose banks the noblest forests crown,  
Where scenes of wildest grandeur frown,—

All in obscurity were lost :  
Though far its martial people roved,  
No spot so sweet as this they proved,  
Where dwelt the flower of Huron's host.

Yet sorrow chose an awful hour,  
Its deep and wild lament to pour.  
On those far hills flash'd signal fire  
To bid some threat'ning foe retire ;  
At times the war-whoop's shuddering tone  
Came with the night wind's fitful moan,

And where the wood's thick branches stir'd,  
The Cougar's \* nearer howl was heard,  
Beneath that roof, whose lonely light  
Now vivid breaks upon the sight,  
Why meet those earnest warriors now?  
What mean those accents broken—low?  
Consult they of some cruel fight,  
While deep and secret shades invite  
To rush upon the sleeping foe:  
Far diff'rent was their generous part,  
The wish that warm'd their feeling heart.

There, noble still in life's decay  
Their friend,—their dying chieftain lay.  
Wild was their look—erect they stood  
No tear their olive cheeks bedew'd,  
For Indian heroes must not weep.  
Their folded arms, and mournful air,  
The fixed expression planted there  
Evinced a sorrow, calm yet deep.

\* The American tiger or jaguar, whose howl is dreadful.

A brilliant plume adorn'd their head,  
A silver plate with shell inlaid  
Hung on their scarr'd and manly breast ;  
And at their sides the tomahawk,  
Which oft had sped the thrilling stroke  
That in the Christian's bosom gash'd.  
Yet there was one, of softer air,  
Her head declined,—her flowing hair  
Shrowded her small and beauteous form ;  
Though brown her hue—yet her dark eye  
Most touching when distress was nigh,  
A sweet and wild expression bore.  
A loveliness was in that face,  
'Twas mercy's,—pity's—noblest grace ;  
And closely his cold hand she prest  
To her devoted bleeding breast ;  
Intently watch'd his wand'ring eye  
That seem'd to gaze on vacancy,  
And softly question'd of his pain,  
And strove to calm its pang in vain.

He murmur'd—"let thy voice once more  
" My fading life and joy restore,  
" And sooth this dark and final hour."

You bid me sing, my dying love,—  
What strain can Ila now command,  
That faint and flutt'ring breast to move  
Which death enchains with icy hand?  
Then shall it be a tale of woe,  
Of faithful love's dissever'd tie,  
Such as shall sooth when thou art low,  
And help my Illidon to die.

'Twas on that autumn's stormy night  
The Christian fort you bravely gain'd;  
Saved from the gen'ral death and flight,  
A captive lady lone remain'd.  
Left to my sympathy and care,  
I strove to calm her troubled breast;  
Bade her no longer mourn or fear,  
No foe or ill should here molest.

But vain each look and accent kind,  
     To give that lady's bosom joy ;  
 Pensive she sat, to grief resign'd, 240  
     Which soon her lovely frame destroy'd.  
 When her blue eyes to Heaven she raised,  
     Such sweet expression in them shone ;  
 Silent yet ardently she gazed,  
     As there some dearest friends had flown. 245

She saw me weep—" my Indian maid,  
     " Mourn'st thou a hapless stranger's doom ?  
 " Do not thy race or land upbraid,  
     " They do not cause my bosom's gloom.  
 " The cold and with'ring desert there,  
     " Though sweetest blossoms once it bore, 250  
 " Will mock thy friendship's every care,  
     " For fate has bid it smile no more.

" The heart that lives enshrined in love  
     " Is like the brilliant mountain snow ;  
 " The tempest's fury it may prove, 255  
     " And deeper, higher, still will grow ;

“ But when 'tis sever'd from its height,

“ The avalanche in ruin flies,

“ So hopeless fades the soul's delight,

“ When cold its dearest inmate lies. 260

“ My breast one strong attachment knew,

“ Its more than life or fleeting joy ;

“ He perish'd in that night of woe,

“ When thy stern warriors did destroy.

“ Then will I haste to earth's dark tide, 265

“ Rest to my broken heart shall come,

“ 'Twill waft me to his faithful side,

“ No more in mis'ry's paths to roam.”

Too swiftly to that rest she fled,

Disease now flush'd her beauteous cheek, 270

Yet still a softer lustre shed,

A charm not death itself could break.

“ I leave behind this fading frame,

“ And go to yonder fields of light,

“ And there that pure affection's flame, 275

“ Shall burn for ever—ever bright.”

“ It is a world, my Indian maid,  
“ Whose gates of glory shall unclose,  
“ To all who wish for mercy’s aid,  
“ Whose tear of deep repentance flows. 280  
“ There’s One—whose life for us was shed,  
“ Whose name and heart are changeless love;  
“ When cruel griefs thy breast invade,  
“ Then—fly, his joy, his aid to prove.”

I watch’d her faint and dying smile, 285  
And kiss’d the latest tear away;  
“ O may such hope thy woe beguile,  
“ When all thou lov’st like me decay!”  
Her trembling lips for ever closed,  
Shall I too mourn like thee in vain, 290  
How blest, methought, hast thou reposed,  
How bright thy sun shall rise again!



And it is come,—that hour of woe!

Fulfill'd in thee, my dying chief,

O that as swiftly it may flow,

And bring that last and sure relief!

Thou lovely stranger! wilt thou guide

My heart unto the mourners' friend;

Peace rest on him! though death divide,

Be thy fair shore his final end.

The warrior arm'd his breast in vain

Against his Ila's moving strain.

His eye had lost its glance of pride,

Fast flow'd his tears; from his pierced side

Gushed forth afresh the mortal tide.

He clasp'd her to his flutt'ring heart,

Not e'en the keen and barbed dart

Gave such a pang, as then he knew,

When to such love he bade adieu.

“ Relentless Death! I fear thee now, 310  
 “ I faint before thy lifted dart;  
 “ Inured thy direst forms to know,  
 “ When at thy frown the bravest bow,  
 “ Yet ne'er has quail'd my fearless heart;  
 “ In battle's fiercest rage I've stood, 315  
 “ And sternly smiled at flight or pain,  
 “ Where deeply ran the crimson flood  
 “ Raised the lost conqu'ring cry again!  
 “ But in this last affection's strife,  
 “ I feebly grasp at fleeting life. 320  
 “ To my dim view each moment seems  
 “ As full of varied troubled dreams.  
 “ The past are flitting lovely by,  
 “ For then I was with Ila blest;  
 “ Sweet was the scene, and fair the sky,— 325  
 “ Did I not on her bosom rest?  
 “ But all is dark—there's joy no more,  
 “ What is that wild and rugged shore  
 “ Where the winds beat, and surges roar,

“ 'Tis death's cold land—is Ila there? 330

“ Her beauteous form I do not see,

“ No more that voice of love I hear;

“ O do not thither exile me,

“ For in that night of misery,

“ Is quenched my latest, loveliest star! 335

“ Uncheer'd, unblest, I then shall be,

“ A lonely wretched wand'rer there.

The firm and venerable chief

Fixes his gaze in silent grief

Where his last, dearest son is laid, 340

While fast those once-loved features fade.

“ And wilt thou go, my Illidon,

“ And leave me helpless and alone?

“ I hoped thy hand, when life was fled,

“ Would lay in peace this aged head; 345

“ Thy voice my past exploits would sing,

“ Fame to thy Father's memory bring.

“ For thy brave brother long I mourn’d,  
 “ From Erie’s shore he ne’er return’d.  
 “ Unhappy am I left—the last ; 330  
 “ Like the fall’n village in the waste,  
 “ With verdure and with plenty crown’d,  
 “ Till war its beauties swept away.  
 “ Thus was I blest—till dark fate frown’d,  
 “ And bade my treasures all decay : 335  
 “ There silence—loneness—dwell on all.  
 “ When deep distress on me shall fall,  
 “ No son will hear my dying call.”

Though in strong agony he lives,  
 The ruling passion yet revives. 340  
 On those dark chiefs and their array,  
 He turns his dying eyes with joy.  
 And to his Ila makes a sign.  
 “ I well thy ardent thoughts divine :  
 “ Again a war-note thou would’st hear, 345  
 “ Ere stretch’d lamented on thy bier.

