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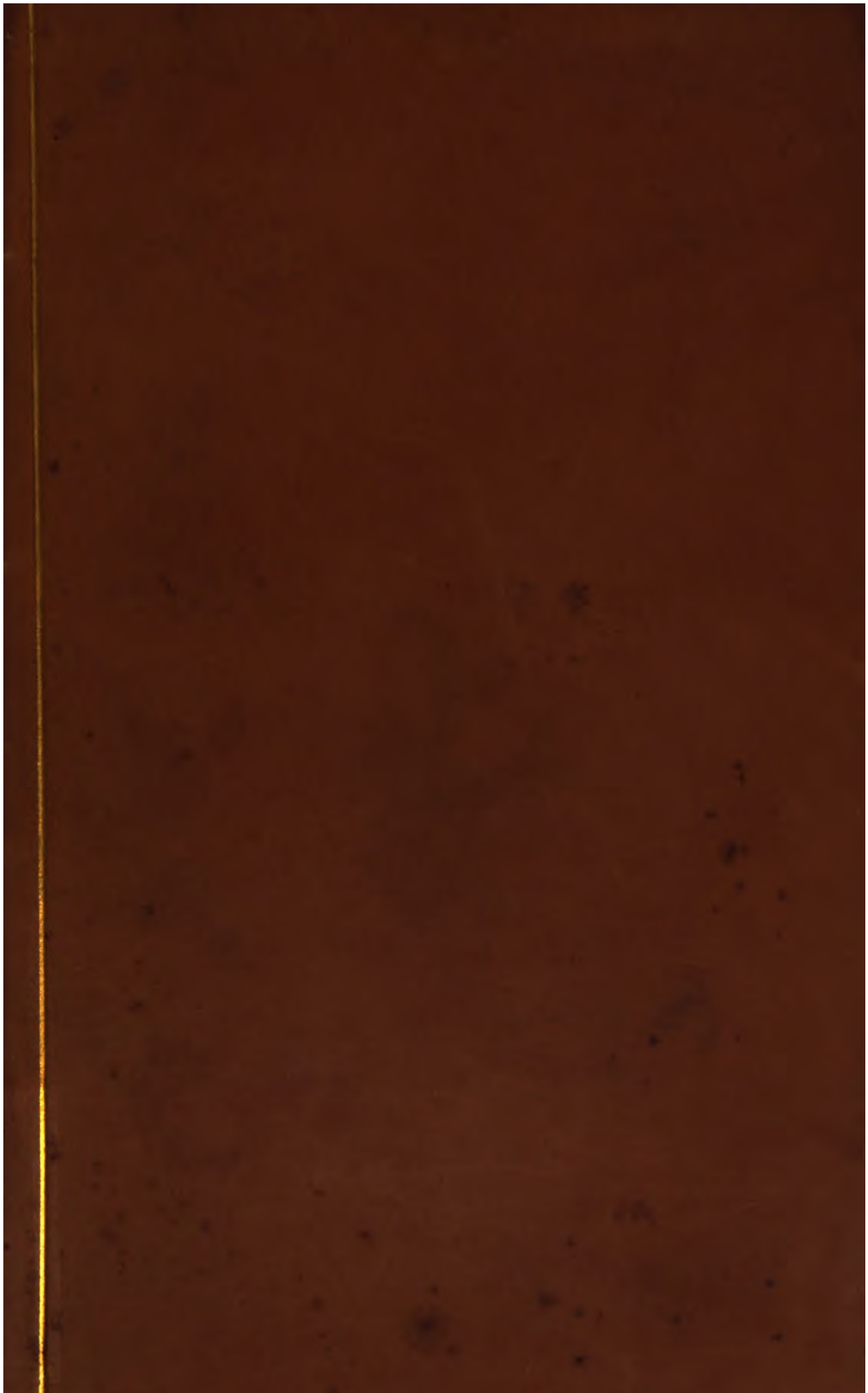
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L 152.

TAYLOR INSTITUTION.

—  
*BEQUEATHED*  
TO THE UNIVERSITY  
BY  
ROBERT FINCH, M. A.  
*OF BALLIOL COLLEGE.*

280 f. 1819





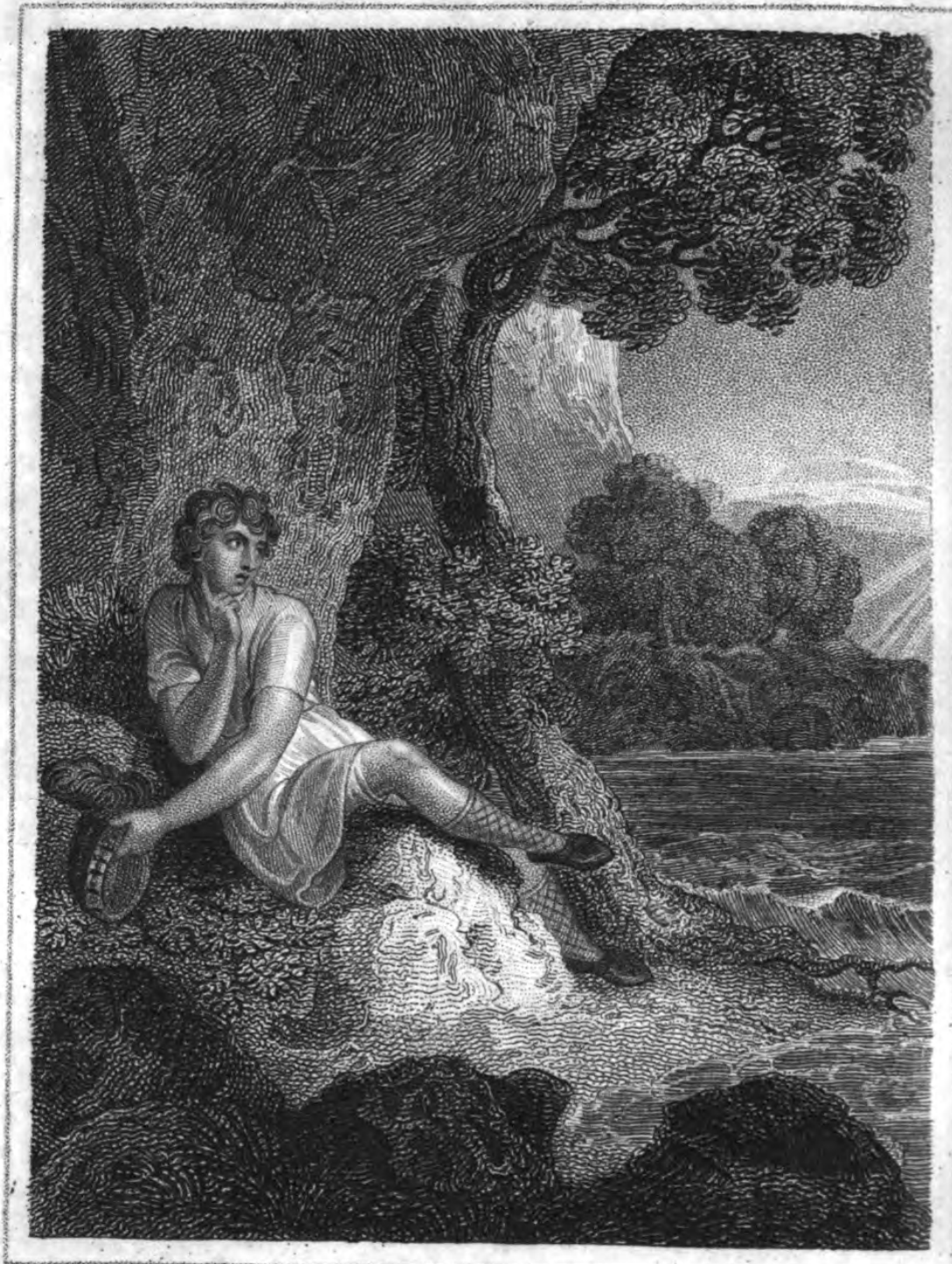












*W.M. Craig del.*

*K. Mackenzie sc.*

*Lo! where, reclin'd beneath the vaulted steep.*

*Published by Robert Chapman, Glasgow, 1804.*

Wallace;

OR, THE

*VALE OF ELLERSLIE.*

WITH

OTHER POEMS.

BY

JOHN FINLAY.

SECOND EDITION,

Corrected and Enlarged.

GLASGOW:

Printed by and for R. Chapman,

SOLD BY J. & A. DUNCAN, AND BRASH & REID;  
MANNERS & MILLER, CONSTABLE & CO. EDINBURGH;  
AND VERNOR & HOOD, LONDON.

1804.



TO  
MRS. DUNLOP OF DUNLOP,  
THE REPRESENTATIVE  
OF THE  
HOUSE OF WALLACE,  
AND THE  
FRIEND OF BURNS:

*THIS VOLUME*

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

Glasgow, Oct. 1804.

**Entered in Stationers' Hall.**

## P R E F A C E.

**W**HEN I first proposed publishing these Poems, it was objected to me by some of my friends, that the plan of "Wallace" bore too strong a resemblance to that of Beattie's "Minstrel." On consideration, this did not appear to me a sufficient reason for its suppression. I am sensible that, unless an Author has something new to offer, he ought not to be an Author. But, before we make novelty the test of his right to

appear in public, we ought surely to consider in what part of his work novelty is required of him. I cannot think, that in the present Poem, either the novelty of the plot or the excellence of its management could be of much consequence; as no plot in it could be wrought up to any considerable degree of interest, and so far I own, I felt but little anxiety about its merits.

It never formed any part of my design to describe the Hero's actions; to have done this in detail, would have led me into a field too extensive, and to have discussed them cursorily, would have precluded that minute penciling, which is the soul of descriptive poetry. The formation of Wallace's mind, was the only ground of my work. In this edition, however, I have endeavoured in some measure to compensate for the want of a story, by introducing a prophetic allusion to his actions:—Whether this be any real improvement,

people will judge perhaps very differently. In talking of his actions, it would ill become me or any who admires the assertor of Scottish independence, to pass without notice, the Minstrel Henry, a man, who has contributed more, perhaps, than any other, to keep alive that spirit of patriotism and martial glory, for which the nation is so remarkable. The rapture with which his narrative is still read by the vulgar (for his countrymen of rank scarcely now understand him) is indescribable.—Many a poor fellow who has bled for his country in her wars, was induced to enter the ranks, not so much by the splendor of the recruiting serjeant's coat, and the temptation of his "gold guineas," as from the desire he felt of signaling his courage, as his ancestors had done under Wallace.

My object was to display, to the best of my power, the different causes, which, it seemed to me, would



concur in forming the character of Wallace. I must believe there is something innate in a soul like Wallace's, something independent of all subsequent impressions and associations, that guides it to a career above the course of ordinary men: And this, I have in some sort attempted to figure in the vision of the Genius. This inborn greatness lifts him above common mortals; subsequent impressions must determine the direction in which he is to move above them. Wallace is to be formed "*right brave and chivalrous:*" The songs of chivalry, peculiar to that period, seem to be what would first give their bent to his enthusiasm; and it is possible, these would concur very much with the situation of his country, in leading him through the field of warlike adventures. Love is as essential as war in the character of a true knight; and the romances of chivalry contain an equal share of both. Wallace is a visionary lover, as well as a visionary hero.

I suppose that his mind is, by its constitutional enthusiasm, open to the influence of the forms and sounds of Nature; and even that it is more peculiarly susceptible of delight from her wild and lofty, than from her gentler beauties. The emotions roused by the different kinds of natural sublimity, readily connecting themselves with the kindred emotions, excited by his dreams of warlike glory, must impart to them a character of higher and wilder sublimity. I have accordingly endeavoured to describe the appearances which would be most powerful in producing this effect.

The general vague idea of the oppression under which his country was sinking, the actual sight of many of the horrors that were spread over it, and the individual sufferings of many a wretch, who, like the Minstrel in the second part, was driven forth, homeless and friendless, to wander a stranger in the land of his fathers, when the vigour and the hopes of life were

over, must have nursed in his bosom a generous and unsated thirst of vengeance, and a presaging hope, that he might be their destined avenger.

These circumstances, as the leading ones in preparing Wallace to be the guardian of his country, I wished to combine in a Poem; and I thought the simplest manner of bringing them forward, the best; I dwelt on each as it came before me, without much concern about the artful connection of one part with another; for I entertained the hope, that no one who venerated the name of Wallace, while reading a poem of which he was the subject, would be disposed to very minute enquiries into the critical adjustment of its divisions. I scarcely thought of giving a regular design to this Poem; still less did I think of borrowing one from "THE MINSTREL," and it was not till Wallace was written, and the coincidence pointed out to me, that I was conscious of its existence. The

truth is, that the resemblance of the two Poems, could not but arise from their very object : In both it is intended to delineate the growth of enthusiasm among the solitudes of Nature. But there is this difference ; that, in the one, it is poetical, and in the other, heroic enthusiasm, and it will be found, I believe, that the same difference is constantly preserved in the objects which are selected to work on the mind of each enthusiast ;—the character of the Songs, and the appearances of Nature in the two Poems are opposite ; and the Old Man, who tells his sorrows in “ Wallace,” acts a very different part from the Hermit, who unfolds to Edwin the wonders of philosophy.

I know not if I have done well in prefixing this note. There is so much appearance of presumption in an Author’s defence of his own productions, that he is in danger of doing himself more injury by revolting the feelings of the readers, than he can do himself

good by convincing their understandings:—not to mention the uncomfoting idea that he may not succeed even here. At any rate, I may satisfy myself that it will serve one good purpose: it will be of use for the better understanding of the Poem, if I have not sufficiently developed, in the course of it, the ideas by which I was guided.

*WALLACE;*  
OR, THE  
VALE OF ELLERSLIE.  
PART I.

At Wallace' name what Scottish blood,  
But boils up in a spring-tide flood!  
Oft have our fearless fathers strode  
By Wallace' side,  
Still pressing onward red-wat shod,  
Or glorious died.

BURNS.

---

O THOU, that aye thro' ev'ry swelling vein,  
Roll'st the warm tides of energy along,  
That prompt the poet to the deathless strain,  
And urge thy sons the bloody ranks among  
To dare the deeds, that live in latest song,  
Scotland! thy influence to my lay impart,  
That while my humble strings the notes prolong,  
Perchance their sounds may make one tear to start,  
Awake some slumb'ring thought, or melt some  
gen'rous heart.



Well have thy Poets strung the harp to war,  
 And tun'd the lyre to pleasure and to glee;  
 Hark! the wild-mingling strains are borne afar,  
 And meet the soul, like some strange melody  
 That rises when in sleep the senses lie.  
 Well have thy Warriors fought—from Egypt's height  
 Behold th' Invincible in terror fly—  
 Low lie the brave expiring in the fight,  
 And the dim Pyramid fades from the swimming sight.

Still as around the fire the rustics throng,  
 When wint'ry storms thick, desolate the grove,  
 As rings the harp by Minstrel Henry strung,  
 To notes that truth and fiction rudely wove,  
 Oh! may their souls in thrilling transports move,  
 And pause to list the wonders of the strain;  
 How oft on war's red field, The WALLACE strove,  
 And strode in terror o'er the heaps of slain,  
 Till death, with night came down, o'ershadowing the  
 plain.

