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L. 569

Bentley, W. L.: Bowyer Hill.

(1806)



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*Wiltshire Traveller*

**Botoden Hill;**

**THE BANKS OF THE WYE;**

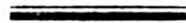
**Cadland,**

**SOUTHAMPTON RIVER.**



***By the Rev. W. LISLE BOWLES, A. M.***

Rector of Dunbleton, Gloucestershire; Bremhill, Wilts; Prebendary of Sarum;  
and Chaplain to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.



**Baker and Fletcher, Printers, Southampton.**

*June 1856.*

23 d. 569





Bt. from Mrs. Brett-Smith



## Bowden Hill.

*Inscribed to the MARCHIONESS of LANSDOWNE.*

HOW cheering are thy prospects, airy Hill,  
To him who, cold and languid on thy brow,  
Pauses, respiring! winding through the shade  
Of woods, that sweep with mazy track the verge  
Of LANSDOWNE'S proud domain,\* upon the point  
Of the descending steep I stand!

So Rich,

So mantling in the gay and gorgeous hues  
Of Summer; far beneath me, spreading wide  
From Field to Field from Vale to cultur'd Vale;  
Here, white with passing Sunshine; There, with trees  
Innumerable speckled, till they blend,  
Loft in the azure Distance, lives the Scene!

Lives! all is Life, all Beauty! from the Grave  
Whose sleep is dark and dreamless, snatch'd so late,  
Shall I pass silent, now first issuing forth,†  
To taste again thy Beauties, to respire  
Thy Breath; to hail thy look, thy living look,  
O Nature? let me the deep Joy contrast,  
(Which now the inmost Breast, like Music, fills,  
With the sick Chamber's Sorrows, oft from morn,  
Silent, till lingering Eve, save when the sound  
Of whispers steal, and bodings breath'd more low  
As friends approach the Pillow; so awak'd  
From deadly Trance, the sick Man lifts his Eyes,  
Then in Despondence closes them on all,

\* Bowood.

† After two months' confinement, from illness.

All Earth's fond wishes! O how chang'd are now,  
 His Thoughts! he sees rich Nature kindling round,  
 He feels her Influence! languid with delight,  
 (And whilst his Eye is fill'd with tranfient Fire,)  
 He almost thinks he hears her gently fay,  
 LIVE, LIVE! Oh Nature, Thee in the soft winds,  
 Thee, in the soothing found of Summer leaves,  
 When the still Earth lies fultry; Thee, methinks,  
 Ev'n now I hear bid "Welcome" to thy Vales  
 And Woods again!

And I will welcome them  
 And pour, as erst the Song of heart-felt Praise.

From yonder line, where fade the farthest Hills  
 Which bound the blue lap of the swelling Vale,  
 On whose last line, seen solitary, hangs  
 Thy tow'r,\* benevolent, accomplish'd HOARE,  
 To where I stand, how wide the Interval!  
 Yet instantaneous, to the hurrying Eye  
 Display'd; though peeping Tow'rs and Villages  
 Thick scatter'd, mid' the intermingling Elms,  
 And Towns remotely mark'd by hovering Smoke  
 And grass-green Pastures with their Herds, and Seats  
 Of rural Beauty, Cottages and Farms,  
 Unnumber'd as the Hedgerows, lie between!

Roaming at large to where the grey Sky bends,  
 The Eye scarce knows to rest, till back recall'd  
 By yonder Ivied Cloisters† in the Plain,

\* Sir RICHARD HOARE'S tower. † Lacock Abbey.

Whose Turret peeping pale above the Shade,  
Smiles in the venerable Grace of Years.  
As the few threads of Age's silver hairs,  
Just sprinkled o'er the Forehead, lend a Grace  
Of faintly Reverence, seemly, though<sup>l</sup> compar'd  
With young Belinda's clust'ring Tresses brown;  
So the grey weather-stained Tow'rs yet wear  
A secret Charm impressivè; though oppos'd  
To Views in verdure flourishing, the Woods,  
And Scenes of attic Taste, that glitter near.\*

O! VENERABLE PILE,† though now no more  
The pensive Passenger, at Evening, hears  
The slowly chanted Vesper; or the Sounds  
Of "MISERERE," die along the Vale;  
Yet PIETY and HONOUR'D AGE retired,  
There hold their blameless Sojourn, ere *the Bowel*  
"Be broken, or the silver Chord be loos'd."