Forth from the band a warrior came,  
Renown'd in deeds of woe his name :  
His head was white as Apalaché's snows,  
And flash'd his eyes as there the sun-beam glows. 370  
His naked arm he proudly raised,  
And thus their daring deeds he praised :

Thy race, my chief, is swiftly closing,  
In war no more thy strength shall be ;  
But while all life and light thou'rt losing, 375  
Thou lovest to think 'of victory ;  
And ere in distant worlds reposing,  
With joy thy battle-fields would see !

The winter stream was darkly flowing,  
More swift we rush'd at glory's call : 380  
Ere morning in the east was glowing,  
Bright hopes of conquest fired our soul ;  
Now flush'd thy pallid cheek is growing,  
As thou that moment dost recall.

Revenge and spoil our thoughts inflaming, 385  
We gain'd that valley lone and deep;  
Though fierce the mid-day sun was beaming,  
A stern and death-like silence keep:  
The British arms came proudly gleaming,  
Straight through the dangerous pass to sweep. 390

Heedless they march'd—no danger fearing,  
The Hurons to their force do bow;  
On high their martial standard bearing  
Nor saw nor heard their deadly foe:  
As the first rank the vale was clearing, 395  
Like lightning's flash our volley flew.

Broken—confused—no blow returning,  
They stood,—and widely gazed around,  
With rage and anguish deeply burning,  
While came the sharp, repeated wound; 400  
Not death, but loss of glory mourning,  
They sunk—and thickly strewed the ground.

We rush'd—the mortal stroke bestowing ;

High did the fatal war-cry peal ;

Pale—gasping—pierced—their life-blood flowing, 406

Did one dark tide of slaughter swell ;

No more of dread,—of torture knowing,

In death's cold arms they swiftly fell.

Deep in his breast—the arrow thrilling

A youthful English warrior bore; 410

And there—her lovely features smiling,

A lady's fairest image wore.

Her thought his latest pangs beguiling,

He gazed—till he could gaze no more.

A weakness o'er thy valour stealing, 415

I saw thy tear of pity flow—

Then murmur, o'er the body kneeling,

“ Will Ila thus to death be true ?

“ Her bosom know such tender feeling,

“ When fate shall lay her warrior low. 420

O war! thy charms, thy joys inspiring,  
Have left that fearless heart and mine ;  
In vain thy fields again desiring,  
No more in combat we shall join;  
In vain—that life is fast expiring,  
And mine to age must soon resign.

Now ceased those high and martial strains ;  
O'er all the deepest silence reigns,  
Save where yon lonely taper shone ;  
At times was heard a stifled tone,  
Till faintly beam'd the coming day  
And distant war-fires died away.



## CANTO II.



WHAT sound is that—so soft and near,  
Comes mournful on the startled ear?  
Is it the river's plaintive flow,  
The morning breeze's murmur low?  
It is the voice of woman's woe;  
'Tis she—that widow'd Indian maid,  
Lamenting o'er her chieftain dead.

No other voice has such subduing power,  
Not pleasure's in her most alluring hour,  
Enchantment dwelling in her syren bower,

Where roses deck her happy vot'ry's brow;  
As when 'midst sorrowing beauty, streaming tears,  
And throbbing breast, and quickly-gath'ring fears,  
Whose lonely, helpless grief the more endears,  
Is heard the piercing sound of woman's woe.

The loud and strong alarms of battle-field, 15  
 The swelling trump, the shout, the clashing steel,  
 A high and animating joy may yield,

As warrior's ardent heart may know.

But in distress let gentle woman plead,  
 Aside his cruel, haughty looks are laid, 20  
 Instant his bloody hand stretch'd out to aid,  
 At her prevailing, melting voice of woe.

High was Judea's fairest daughters' strain,  
 Who joyful sung, " On the victorious plain,  
 " Their conqu'ring David had his thousands slain : " 25  
 But sweeter, nobler far their sorrows flow,  
 " How art thou fallen, Israel's prince and pride,  
 " Thy gallant and thy gen'rous son beside,  
 " Lovely ye were in life—in death allied:  
 " How are the famed, the mighty low ! " 30

Rich were the praises of the Eastern fair,  
 Welcome they came to that sage monarch's ear,  
 Of his deep wisdom, wealth, and glory rare;

But stronger o'er the Persian prince's heart  
Came beauteous Esther's softest voice of woe,  
Then in her sorrow loveliest, bending low,  
She deeply mourned the meditated blow.

He pitied—loved—and bade her fears depart.

There was a tenderness—a matchless charm,  
In that last faithfulness—that deep alarm,  
Of Mary—weeping o'er the lonely tomb,

How touching was her voice of woe!  
Where is my slain, my loved Redeemer laid?  
Where rests his glorious, sacred head?

Ye Angels! watching o'er his narrow bed,  
O give my bursting heart to know!

Life's latest joy, and star of sorrow's night,  
The last in misery's hour to take her flight,  
Whose love alone no with'ring storm can blight,

Is woman—strongest, sweetest power below ;  
Yet not of all her powerful charms possess'd,  
In witching smiles and beauteous colours dress'd,  
Can she so move and sway man's sterner breast,  
As with her all-subduing voice of woe.

Such from that lovely Indian came,  
And told her bosom's hopeless pain.  
So wild—so piercing was that voice,  
You could not hear and still rejoice.  
'Twas like the shipwreck'd sailor's cry,  
When gain'd the precipices high,  
All his loved comrades buried deep ;  
'Tis not because the billows sweep,  
Or winds relentless round him roar ;  
He treads alone that desert shore,  
Despairing grows his friendless tone,  
For still he feels, and weeps alone.

- “ And thou art gone, my murder’d chief,  
“ That is thy last, thy lifeless sleep ;  
“ The earth shall press that faithful breast,  
“ But where shall Ila find her rest ?  
“ Her only refuge is to weep ;  
“ And while flows fast my sorrow’s stream,  
“ Some comfort through the gloom may beam,  
“ I’ll fondly think o’er all the past,  
“ On ev’ry parting but the last ;  
“ Peace ever came with thy return,  
“ And high my drooping spirit rose ;  
“ But hopelessly it now shall mourn,  
“ Thy dark abode no respite knows.
- “ And thou art gone—but not for ever,  
“ That cruel thought I could not bear ;  
“ The hand of death may break—may sever  
“ Our mutual hearts—but ne’er can wither  
“ The flowers which love has planted there ;

“ O they were once my joy and pride,

“ I loved to see them blooming fair ;

“ Each day that swiftly seem'd to glide

“ Bade them a brighter lustre wear.

“ Though chill the blast has on them blown,

“ My sole delight, now thou art gone,

“ I'll nurse them with the tears of woe,

“ And fairer, stronger, they shall grow.

“ I'll sit beside yon mountain stream,

“ Where oft, when thou wert far away,

“ I've watched till evening came serene,

“ And loved the cool and fading scene,

“ And wonder'd why thou did'st delay.

“ And when I hear the breeze's sigh,

“ Mid autumn leaves that rustle near,

“ I'll fancy 'tis thy spirit's cry,

“ And shall not then be lonely there:

“ Or sleep may sooth my aching breast,

“ And with thy sight my dreams be blest,

“ See thee pursue the chase afar,  
“ Or wand’ring by the midnight star. 105

“ Sole tenant of this sad abode,  
“ Thy voice I may not hope to hear;  
“ But mine thy proud exploits shall sing:  
“ That sweet employ the thought shall bring,  
“ That thou dost love to listen near. 110

“ Then will I try my choicest strain,  
“ Such as was wont to joy thy breast,  
“ When worn with ardent toil and pain,  
“ It sooth’d thy wearied frame to rest.

“ They say that melody is dear 115  
“ To those who live above the sky,  
“ Who lovely voices ceaseless hear  
“ Of them, who never, never die.

“ That piercing thought! in life no more  
“ My once-lov’d chief to see or hear; 120  
“ Can parted souls a union know,  
“ With mourners they have left below;

- “ Or love or tender pity bear?  
“ Yes, this shall calm my troubled heart,  
“ And dear my grief, and light my care,  
“ If thou, my Illidon, art near;  
“ Thy voice shall hope and life impart:  
“ He does but for his Ila stay,  
“ From her he is not far away.  
“ Then though I gaze upon thy bier  
“ With bleeding heart and fruitless tear,  
“ There is an hour shall set me free,  
“ To see—to meet—to follow thee!  
“ Whate'er thy path—where'er thy home,  
“ Is it a lovely plain? to boundless roam,  
“ To share thy rest—there never can be gloom.  
“ Is it a sea of light—exhaustless, wide?  
“ 'Twill be a beauteous deep, shall know no  
    sorrow's tide,  
“ Down which, unparted, blest, our barks shall  
    ever glide.”