Or, if his native race to freedom dear,  
 Cross to Columbia's shore the howling wave,  
 Where sweeps the torrent thro' Savannahs drear,  
 And thund'ring cataracts eternal rave:  
 —Their heart still faithful, and their arm still brave—  
 In memory may they trace the rolls of time,  
 To muse the deeds that first keen rapture gave,  
 And chaunt the simple, legendary rhyme,  
 By wild Ontario's lakes, or India's sunny clime.—

——Oft have my footsteps at the fall of Ev'n,  
 Explor'd the woodland brook, and winding dell,  
 When dubious light hung o'er the face of heav'n,  
 And all was peace around—the solemn swell  
 Of waving woods, and the far-distant bell,  
 Came pensive to my soul with pauses deep,  
 That seem'd in fancy's ear the Hero's knell;  
 Howling along the lengthening echoes sweep,  
 While sad I press'd the bank, where WALLACE once  
 might sleep.

—Still to the patriot breast his haunts are dear,  
 By desert stream, with birch and alder crown'd,  
 Blending in shade—some shaggy cavern near  
 Was all the Warrior's home—Ne'er did the sound  
 Of Edward's train disturb the woods profound:  
 Tho' slavery bound his country, he was free  
 To range thro' nature's charms the vales around;  
 The birds that flutter'd joyful on the tree,  
 Sung sweet, and carol'd loud, the praise of Liberty.

Let Irvine tell how by her lovely side,  
 The youth would roam, and snare the sportive fry,  
 Or, gaze in silence on the passing tide,  
 That roll'd like youth, its quiet current by;  
 How swift! how unperceiv'd! a rising sigh  
 Would swell unconsciously—the wood and stream  
 Were silent all, no wand'ring footstep nigh;—  
 And hopes and wishes rise, and darkly seem,  
 Like the strange thoughts that float in some forgotten  
 dream.—

And still he nurs'd his hopes—Hail! Nature, hail!  
With all thy woods and rivers, winding-lone,  
That wander down and skirt the hermit vale,  
With oak high-crown'd, and yellow leaflets strown;  
'Tis there the mind can feel a deeper tone,  
And muse on nobler deeds—the stream that brawls  
Unheeded joins the melancholy moan  
Of groves—no sound the distant world recalls,  
None heard but dew that weeps, none but the leaf that  
falls.

The Star of Eve was bright—down the lone dell  
 With rocks up-pil'd, and mould'ring turrets crown'd,  
 Many a clear stream and mountain-torrent fell,  
 And sparkled to the gloomy woods around.—  
 A calm, unwonted, fill'd the forest-bound—  
 When, lo! a voice the slumb'ring silence broke;  
 And, as the strangely-sad, prophetic sound  
 Rose in the woods—each hoary giant oak  
 Shook hollow in the wind!—And thus the Genius spoke—

“ Rise, Sun of Valour! on thy native land,  
 As bursts the day-spring on the pilgrim's way;  
 For, lowly sunk beneath a wasting hand,  
 Her proud tow'rs moulder, and her chiefs decay—  
 Her wealth, her palaces the tyrant's prey—  
 While, thick as leaves on Winter's sweeping blast,  
 Edward pours far around his proud array:  
 Lo! as along yon plain the warrior past,  
 Ruin rais'd high his voice, and howl'd amid the waste!”

Silence ensu'd—the music dy'd away—

Deep in the covert of the forest-bound  
 The infant WALLACE with his mother lay,  
 Where hung the oak's broad arms in gloom profound.

The mother saw no vision—heard no sound—  
 For Sleep her senses with his touch beguil'd;  
 But, ever as the music flow'd around,  
 His spirit steep'd in ecstasy, the child  
 Look'd on the angel-form, enchanted look'd, and smil'd.

Deep flow'd the sounds into the infant's mind,  
 And ever on his early thoughts imprest  
 The nameless charm, the nameless chains that bind  
 Heroic actions to the swelling breast.—  
 And ever, when with childish sports opprest,  
 His wayward footstep sought the peaceful shade,  
 Before his sight flam'd high the gleaming crest,  
 And plumed helms in warlike show display'd,  
 That, glancing to the sun, in airy substance fade.

When faint he felt the sultry summer hour,  
 The day-star flaming in the noontide sky,  
 Loit'ring, he wander'd to his shadowy bow'r,  
 Where, brawling, flow'd the shelvy streamlet by.  
 There, lull'd in slumbers, would the infant lie,  
 And, deep in solitary trances, seem  
 To roam thro' armed courts, and castles high;—  
 So bright in visionary pomp they gleam,  
 That, when he woke, he thought his waking was a  
 dream.

Then would he wander by the river's side,  
 Where many a rock his shade gigantic flung,  
 In sullen grandeur o'er the gloomy tide,  
 And deeply to his echoing footsteps rung :  
 Enraptur'd, while he rov'd these scenes among,  
 Fancy's wild visions peopled ev'ry glade  
 With armed knights; and ev'ry bird that sung,  
 The minstrel's warlike modulations made;  
 And ev'ry tow'ring rock its banner'd pomp display'd.

To him the mystic shapes that float at Eve,  
 Dim and remote on the sun's dying beam,  
 When fairy films the swimming eye deceive,  
 And gloaming trembles on the haunted stream,  
 Unfolded all their forms in wavering gleam;  
 Till doubt and wonder fill his throbbing breast,  
 Whether the pageant were an airy dream  
 That bathes its pinions in the rosy west,  
 When peace descends on earth, and mortals sink to  
 rest.

Or if to him aërial sprites reveal'd  
 The forms unseen of human ken that fly,  
 When music murmurs in the wood and field,  
 And soothes to slumbers with its lullaby,  
 And pictures of another world sail by  
 And charm with glamour—Lo! far away  
 To the dim confine of the northern sky  
 They sail, ere from the ocean bursts the day,  
 And leave th' astonish'd wight in wonder and dismay.—



Ah! sure exists a race from mortal pains  
 And anguish free, who wing'd on beams of light,  
 Fly when bright Hesper rides the heav'nly plains,  
 And sport on this green earth, tho' human sight  
 Discern no wings that flutter glancing bright  
 To the soft-burning stars—for oft we hear  
 Strange sounds that seem to hail the shadowy  
     night,  
 More than the voice of waters murmuring near,  
 More than the hum of life, that meets the human ear.

—Oft in deep solitude he lov'd to roam,  
     Embow'r'd in pendent foliage to survey  
 (Far from the charms and softer joys of home)  
     A Gothic mansion venerably grey—  
     The faint memorial of a better day!  
 Its form majestic, and its tow'rs to view—  
     But now, in rooms of state, once richly gay,  
     Round clust'ring columns hung, the ivy grew;  
 And mould'ring fragments huge, the desert halls be-  
     strew.

Long would he linger by the ruin hoar,  
     Gaze on its form with never-wearying sight;  
 Then, sadly muse upon the times of yore,  
     Its solemn shows, its tournaments so bright;  
     The captive lady, and the Red-cross Knight!  
 But soon the tear of bitter thought would flow:  
     The torch of Edward flaming from the height  
     Fell on those tow'rs—the ruins fiercely glow,—  
 Their dying gleam illumes the dark deep glen below.

When op'ning youth bright sparkled in his eye,  
     Was nought so sweet as warlike song to hear;  
 Tho' oft it prompted the unconscious sigh,  
     And dash'd his glist'ning eye with sorrow's tear,  
     Yet would he drink the strain with wond'ring ear.  
 He lov'd the pain; he lov'd the wild amaze;  
     Nor ever other strains were half so dear;  
 No other song such strange delights could raise,  
 That swelling thro' the breast, with burning transports  
     blaze.

His mother sung how kings and warriors, led  
 All by the love of some high, peerless dame,  
 At mighty jousts, in doubtful combat bled,  
 To win the smile of her who caus'd their flame,  
 And lowly to her proud-built castle came.  
 But she, ah! reckless of their ardent love,  
 Bade them thro' distant realms resound their fame,  
 And long, long years in exil'd plight to rove,  
 Their passions constant faith, and knighthood's boast  
 to prove.

Or, she would melt his soul at some sad tale  
 Of a fair maid, in deepest dungeon bound,  
 Who, ceaseless pour'd her melancholy wail,  
 While gloomy aisles roll'd back the fearful sound.  
 —Oh! low her lover lies! with many a wound  
 Deep gash'd, by sacred knighthood's foulest stain,  
 Whose dastard slaves the warrior-chief surround,  
 And leave him bleeding on the lonely plain,  
 Ah! ne'er perhaps to meet his lady's smile again.

The flitting fire of indignation dy'd

His youthful cheek—but soon it pass'd away,  
 And rapture's burning tears unbidden glide,  
 For, lo! Hope's lifted torch shines bright and gay;  
 The chief is heal'd!—and soon his bands display  
 Their sounding shields, where high the frowning  
 tow'r

Throws its black shadow o'er their long array—  
 In vain its banners wave, its turrets low'r;  
 It falls!—the lovers meet—joy gilds their blissful hour!

Or, she would sing how Paladins and Kings

Cross'd the broad ocean to the Holy Land—  
 Hark! Libanus amid his cedars rings!  
 And, proudly stretch'd by Gaza's winding strand,  
 The Sarazin's tall gorgeous tents expand.  
 But, lo! where golden crescents gleam'd before,  
 The red-cross waves; the ring, th' enchanted wand  
 Avail not; Salem's tow'rs, and Gilead's shore,  
 Where many a battle rag'd, run red with Pagan gore!

To gallant wand'ring knight she turns the note,  
Who for emprise has bound himself to ride  
Thro' many hideous lands to realm remote,  
Where old Euphrates rolls along his tide,  
And tow'rs and temples glitter on his side:  
Onward he hies on his advent'rous way,  
Nor heeds where forests wave their branches wide  
And from their gloomy haunts debar the day,  
Where fiery serpents hiss, and tygers howl for prey.

Onward the hero hies, the lance in rest,  
And grasping in his right the trusty brand;  
And lo! as light fades waning in the west,  
From the dark tower is stretch'd a lily hand,  
And lily neck—the waving arms expand  
And ask relief—the talisman is vain—  
The knight his bugle sounds till all the land  
Trembles as from the hills rebounds the strain;  
He leads the damsel forth and bursts the magic chain.

Onward he hies to where rich Bagdad's shrine,  
     Barbaric gold and gems and pearl inlay,  
 Or where Bassora's wond'rous columns shine,  
     That when the languid eye-ball loathes the day  
     Diffuse with fresh'ning gleam an em'rald ray,  
 Till verdure seem to cloathe the length'ning street—  
     Then back the traveller wends his homeward way,  
 And ev'ry vow perform'd, with greetings meet,  
 His costly gifts prefers at his lov'd mistress' feet.—

And now of Charlemagne's proud peers she sings,  
     Their courage, truth, and loyalty renown'd,  
 And Arthur and the courtly knights and kings  
     Who throng'd at Caërleon his table round;  
     Their pomp, their tournaments, and merry sound  
 Of minstrels, harping strains of antique lore,  
     Of Launcelot's valour—of the fairy ground,  
 That lies enchanted on th' Armoric shore,  
 Of Avalon's blest isle, and Snowdon's summits hoar.

Next the keen Archer and his gallant train,  
 Her accents to his raptur'd vision bring,  
 Who in the forest held their jovial reign—  
 —Hear Robin to his merry comrades sing—  
 “ O sweet it is in the fair months of spring,  
 Under the boughs of good greenwood, to hear  
 The little birds with their sweet jargoning  
 Hailing the buds fresh-opening to the year,  
 And mark across the lea bound quick the tim'rous  
 deer.”

But now she sings—(ah! wherefore flow these tears?  
 Why starts the youthful hero at the song?)  
 How Edward high th' insulting banner rears,  
 And pours his host, innumerably strong,  
 Scotland's green hills, and flow'ry vales along.—  
 Ne'er shall their blooming beauties smile again  
 Till some bold chief arise her sons among,  
 Whose arm shall blast the proud usurper's reign,  
 And strew, with deep-dy'd blade, his phalanx on the  
 plain.

“ And thou, my Son!”—but here burst forth her  
wo—

He heard while fury kindl'd in his mind;  
Then, straight, indignant to the hall would go,  
Where hollow rung to ev'ry passing wind  
His fathers' shield; and on his arm would bind  
The clanging orb, of old in fight renown'd;  
For high, advent'rous deeds he seem'd design'd;—  
Startling with joy, he heard its welcome sound;  
And dealt, in high disdain, the visionary wound.

And while he mus'd, in contemplation tranc'd,  
On all the fleeting forms of Chivalry,  
On all its blazon'd pomp, its splendour glanc'd,  
The hopes of triumph lighten'd in his eye.  
He wish'd, and wish'd, yet wish'd he knew not why;  
Some nameless feelings in his bosom move;  
And in his wayward fancies would he sigh,  
In bold emprise his hardihood to prove,  
To rescue the oppress'd, and win his country's love.



Yet would some milder thoughts his youth engage,  
 And he would wish to climb the green hill-side,  
 To bound along the vale, a little page,  
 To serve some lady fair his only pride;  
 Her snow-white palfrey's steps with care to guide,  
 The dun recesses of the wood to trace,  
 To seek her courteous knight, whate'er betide,  
 And bring him joyous to the trysting-place—  
 Enough for this, one smile of her angelic face!

And yet to see resign'd her heav'n of charms  
 To aught on earth—himself a slave the while,  
 And all to bless another's favour'd arms,  
 —Ah! from the hateful trance his thoughts recoil,  
 Himself the lover now, he woos her smile,  
 And soft she smiles; in bow'rs by fancy drest  
 Reclin'd, what dreams their souls of earth beguile:  
 Her cheek that burns on his!—her swelling breast!  
 The burning tears of joy!—Oh! more than mortal blest!

But, oh! how soon each gentler vision fled,  
 When Edward, Edward! flash'd upon his soul!  
 The shout of war—the beacon blazing red,  
 The voice of wo, and the long heavy toll  
 For warriors fall'n in vain—Shall aught controul  
 His fancied might? high flames th' unconquer'd  
 sword!

Then back the waves of ruin fiercely roll  
 In desolating swell on Albion pour'd,  
 And knights and nobles mourn, in loud lament, their lord!

—Oft, when the moon pale-glimmering thro' the sky,  
 Pour'd on the slumb'ring earth her mellow light,  
 And bath'd both castle hoar, and mountain high,  
 In her full radiance, trembling, soft, and bright,  
 Fair-wand'ring thro' the silent world of night,  
 The scene a solitary joy impress'd,  
 And steep'd his throbbing heart in still delight;  
 While forms of ancient days his spirit bless'd,  
 Lull'd on some heathy slope to visionary rest.

How calm he sleeps!—his eyes in mildness close—  
 Soon shall those eyes with wasting terrors shine,  
 Flash their disast'rous lightning on his foes,  
 And wither, with a look, the marshall'd line.—  
 The sapling bough, high-favour'd youth, resign!  
 And seize the glitt'ring ensigns of command!  
 The serried mail, the helmet now be thine,  
 To beam salvation o'er thy native land!  
 The sword, the shield, the spear, grasp in thy saviour-  
 hand!

Yet lov'd he nature in her wildest mood,  
 Her clefted rocks, magnificently high,  
 Her mountains, awful, vast, sublime, and rude,  
 Lifting their giant crests amid the sky;  
 Interminable glens that mock the eye;  
 More than the gentler beauties of the dale,  
 More than the flocks that on the greensward lie,  
 The shepherd piping in his peaceful vale,  
 The cot half-hid in trees wav'd by the noiseless gale.