Nor can I pass, snatch'd from untimely Fate,  
Without a secret Pray'r, that so my Age  
May wait its close,—so honour'd so rever'd!

May I yet breathe, alive to Nature's Charms,  
And though no pealing Clarion swell my Fame  
When Life's brief Tale is told; let me not pass,  
Like the forgotten Clouds of Yesterday,  
Nor unremember'd by the fatherless,  
In the poor Village where my Bones are laid.§

\* Bowood, and MR. DICKENSON'S.

† Lacock Abbey. § Bremhill.

June 10, 1806.





## THE BANKS OF THE WYE.

To Miss MORRISON.

THE sunshine of summer the hills was adorning,  
And languor and sickness and pain seem'd to fly,  
As cheer'd by the beams and the incense of morning,  
I wander'd, so pale, on the banks of the Wye :  
O still, lovely Wye, when, with sighs unavailing,  
We think of the health and the strength that is failing,  
May'ft thou sooth him who flow on thy bosom is failing,  
Forgetful of all, but the scenes of the Wye.

Beside the vast mountain, yet drooping in danger,  
I pour'd the cold waters of MALVERN in vain ;  
Was sad in the crowd, where each heart was a  
stranger,

And cast my eyes aching o'er all the proud plain :  
Then oh, lovely Wye, to the spirit how cheering,  
Thy meads and thy woods how delightful appearing,  
To him, who no longer the PHANTOM is fearing,  
Which vanish'd, like night, on the waves of the Wye !

With hope and delight while the bosom is burning,  
But one tender wish claims a share in my heart,  
That THEY too may find health and pleasure returning,  
From whom I was sorry (how sorry!) to part :  
With ardor and joy while the heart thus is swelling,  
The thoughts on the distant with tenderness dwelling,  
Nor Fancy the gloom of the Future foretelling,  
How pleasant the scenes on the banks of the Wye !

*Monmouth, July 24, 1806.*

## Written at Cadland,

*Southampton River.*

TO ANDREW DRUMMOND, ESQ.

IF ever sea-maid, from her coral cave,  
Beneath the hum of the great ferge, has lov'd  
To pass delighted from her green abode,  
And seated on a summer bank, to sing  
No earthly music: in a spot like this,  
Fancy might think she heard her, as she dry'd  
Her golden Hair, yet dripping from the main,  
In the slant sun-beam:

So the penfive Bard  
Might shadow, warm'd with this enchanting scene,  
Th' Ideal Form; but, tho' SUCH THINGS ARE NOT,  
HE, who has ever felt a thought refin'd;  
HE, who has wander'd on the sea of Life,  
Forming delightful visions of a Home,  
Of beauty and repose;—He, who has lov'd,  
With filial warmth his country, will not pass  
Without a look of more than tenderness  
On all the scene; from where the pensile Birch  
Bends on the Bank, amid the cluster'd group  
Of the dark Hollies; to the woody shore  
That steals diminish'd, to the distant spires  
Of Hampton, crowning the long lucid wave.  
White in the sun, beneath the edging shade,  
Full shines the frequent sail, like Vanity,  
As she goes onward in her glittering trim,



Amid the glances of life's tranfient morn,  
Calling on all to view her.

VECTIS there,\*

That fopes its green-fward to the lambent wave,  
And flows thro' foftest haze its woods and domes,  
With grey St. Catharine's creeping to the fky,  
Seems like a modeft Fair, who charms the more,  
Concealing half her beauties.

To the Eaft,  
Proud, yet complacent, on its fubject realm,  
With mafts innumerable throng'd, and hulls  
Seen indiftinct, but formidable, mark,  
Albion's vaft fleet, that, like the impatient fform,  
Waits but the word, to thunder and flaſh DEATH  
On HIM, who dares approach, to violate  
The ſhores and living ſcenes that ſmile ſecure  
Beneath its Dragon-Watch!

LONG MAY THEY SMILE!

And long, majestic Albion, (while the found  
From Eaſt to Weſt, from Albis† to the Po,  
Of dark contention hurtles,) mayſt thou reſt,  
As calm and beautiful this ſylvan ſcene,  
Looks on the refluent wave that ſteals below.

\* The Iſle of Wight. † The Elbe.

Sept. 21, 1806.

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Baker and Fletcher, Printers, Southampton.





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