'Tis morn—at first its ruddy glow  
Was faintly cast on all below,  
Then deep those lofty summits dyed,  
And purpled o'er the forest's pride.  
But soon its rising glories stream  
In one wide blaze of brilliant flame.  
Then was the hour for nature's child,  
Who loved the beautiful, the wild,  
Upon yon dazzling height to stand,  
And view that strange and distant land.  
Free as her tenants—nature there  
Did small restraint or culture bear;  
But like the traits that mark their soul,  
Was noble—savage—varied all:—  
Around in barren grandeur rose  
Those mountains crown'd with chilling snows.  
Beneath, begirt with ancient wood,  
That lone and lovely village stood;  
In front appeared a fruitful plain,  
Of beasts of chase the wide domain.

Onward its course the river held,  
At times its limpid stream conceal'd,  
Wound where the richest foliage grew,  
Or glistening rush'd again to view,  
Till in the distant lake it closed,  
Whose spacious breast in peace reposed.  
Behind that ridge, your view now cast,  
There spread a far and cheerless waste ;  
One lonely spot in verdure smil'd  
Like island in the wat'ry wild,  
Where once the traveller would rest,  
Cool with its stream his parched breast,  
For life renew'd, its pitying people blest.  
One hapless night came ruthless war's surprize,  
And soon in silence sunk their dying cries.  
No welcome current breaks away,  
Where the bright beams deceitful play ;  
A sandy bed of some past stream,  
Whose broken rocks all sadly gleam ;  
Alone is heard the vulture's cry,  
Or seen the Indian hast'ning by,  
No shade—no welcome draught is nigh.

The sultry rays are seen to glance  
On waving plume and sparkling lance  
Of warrior, issuing from the wood,<sup>185</sup>  
Or rushing through the rapid flood,  
Or bounding from the craggy height;  
They haste on yonder plain to meet,  
High honours to the dead to pay,  
And solemn hail the rising day.<sup>190</sup>

So rich, so wide, the splendour cast  
O'er hill and valley, wood and waste,  
The savage gazed with deep delight,  
Adored that cloudless flood of light:  
He loved its presence, view'd it ever fair,<sup>195</sup>  
And deem'd there was a blest Elysium there.  
It is a high and glorious sight,  
Oft the wild Arab stays his flight  
Where Tadmor's \* lonely ruins stand,  
In Syria's hot and desert land.<sup>200</sup>

\* The celebrated ruins of Palmyra, the first view of which is singularly strange and beautiful.

Its marble pillars sole remain  
Upon that bare and boundless plain.  
Coldly they rise of whitest hue,  
As there some noble forest grew,  
And whirlwind's breath had stripp'd its pride— 235  
All save the mighty trunks had died.  
The sun's proud temple stands sublime,  
And yet defies the rage of time;  
There once deluded vot'ries bow'd,  
Pour'd the rich gifts, and wept and vow'd. 240  
And still that fall'n and honour'd shrine  
The loveliest radiance seems to claim.  
Those awful columns far extend,  
And with the horizon seem to blend.  
They tell what ruin'd grandeurs lie 245  
Where now the desert wind howls by,  
O'er splendour, worth, and valour's grave,  
Where beauteous \* woman, vainly brave,  
Expiring freedom could not save.

\* The famous Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra, whose heroism against the Roman arms was unavailing.

Those sad and radiant aisles to view, 220  
Where smiles the sky of purest blue,  
Beneath that fierce and cloudless glare,  
So strange the scene—so passing fair,  
As more than earthly rested there.

Though glorious once it might arise, 225  
And noble still in ruin lies,  
There was a stranger, wilder show  
In that dark martial crowd below.  
That scene divine was silent all,  
Here was display'd without controul, 230  
In hopes and fears,—the savage soul.  
That num'rous crescent,—close and deep,  
Moveless—as if entranced in sleep:  
Heard was the faintest breeze's sigh,  
Or feeblest insect humming by; 235  
Their ardent eyes to heaven were raised!  
Like those of eagles to the blaze,  
So calm, so fiercely still they gazed.

Then their clasp'd hands were lifted high  
With such a loud and lengthen'd cry, 240  
Like his whom wasting billows bear,  
Who sees a friendly light afar,  
While cruel death is yet more near.  
Then to the earth their heads they bow  
With plaintive murmurs—deep but low ; 245  
Again they use such gestures wild,  
Like men who fly from battle-field,  
And fix their joyous, longing sight  
Upon that glorious orb of light.

Slow from the chieftain's once-lov'd home, 250  
The long and sad procession come.  
No idle show of grief is there,  
Nor the cold anguish of despair.  
The warrior's manliness of woe,  
No plaint or sorrow's softness know. 255  
But woman's soul will not forbear  
The wail, the shriek, the gushing tear.

On high that lifeless chief was borne :  
Death had not quell'd his look of scorn,  
As though he nobly gave his life,  
And yet disdain'd the tyrant's strife.  
His fav'rite arms were laid beside,  
His trusty bow and lance of pride.  
First march'd the bravest of the host,  
Who ne'er conflicted field had lost ;  
Their pace majestic—and their look  
Such as 'twere vain unmoved to brook.  
Their dazzling arms at times they shook,  
And sung their fav'rite chieftain's might,  
Untimely quench'd in hopeless night.  
Next aged warriors bent their course,  
Time, not disease, had worn their force,  
They told in hurried, eager tone  
Of former strifes, and glories gone :  
Rejoicing in their ancient fame,  
Flash'd from their eyes unwonted flame.

260

265

270

275

But there is one of nobler air  
Who vainly arms his soul to bear  
This last worst deed that fate has done,  
Which took his lov'd—his gallant son. 280  
Ceaseless that father shall repine,  
Swiftly shall haste his life's decline.  
As, when the beauteous forests grow  
Upon some lofty mountain's brow,  
Sudden a furious tempest flies, 285  
And strikes some tree of lordly size;  
Down the sharp precipices borne,  
Its honours spoiled, its branches torn,  
Crush'd at the foot at last it lies,  
And sadly, slowly withering,—dies. 290

Who trembling walks beside the bier?  
In sorrow more than ever dear,  
And faithful—that once happy bride,  
Yet will not quit his lifeless side.



Bright was the sun on warrior's arms,  
And smiled on nature's thousand charms.  
There was a wild and mingled cry,  
As swept the sad procession by.  
At times the warrior's tones prevail,  
And now 'tis woman's softer wail.  
But when they reached the open plain,  
Ceased every rude discordant strain.  
One deep and last lament began,  
And thus the mournful measure ran.

And wilt thou leave us, Illidon?  
And must thou to that land be gone,  
To which thy fathers' souls have flown,  
And crown'd with endless conquest live?

O warrior! thou wert ever brave,  
Thy own, thy country's fame to save,

And ne'er the wounded \* didst thou leave,  
When fall'n in battle fierce and high!

But now thy noble might is spent,  
And low that dauntless breast is bent,  
Before the winged arrow sent,  
That drew thy streaming life away.

Though now is closed thine eye of fire,  
'Mid those thou lov'st thou didst expire,  
Nor writhe beneath the tortures dire,  
Thy foes would joy to make thee feel.

The sun in glory looks from high,  
And clear and lovely is the sky,  
To bid thy parting spirit fly,  
And join the warrior host above.

\* It is a point of honour with the Indian warriors not to leave their wounded friends behind them in battle.

And when thou gain'st that lofty coast,  
O still assist thy Huron's host,  
And be as once thou wert—their boast,  
Their guiding chief—their Illidon.

Now in his last and silent bed,  
That loved, lamented chief is laid.  
They homeward slowly take their way,  
Or o'er the grave awhile delay.  
What wearied stranger hastens near?  
His looks a patient courage bear:  
A settled calm, a placid smile,  
Through every wearied want and toil.  
No fears his faithful soul alarm,  
Sustain'd by his Redeemer's arm,  
Whose presence makes his constant charm.  
He meekly bids the warriors peace,  
Whose parting steps that instant cease.  
In deep suspense they gather round,  
While hush'd is sorrow's ev'ry sound.