Lo! where, reclin'd beneath the vaulted steep,  
 Lonely he lies, and marks with wistful gaze,  
 The broad red sun descend into the deep,  
 And shed around his fiery flood of rays,  
 Till dy'd in blood, the paths of ether blaze;  
 And silently the breaking surges lave  
 The slumb'ring shore; and faint the last beam  
 plays

On the still bosom of the dark'ning wave;  
 And awful night descends, deep, silent as the grave.

And hark! the storm!—loudly the wild winds blow,  
 And swift descending on the troubl'd main,  
 Lash the vex'd billows to a plain of snow—  
 Rolls the long thunder; and the whelming rain  
 Sweeps desolating o'er the blasted plain.

Yet, unappal'd, he hears the dismal roar  
 Of warring worlds; the tempest's voice in vain  
 Shakes with convulsive peal the sounding shore—  
 He sits beneath the cliff, o'er-arching, huge, and hoar.

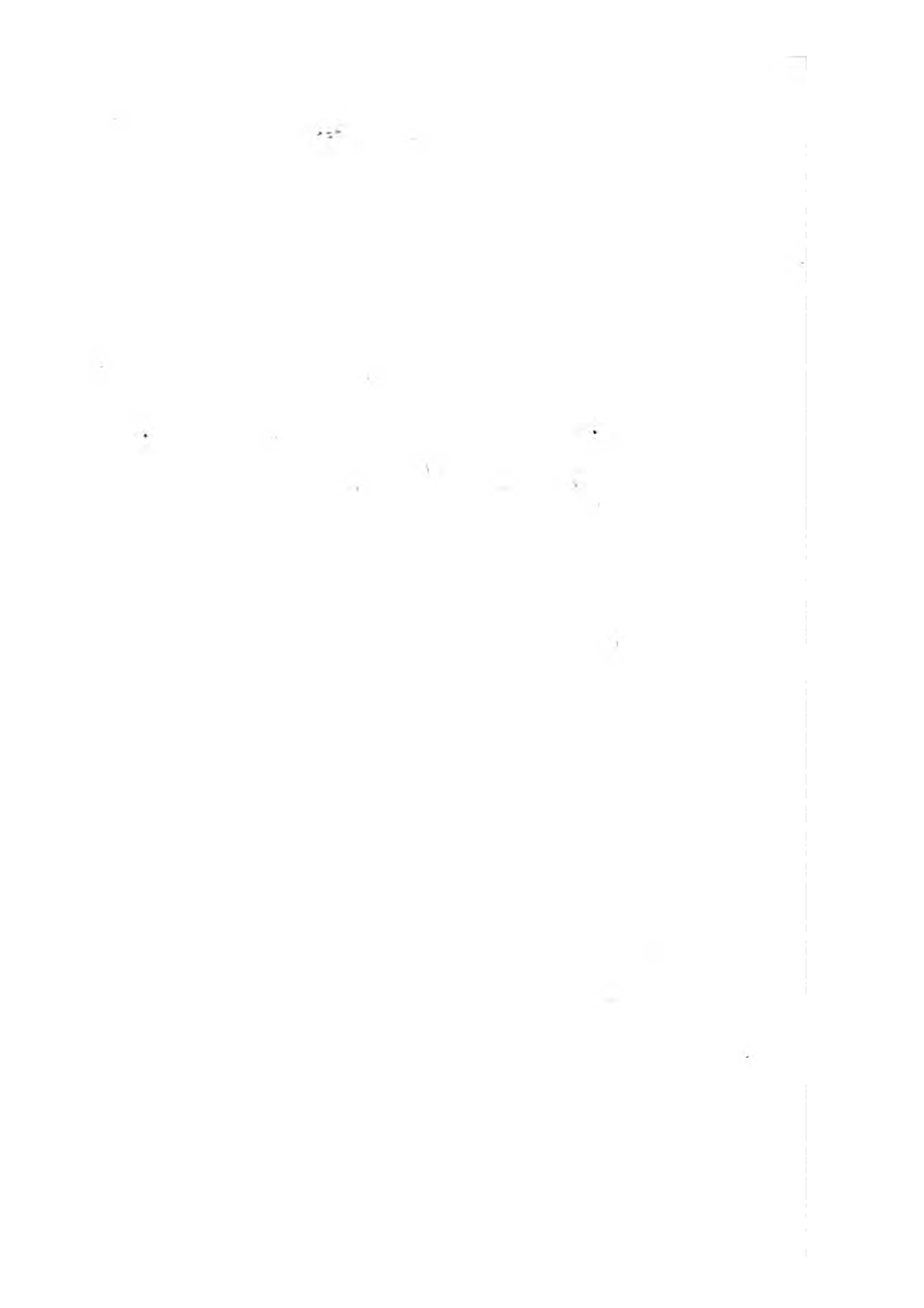
How smil'd the youth to hear the high winds rave  
The wide-resounding antique woods along!  
When ev'ry winding dell and savage cave  
Bore the strange-mingling notes the vales among!  
And oaks loud to the mountain-tempest sung,  
And strew'd their boughs gigantic on the ground,  
While to the gale the wizard-cavern flung  
Its long, long howl; and ev'ry rock around  
And echoing glens return the solemn dreary sound.

*WALLACE;*

OR, THE

VALE OF ELLERSLIE.

PART II.



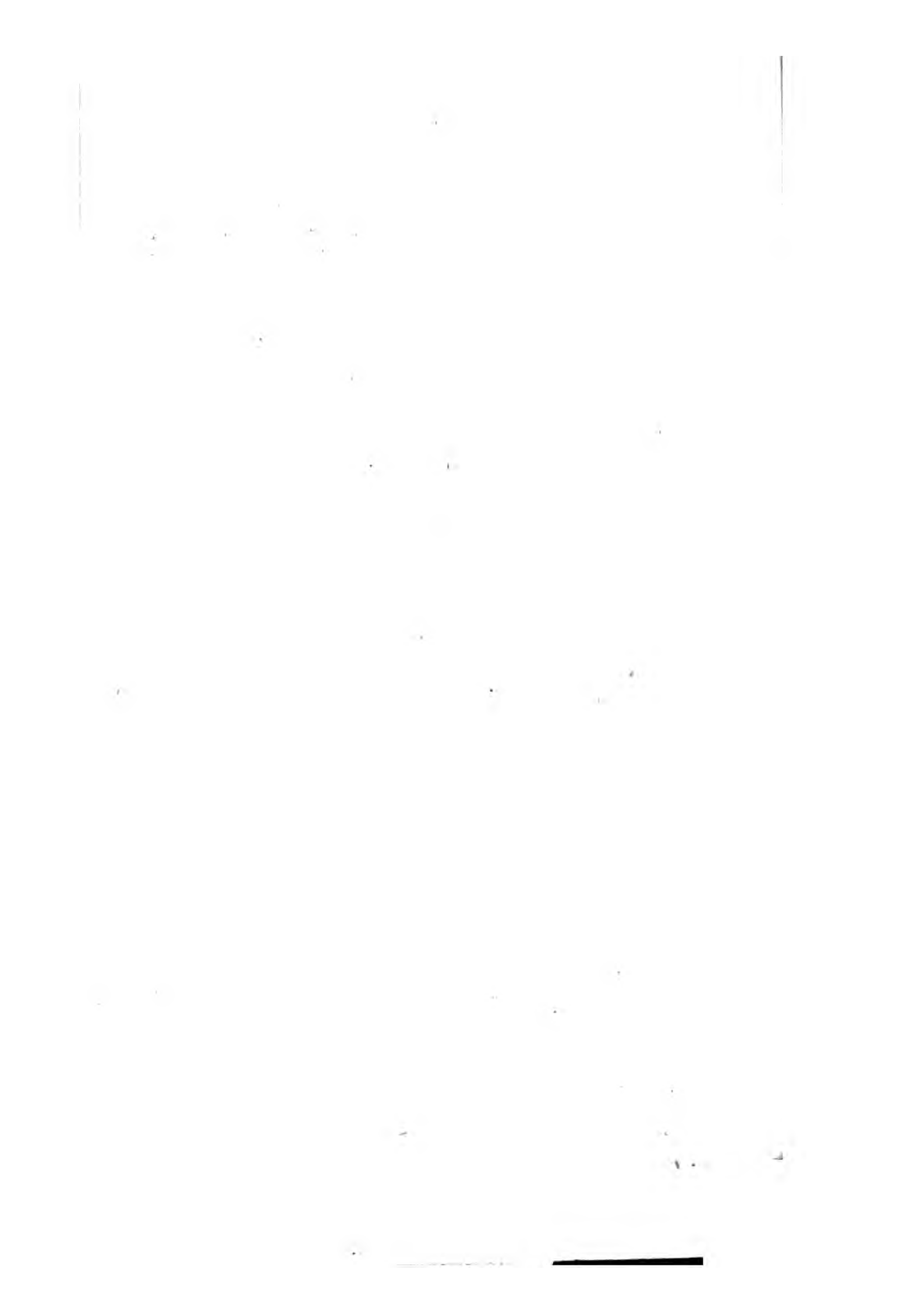
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**I**T chanc'd, as forth he rov'd, one balmy Ev'n,  
The yellow moon-beam glitter'd on the rill,  
**A**nd shed its radiance o'er the darken'd heav'n,  
Bathing in streams of light the distant hill:  
The river murmur'd, and the grove was still:  
**H**is heart slept tranquil mid its calm delight.  
When, lo! soft strains the winding valley fill,  
Stealing faint, mellow, on the slumb'ring night—  
**H**e gaz'd, and gaz'd, no form met his enquiring sight.



He gaz'd, and soon the music rose again;  
     Now, gently sweet it flows—now, wildly strong  
 Breathes forth in swelling tide its varying strain,  
     And sweeps in ling'ring tones the stream along,  
     Or echoes loud the sleeping woods among.—  
 Lonely he stood, the mould'ring castle near,  
     Faint on his mind mysterious bodings throng,  
 Impressing thoughts, unutterable, drear—  
 When lo! these solemn sounds came pensive to his ear.

“ Ye shadowy towers! magnificently pil'd  
     O'er the steep mountain of my native vale!  
 In whose long halls I carol'd when a child  
     Free as the light wings of the joyous gale.  
     Now bow'd with wo, I wander here to wail  
 Your solitary gloom—to my dull sight  
     No pleasure comes—no sorrows now avail,  
     And tears but mark the trace of past delight,  
 For Scotland's bloody sun has set in lasting night.”





W. M. Craig del.

R. Mackenzie sc.

*Forth to the wood impatient Wallace sprung. —*

Published by Robert Chapman, Glasgow, 1804.

Forth to the wood impatient WALLACE sprung—  
 Beneath an oak's outstretching arms he stood,  
 While dying on the gale the wild harp rung,  
 And sooth'd the dreary silence of the wood:  
 O'er-arching cliffs with savage grandeur rude,  
 With sadder gloom o'erspread the dismal scene:  
 Beneath a spreading tree, in mournful mood,  
 The Minstrel sat, and thro' the forest green  
 The wind blew loud and sad, each lengthen'd pause be-  
 tween.

His harp now ceas'd to sound—his aged eye  
 Was dimly fix'd upon the falling pile,  
 That glimmer'd pale beneath the moonlight sky—  
 Sometimes a tear would flow, sometimes a smile  
 Would faintly play, his sadness to beguile.  
 For, tho' his eye look'd stedfast on the tower,  
 His heart, with rapture wildly mov'd the while,  
 Throb'd inwardly, for Mem'ry's living power  
 With ancient feeling fraught, smil'd peaceful on his hour.

Then suddenly he sung his own sad tale,  
 And wept the joys his better day had seen  
 While flow'd the harp's deep tones along the vale,  
 And far around, with ever-varying sheen,  
 Steeping in silver light the forest green,  
 The wan moon shone—and as the trembling wire,  
 The woody cliff and sounding flood between,  
 Breath'd the loud sorrows of the aged sire,  
 The youth, to transport rous'd, glow'd with a kindred  
 fire.

“ My years are past—a momentary dream!—  
 Soon shall this frame return to parent clay—  
 Amid the rising sons of youth I seem  
 Like the brown leaf that lingers on the spray,  
 Doom'd desolately to a long decay,  
 While green around the buds of spring appear.  
 Shall the dim eye, the tresses thin and grey  
 Revive and live in any future year,  
 Or shall a dead son e'er my joyless bosom cheer?

“ Yet shall I ne'er forget my early day,  
 The only solace that this bosom knows,  
 (When all the springs of life and thought decay;  
 And cold misfortune's blast around me blows,  
 Scatt'ring my locks, white as the wint'ry snows—)  
 Nor shall I e'er forget my blooming boy,  
 Bright in the morn of manhood he arose,  
 But ere his noon, o'erwhelming storms destroy  
 ‘ My beautiful! my brave!’ my hope! my only joy!

“ ‘ Exulting forth he went to stain his spear’—  
 On Carron's banks he met the Southron foe—  
 My son! thou see'st not that thy fate is near!  
 —Oh! archer, bend not thus thy deadly bow!  
 The arrow flew; and sunk my hero low;  
 Alas! I was not there my son to save:  
 They brought him to his father sad and slow;  
 O'er my lone towers death's sable banners wave:  
 My weeping spouse went down in sorrow to the grave.

“ The foe came on—swift-rolling from afar—  
 And on the cliff his haughty standard hung;  
 While in the vale the giant voice of war  
 Redoubling bellow’d the high woods among:  
 The shout wide echo’d, and the mountain rung;  
 To me it thunder’d courage, not dismay;  
 My locks were hoary, but my arm was young;  
 I lov’d my native vale, its castle grey,  
 And hop’d it yet might see a future better day.

“ —Vain hopes! I live—the last of all my race—  
 Oft I delight these well-known haunts to view,  
 The tower, the stream, the dell, the wood to trace,  
 And, deep in melancholy mood, pursue  
 My onward path, sad mem’ry to renew  
 Its forms so sweet! oh! never to return!—  
 But now, ye joys of life! a long adieu!  
 No hopes that soothe, no woes that inly burn,  
 Can wake from fast repose the tenant of the urn.

“ And thou, my harp! a long and last farewell!  
 Ne'er shall thy soft strain soothe my troubl'd ear;  
 Ne'er thy sweet tones in dying murmurs dwell,  
 The rankling wounds of deepest wo to cheer;  
 Nor shall thy warbling, solemn-sounding, e'er  
 Awake the fleet stags from their lonely bound,  
 But, mould'ring sad, my grassy mansion near,  
 Thy broken strings shall strew th' unconscious ground,  
 Silent and cold, as he who wak'd their tuneful sound.”

The youthful hero heard where sad he stood—  
 While thoughts of deep revenge his bosom thrill,  
 Then wander'd pensive thro' the lonely wood,  
 Where an old ruin nodded on the hill—  
 The sounds of life were ceas'd, and midnight still  
 On the deep woods a holy calm imprest;  
 Faint dying murmurs the wide valley fill,  
 And the pale moon, soft harbinger of rest,  
 Shone clear amid her stars—all nature round was blest.



While pensively he stood, the sullen brook  
     Came sudden down, and loud his waters flow,  
 The wood grew gloomy and the castle shook,  
     —A distant voice was heard like one in wo,  
     And a tall form stood by, around whose brow,  
 Dreary as winter's darkness hung a shroud,  
     A ghastly paleness wrapt his face below,  
 'Mid the deep night he rais'd his voice aloud,  
 Like thunder when in storms, it rolls from cloud to  
     cloud.