" No message, warriors, I proclaim  
 " Of yielding foes, or martial fame, 346  
 " From mis'ry's powers it brings release,  
 " The throbbing breast it soothes to peace,  
 " O, sweet as desert waters flow,  
 " And rich, as waving harvests grow,  
 " And free as winds of autumn blow, 350  
 " Is that prevailing ceaseless love,  
 " Which did a Saviour's bosom move.  
  
 " In glory is your high delight,  
 " The dang'rous chase, the dreadful fight;  
 " But death shall draw its dark'ning veil, 355  
 " And joys and triumphs swift conceal.  
 " But such His love!—his glories o'er  
 " The deepest shame and death he bore,  
 " That you may mourn and sin no more.  
 " Your souls to highest bliss to raise, 360  
 " A land of purest light and endless praise,  
 " Whose sun shall ever shed its cloudless rays.

“ From Him I come—he calls you now,  
“ To his delightful sway to bow.  
“ The breast that burns with fierce desire, 265  
“ Revenge or hatred’s cruel fire,  
“ Is like Niagara’s awful fall,  
“ Headlong the thund’ring waters roll :  
“ O’er the dark rocks beneath they roar,  
“ And shake and tear the trembling shore. 270  
“ But soon their furious course subsiding,  
“ In silence sinks the deaf’ning sound,  
“ Onward the peaceful river gliding,  
“ Joys and refreshes all around.  
“ Thus when the ransom’d soul receives 375  
“ That mercy, and with joy believes,  
“ The passions’ tumult sinks to rest,  
“ With heavenly hope and comfort blest;  
“ On its Redeemer leans, and proves  
“ How rich his gifts, how much he loves. 380  
“ Thou, gentle Indian—let thy grief  
“ Here find a sure and sweet relief.

“ Then cease thy tears, nor hopeless mourn  
“ For him who never can return.  
“ Thine be that mercy—then shall rise 385  
“ Unfading hopes of brighter skies,  
“ Where his fair spirit thou may'st find,  
“ And be in nobler bonds for ever join'd.”

His is the truest, noblest fame,  
Moravian, bless'd and honour'd name! 390  
Through ev'ry clime his footsteps roam ;  
The wave, the desert, are his home.  
Though thick'ning woes and wants annoy,  
His sole reward,—his highest joy,  
The clouds of error to remove, 395  
Tell of that vast, that dying love,  
To peace the guilty soul restore,  
And bid the wretched weep no more.

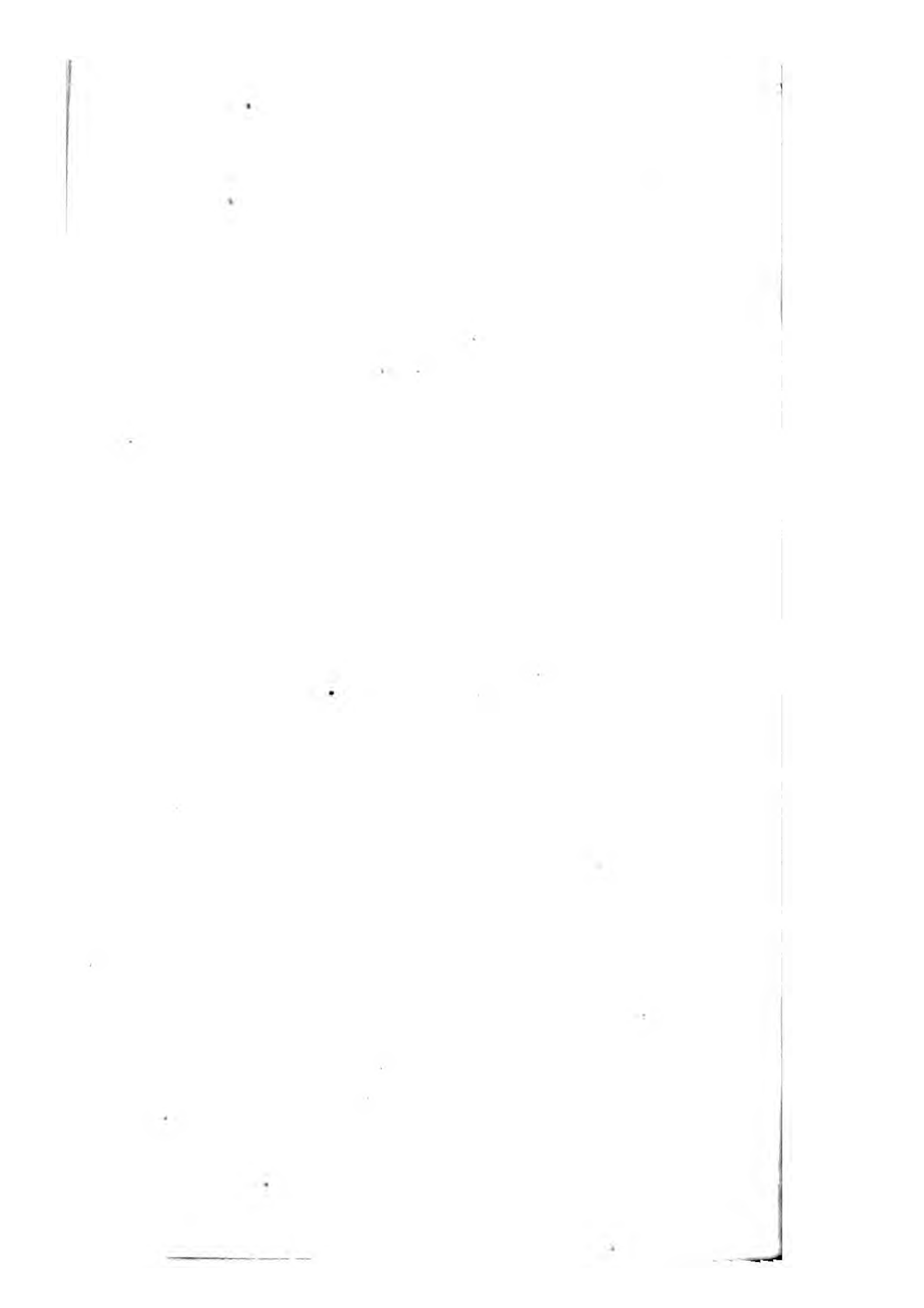
---

---

**Lazarus.**

---

---





# LAZARUS,

A Poem.

---

'TWAS eve—the day's departing glories stream'd,  
Where dark Asphaltus rolled its sullen flood  
O'er scenes as Eden once for beauty famed,  
Where the entomb'd and guilty cities stood.  
But now the desolate and gloomy shore,  
Responsive only to the wild wind's roar;  
Rude, frightful masses, piled along the steep;  
The deadly cave—the caverns vast and deep,  
Whence oft, 'tis said, sad sounds of anguish flow;  
All mark a place of lone and hopeless woe.

No lonely verdure breaks the oppressive glare

Cast from that ever pure and brilliant sky ;

No balmy breeze perfumes the sickly air,

Or gushing spring, or murm'ring shade is nigh,

For Nature's hideousness alone is there.

Scorch'd heaps all black'ning, widely scatter'd round,

Memorials of a dread and awful doom,

Unbroke by human foot, or life's sweet sound,

The silence like the silence of the tomb!

Closed by that mountain barrier dark and high,

There Ruin holds her empire stern and lone,

But seldom gazed upon by human eye:

And from his desert throne the eagle's cry

Sounds through the dismal solitudes alone.

And while the sun-beams there fell beauteously,

Clothing each precipice with golden light,

The wave, the cold dark waste, were fiercely bright :

More sad and vivid yawn'd the vast decay,

Like the wan maniac features of despair,

Lit up by laughter's sudden, startling glare.

But parting from that place of woe,  
Far lovelier regions met the view :  
There poured the Jordan's hallow'd tide,  
Through plains of nature's richest pride ;  
Fair was each varied scene around,  
With rich and teeming harvest crown'd ;  
Dark woods o'erhung the swelling wave,  
The vine its loaded clusters gave :  
There rose the mountain's lofty head,  
O'er Jericho's bright towers beneath ;  
Whose palms refreshing coolness shed,  
And gardens gave their perfumed breath :  
And floating sweetly on the air  
Came sounds of gentlest melody,  
Such as the bosom loves to share  
When heaving misery's timeless sigh ;  
While evening's splendours fell serene  
Around the soft luxuriant scene.

Along that highly favour'd land  
There moves a close, united band,  
With gentlest pace :—but there is One  
Who draws their willing hearts alone.  
At times his gracious accents broke,  
More than if highest Seraph spoke;  
They listen—joy and deep surprise  
In their adoring bosoms rise.  
He points to each enchanting spot,  
Tells its past fame, its future lot ;  
When its fall'n race shall deeply mourn  
O'er glories never to return.  
Did matchless beauty revel there ?  
Was it a high, heroic air,  
The haughty, harden'd bosom quell'd,  
To tears of love and grief impell'd ?  
Alone, amidst a scorning world,  
His glorious standard he unfurl'd ;

Dark angels own'd their power withheld,  
And, mourning, fled the hopeless field:  
The wretched raised their languid eye,  
And Death beheld his conqueror nigh.  
Judea's rulers heard from far—  
Was it the blast of rising war?

Why do they tremble and upbraid,  
Gaze on his path?—and is that train  
To fame or conquest summon'd?—vain!  
Of lowly mien,—in poverty array'd.

Then rose Defiance, sternest air,  
And blasted Hope, and deep Despair;  
Is this their sovereign, crownless—lone,  
Where are his powers—his glorious throne?  
No threat, or rage, his breast alarm'd,  
Whose word each lifted hand disarm'd;  
Resistless as the keenest dart,  
Pierced the dark purpose of their heart,

Awed the dread powers of earth and hell,  
Each bosom shook—each aspect fell!  
Yet on his mild, majestic mien,  
So pale, and touchingly serene,  
There was that all-impressive air,  
Unmoved—unawed—you gazed not there!  
Though many a high and speechless woe,  
That mortal bosoms might not share,  
Long from his faded cheek and brow  
Had banished youth's delightful glow;  
Yet sorrow could not there impair  
The charm—indelibly imprest  
On all—that words may not express!

When o'er disease's helpless bed,  
The last despairing tears were shed;  
When the lone mother mourn'd her child,  
Or the sad maniac wander'd wild;  
When hope the wretched heart forsook,

Fast bound by guilt's appalling band,  
O, for the loved disciple's hand—  
To paint that bright, that pitying look,  
Where love unutterable broke,  
And to his features, bent to save,  
Varied, affecting beauty gave!  
Lost to his own unmeasured woe,  
Man's cruel frowns, and final blow,  
He saw—he pitied—at his word  
Death's withering victim was restored;  
On the dark spirit glory beam'd,  
    And hush'd was misery's wild lament;  
While tears of grateful rapture stream'd,  
    To Him each knee adoring bent.

To his loved friend he now returns,  
For his distress he inly mourns:  
“ 'Tis but a transient, soothing sleep,  
“ For him we will not vainly weep,

“ Or anxious haste ; for this delay,  
“ My God, thy glory shall display :  
“ And though it be the sleep of death,  
“ Again shall come reviving breath :  
“ Their faith in thee more strong shall grow, 126  
“ When changed to joy their hopeless woe.”



FLUSH'D now was each tumultuous sound ;  
Night's deepest stillness reign'd around ;  
The pale lamp threw its trembling ray  
O'er the sad scene of life's decay.  
Watching her brother's hurried rest,  
Anguish on Mary's bosom prest.  
Lone and appalling was the gloom,  
That deepen'd round his dying room;  
Each broken sigh, and hollow moan,  
Rung with prophetic, piercing tone.  
With hurried air she strove to trace  
Some trait propitious in his face ;  
No word broke from her—for too plain  
She saw that every hope was vain ;  
Each lovely tint of health was gone,  
A death-like paleness dwelt alone  
Upon his cheek—deeply she wept,  
As quick the shudd'ring anguish crept  
Oft her meek eyes to heaven she turn'd,  
And for her Lord intensely mourn'd.

With sad, yet deeply-patient air,  
Gazed Martha on the sufferer there ;  
Her own dark-gathering fears repress,  
And strove to arm her sister's breast. 150  
She yielded not to passion's sway,  
While every joy fled far away ;  
Her faith with high, undying power,  
Grew mightier in his peril's hour.  
The silence then her sister broke, 155  
And thus in troubled accents spoke.

“ Three dark and tedious days are fled,  
“ Since our swift messenger we sped ;  
“ Where, over Jordan's hallow'd ground,  
“ The mournful news our Saviour found. 160  
“ He comes not!—wherefore this delay?  
“ O haste thee—sorrow's sacred friend,  
“ Let not thy blessed footsteps stay,  
“ To bid thy Lazarus' conflicts end.

“ Or, if some sudden, sad event, 165  
“ Thy glorious presence should prevent,  
“ O think of him! thy thought has power  
“ To give the tortured bosom ease;  
“ Thy will can sooth the mourner's hour,  
“ And misery's sternest bands release: 170  
“ Speak but the word—and it shall be  
“ The sufferer's signal to be free!”

Fix'd on that group with sweet surprise,  
The pale youth slowly raised his eyes:  
There beam'd a hope that could not die, 175  
With faith that strove for victory;  
With deep and touching tenderness,  
More beautiful amidst distress.  
But when he saw the strong despair,  
Such as no utterance might declare, 180  
Of her, who fondly o'er him bent,  
Heard her affecting, faint lament;

The lustre vanish'd from his look,  
Hurried, imperfect murmurs broke  
From his pale lips—never till now  
Did his sustained courage bow.  
Oh, who when breaking from the shore  
Of youthful, all-alluring life,  
Though faith may bid the spirit soar,  
Feels not the sad, the touching strife?  
When all we love around us mourn,  
To whom we never can return;  
While sorrow's wounds more freshly bleed,  
At each last look, each trembling deed;  
For kindness comes with magic power,  
From those we love in suffering's hour.  
Who but would there yet lingering keep?  
Who but must unresisting weep?  
Fast down his cheeks, now wildly flush'd,  
Fears from acutest anguish gush'd;

185

190

195

200

Those hands imploring raised to heaven,  
 Or on his throbbing bosom prest;  
 That glance by wild emotion driven,  
 Which on his sisters might not rest:  
 But all is calm again—a smile  
 Stood on his trembling lips awhile,  
 His eye an air of triumph bore,  
 That told the doubtful war was o'er.

“ No more I faint beneath the shudd’ring strife,  
 “ It is thy victory, O Lord of life!  
 “ Though far the refuge of thy guardian breast,  
 “ Still on thy power to save my spirit rests.  
 “ Calm will I suffer, if it be thy will,  
 “ And count it triumph, while thou lovest me still.  
 “ Thou lovest me!—can I doubt thy faithful word?  
 “ Can’st thou forsake me, O my changeless Lord?  
 “ Oh, when I view the woes which thou hast borne,  
 “ The pangs by which that breast must yet be torn;

- " All for my ransom, my enduring bliss,  
 " And shall I murmur, shall I shrink at this 220  
 " Fast-fleeting agony, this hurried doom?  
 " No—glory rests upon the with'ring tomb.  
 " Oh, weep not hopeless o'er me thus sustain'd,  
 " Blame not the hand that cannot wound in vain.  
 " The love that bears my spirit to the sky 224  
 " Shall spoil your fears, and hush your latest sigh.  
 " Man shall break joyful from the night of tears—  
 " Mary, the glorious Comforter is near;  
 " Can'st thou forget how sweet his accents fell,  
 " And fill'd thy heart with peace ineffable? 230  
 " Then let this thought thy gushing sorrows still,  
 " 'Tis thy beloved Lord's unerring will;  
 " When earth's last dearest trust in me shall fall,  
 " He comes to be thy strength, thy joy, thy all."