(From Ercildoun's lone walls the prophet came,  
     —A milk-white deer stood lovely by his side,  
 —Oh! long shall Scotland sound with Rymour's  
     name,  
     For in an unknown cave the Seer shall bide,  
     Till thro' the realm gaunt kings and chiefs shall ride,  
 Wading thro' floods of carnage, bridle-deep:  
     The cries of terror and the wailing wide,  
     Shall rouse the prophet from his tranced sleep;  
 His harp shall ring with wo, and all the land shall weep.)

“ Well do I know thee! and the wasting fire  
 That bursts from slumber in thy youthful eye,  
 At the keen sorrows of the aged sire,  
 Proclaims thee WALLACE, wight of Ellerslie,  
 The promis’d boon of ancient prophecy—  
 And lo! tho’ darkness broods along the glade,  
 I see thy mingling actions floating by,  
 Now bright their shadowy forms, and now they fade,  
 The northern clime they seek, and melt in endless  
 shade.

“ Lo! where along his dale impetuous Clyde,  
 O’er rocks loud-dashing rolls his angry flood,  
 ’Mid glens and arching woods upon his side  
 Full many a year the Celtic towers have stood—  
 There glancing thro’ the op’nings of the wood  
 Thy spearmen meet the Southron—to the skies  
 The sound of war ascends, the English blood  
 Dyes the green leaves—where Lanark’s turrets rise,  
 Again in ancient pomp, the Scottish banner flies.

“ And where with crest high-tow’ring to the north,  
 In giant strength Strevlina proudly rears  
 Her gloomy walls, that shade the circling Forth,  
 —She stands, the memory of former years—  
 Dim is the watchman on her top—he hears  
 The sound of armies rushing to and fro  
 With shrieks of death—he marks the light of  
 spears,

\* Dance rapid in the stream that winds below,  
 And hears the frequent shaft whizz from the English  
 bow.

“ Twangs the loud string as Cressingham his band,  
 O’er the frail plank in gallant splendor leads,  
 To where his foemen on the adverse strand  
 Erect and firm appear—he little heeds  
 The yielding arch—it bends—the flouncing steeds  
 Plunge in the waves, the warrior sinks amain,  
 Or to the hostile shore escap’d he bleeds:  
 Down roll the gorgeous trophies of the slain,  
 And plumes and banners float, and gild the wat’ry plain.

“ From the dark north I see thy footsteps bend  
 With many a faulchion girt and many a spear,  
 And from their grim retreats the Barons wend,  
 And swell thy strong array—But ah! I fear  
 The Comyn’s treacherous soul—The Scottish  
 tear  
 Shall oft on Falkirk fall—In terror fly  
 Thou wolf of Badenoch, the tim’rous deer  
 Shall wander where thy castles rear’d on high,  
 Look from their eagle height, and tow’r amid the sky.

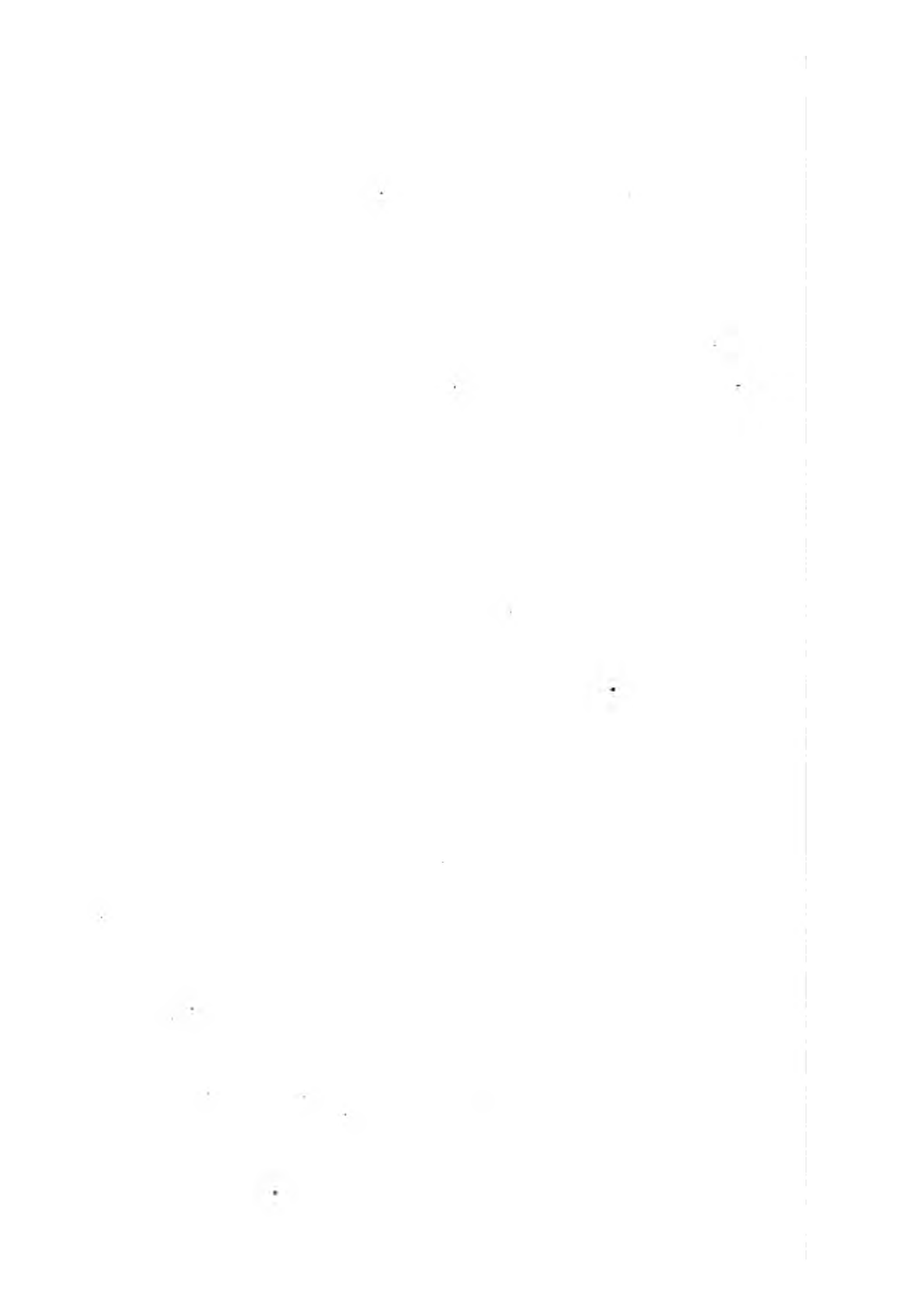
“ Hence to thy hills of storm! thy dismal glen  
 That shuts its barren bosom from the spring  
 Gladd’ner of earth; far from the haunts of men  
 Be thy accurs’d abode—ne’er shall the string  
 Of bard resound to thee—I hear him sing  
 How ’mid his gallant spearmen Stuart fell;  
 And now the sacred accents louder ring,  
 To Graham they raise their melancholy swell,  
 Who lies beneath the shield, he rear’d in fight so well.

“ Is there a form that like a shade of night,  
     Stalks mailed where the streams of Carron roar,  
 And weeps the Graham who perish'd in the fight?  
     —I hear thee WALLACE on that lonely shore,  
     And sad around thy gallant bands deplore  
 Their brother in the fight—But coming gloom  
     Involves the future deed so bright before,  
     Save where the torches dismal fires illumine,  
 A tower and glimm'ring ax, and point a midnight tomb.

“ I see thy heart's unconquerable rage:  
     The fire of valour in thy bosom glows—  
 Thine arm shall soon avenge the MAN of AGE!  
     His eyes in balmy peace shall yet repose!  
     For, lo! uprear'd above th' unfeeling foes,  
 The fires of vengeance and destruction glare.  
     The Thistle tow'rs above the haughty Rose;  
     And in the vault of heav'n, serenely fair,  
 The Lion's fiery mane floats in the ambient air.

“ The time shall come; and Freedom’s touch restore  
     To injur’d Scotland’s arm the sword of might;  
 The dawn of peace rise on her darkling shore,  
     And chase the fiends of peril and affright,  
     Swift as the sun-beam rushing from his height—  
 And loud the song of Victory shall rise  
     To hail her warrior-train; the banner bright  
     Waving all-glorious in proud triumph flies;  
 Perpetual smile her fields, perpetual smile her skies!

“ Go! bind the buckler on thy vengeful arm!  
     And grasp the flick’ring brand! Lo! transport  
     flows  
 Thro’ every Scottish breast, and pale alarm  
     Darts thro’ the legions of the Southron foes;  
     Around the fields the dazzling armour throws  
 A trembling gleam—then lift thy guardian shield,  
     And till the wide green plain with crimson glows,  
     O’er their stern host th’ unsated faulchion wield!  
 Go forth! God be thy guide thro’ Glory’s arduous  
     field!”



# Poems.





## TO MAY.

**A** LOITERER in the woods and vales  
Thy season soft and sober hails,  
And wishes that thy smiling reign  
Long may deck the living plain.

Tho' thy green and sunny bower  
Glow with no gay flaunting flower,  
Tho' thy reign no haunt discloses  
Breathing rich the scent of roses;  
Yet the Primrose lingers still,  
By the brook beneath the hill,

Or by the rude, unheeded stone,  
With fern emboss'd and moss o'ergrown,  
Lifting sweet its leaflets yellow,  
Dewy, rich, luxuriant, mellow;  
Bright as the golden star that lies  
Reposing in the Evening skies!—

O May, how dear thy lone retreat,  
(The glossy Beech to arch my seat,)  
To sit and hear the Linnet gray,  
Pour forth his merry roundelay;  
And the Blackbird's jovial song,  
Ringing the woodland heights among;  
And every other warbler's measure,  
Nature's notes—the voice of pleasure.—  
How sweet 'mid the rude minstrelsy,  
Beneath the beechen shade to see  
The forest green, the deep blue sky,  
Dark streams and mould'ring castles high

And 'mid the scene so soft and calm,  
To feel thy influence, as balm  
Flow thro' the heart, assuage each care,  
And mellow every feeling there!—

O May, thy morn, how fresh, how clear,  
The herald of the glowing year;  
Thy noon how mild, how bright thy Ev'n,  
Rich with the fiery clouds of heav'n;  
How calmly sinks thy sun to rest,  
'Mid the red splendours of the west.—

O May, I'd wish, would heav'n allow  
In kind consent my humble vow,  
That mild as thine would shine my day,  
So softly glide my hours away;  
And that with pure contentment blest,  
So calm my Evening Sun should sink to rest.—

## TO THE RHINE.

**M**AY peace long glad thy lovely shore,  
Nor blood e'er stain thy chrystal stream,  
And never more thy wave reflect,  
The cannon's flash, or sabre's gleam.

But late, the furious storm of war  
Blew rudely o'er thy fertile shore,  
And down thy stream, the loaded gale  
The shriek of death and terror bore.

With blood of Frank and Trevian bold,  
Oft have thy waters crimson run,  
And bones unburied on thy bank,  
Lain whitening to the summer sun.—

But Peace has wav'd her olive branch,  
To call thy scatter'd sons around;  
And Mirth again upon thy bank,  
Has wak'd his pipe of jocund sound.

And often when the rising moon,  
Has silver'd o'er thy glassy stream,  
The lengthen'd shadows of the dance,  
Move gaily in the shining beam.

—Hail! lovely scenes! and mountains bold!  
With many a hoary ruin crown'd,  
Hail! woods of venerable oak;  
And rocky shores with ivy bound.

When twilight gathers on the hill,  
 And steals the landscape from the view,  
 And breathing flowers, within their folds  
 Shut close, the fresh and grateful dew.

When from the dim and mossy tower  
 Of yonder ancient convent gray;  
 Slow sounds the vesper down the stream,  
 And charms in hallow'd thoughts away!

Among thy wild and fairy dells,  
 How often lonely did I roam,  
 And muse with tears of fond delight,  
 Upon my dear, tho' distant home.

Or sail on thy transparent stream,  
 —The wave soft rippling to the prow—  
 To where yon ruin's gloomy pile,  
 Frowns dark upon the deep below.

There, with the flute's melodious note,  
To wake the echo—silent long,  
Or mark the oars in cadence true,  
Dash to the merry boatman's song.—

May peace long glad thy lovely shore,  
Nor blood e'er stain thy chrystal stream,  
And never more thy wave reflect  
The cannon's flash, or sabre's gleam.



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**W**HERE sweeps along the northward strath  
In dark'ning swells, the sullen flood,  
Near an untrodden path, an Elm  
For many a circling age has stood.

Beside that Elm, flung o'er the stream,  
A rude unshapen plank is seen,  
With many an ivy branch o'ergrown—  
That once the Hunter's bridge has been.

So old and desolate it seems

And green as any spring-tide grass,  
That none, not ev'n the Shepherd's dog,  
Will ever dare that bridge to pass!

No sound of man or living thing,

Does ever this wild valley cheer,  
But aye a strange and solemn calm  
Unwonted to the human ear!

When Autumn's distant-sounding blast

Sweeps hollow thro' the rip'ning corn,  
Not even a whisper's murmuring breath  
To this lone spot is ever borne.

Yet oft it feels the Summer gale,

And oft it feels the wint'ry breeze,  
As sadly thro' the grove they pass,  
And wave without a sound, the trees!

High from the steep, a water-fall  
Descends into a gulph profound,  
And foaming o'er the black abyss,  
Rolls turbid—yet without a sound!

Rolls turbid—as the mountain-stream,  
O'er craggs, down glens in wild commotion—  
Still—as when to the moon's wan beam  
Slumbers the tranquil midnight ocean!

TO

**BOTHWELL CASTLE.**

**T**HOU hoary warrior! bent with years,  
And swiftly mould'ring to decay,  
Faint-gleaming on my raptur'd sight,  
While thro' the Vale of Clyde I stray,  
And view from far thy rocky steep  
The moon with mellow ray adorning,  
Pouring her beams o'er hill and vale,  
Far sweeter than the smiles of morning!

Behold! she flings her lustre wide  
And calms the brownness of the wood!  
Where tow'ring high in stately pride,  
Thy walls frown awful o'er the flood.  
Thy walls, from ancient grandeur chang'd,  
How sullen o'er the wave impending!  
And with the ivy's mantling green,  
Their hoary moss-grown fragments blending.—

While on thy turrets' airy height,  
With awe-transported thoughts I gaze,  
Recall'd by Fancy's living power,  
I see the sons of other days!  
Their aspect bold, their stately mien,  
To every breeze their banners streaming,  
Their sounding shields, with shimm'ring blaze  
Far o'er the proud-built turret gleaming!

But hark! thro' every spacious hall  
     The Bugle's long-protracted sound!  
 And see! the coursers proudly prance,  
     With proud impatience paw the ground—  
 Lo! from th' expanding portal wide  
     Horseman and horse in order sally,  
 Glance thro' the forest's deep'ning gloom,  
     And sound along the bosky valley.

—High honour's darling reign farewell!  
     Ye days of Chivalry adieu!  
 On you my earliest thoughts were bent,  
     Still do my wishes turn to you—  
 O! still the bard's fond dreams delight,  
     Your visionary pomp displaying!  
 Till fancy's living hues shall glow,  
     With scenes far brighter in decaying!

## H O P E.

FROM METASTASIO.

**F**AREWELL the deep sigh, and the fast-falling tear,  
My sorrows have fled like a cloud of the night,  
For sweet steals the whisper of Hope on my ear,  
And my heart revels wild 'mid its dreams of delight.