Now o'er those fairest eastern skies 235  
 Day's rich and varied splendours rise;

In cloudless sultriness to reign  
O'er Judah's hills and blooming plain.  
They beam around that dying bed,  
But there no dawning comfort shed.  
Oh, when that brother's love shall part,  
Who then shall sooth the orphan's heart,  
O'er life's rude passage—cold and dim?  
Its charm—its bliss—all lost in him;  
To wander, friendless, and in tears,  
Oft shrinking at ideal fears?  
Ah no! the world may wear its smile,  
    And call to scenes of joy again;  
No balmy cup shall there beguile  
    The broken spirit's hopeless pain.  
On the blue wave, and lovely plain,  
Midst grandeur's seats and pleasure's reign,  
It bleeds, and bends beneath its fate—  
All, all around, is desolate!

As stands a temple's ruin'd pride  
By some fair river's peaceful side;

Through fragrant groves the breezes sigh,  
 Mingled with sweetest harmony:  
 On the still courts, and moss-crown'd walls,  
 The heaven's unclouded radiance falls;  
 More mournful seems the lone decay,  
 Midst nature's rich and bright array;  
 Each charm of wood, and sky, and wave,  
 As wantoning o'er glory's grave.

All vain is Mary's breathless care,  
 That urged her sinking strength to bear;  
 Frowns the last conqueror more nigh,  
 And fainter falls each struggling sigh.  
 On her his looks delight to dwell,  
 As there they took their long farewell.  
 As saved in vain on some rude shore,  
 Pale, bleeding, from the surges' roar,  
 The dying sailor views his friend,  
 O'er his last anguish sadly bend.  
 Fast fall her tears; yet no despair  
 Dwells in her mild and suffering air;



There resignation sweetly shines,  
Faint on her breast his head reclines.

“ 'Tis vain! the fatal hour is nigh,

“ And must I close thy dying eye?

“ Gaze on that fading face no more, 280

“ Ah! when thy voice of love shall come,

“ No more to this once happy home,

“ What shall its charm to me restore?

“ Oft, when some sudden fear appals,

“ Or loneliness oppressive falls 285

“ Upon my heart—where then, O where,

“ Shall Mary find a brother's care?

“ None can be dear as thine has been,

“ Through every dark and troubled scene;

“ Far—far from me shall be thy rest, 290

“ While fadeless beauty shall invest;

“ On thy pale cheek and gloomy bier

“ Unfelt will fall my lonely tear.

“ Yet—yet around my desolate hour,

“ Faith shall its heavenly triumph pour; 295

“ Shall point my soul to worlds of light,  
“ With thine for ever to unite.  
“ Fix’d on thy love, my glorious Lord,  
“ My bleeding heart shall firm endure ;  
“ The changeless promise of thy word 300  
“ From sorrow’s depths shall peace restore.  
“ My cloudless hope, and latest stay,  
“ Soon at thy feet to breathe my sigh,  
“ Death shall be lost in victory.”

Throughout the brilliant sultry hour, 305  
Still lingers life’s departing power ;  
But when the western splendour dies,  
Its latest mournful efforts rise.  
E’en his loved sisters weeping by, -  
Fade from his dim and wand’ring eye ; 310  
Lost is each tender effort now  
Cold damps are gath’ring on his brow ;  
The colour from his cheek is fled,  
Sunk helpless is that wearied head :

Yet calm and lovely in decay, 315  
Still move his lips, so sweetly pale,  
As words of comfort they would tell  
To mitigate their misery,  
When he, their bosom's trust, is far away.

Is there a sight to touch the heart, 320  
And wake its strongest, tenderest feeling;  
That soars o'er man's severer part,  
When his stern breast to anguish steeling;  
And more than valour earns the wreath?  
'Tis woman at the couch of death. 325  
Though deepest she may feel the blow  
That tears the sinking sufferer's breast:  
More mild his anguish, light his woe,  
While her consoling accents flow, 330  
While in her arms he sinks to rest.  
Her pitying look, her lovely form,  
Watching the sad and slow decay,

Like sun-beam in the wintry storm,  
That cheers the mariner's dismay.  
When she supports the wearied head,  
Receives the parting, quivering breath;  
What tears like those of sorrow shed  
By woman at the couch of death?

'Tis the last agony! Oh bear  
His soul above all-darkening fear;  
My God! thy presence be his shield,  
In this his last and doubtful field.  
He strives to speak, but his faint breath,  
Seems yielding to the embrace of death;  
Still the blest spirit soars above  
The shuddering pang—the parting love.  
“ He is my shield; in this dread hour,  
“ He arms me with his mighty power;  
“ My spirit's blest, unfading sun,  
“ More glorious now my race is done,  
“ Beams on the dark unfathom'd path.

336

340

346

350

" He comes—he comes: my Lord, my all,  
 " It is thy loved, thy gracious call:  
 " Dear is the piercing stroke of death,  
 " When in thine arms I yield my breath."

He sinks into his sister's arms.  
 No more restrain'd—their strong alarms  
 Burst forth in that deep-piercing cry:  
 O thus to see a brother die!  
 Sole hope—delight—to them now left,  
 In him of friend, of all bereft!  
 Who clasps him in her fond embrace,  
 And bathes with tears his pallid face?

Mary! he hears not thy lament,  
 In vain thy tortured look is bent  
 On his—'tis fix'd with love on thee,  
 But life's lost charm thou can'st not see.  
 Death now delights to revel there,  
 With his still, cold, forbidding air;

Which those who love not view with pain,  
 Not thou! " O tear me not away,  
 " I will not leave this precious clay?"

" What! is there terror in that smile,  
 " That o'er his lips in beauty plays;  
 " Which oft my sadness did beguile,  
 " In former, happier, vanish'd days?"

" Rais'd is thy cold and lifeless hand  
 " Towards that calm and happy land!  
 " Though ever fled from my embrace,  
 " Will not my image have a place

" In thy remembrance? Wilt thou know  
 " The woes thy Mary may sustain,  
 " In this wide cheerless vale of pain?"

" My heart grows faint—this cruel blow—  
 " One last embrace—how cold—e'en now,  
 " Dark scenes are gath'ring round my brow."

\* \* \* \* \*

When is death's stern and dreaded power  
Most cruel; when its most lamented hour?  
When on the field in anguish lying,  
Their splendid garments rolled in blood, 390  
Chiefs, steeds, and riders, slowly dying,  
Where late the dauntless column stood?  
The hopes of conquest cheer their death;  
The soul exults midst parting breath;  
While loudly swells the martial sound, 395  
And slaughter'd foemen strew the ground.  
When furious tempests wake the ocean,  
What strong despair, what wild emotion  
Seize on the sinking sufferer's breast;  
Not long these agonies molest, 400  
Ere swept into the yawning deep;  
That thrilling shriek was all they gave,  
Who now a lasting silence keep,  
While o'er them breaks the cold, wild wave!

But when in life's first, fairest bloom, 405  
Comes the sad summons from the tomb ;  
Met without murmur or dismay,  
While deeply wastes the frame away :  
Worth, beauty, which you fain would keep,  
But helpless can but gaze and weep : 410  
Love's faithful ties the soul entwining,  
Yet closer as the life's declining ;  
Then cruel is the untimely blow,  
That gives such keen, such lengthen'd woe.  
Yet mem'ry with its soothing charm, 415  
Can here survivors' grief disarm ;  
Recall each sacred word and look  
Which cheer'd the mournful dying bed,  
Through clouds of deepest suffering broke,  
While earthly joy and comfort fled ; 420  
Still by his Saviour's power defended,  
Such heavenly love and peace were blended  
Within the fading sufferer's mind ;  
It sunk not,—mourned not,—or repined.



In triumph o'er extremest pain,  
In faith the unwithering crown to gain;  
When the last sleep the eye-lids sealing,  
    He pictured that far-lovely shore,  
Its glories, even then revealing,  
    Bade him exult, though all deplore—  
Welcome the latest, fiercest blast,  
And smile in victory as it past !