Perchance they are faithless—perchance 'mid the shade  
That long hung o'er my path I am destin'd to stray,  
The tints that have deck'd them in beauty may fade,  
And the visions so lovely be melted away.

Perchance they are faithless—once more I may brood  
On joys wither'd by death in the pride of their  
bloom;  
Love and friendship once more my fond heart may de-  
lude,  
And again I may sigh for the rest of the tomb.

And let them deceive, they are lovely the while;  
For their moment the suffering heart they can cheer,  
On the pale cheek of sorrow awaken a smile,  
And illumine the eye that was dimm'd by a tear.



## THE ROOKAN.

**S**URE there's a spirit

That dwells amid the mingled sounds that fill  
The woodland gloom, and while thro' all the soul  
Nature delights to pour her melody  
Of echoing glens and foaming cataracts,  
Swells into extasy each slumb'ring sense.—  
While dreams that love to haunt the Poet's mind  
In long succession play; till the fair scene  
Present a form that fancy's happiest hour  
Faintly has fashion'd.—

## The tall rocky cliff

That canopies the dim-seen stream below,  
 Seems like some hoary castle from its height  
 Low'ring destruction; save that for the tones  
 Of Minstrelsy, amid the armed hall,  
 The dell rings loud with the deep mellow note  
 Of woodland thrush.

## How darkly seen above

The wild recesses of the hanging cliff,  
 And o'er the pathless steep how sweetly waves  
 The light-branch'd birch; how softly thro' its leaves  
 Steals the low-murmuring gale;—while far beneath  
 Rolls the smooth current, 'mid o'erhanging wood,  
 Scarce twinkling thro' the foliage. 'Tis a place  
 Where one might sit and think the live-long day,  
 And yet not mark the fiery sun uprise,  
 And yet not mark the gradual soft decline.  
 Where one might live from youth to hoary age,

And yet not mark the change.—Each flow'r that  
blows

Along the margent side, each tree that rears  
Its green head o'er the wave, would sweetly blend  
( With individual feeling, and become  
The register of thought.—

Oft have these dells

Rung to the bugle of the WALLACE wight:  
Oft seen the hero with intrepid mien  
And firm step, tread along the craggy steep;  
Seen the quick fire of independence flash  
From his indignant eye-ball.—Lo! he sleeps,  
Encompass'd by the brothers of his sword!  
And heav'n, in holy recompence, bestows  
That calm serenity in slumber's hour,  
Which virtue only feels.—That consciousness  
Of just and pure intent, which ev'n in sleep  
Diffuses balm thro' sorrow's rankling wounds.

But now the sun

Gilds the green foliage with his setting ray,  
And down the vale the rooks with clamorous din  
Wend to their evening rest.—Adieu, fair spot!  
My steps shall not retrace your woodland haunts,  
Till many a spring shall wake her living green,  
And many a summer bloom—Sweet spot! farewell!

## THE RETURN.

AGAIN, sweet spot!

My pilgrim steps have reach'd thy lovely glen,  
Again I hear thy dashing waters bound  
From rock to rock—the primrose at my feet,  
And o'er my head the alder's leafless branch.

Spring has not breath'd  
Her life into the trees—no leaves conceal  
The old nest on the bough—and languidly  
The Robin chirps his solitary song—

——Yet would thy scenes have charms—for not alone  
 Do Summer suns and Autumn's varying shade  
 Delight the eye: but solitude has left  
 Thy wild recess, and that tall ivied bank  
 Where the birch trembled in the gales of Spring,  
 Is bleak and bare—the steps of love no more  
 Shall come to visit Nature in thy haunts,  
 And worship at her altar—for the ax  
 Has sounded in thy woods, her holy shrine  
 Is desolate—and man's proud works are rear'd  
 Where Nature lonely reign'd.

Yet shall those walls  
 Crumble, and fall a ruin on the hill,  
 And the flower blossom, and the foliage wave  
 Upon the bank—and thy pure stream flow on  
 As undisturb'd as when my step first trac'd  
 The beauties of thy vale—May peace be here.——

## S O N G.

'Tis not the rose upon the cheek,  
Nor eyes in languor soft that roll,  
That fix the lover's timid glance,  
And fire his wilder'd soul.

But 'tis the eye that swims in tears,  
Diffusing soft a joy all holy,  
So soothing to the heart of love,  
And yet so melancholy!

The note that falters on the tongue,  
Sweet as the dying voice of Eve,  
That calms the throbbing breast of pain,  
Yet makes it love to grieve!

The hand, alternate fiery warm  
And icy cold, the bursting sigh,  
The look that hopes, yet seems to fear,  
Pale cheek and burning eye.

These, these the magic circle twine,  
The lover's thoughts and feelings seize;  
Till scarce a son of earth he seems,  
But lives in what he sees.



**THE**  
**VISION OF BRUCE.**

“ **Y**E spirits of the days of old!  
Who dwell amid this forest rude,  
And fill with strange mysterious fears,  
The gloomy depth of solitude;  
Oh! deign in mortal shape array'd,  
Before a mortal eye to stand;  
Ye spirits of the days of old!  
Ye patriots of a sinking land!”

'Twas thus, with nameless awe imprest,  
Appal'd, he form'd his midnight prayer,  
When lo! a sound commingled rose,  
And loudly struck th' affrighted air!  
Far-beaming round the shield and spear,  
Shone like the varying fires of Ev'n,  
And glancing to the moon's white flame,  
Illum'd the wide expanse of heav'n!

The northern lights with flick'ring gleam,  
Burnt dismal o'er the blasted view,  
And thro' the forest's deep'ning gloom,  
Shed far around a silver hue;  
And ever and anon was heard  
A voice, that rose the woods among,  
And thus, in thrilling accents wild,  
Pour'd loud the valour-breathing song.—

“ King of the dark vindictive soul!  
Tho’ lofty be thy sword in war,  
Tho’ fierce thine eye of vengeance gleam,  
And dart wild ruin from afar;  
Say, shall thy soul in quiet sleep,  
When terror points thy homeward way,  
When Scotland’s injur’d realm shall hail  
The Sun that lights her better day!

“ Tho’ now in desolate dismay  
She mourn her chiefs and warriors slain,  
Tho’ now aloft thy bloody plume  
Wave terrible along the plain,  
Tho’ Falkirk’s field with many a corse  
And spurning steed be scatter’d o’er,  
And many a knight’s wan, ghastly form  
Float silently by Carron’s shore!

“ Yet soon thy tow’ring crest shall stoop,  
And soon on Biggar’s crimson’d field  
Thy breathless chiefs in thousands fall—  
Vain the long lance, the sounding shield!  
And soon thine eyes, aghast, shall view  
Albion’s pale dames in anguish mourn  
Their lords, who fell untimely slain  
On the dreary fields of Bannockburn!”

THE  
NAIAD'S ADDRESS.

AH! cease fair maid, thy toil forego,  
Nor haste to leave the shelt'ring dale,  
For oft as fair a maid as thou  
Has stopp'd to bless my subject vale.  
And while the desert plain around  
Burnt fiercely to the summer sun!  
Has stopp'd beneath the willow shade,  
The fervor of his beam to shun.

Full many a circling year has fled,  
    Since first my inexhausted spring  
Broke the deep slumber of the grove,  
    And made the woodland vallies ring.  
Then had no oak's gigantic strength  
    Spann'd yon deep glen that winds below,  
Nor proudly tower'd his arms to heav'n,  
    Shading the lofty mountain's brow!

—Oft, where that broom-wood scents the gale,  
    I've mark'd the love-lorn loiterer stray,  
List'ning, while softly day declin'd,  
    The evening Linnet's parting lay.  
With Hope's delicious dreams imprest,  
    In wayward fancy would he rove,  
While fiercely gleam'd his eye's bright ray,  
    Darting the fiery joy of love!

There too, the maid in transports bound,  
Confess'd with tears, her softer flame,  
Confess'd her hopes, confess'd her fears,  
The tremors of her gentle frame!  
There would they sit beside the brook,  
In rapture weep—in rapture sigh—  
While glisten'd to the moon's pale beam,  
The moisture of her burning eye!

How dear the bliss, their bliss to see—  
While bending o'er their grassy seat,  
The willow wav'd his quivering leaves,  
Sighing amid the lone retreat.  
No startling sounds disturb'd the air,  
The sky was clear, hush'd was the grove—  
They bless'd the murmur of my brook,  
That soften'd all their thoughts to love.

Where dark'ning wide the stream below,  
The cliff tow'rs high, its arch beneath  
Where twine around the holly boughs,  
The ivy and the woodbine wreath,  
The Poet sat—to him was dear  
The quiet of my woodland shade,  
Each tree that crown'd the lonely haunt,  
And every sound the waters made!

—Ah stop, fair maid! and many a tale  
Thy grateful presence shall repay.  
—And lo! the Linnet from the thorn,  
Sweet hails thee with a soothing lay!  
And oft thy heart at love's soft theme,  
In throbbing extasy shall glow!  
And oft thy sympathetic tear,  
At Pity's melting tale shall flow!



S O N G  
OF THE  
INCHANTED BIRD.

FROM TASSO.

“ **A**H! see ‘ the Magic Minstrel sung,’  
The modest virgin rose,  
Sweet op’ning ’mid its tender green,  
Its crimson hues disclose.

“ Its lovely leaves it half-unfolds,  
Half veils in tender green,  
The lovelier still the less betray’d,  
It wins with charms unseen.

“ But lo! erelong, with spreading breast,  
Its wanton beauties flame!

And lo! erelong it droops and fades,  
And seems no more the same.

“ No more the same it seems, that erst  
A thousand youths admir’d,  
No more the same, whose charms erewhile  
A thousand maids desir’d.—

“ Thus fleets the space of earthly life,  
A momentary day;  
Its verdant honours fade and die,  
Its glitt’ring tints decay.

“ Nor tho’ the Spring’s returning gale  
Unlock the balmy skies,  
Shall its sweet blossoms blush again,  
Or bright’ning verdure rise.

“ Oh! haste to snatch the rose, beneath  
The morn’s delightful beam,  
For clouds shall sweep yon radiant sky,  
And shroud the golden gleam.

“ Oh! snatch the rose of youth; and dare  
Love’s blissful pow’r to prove;  
While mutual sighs thy sighs may bless,  
Thy love, a kindred love.”

S O N G.

Air—“ *Miss Forbes' Farewell.*”

ADIEU, thou scene of early pleasure!  
Many a fond regret, adieu!  
For lowly lies your sweetest treasure,  
Fall'n your flow'r of loveliest hue—  
Oh! if it deck'd the moss-tuft yonder,  
Where the gales so lightly rove,  
Far from your mansion could I wander,  
Tears might flow—but tears of love!

On thee, fair scene with fond endeavour,  
Memory shall her colours breathe,  
Till trace by trace old age dissever,  
—And the last shall blend with death.  
Thus gently Evening's shades descending,  
Mellowing sweet the vernal day  
So softly fall, each object blending,  
Till the landscape melt away!

THE  
SUMMER NIGHT.

FROM KLOPSTOCK.

**W**HEN thro' the wood the high moon pours  
The radiance of her silver light,  
And from the lime's rich-blossom'd bow'rs,  
More balmy breathe the gales of night.—

Then thoughts like night around me brood,  
Of graves where those I lov'd are low—  
I see but twilight in the wood,  
I feel no gales of fragrance blow!

Long, long belov'd! whose quiet rest  
    Beneath those graves no dreams invade!  
The hours have been when deeply blest,  
    With you thro' scenes so fair I stray'd.

What soft-felt gales for us would play  
    With balm from ev'ry blossom'd tree!  
What loveliness yon silver ray,  
    O lovely Nature! stream'd on thee!

## S P R I N G.

**O**H come! where hazels spreading wide,  
With leafy shade o'erarch the tide,  
Of some rude, nameless, solitary stream,  
Whose dancing waters as they go,  
With ever-varying murmurs flow,  
And glance bright-flick'ring to the noontide beam.

Oh come! behold the teeming earth,  
Gives to a thousand flowers their birth;  
A thousand notes proclaim approaching Spring:  
The pure brook thro' the green-wood flows,  
With all the music of repose!  
The deep dell echoes to its murmuring.



Oh come! lo, from relenting skies,  
The wintry cloud incessant flies,  
The gradual azure arch of heav'n revealing.  
And every grove, and every hill  
Into the Poet's soul instil,  
The holy rapture of poetic feeling!

In wood and field, the leaf and flower  
Fresh-op'ning spread to ev'ry shower,  
Hark! the grey Linnets chaunt, the Blackbirds  
sing!

Oh come! and 'mid the gen'ral voice,  
In nature let thy heart rejoice,  
Feel her warm joy, and hail the new-born Spring.

## MELANCHOLY.

FROM DELILLE.

**W**HAT sounds were those? yon time-rent tower gives  
way,  
Like Rome's imperial race her works decay:  
Yet this sweet spot no heavier gloom invades,  
A charm unwonted fills those deep'ning shades,  
The shades that Melancholy throws around,  
In soft enchantment o'er the hallow'd ground.  
—O! pure of thought! O! virgin chaste and holy!  
Delight of grief! mild-soothing Melancholy!  
May child of earthly race whose melting soul  
Thy soft'ning charm hath blest, thy still control,

O! may he hope thy pensive look to trace,  
 Or snatch the witchcraft of one fleeting grace!  
 —'Twas thou when darkness veil'd his future scene,  
 That charm'd with dreams of pleasure that had been :  
 And oft when misery on his wilder'd sight  
 Pallid arose, each op'ning bloom to blight;  
 Thy sighs that murmur, and thy tears that flow,  
 Have sooth'd his wild exuberance of wo.  
 —Thine is that blissful mood that waves between,  
 When pleasure on the flight of grief is seen :  
 As twilight's beams with mellow'd lustre play,  
 Trembling betwixt the darkness and the day.—

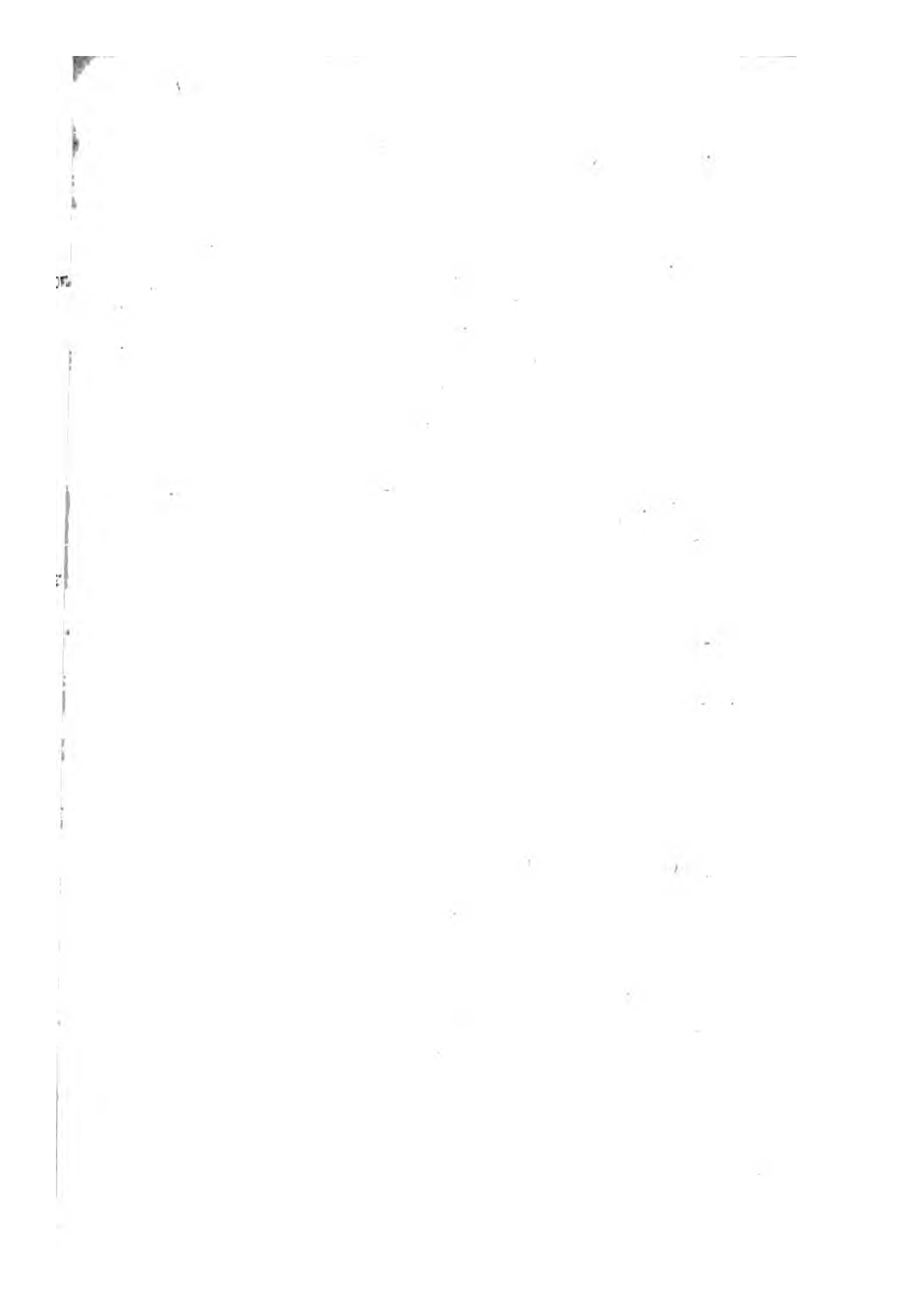
When from the wretch's breast, reluctant, slow,  
 Despair retires and tears again can flow;  
 He seeks the shades where Melancholy bides,  
 To her those sweet and sacred tears confides :  
 And woos her lenient hand his wounds to close,  
 Who weeps to soothe, but not forget his woes.

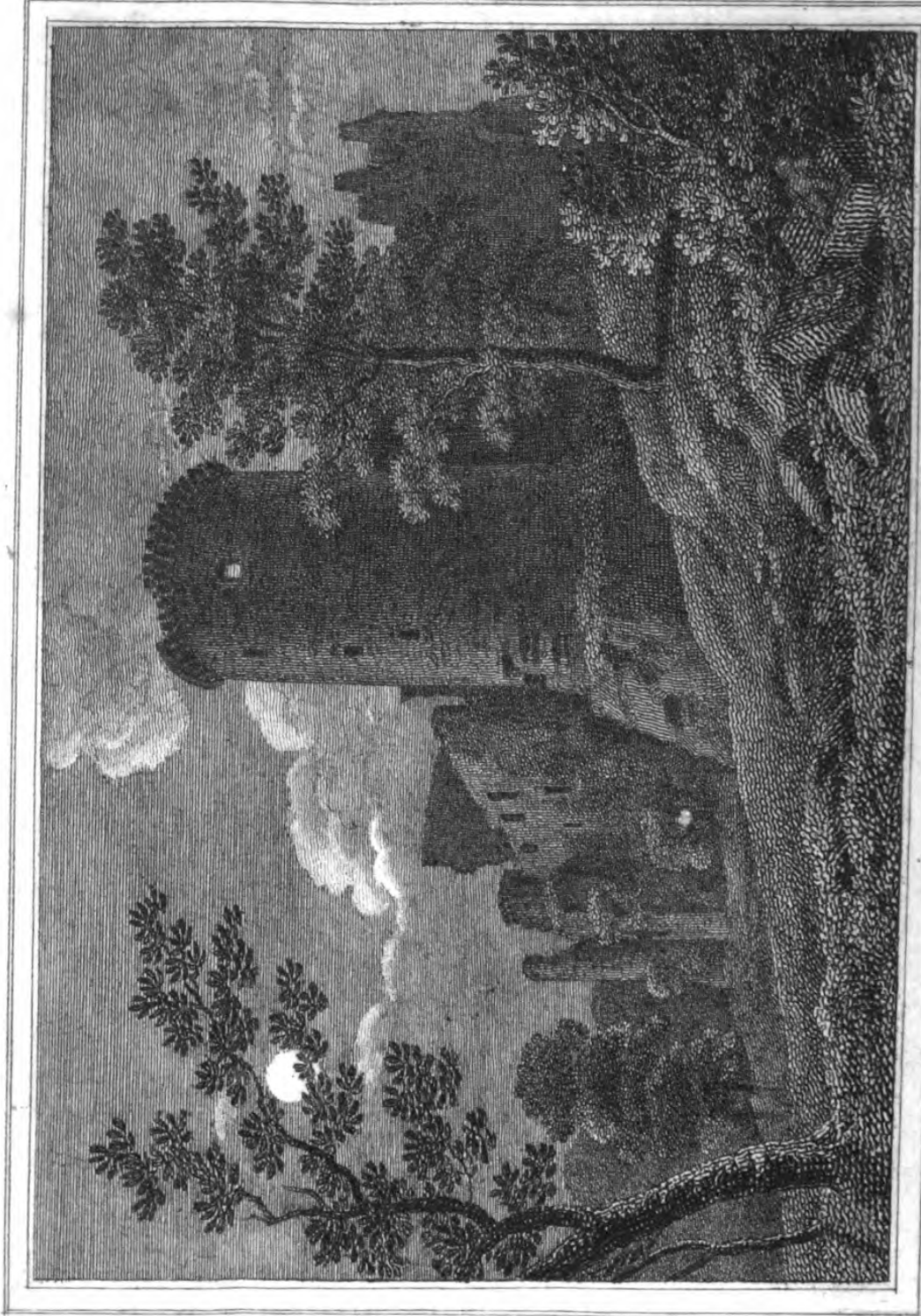
And she more meet than pleasure's heedless train,  
 Receives the sufferer from his lonely pain;  
 Steals o'er his troubled thoughts with pensive smiles,  
 And his torn heart of half its grief beguiles.  
 —O'er her pale cheek soft-mingled feelings stray,  
 Mild gleams of joy thro' shades of sadness play,  
 Yet still some mournful lines the Child of Grief be-  
 wray.—

Safe from the frantic crowd she loves to dwell,  
 Beneath her shadowy woods and twilight cell;  
 Where pleas'd afar she hears the winds that rave,  
 The fall of floods, the murmur of the wave.  
 Dear are those wilds within whose secret bound,  
 Ideal worlds her lonely haunt surround;  
 And dear the gloom of gath'ring Eve, that swarms  
 With moving trains of dim-discover'd forms.  
 Oft has she gaz'd at night's mysterious noon,  
 With tranced spirit on the wheeling moon;

Till her breast heav'd with thoughts till then unknown,  
 And starting tears in the pale moon-beam shone.  
 She loves when sadness hangs on nature's face,  
 A fancied sympathy of grief to trace.  
 —It is not Spring in youthful beauty gay,  
 Nor Summer's kingly pride and bright array  
 That charm her ling'ring gaze, but Autumn sere,  
 Scatt'ring the yellow tress that crowns the faded year!

Let toiling crowds for wealth their peace destroy,  
 And mock the maiden's visionary joy.  
 When gems and gold, high pleasure's halls among,  
 Flash their gay radiance o'er the festive throng;  
 When wine, the dance, their revelry assume,  
 And tinge the faded cheek with fleeting bloom.  
 She on her hand reclines her pensive head,  
 And wakes the dreams of days that long are fled;  
 Broods o'er a name, a word, and weeps the while,  
 Or feeds her heart with one remember'd smile!





Drawn by R. W. Williams.

Engr'd by R. Scott. Edin.

### THE RUIN:

*As it stately form in antique pomp.*

## THE RUIN.

— Fuit. —

Its stately form in antique pomp,  
The Castle venerably rears,  
No stone its once-fam'd name to mark,  
'Mid the vast tide of years!

Yet fragments of historic rhyme,  
Rude-sculptur'd 'mid the ruins lie,  
And many an old heraldic boast  
Meets the lone gazer's eye.

Oft the grey Shepherd wistful stands,  
And leans on his long staff, to see  
Its outstretch'd tow'rs and portals wide,  
In faded majesty!



And while he gazes, wilder'd, pale,  
In thought absorb'd, and thrilling fear,  
He starts in fancy's living dream,  
The Warder's horn to hear.

—O! pale is now the rosy cheek,  
And lustreless the melting eye,  
That tranc'd amid the armed hall,  
The pride of chivalry.

And nerveless is th' undaunted arm  
That bore aloft thro' battling field,  
'Mid spurning steeds and chieftains bold,  
The gory spear and shield.

Nought now remains his deeds to tell,  
But shatter'd mail and mould'ring brand,  
And these drear tow'rs, that on the plain  
All-desolately stand!

—Yet sacred is the lonely spot,  
And sacred is its gloom profound  
To the old Shepherds of the plain,  
Who feed their flocks around.

For there ('tis said in uncouth phrase)  
At solemn night's deep silent noon,  
A shield hung from the falling tow'r,  
Gleams bloody to the moon!

—Ev'n the lone traveller journeying near,  
Has seen the courser snorting fly,  
And helms and shiv'ring lances bright,  
Glance to the midnight sky;

And heard strange sounds, loud-neighing steeds,  
Wild deathlike shouts and warriors cries  
And the voice of more than mortal man,  
From the dark turrets rise!

## S O N G.

FROM METASTASIO.

**T**o all the sigh, the tear, the groan,  
Thro' many a ling'ring hour are known:  
Does Pleasure smile? The aching breast  
Soon mourns its faithless fleeting guest.

See, from his birth condemn'd to grieve,  
The waves of woe the wretch receive—  
And taught by many a storm of care,  
The beating surge he learns to bear.

But should the beam of pleasure play,  
Ah! so unwonted shines the ray,  
Its touch must still a shock impart,  
That melts, unmans, subdues the heart!

S O N G.

SWEET-blended with the smiles of Hope,  
Love's first infection glows,  
The soft delicious languor seems,  
An earnest of repose!  
But ah! tho' bright the sky to-day  
The storm may low'r to-morrow ;  
Love's pleasing sadness turns to pain,  
Then deepens into sorrow.—

And never think, ill-fated youth  
Thy passion to forget,  
Each fresh'ning hue shall mem'ry lend,  
Till life's last sun is set!  
Attempt not from thine anxious thoughts,  
Her image to dissever,  
The firm impression firmer grows,  
By every fond endeavour!

S O N G.

**S**URE nature's varieties wildly combine,  
The language of love on our minds to impress,  
And her works all so lovely with feeling entwine,  
The lorn wayward hour of the lover to bless.—

For as sad to the brook of the valley I stray'd,  
That stole with the voice of delight on my ear—  
I seem'd in each murmur that haunted the shade,  
The name of my lov'd Isabella to hear!

When the woodland's loud melody rang o'er the plain,  
And nature around seem'd with smiles to rejoice,  
Each far-distant note of the sweet-blended strain,  
Was the soft, mellow fall of her languishing voice.

When mute was the brook of the dark-waving wood!  
When mute were the sounds of the deep-slumb'ring  
grove!

Ah! what could I do in my lone, pensive mood,  
Ah! what could I do but still think of my love!

S O N G.

Air—" *Gramachree.*"

I HEARD the Ev'ning Linnet's voice the woodland  
tufts among,

Yet sweeter were the tender woes of Isabella's song!  
So soft into the ear they steal, so soft into the soul,  
The deep'ning pain of love they soothe, and sorrow's  
pang controul.—

I look'd upon the pure brook that murmur'd thro'  
the glade,

And mingled in the melody that Isabella made;  
Yet purer was the residence of Isabella's heart!  
Above the reach of pride and guile, above the reach  
of art.

---



I look'd upon the azure of the deep unclouded sky,  
Yet clearer was the blue serene of Isabella's eye!  
Ne'er softer fell the rain-drop of the first-relenting  
year,  
Than falls from Isabella's eye the pity-melted tear.—

—All this my fancy prompted, ere a sigh of sorrow  
prov'd,  
How hopelessly, yet faithfully, and tenderly I lov'd!  
Yet tho' bereft of hope I love, still will I love the  
more,  
As distance binds the Exile's heart to his dear native  
shore.

S O N G.

Air—“ *The days o’ langsyne.*”

**D**ELIGHTFUL abode of my pleasure and pain,  
Thy grass-cover’d haunts I revisit again,  
How quick throbs my heart as my path I pursue,  
When I think on the day that I bade thee adieu!

Still hung o’er the dark brook the alder is seen!  
Still waves to the murmur its foliage so green!  
How pure flow’d the stream—yet as purely it flows,  
’Twas then all delight—now it adds to my woes!

She is gone from your banks whose soft smile could im-  
part

The quick shiv'ring rapture so dear to my heart!—  
She is gone from your banks to a far-distant shore—  
Her footsteps shall cheer your lorn woodlands no  
more!

Yet oft when fond memory her image renews,  
(Still darker and darker the once vivid hues)  
Ah! then in my visions of fancy I see  
All nature as blooming and lovely as Thee!

S O N G.

Air—“ *Here’s a health to ane I love dear.*”

OH! dear were the joys that are past!  
Oh! dear were the joys that are past!  
Inconstant thou art as the dew of the morn,  
Or a cloud of the night on the blast!

How dear was the breath of the Eve  
When bearing thy fond faithless sigh!  
And the moon-beam how dear that betray’d,  
The love that illumin’d thine eye!

Thou vow'dst in my arms to be mine,  
Thou swar'st by the moon's sacred light—  
But dark roll'd a cloud o'er the sky,  
It hid the pale queen of the night.

Thou hast broken thy plighted faith;  
And broken a fond lover's heart!  
—Yes! in winter the moon's fleeting ray  
I would trust more than thee and thy art!

I am wretched to think on the past—  
Ev'n hope now my peace cannot save,  
Thou hast giv'n to my rival thy hand,  
But me thou hast doom'd to my grave.

---

THY steps shall trace the sounding dell,  
The wild sequester'd glade,  
The mazes of the winding glen  
And the deep woodland shade.  
Their mingled charms thy soul shall bless,  
A tender joy bestowing;  
—Ah! who can tell the tender joys  
From nature's beauties flowing?

While the dark stream, and waving wood

With hues contrasted shine,

A holy charm shall softly blend

Their being into thine.

From ev'ry bank, from ev'ry tree,

A nameless rapture stealing,

Thro' ev'ry slumb'ring sense shall wake

A richer, finer feeling.

And when the woodland path is strew'd

With leaves so cold and sere,

When ev'ry vivid bloom deserts

The desolated year—

When fast on earth the whelming rains

And wreathy flakes are falling,

Then mem'ry's pictur'd ray shall beam,

All nature's joys recalling.