425

426

OH! where is he who treads the vale of life,  
And never mourns beneath the passions' strife;  
Oft his confiding friendships rudely torn, 435  
His fairest joys expiring in their morn;  
The pangs of sever'd love's untimely wound,  
And the wild storm on hope's enchanted ground?  
What with the bosom's anguish can compare,  
When earth's last, dearest tie is rending there? 440  
Such the lone sisters' agonizing love,  
Who o'er their darling brother drop the tear;  
Long for their peace he fondly watch'd and strove,  
Friend—parent—all—entomb'd in his dark bier!  
That sweet companionship, from life's bright morn, 445  
Each heart's dear joys and sorrows mutual borne;  
While firm affection weaves her tender bond,  
More pure than lovers—more than parents fond.  
Such in their calm, united breast,  
Lull'd every transient fear to rest; 450  
Far each corroding care was borne,  
As mists before the breath of morn,

Till Lazarus died—and joy was o'er,  
To feel a brother's love no more  
Strewing with flowers life's rugged shore; 465  
And wildly flow the orphan's tears,  
Where yon dark funeral train appears;  
From Bethany their course they bend,  
Slow up the hill their steps ascend:  
Fair on its varied, verdant side, 466  
Rested the heaven's meridian pride.  
Loud bursts of sorrow oft arise,  
    From friends who deeply felt around;  
As when the broken night-wind flies,  
    Through dreary woods with hollow sound. 467  
At times upon the light breeze pour'd,  
Wild touching melody was heard;  
As the lone exile's friendless cry,  
Or when the vanquish'd shuddering die.  
The tear falls fast from beauty's eyes, 470  
Oft their dejected glances rise;

Where on the bier the youth is borne,  
From life's fresh joys for ever torn.  
These were the scenes he loved to view,  
When the soft, cooling breezes blew,  
Through Olivet's delightful shade;  
And its pure rills their murmurs made :  
On yon high summit oft to stand,  
And Salem's glitt'ring tow'rs command.  
O woman! in thy feeling heart,  
Woe ever finds a pitying part;  
When death its blooming prey destroys,  
And withers love's enchanting joys :  
Fast thy affecting sorrows flow,  
Thy touching words a balm bestow.  
Midst all thy yielding tenderness,  
Still firm, still faithful, in distress,  
In pain's strong grasp, in misery's hour,  
When haughty man's is yielding there,  
To the stern pressure of despair,  
Dost thou put forth a peerless power.

475

480

485

490

From thy soft eyes high lustres dart,  
Enduring courage arms thy heart :  
When from thy Lord, each follower flown,  
Thy piercing wail was heard alone ;  
First through the awful midnight gloom,  
Hastening, devoted, to his tomb ;  
Touch'd with deep sorrow, flow'd thy tear,  
With tenderness that knew not fear.

What sterner sorrows now prevail,  
Why comes more hopelessly the wail ?  
Their slow and hesitating tread,  
Has reached the mansions of the dead.  
Then were the thoughts of agony  
Keener than when they saw him die ;  
Though cold and deadly is the sleep,  
That wraps the lost and cherish'd friend ;  
Dear is the watch that mourners keep,  
Oft o'er the pallid form to bend,  
Their tears with stern decay to blend,

And there the farewell kiss impress.

But when the loved remains are borne,

From sight, from feeling, ever torn,

There is no charm for that distress :

All dark, and void, earth, air, and sky,

The winds but waft the shudd'ring sigh.

And Mary's faint and wasted form

Yields in this sorrow's latest storm.

On her loved sister now she rests,

Who clasps the mourner to her breast ;

Still in her faded, troubled eye

There is a love that cannot die.

O'er her soft cheek so pale and fair

Stream the dark tresses of her hair ;

The shudd'ring sigh, the sudden start,

The quick wild throbbing of her heart,

Tell of a speechless agony.

She gazes on the lifeless clay,

So still—so fixedly—as there

Love breath'd amidst that marble air :

On the seal'd eye, and pallid brow,  
Each dear expression linger'd now,  
That once had charm'd her soul's despair.  
Oh! there is torture in that pause,  
Beyond the longest, ling'ring woes;

That last short pause that e'er shall be,  
When waits the cold, cold grave to close  
Its hopeless, lone captivity

O'er sister, friend, the pale loved child,  
Still clings the heart with misery wild.

Oh spare it yet!—in mercy stay,  
'Tis vain—loud falls the covering clay:  
Falls with a sound, so dread, so chill,  
It strikes to the heart with a sudden thrill.

Falls on the soft and lovely breast  
Where oft our woes were soothed to rest;  
The foul dark earth, and marble stone!  
Ah then. adieu! for ever, ever gone!

Now in the dark sepulchre there,  
 They lift the bier with gentlest care; L50  
 Then bursts a loud, affecting cry,  
 Again the lengthen'd wailings die:  
 When rises slow the funeral song,  
 That swells the mountain rocks among;  
 Sweeps sadly through the murmuring shades, 550  
 As on the distant ear it fades:  
 It seem'd some wither'd heart's complaint,  
 And thus was sung the last lament.

" And why art thou gone in thy beauty and bloom,  
 " As the forest's fresh charm on the whirlwind is cast? 560  
 " Untimely the shadows of evening are come  
 " On the home of thy fathers now silent and waste.  
 " Were not thy sisters, so loved, ever near,  
 " Thy toils to alleviate, thy sorrows to cheer;  
 " Oh! where to thy bosom was refuge so dear? 570  
 " But thou like the streams of the desert art past.



- “ Why art thou fallen—sweet flower of thy line?  
“ The gladness of harvest is heard in the land;  
“ They rejoice o’er the bending and beautiful vine,  
“ But lone and lamenting thy relatives stand. 570  
“ No more in thy loved mountain paths we behold thee,  
“ Nor at eve where the fountain flows sweetly and  
    coldly;  
“ Oh! who to these charms, to these joys can  
    restore thee,  
“ For dark is thy rest in the conqueror’s hand.
- “ Oh, loved and deplored!—in the tomb of thy rest, 575  
“ Thou art cold to our tears—to the voice of  
    our wail:  
“ Last hope of the orphan! fond trust of the breast!  
“ Now sinking all friendless in sorrow’s dark gale.  
“ On the night of their peril is sunk the fair star,  
“ All faint is their cry—for no refuge is there, 580  
“ No brother’s sweet solace, or tenderness near;  
“ The cold flood has entomb’d him, all lifeless  
    and pale.

“ Art thou gone to the region of shadows and fear,  
“ The light of thy God around thee shall break ;  
“ The shield of his power shall encompass thee there, 585  
“ Thrice blest the chill valley of tears to forsake!  
“ The wan clay for beauty undying resign,  
“ By love’s gushing fountains enraptured recline ;  
“ Ah! why should the bosoms that loved thee repine,  
“ While thou dost to glory immortal awake. 590

OH love! enchantress o'er the world's rude path,  
Midst its depressing gloom and timeless care,  
Resistless are the charms that thou dost wear,  
Swaying our purpose by thy slightest breath;  
The fierce, the feeble, yield alike to thee, 595  
And death and danger count it sweet to dare—  
Thy glorious smile their crown of victory.  
Youth's high and fairest bliss! and when decay  
Bows the strong frame, and silvers o'er the hair;  
When hope and joy desert the wearied breast, 600  
Thy tender sympathies still soothe to rest.  
All fall before time's strong and withering hand;  
But thou—the latest bliss on earth's cold land,  
And deathless still, when life's last pulses come,  
Eternity is but thy brighter home! 605  
Dear to the soul is thy endearing part,  
Where dread bereavements plant the thrilling dart;  
The kindred bosom, sympathizing near,  
In that dark moment more than ever dear.

How soft its sighs, how sweet its solace falls, 610  
Oh! those we love, are then our strength, our all.  
Like the lone patriarch, forced afar to roam,  
From his fond parents, and his peaceful home;  
Long, long the various toils and woes he proved,  
Yet light they were to him for her he loved: 615  
The sleepless night, the drought, the parching wild,  
All—all—forgotten when his Rachel smiled.  
Yet frail the balm that happiest love can bear,  
Vain each heroic deed its force can dare;  
To His! who all our thrilling sorrows bore, 620  
And loved and bled—that we might mourn no more.  
Light every grief, and dear the sternest doom,  
Where'er his gifts, his fadeless mercies come;  
The hope that loveliest shines o'er sorrow's wave,  
And rests on scenes of bliss beyond the grave: 625  
The glorious love that lives through every storm,  
And the sweet peace no suffering can deform.  
Yes! then when earth's enchantments all are torn,  
And the heart bleeds, unpitied, cold, forlorn:

Then that immortal Comforter is nigh, 620  
Lifts o'er the oppress'd his shield of victory,  
And in his mercy's arms soothes every sigh.  
In silent anguish reckless of relief,  
From the soft sympathy of others' grief,  
Sits Mary desolate, yet meekly there, 635

While deeply mourns around the kindred band.  
O'er her pale cheek unconscious flow'd the tear,

Her lovely brow she leans upon her hand,  
And oft they seek to comfort her—'tis vain :

Her thoughts are with that lost one's lonely tomb, 640

And there, when evening draws its sullen gloom,  
She loves to weep, and dwell on what hath been.