---

**S**HE fairer was than any rose  
With deepest flush that softly glows,  
Breathing sweet odours from his parent stem—  
Who has not seen a rose display,  
His glories to the eye of day,  
Nursing in balmy folds the dewy gem!—

How soon the hopes of man decay—  
The glimmering of a wintry day!  
The dancing sun-beam on a breaking wave!  
The rose-buds bloom—their colours fade—  
So sweet, so lovely bloom'd the maid—  
So sweet, so lovely dropt into the grave!



## L A M E N T.

**A**LAS! for the wretch by misfortune opprest,  
At war with the world—with himself ill at rest—  
—No hope for the future—the past no relief——  
A tear is his only sad solace in grief.

His thoughts are all lonely, his feelings of wo  
In no friend can repose—on himself they must grow—  
On himself must roll back—but no dwelling they find,  
Save the deep dreary gloom of a desolate mind.

He had hop'd in his transports of bliss, to employ  
The morning of life in the sunshine of joy—  
But his morning is fled—it is fled far away—  
Yet no joy does he feel but the joy of decay.

He had hop'd—But thou wretch, now bereft of all  
trust,  
Return thy sad frame to its parent, the dust—  
Thy dwelling is lonely, thy heart-blood is cold—  
And the arm that might raise thee is low in the mould.

THE  
SWORD OF WALLACE.

**T**HOU Sword of true valour! tho' dim be thy hue,  
And all faded thy flashes of light,  
Yet still to my mem'ry thy sight shall renew  
The remembrance of WALLACE the wight!—

Tho' thou gleam not around on the mountains of slain,  
As when sternly in battle he stood;  
When he strew'd the bold Southron in heaps o'er the  
- plain,  
And quench'd thy deep radiance in blood!

Tho' thou gleam not as erst on the Dunipace height,  
Where the pride of oppression lay low,  
When thou scar'dst like a meteor the darkness of night,  
And lightedst him on to the foe!

Where the brothers of liberty o'er the wide field,  
The banner of Freedom uprear'd,  
And the far-streaming glories of faulchion and shield,  
Like the red flakes of lightning appear'd.

Tho' dim be thy hue, yet the heart of true mould,  
Shall pause on thy form with delight;  
And the fear-stricken coward with trembling behold,  
And a patriot arise from the sight.

Caledonia's bold sons to thy presence when led,  
Shall, with worship, their freedom repay;  
Till, worn by the tears that their rapture has shed,  
Thy reliques be moulder'd away!

## DIRGE.

A KNIGHT there came from the field of slain,  
His steed was drench'd with the falling rain:

He rode to the forest to rest his head,  
Till day should dawn on his grassy bed;

But his wounds bled fast, and his courser fell,  
Ere he reach'd the brook in the forest dell.

His shield hung low, and the moon's wan beam  
Shone sad and soft, on the murmuring stream!

He could not wind his bugle horn,  
And he died at the brook ere the early morn.

——Pray for the soul of the knight, who fell  
At the mossy brook in the forest dell.——

## TO OSSIAN.

SPIRIT of Ossian! who in Selma's hall  
Pour'd forth the torrent of resistless song,  
While rung the shield along the banner'd wall,  
And wild'ring terror held the warrior throng!

Hear, from thy cloud that skirts the northern clime,  
Where bright expand, beneath thine airy view,  
Morven's green vales and sunny cliffs sublime,  
And lakes bright glimm'ring in their azure hue—

Hear, and pour forth the melodies of old!  
Till, on the heath that binds thy native plains,  
My tranced eye in fearful joy behold  
The wonders that enfold thy thrilling strains.—

I hear! and lo, the dauntless hosts combine,  
 While ring the bossy bucklers long and loud,  
 The faulchion flashes quick from line to line,  
 As the red lightning on a summer cloud!

—The battle sounds no more—the warriors' graves,  
 Close by the brook the moss-grey stones surround,  
 Above their heads the rank grass rustling waves,  
 And wither'd oaks mark out the hallow'd ground.—

—But who is she who thro' the lonely night,  
 Soft as the Harp of Cona, pours her wo,  
 When the stars twinkle in their mellow light,  
 And silence slumbers on the world below.—

O pour that melancholy fall again,  
 Tho' weak the sounds, thy own sad woes to cheer—  
 Pour on the night, fair maid, thy melting strain—  
 Sweet is Malvina's voice to Ossian's ear!

—O Bard sublime! thy harp's soft numbers wake,  
While trembling on its chords the moon-beams shine;  
'Till all our souls the extasy partake,  
And kindling raptures glow as warm as thine!

—Selma, thy halls are silent—hollow plays  
The blast drear-sounding all thy towers among!—  
Yet shalt thou fairer live in Ossian's lays,  
Than when thy courts rung to the festal song.—

As the same scenes that to our vision bright,  
Beneath the dazzling sun's effulgent stream,  
Seem not so lovely to the raptur'd sight,  
As when they glimmer soft beneath the moon's pale  
beam!



## GLEN SCRIECH.

**I**T was morning—the woods were rejoicing in May,  
When the Valley of Sorrow rose sweet on our way;  
Where, as oft by the maids of the village 'twas sung,  
The steed spurn'd the plain as the armour loud rung,  
When Clan-Ronald's grim chief rear'd his sword in the  
fight,

Till death brooded round with the darkness of night.—

It is past, and the stream where the warrior stood,  
Flows silent and pure that was dy'd with his blood,  
And a tuft of sweet primroses blooms on the grave,  
Where sleeps 'mid his foemen, Clan-Ronald the brave.—

'Tis the Valley of Sorrow—ah! no, tho' of yore  
Its flow'rets were crush'd, and its brooks dy'd with gore,  
Tho' the courser flew fast from the tumult in dread,  
And the rider lay low with his shield at his head—  
Yet to me all the sounds that are borne to the ear,  
Speak of hope, and of love, and the joy of the year—  
The murmur of waters, the hum of the bee,  
And the blackbird as loudly he sings from the tree—  
All, all is delighted, no sorrow it knows  
Save the name that thro' ages' dark legend still flows.

What are we or our works in creation's wide range,  
That our pride should give names, tho' our power cannot change,  
The stone that shall cover us falls with the name;  
But nature remains, everlasting the same.

## EARLY DAYS.

**C**OME, joy-inspiring Mem'ry o'er my sight,  
Bring me, once more, the peace of former years,  
The smiles of love, unmingled with the tears,  
Bring me their golden morns! their crimson evenings  
bright!

**G**ive me those days—free as the lark from care,  
When thro' the wild-wood path I went to rove,  
And twine the glowing flowers of every grove  
To form a garland-wreath to bind her flowing hair.—

**O** Mem'ry! bring the joys I once have seen,  
Pour on my trembling sight her angel smile!  
—Ah! no, 'twas this did ev'ry hope beguile,  
That sunk my early bliss, and darken'd ev'ry scene.—

TO AN ISLAND

OF

LOCH LOMOND.

THOU Isle that 'mid the waters' broad expanse  
Liftest thy crown of woods—to thee my eye  
Has oft reverted, for in thy green bounds  
Tho' limited and wild, it finds a spot,  
Whereon to dwell in peace—for the palled heart,  
Would fain pourtray in thy deep solitude,  
Some lonely cave—some holy hermitage—  
A lodge of rapture for the years of youth,  
A sabbath-home for age.—

A hermitage!

No! not th' abode of him who flies from life

And all its joys, to nurse, and feed in secret  
 His wild chimeras in religion's garb,  
 And morbid melancholy; till the strings  
 That bind a man to man in him are dried,  
 And shrivell'd up; as Autumn's wrinkled hand  
 Contracts the juicy fibre—No! this Isle,  
 Were no meet habitation for the heart,  
 That dead to human sympathies, must die  
 To nature's also—What to him could come  
 Of inspiration from the billows' march!  
 The wave of woods! or from the stormy blast  
 Sounding drear down the glens! or from the bird  
 That flying o'er the lake, and perch'd above him,  
 Might jargon sweetly.—

### Solitary Isle!

Thy charms were all unprofitably spent,  
 On him whose feelings cent'ring in one point,  
 Can move in that alone—Let such a man,  
 Go (as they erst were wont), and 'mid the wastes

*"All done which kind"*  
*with*

Of Palestine and Syria, build his cell,  
 Or raise his pillar; on whose narrow top  
 —Meet for his narrow soul—let him discern  
 From day to day, th' horizon-bounded waste  
 Unvarying as his thoughts—there let him make  
 His orisons, soon as the day's beam shines  
 On his unshrouded head, till his last ray  
 Quivers along the column, fed with applause  
 Of gazing multitudes.—

But he who comes  
 To seek a haven from the wreck and storm;  
 Disgusted with the pageantry, and noise,  
 And follies of the world—yet loving all  
 Of human kind—might in thy secret breast  
 Repose from sorrows, and in solitude,  
 Not dull, but nurse his sensibilities;  
 Refining gradually the grosser mind,  
 That call'd to action in the buzz of life,  
 Foments the woes of man, and gives to him  
 The bitterness of death, without its peace——

To him thy wilds

Would all be loveliness—the horned owl  
 That from thy glossy yew-tree's cavern'd trunk  
 Screams to its bright-ey'd young, would but convey  
 A livelier feeling of that loneliness,  
 So lov'd and cherish'd by him.—

Ev'n the world,

Would seem to him as distant as he were  
 A shipwreck'd Crusoe;—Not but that its forms  
 Would sometimes pass before him, and the thoughts  
 Of other days might rouse a transient tear,  
 And scenes that time had hallow'd, on his sight  
 Pour their ideal hues, but shadowy all  
 And fleeting—As the landscape that appears  
 In the clear lake beneath, with all its woods  
 And hanging cliffs, and clouds, evanishes  
 If but a breath disturb the sleeping surface.

---

**S**TRANGER! on this grey stone sit down,  
The weeping birch thy seat will crown—  
The wood-lark's notes invite thy stay,  
—See, nature smiles the genial day.—

The brook that wanders from the source,  
Sweet-murmuring in its silver course,  
Shall paint thy image lingering near,  
—Sit, stranger, sit and ponder here.



And if a gale should chance to blow  
Curling the brook's smooth tide below——  
Thou look'st below, devoid of care,  
Thou look'st—but find'st no image there!—

'Tis thus the form of Bliss we view,  
As shadowy and as fleeting too—  
A tear of grief, a sigh of care,  
Melts the fair phantom into air!

—Stranger! if bliss thy heart employ,  
Go! revel in the noon of joy—  
If tranquil thought thy heart hold dear,  
—Sit, stranger, sit and ponder here!——

---

As on a meadow-bank I lay,  
Amid the exuberance of May  
All listlessly—within my breast,  
By wild and wand'ring thoughts possest,  
I felt a wish—I hope no crime—  
To put my mistresses in rhyme.

On the sloe bush the Linnet swung,  
And soft and sweet his ditty sung:  
His gay meand'ring carol ended,  
The Lark in circling flight descended:

Murmuring low my seat beside,  
 The Bees their noon-tide labour plied:  
 A brook that winded gently near,  
 Stole with wild music on my ear;  
 Wild yet sweet, its melody  
 Murmur'd with the murmuring Bee.  
 —O'er the brink the broom hung low,  
 Soft its golden tresses glow;  
 Every sweep the branches made,  
 Quiver'd in the wat'ry glade.

Oh! 'mid a scene so fair, could love  
 One wish excite, or feeling move;  
 Could ev'n the fond look, the melting eye  
 All tearful, or the vow that trembles in a sigh,  
 Have charms for me—No! no, I'm free——  
 Nature thou my mistress be!——

FRAGMENTS  
ON THE  
ASSOCIATION  
OF  
*IDEAS.*



THE introduction to these fragments is general; but the other parts relate only to particular facts of Association.—The first sketch is descriptive of musical sounds—the singing of birds—the Cuckoo—the Nightingale, &c. Allusion to the Highlanders at Quebec, and the traveller in Syria. The second relates to the associations we form with different scenes of nature; in which are introduced the haunts of the melancholy man and of the maniac. In the third are described the ideas suggested by the sight of ruins—Ruins of Egypt—of the Deserts—of Rome—of Scotland——The songs of the Cuckoo, and of the Nightingale, are supposed to be heard by the unfortunate.



## FRAGMENTS, &c.

**H**ERE let us pause, where glimm'ring on the tower  
The moon-beams fall—'tis midnight's holy hour—  
Dimly they shed their melancholy hue;  
And tremble on the wall that seems to tremble too.  
Peace broods around, for now the woods are still,  
No murmur wakes the valley nor the hill;  
Save the sere leaf that rustles on the tree,  
And falls—a faithful monitor to me—  
Save where the brook steals thro' the woods around,  
And fills with thoughts of silence more profound.



Here let us pause; and while with closing day,  
The world and all its tumults die away;  
Our thoughts shall mark how nature's works combine,  
In endless links the mystic chain to twine;  
Whose wond'rous folds the nice-form'd fibres bind,  
That wake the slumb'ring energies of mind.  
—Our thoughts shall dwell on all that murmurs round,  
The deep rich melody, the dashing sound:  
From the gay birds that on the bough rejoice,  
To the wild ocean's loud-rebellowing voice.  
Our thoughts shall dwell on all the varying scene,  
Green rising hills, and greener vales between;  
Or wilder nature mark—the summits hoar,  
That rise in grandeur o'er the sea-beat shore;  
And 'mid minuter paths our course pursue,  
And curious, note the lineament and hue,  
Of all that nature's stores prolific yield,  
That bloom and deck the forest and the field:

And mark the feelings from the sight that flow,  
And thrill with pleasure or depress with wo.

---

Go—down the vale e'er Summer suns have spread,  
The mellowing leaves to canopy thy head.  
Hark—from the echoing hills that wind remote,  
The solitary Cuckoo pours his note:  
Yet shall that note—two simple tones, impart  
Strange-blended feelings to thy raptur'd heart;  
While all the warbling from the trees around,  
Dies on the ear—a faint unheeded sound—  
For ah! the well-known strain to nature true,  
Recals the scenes thy infant fancy drew,  
When April's show'ry sun, on faithful wing,  
Brought to thy hills, the herald of the Spring.

—Yes, when his voice along the valley rung,  
 Thy hopes were many, for thy heart was young!  
 It spoke of joys that rise on Winter's flight,  
 And Summer's shaded walks came lovely to thy sight!  
 —But now the strain foretells no blooming year,  
 And the eye glistens thro' the starting tear;  
 For youth's bright morn and wild delights are past,  
 And grief and care have found thee at the last!

But if thine ear delight the cheerful song,  
 At morning roam the broomwood vale along;  
 There from the daisied turf the Sky-Lark springs,  
 And carols gaily on unwearied wings:  
 There from the hazel copse or flow'ring thorn,  
 The Linnet and the Thristle hail the morn:  
 And there the mellow Blackbird flits along,  
 The slumb'ring woodlands ringing to his song.  
 —No long-drawn notes deform their lively lay,  
 On joyful wing they wake the merry day;

Not like the sea-bird, that in one harsh tone,  
Screams till the shore resound with clamours like its  
own;

Not like the Owl that from the hollow tree,  
Howls darkling with the voice of misery.

Ah, what to these is India's gaudy train!  
No song of theirs rings joyful o'er the plain;  
The native as he seeks the plantain shade,  
Ne'er starts to listen music in the glade!  
The flutter of their wings and broken cry,  
Break but the silence of the languid sky!  
Ah! what their waving form, their lovely hue,  
Vermilion tints, that blend with heav'ns own blue!  
—Better I ween thro' Scotland's glens to tread,  
Tho' no rich foliage clusters o'er the head;  
And hear the tones that tremble o'er the green,  
The song is lovely tho' the bird unseen!