When soothed to rest her wearied bosom lies,

To her glad view his dearest image flies;

In their calm home again she seems to dwell, 645

With him whom she had loved—so deep—so well :

Or o'er the mountain's varied breast they roam,

Then to her heart his well-known voice would come,

Sweet as the flow of waters in the wild ;  
And still he bent his looks on her and smiled : 650  
But swift these lovely visions all depart,  
And deeper sadness falls upon her heart.

Why does she gaze with that impatient air,  
Where the last sun-beams fade, so soft, so fair ?  
At each far sound, and winds faint murm'ring start, 655  
As if some strong emotion touched her heart ?  
'Tis for her Lord's return she heaves the sigh,  
And fondly deems his foot of peace is nigh.  
Oh ! had he come in time to save—e'en now,  
The grave's dark terrors to his love may bow. 660

What mean the sounds of joy that sudden rise,  
They hail her own Redeemer's blest return ;  
Swift to her view her eager sister flies,  
O cease thy tears—for ever cease to mourn !  
For thee inquires his wonted voice of love, 665  
Where from her Lord can Mary's footsteps move ?

Sweet as the gushing spring just reach'd to save,

When fierce and desert heats the strength destroy;

As his loved home, view'd dimly o'er the wave,

Touches the wand'ers weary head with joy; 670

On her dark thoughts the welcome tidings break,

And sudden rapture lights her wasted cheek;

They fade, and flush more ardently again,

As joy rose wild and hurriedly o'er pain.

She rushes where amidst the mourning bands, 675

The glorious Sovereign of her bosom stands:

On him alone her looks entranced dwell,

She kneels, and pours her sorrows at his feet;

Oh! in this hour of anguish thus to meet,

Earth has no balm for her, so pure, so sweet 680

Speechless he gazes on the weeping fair,

Clasping his feet in silent, suppliant woe;

And fallen is that calm, commanding air,

And on his fixed look and pallid brow,

A deep, deep agony is gath'ring now! 685

He yields—he yields—in this affecting strife,  
He weeps resistlessly, the Lord of life !  
His sacred look averted from the crowd,  
Emotions soft ineffable to shroud,  
To which no utterance may give relief,  
Alone the tears of torn affection break,  
In sorrow down his pale and faded cheek ;  
And there one beautiful expression dwelt,  
    Of love—of love in exquisite distress ;  
And vain were words to paint the heart that felt,  
    That heart of pure and matchless tenderness !  
O memorable tears ! the first, the last,  
    Which from that breast of purest mercy came ;  
Not when man's awful guilt on Him was cast,  
    Not when the dread, dread anguish tore his frame, 700  
And from his side each chosen follower flown ;  
Wept He : but now—subdued by love alone !

“ Where sleeps my Lazarus in his silent tomb ? ”  
Then to the tomb their mournful footsteps come,



Lone dwelling of corruption and the worm ; 765  
 Swift from its mouth the massy stone is rolled,  
 And the light streams upon the youth's sad form,  
 Stretch'd ghastly ! as the marble still and cold,  
 Where it lay perishing : On the pale face  
 There is a fearful hue : the dark eye glazed, 770  
 Mocks the fond glance with wretched vacancy,  
 Of those who bend in tearless agony ;  
 Who saw him lovely once, and watch'd him die.  
 To his wan lips the smile yet gives its charm,  
 That told of victory in the last alarm. 775

But all is still—the wide, astonish'd band,  
 In deep and shudd'ring expectation stand.  
 Hush'd is the faintest accent of their woe,  
 Alone is heard the rivulet's ceaseless flow,  
 Rushing impetuous down the mountain's side, 780  
 Or murm'ring breeze that midst its olives died,  
 Hark ! at the solemn voice that sudden breaks,  
 Fix'd is each eye, and pale is every cheek.  
 “ Lazarus, come forth ! ”

A fearful cry, a wild tumultuous sound,  
Bursts sudden midst the awful stillness round;  
For death has fall'n before his mightier Lord,  
From that far shore the spirit is restor'd.  
Torn is corruption from her darling throne,  
As o'er the wat'ry waste the whirlwind's borne;  
The warm blood rushes through each wither'd limb,  
He breathes—the long, long sleep is gone from him!  
With quick convulsive motion heaves the breast,  
As breaking from that deep and fearful rest,  
And lovely o'er the wan and livid face,  
Starts into life again each mangled grace.  
The sun darts fiercely on the rayless eyes,  
Wildly they glance around in strange surprise;

But as the bosom's fond emotions wake,  
Deep sobs, and broken hurried murmurs slip  
From the unseal'd, yet widely quiv'ring lip.

Oh! where are those he loves, can they forsake?  
Would Mary's hand but free this fetter'd breast,  
Faint on her bosom he had sunk to rest.

Hark! to that well-known voice, it calls—again, 745  
 Sweet as to dying saints some heavenly strain;  
 Then rushing sudden from the mournful tomb,  
 Appall'd he seems, while shouts tumultuous come,  
 Shrinks from the eager grasp, and strained eye  
 Of those who deem their senses yet belie. 750

But soon a vivid lustre lights his cheek,  
 As the soft breezes down the mountain break:  
 Oh! in his throbbing heart what raptures glow!  
 He gazes on the sky—the lovely scene,  
 More dear and fair than ever they had been, 755  
 And listens to the river's well-known flow:  
 But when on Mary rests his wand'ring eye,  
 There beams a high and sudden ecstasy.

“ Ah! shall I share again a sister's love,  
 “ And could'st thou then so long from me remove; 760  
 “ On my breast fell a with'ring, chill embrace,  
 “ Not soft as thine in woe hath often been.  
 “ Was it then death's? each dear emotion ceased,  
 “ And darkness rush'd upon our parting scene;

“ Thy voice, thy form to me were faded—fled ! 765

“ When sudden glory beam'd around my head ;

“ And on my soul came joys ineffable,

“ Such as on earth's dim vale can never dwell :

“ Pain and infirmity for ever o'er,

“ There on that far and everlasting shore, 770

“ I saw my loved, my glorious Master stand,

“ Midst songs of triumph from the angelic band.

“ Still that entrancing melody, I hear !

“ But Oh, my Lord, art thou no longer near ?

“ Was it a dream ? what now deludes my sight, 775

“ 'Tis He ! that form, that look of love and light ;

“ Such as then beam'd on me : art thou then nigh,

“ Again to raise my head in victory ?”

\* \* \* \* \*

On Mary's ear that awful mandate fell,

As when the winds the sounds of conquest swell 780

To the faint wounded warrior ; her ardent eye

Intensely fix'd upon the grave ; while came

Wild sudden tremblings o'er her faded frame.

To her heart thrill'd a sudden ecstasy,  
 Mix'd with a terror of what yet might be;  
 While o'er her lovely face, and breast of snow  
 Fell her dark tresses in dishevell'd flow;  
 Her trembling hands uprais'd to Heaven, and clasp'd,  
 'Twas done—she saw him burst from death's strong  
 grasp,

Rush to her side, and all is triumph now!

Her eager hands unloose each fetter'd limb,  
 Midst the loud shouts she hears, she sees but him;  
 Her look of tenderness, and speechless awe  
 Fixed on his features—flush'd with life's sweet glow;  
 Then with deep sighs she clasps him to her heart,  
 Oh thus restored! and never more to part:  
 Fast on his breast her tears of rapture flow,  
 As rose the bitter memory of her woe,  
 When pale he sunk beneath the ruthless blow;  
 Yet his last look was hers—though faintly heard,  
 His dying words were beautiful!—and pour'd

Into her breast; and now its agony is o'er,  
Peace shall again be in the lonely home,  
And o'er each lovely scene to roam once more;  
Sweet to her spirit will his accents come. 235

\* \* \* \* \*

THE END.