What thrilling note sails down the darkling vale?  
'Tis the lone warbling of the Nightingale.  
She carols when the sons of sorrow roam,  
Exiles from life, and strangers to a home;  
When midnight's shadows gather on their way,  
And wake the tears and misery of the day.  
Her voice is heard—it swells the starting tear,  
And melts the soul, with rapture too severe!  
They weep—they smile—and tho' the ling'ring tone,  
Seems fraught with wo, they half forget their own!  
—'Tis in the night's dim shade thy voice is heard,  
And thus they call thee “melancholy bird;”  
And they who hear thy voice, sad vigils keep,  
And hail the night to wander and to weep!  
When o'er the woods the pallid moon is bright,  
And all the scene is hallow'd by her light:  
And all the sounds that on the ear may fall,  
In sadness blend, and former griefs recal.—

'Tis thus the mind when rankling cares pursue,  
 Breathes on each scene, each sound, a kindred hue;  
 As you bright ray that on the ocean thrown,  
 Makes the wave gleam with colours not its own.



WHY does the melting voice, the tuneful string,  
 A sigh of wo, a tear of pleasure bring:  
 Can simple sounds, or joy or grief inspire,  
 And melt the soul responsive to the wire?  
 Ah! no, some other charm to rapture draws,  
 More than the finger's skill, the artist's laws:  
 Some latent feeling that the string awakes,  
 Starts to new life and thro' the fibres shakes;

Some cottage-home where first the strain was heard,  
 By many a tie of former days endear'd;  
 Some lovely maid who on thy bosom hung,  
 And breath'd the note, all tearful as she sung;  
 Some youth who first awoke the pensive lay,  
 Friend of thy infant years—now far away:  
 Some scene that patriot blood embalms in song,  
 Some brook that winds thy native vales among,  
 All steal into the soul in witching train,  
 'Till home, the maid, the friend, the scene, appear a-  
 gain!

'Twas thus the wand'rer 'mid the Syrian wild,  
 Wept at the strain he carol'd when a child.  
 O'er many a weary waste the traveller pass'd,  
 And hop'd to find some resting place at last;  
 Beneath some branchy shade—his journey done,  
 To shelter from the desert and the sun.

—And haply some green spot the pilgrim found,  
 And hail'd and bless'd the stream's delicious sound:  
 When on his ear the well-known ditty stole,  
 That as it melted pass'd into his soul!  
 " O Bothwell bank!"——each thrilling word con-  
     vey'd,  
 The Scottish landscape to the palm-tree shade,  
 No more Damascus' streams his spirit held,  
 No more its minarets his eye beheld:  
 Pharphar and Abana unheeded glide,  
 He hears in dreams the music of the Clyde!  
 And Bothwell's bank amid o'erarching trees,  
 Echoes the bleat of flocks, the hum of bees—  
 —With less keen rapture on the Syrian shore,  
 Beneath the shadow of the sycamore;  
 His eye had turn'd amid the burst of day,  
 Tadmor's gigantic columns to survey;  
 That sullenly their length of shadows throw,  
 On sons of earth, who trembling gaze below!——



'Twas thus when to Quebec's proud heights afar,  
WOLFE's chivalry roll'd on the surge of war.  
The hardy Highlander, so fierce before,  
Languidly lifted up the huge claymore.  
—To him the bugle's mellow note was dumb,  
And ev'n the rousing thunders of the drum.  
Till the loud Pibroch sounded in the van,  
And led to battle forth each dauntless clan.  
—On rush the brave—the plaided chiefs advance,  
—The line resounds “Lochiel's awa' to France:”—  
With vig'rous arm the faulchion lift on high,  
Fight as their fathers fought, and like their fathers  
die!——

---

Lo! where the Maniac speeds his wasted form,  
While night's drear spirit shrieks amid the storm,  
Down to the strand he hies and laughs and raves,  
To hear the angry music of the waves.  
To him the surge by tempests onward driv'n,  
And the red bolt that shakes the dome of heav'n,  
And winds that howl, a drear funereal strain,  
Ease the dull load that hangs upon his brain.

Yet not alone do phrenzied steps explore,  
The dismal windings of the lonely shore.

For he whose footstep, melancholy leads,  
From the gay crowds that haunt the flow'ry meads,  
Delights along the rocky marge to stray,  
Sorrow and pain, companions of his way.  
There loves to wander when the sun has shed,  
His evening beams upon the mountain's head;  
And gilds the sail at distance that appears,  
Like the dim prospect of his future years!  
—The fitful blasts of night that onward urge,  
With hollow roar, the melancholy surge;  
The sea, unterminable as the sky,  
The far off ship, that fades before the eye:  
The watch-tower's flame that thro' the stormy cloud,  
Shines to the sailor on his airy shroud;  
Impart a balm—his sorrowing heart allure,  
And still his anguish tho' they cannot cure.

Nor those alone creation's beauties charm,  
 The hearts to nature true—to feeling warm;  
 For who of earth's cold vegetable train,  
 Could look upon th' illimitable main;  
 When heav'n's unnumber'd stars above him glow,  
 And their soft light shines softer from below;  
 Who solitary thus unmov'd could be,  
 And feel no nameless awful sympathy!

Tho' when with woes o'erpower'd, the aching  
     breast  
 Can find no calm in pleasure nor in rest;  
 The charms of nature can with rapture fill,  
 And mould the plastic passions to her will.

Oft when the sun went down into the west,  
 And lull'd in sleep the sons of man were blest:  
 With woes oppress'd I sought the billowy shore,  
 Weeping the joys that charm'd my soul no more;

(For still I lov'd to mark their faded hue,  
 Tho' the tear started as remembrance drew.)  
 —There gaz'd entranc'd, till with her level light  
 In silver lines diffus'd, the queen of night,  
 Pour'd her full radiance on the darken'd stream,  
 The black wave twinkling to the slanted beam.

While thus entranc'd upon the beach I stood,  
 The craggy shore, the forest, and the flood;  
 As sleeping in the moon's soft beam they lay,  
 —Lovelier I ween than the fierce blaze of day.—  
 All, all conspir'd that wild mood to impress,  
 Whose touch is sacred, and whose feeling bliss;  
 That sheds upon the soul, a calmness holy,  
 And lulls the child of wo in sweetest melancholy!

---

TEMPLES and towers! whose giant forms unfold,  
The massive grandeur of the world of old!  
Say, shall the pilgrim glance his heedless eye,  
O'er your huge wreck, and silently pass by?  
Nor 'mid the waste of ages pause to scan,  
The mighty relics of forgotten man?  
—No, for those walls that crown the brow of time,  
Shall wake to musings mournfully sublime;  
And antique sculptures crumbling 'mid the pile,  
Delay his steps to linger for a while.

In Egypt's dreary land where darkness spread,  
Mysterious gloom around Religion's head;

The land was sad beneath her awful wings,  
 And woful was her voice as Memnon's mystic strings!  
 But Silence now and Desolation reign,  
 O'er her fall'n altar and her desert fane.  
 Unseen she sits—no charmed voice she hears,  
 But columns falling in the waste of years!  
 And the gaunt chacal from his charnel-home,  
 Howl to the blast that shakes the trembling dome!  
 —Yet 'mid those temples desolate and wild,  
 Where Solitude reigns round with Fear her child,  
 The pale priest rais'd his voice when bursting day,  
 Shot tremblingly, from heav'n, his earliest ray;  
 His earliest ray that on the Harp-strings shone,  
 And rous'd to life their vibratory tone!  
 —Hark! the rapt strain the choral virgins raise,  
 While sounds mysterious hymn their Memnon's praise,  
 The sev'n bright colours wake the the sev'n Harp  
 strings,  
 'Till thro' its thousand aisles the temple rings!

But haste thy step to plains where Ruin's hand,  
Has pour'd on nature's green the billowy sand,  
Before thee lies th' interminable waste,  
Fire in each gale and death in every blast!  
Ah! who could think that even here a trace,  
Remains of some exterminated race;  
On whom the spirit of the desert came,  
And swept alike the mansion and the name!  
—Yes, even here the camel's foot reveals,  
The mould'ring column that the sand conceals:  
And the poor Arab as he toils along,  
Gazes in wonder, mindless of his song;  
Thinks of the fallen towers that lie beneath,  
Unconscious of the Simoom's vengeful breath!

Oh! blind to science, and to genius lost,  
Whose grovelling soul no kindling warmth could boast;  
When she who sway'd the sons of earth before,  
Bursts on his sight by yellow Tiber's shore,



Within whose walls repose th' illustrious dead,  
 The bard who chaunted and the chief who bled.  
 Long is the grass that rustles o'er their tomb!  
 —Yet shall thy ruins awe, immortal Rome,  
 Tho' the keen raven from the stormy north,  
 Thy eagle crush'd, in wrath careering forth;  
 And he the fierce-eyed Hun—the scourge of God!  
 Broke with his sinewy arm thine iron rod,  
 That o'er the nations held with giant sway,  
 Had swept their honours and their kings away.—

Still dome on dome the stranger eye beguiles,  
 Towers, battlements, a wilderness of piles.—  
 And still the capitol, its crested form,  
 Sublimely rears—a giant in the storm—  
 —The look is stedfast for the mental eye,  
 Sees the firm band that made ambition die;

Sees Cesar fall, and where the tyrant stood,  
 The sword of Brutus crimson'd with his blood!  
 —Still 'mid the forum Cicero seems to roll  
 The flood of eloquence that whelms the soul,  
 While veterans round, lean silent on the sword——  
 —The lords of earth can tremble at a word!—

What tho' thro' every breach that time has made,  
 The blast moans hollow, and the colonnade  
 Scarce shelters ev'n the weeds that flourish in its shade!  
 What tho' the wolf has howl'd, the tempest roar'd,  
 In halls and courts where gods have been ador'd!  
 Yet memory's touch each faded pile renews;  
 Again they bloom in renovated hues,  
 And Poggio traces 'mid the mass of dust,  
 The temple, portico, and trophied bust.  
 ——“ How fall'n! how chang'd! the world's delight  
 and shame,  
 “ The vine luxuriates in the path of fame!

“ The bat flies fitful thro’ her gods’ abode,  
 “ And reptiles nestle where the hero trod!  
 “ Drear are her tow’rs that shone amid the skies!  
 “ And prone on earth the mighty giant lies.”—

Dearer to me the monuments expand,  
 Of warlike grandeur in my native land,  
 Oft by the lonely brook my steps would trace,  
 The sad memorials of that gallant race,  
 Whose arm resistless drove th’ oppressor home,  
 The red-hair’d Dacian or the son of Rome.  
 And dar’d in might the Scottish spear advance,  
 To quell the pride of Edward—scourge of France—  
 Oh! long they fought, and Scotia saw aghast,  
 But Independence conquer’d at the last.  
 —Can the eye gaze upon the crumbling tower,  
 And wake no traces of its former hour;  
 Shall no tear start—no struggling sigh break loose,  
 Where stalk the shades of WALLACE and of BRUCE!

Shall Bothwell's towers in majesty appear,  
 And fancy see no mailed Douglas near!  
 Shall Crookstone's turrets vanish from the eye,  
 Ere sainted Mary seems to wander by!

Say, shall these towers where once the mighty  
 dwelt,  
 Not rouse such feelings as themselves have felt;  
 When on their walls chevaleresque they stood,  
 And dy'd the rampiers with their foemen's blood?  
 Shall not the patriot weep in turns and glow,  
 'Mid scenes that wrought his country's weal or wo?  
 Shall not the Scottish heart in sorrow turn,  
 From Falkirk's fields to those of Bannockburn?  
 And with deep fervor dwell upon the scene,  
 Of high Dun Eidan's towers, and "Roslin's green!"  
 Strong as the fire that first to genius brought,  
 The glow of feeling and the raptur'd thought!

Yes, glorious relics of the time of yore,  
Oft shall my footstep trace—my eye adore  
Your crumbling walls that still shall point to fame,  
Immortaliz'd by each high warrior's name.  
Scenes of lost grandeur! still in fancy's eye  
Your lances quiver, and your banners fly!  
And on the height where erst his trusty glaive,  
Laid low the prowess of th' assaulting brave,  
Each buckler'd chief encompass'd with his spears,  
Rolls down his shadow from the length of years!

## *N O T E S.*

Page 25.

### **GLOAMING.**

Twilight: from the Saxon *glomang*. The words *gloom*, *gleam*, *glimmer*, &c. are all derived from the same root.

Page 25.

### **GLAMOURY.**

A kind of indistinct motion and confusion of objects before the eyes of a person. Witches were commonly accused of stupifying the senses in this manner. It is alluded to in the old ballad of *Johny Faa'*:—

‘ They coost the glamour o’er hir.’

Page 31.

“ OF AVALON’S BLEST ISLE.”

*Avalon* a pomis Britannicè olim sic dictam, &c.  
—Camden, Lond: 1586. p. 101. It is celebrated as the burial place of Arthur. Caërleon and Armorica are well known.

Page 32.

“ NEXT THE KEEN ARCHER.”

Robin Hood.—The actions of this outlaw were early a theme of admiration in the north;—they are mentioned in the “Complaynt of Scotland,” as composing a popular tale. In this stanza the beginning of a very ancient ballad in Percy’s collection is alluded to:

“ Whan shaws been sheene, and shraddes (swards?)  
full fayre,  
“ And leaves both large and longe,

“ Itt’s merrye walkyng in the fayre forrest  
“ To heare the small birde’s songe.”

VOL. I. p. 77.

Page 51.

“ THOU WOLF OF BADENOCH.”

Comyn was usually stiled the red wolf of Badenoch.

HAILE’S ANNALS.

Page 70.

HOPE. FROM METASTASIO.

In mezzo a tanti affanni, &c.

Page 72.

THE ROOKAN.

The Rookan is a romantic little spot, about five miles south from Glasgow.



Page 88.

SONG OF THE INCHANTED BIRD. FROM TASSO.

Deh mira, *egli cantó*, spuntar la rosa, &c.

Page 93.

THE SUMMER NIGHT. FROM KLOPSTOCK.

Wen der Schimmer von dem Monde nun herab,  
u. s. w.

KLOPSTOCKS ODEN. BAND 1st, SEIT. 234.

Leipzig: Ausgab: 1798.

Page 97.

MELANCHOLY. FROM DELILLE.

The original of this fragment is to be found in  
“Recueil de Poesies and de Morceaux Choisis de  
J. Delille,” printed at Paris in 1800, without the

consent of the author. It is supposed to form part of his unpublished Poem on Imagination. A few lines have been added for which there is no authority in the original.

Page 120.

THE SWORD OF WALLACE.

The Hero's Sword is still preserved in Dunbarton Castle.

Page 156.

“THE SEVEN BRIGHT COLOURS,” &c.

“It was said, that the statue of Memnon emitted certain musical sounds at the rising of the sun. Some have attempted, but probably on insufficient grounds, to account for these sounds as being produced by the action of the sun-beams

on the pores of the basalt, or metallic stone; of which, according to them, the statue is formed."

DENON'S TRAVELS.

It is more probable, however, that the Egyptians had discovered the philosophical relation of colours and sounds.

Page 159.

"AND POGGIO TRACES," &c.

I am indebted for some of the thoughts in this passage, to the discourse of Poggio Bracciolini, supposed to be delivered in the capitol.

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#### ERRATA.

Page 84, line 1, in a few copies, for *tale* read *toil*.

Page 152, line 11, for *unterminable* read *interminable*.

