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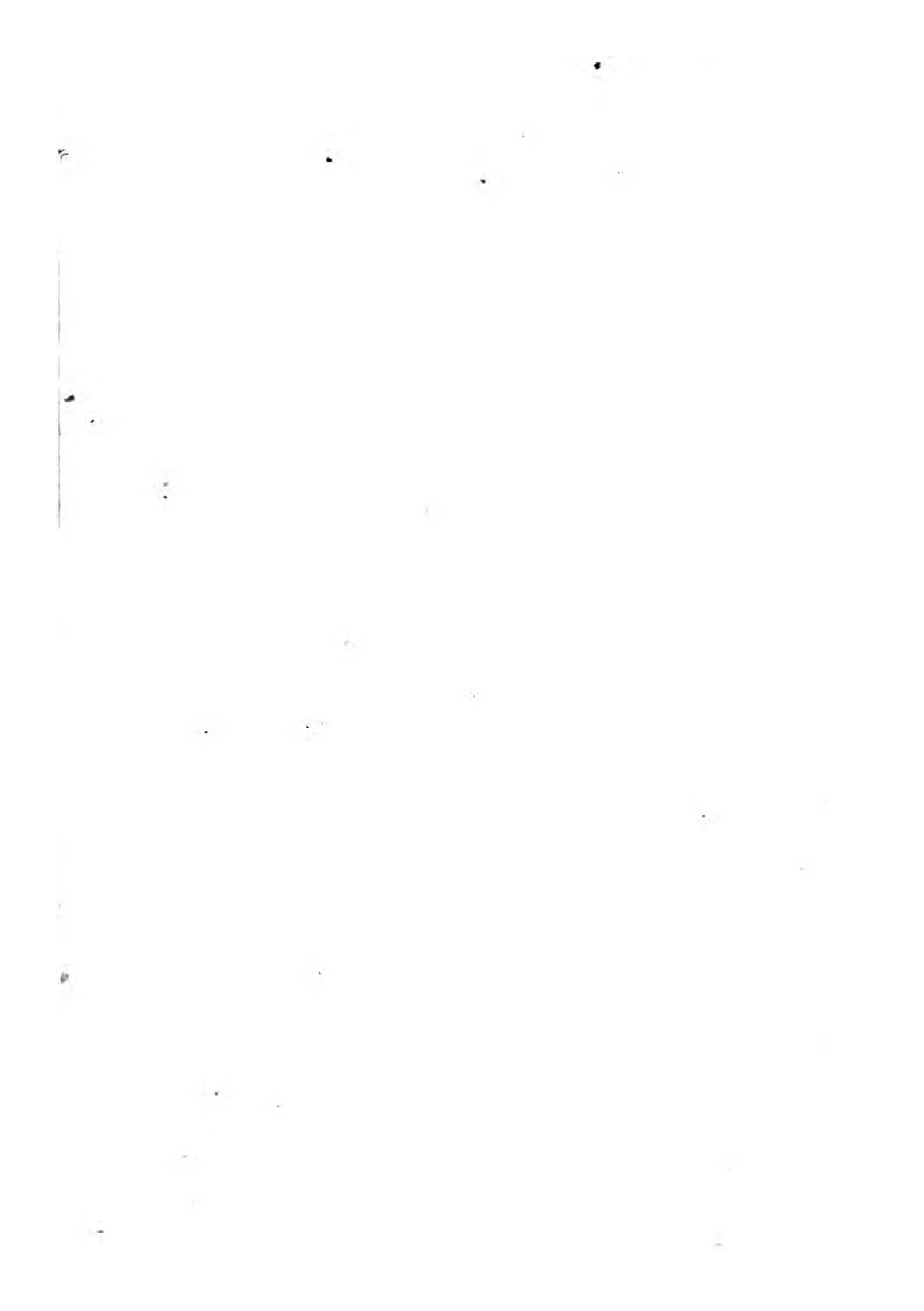
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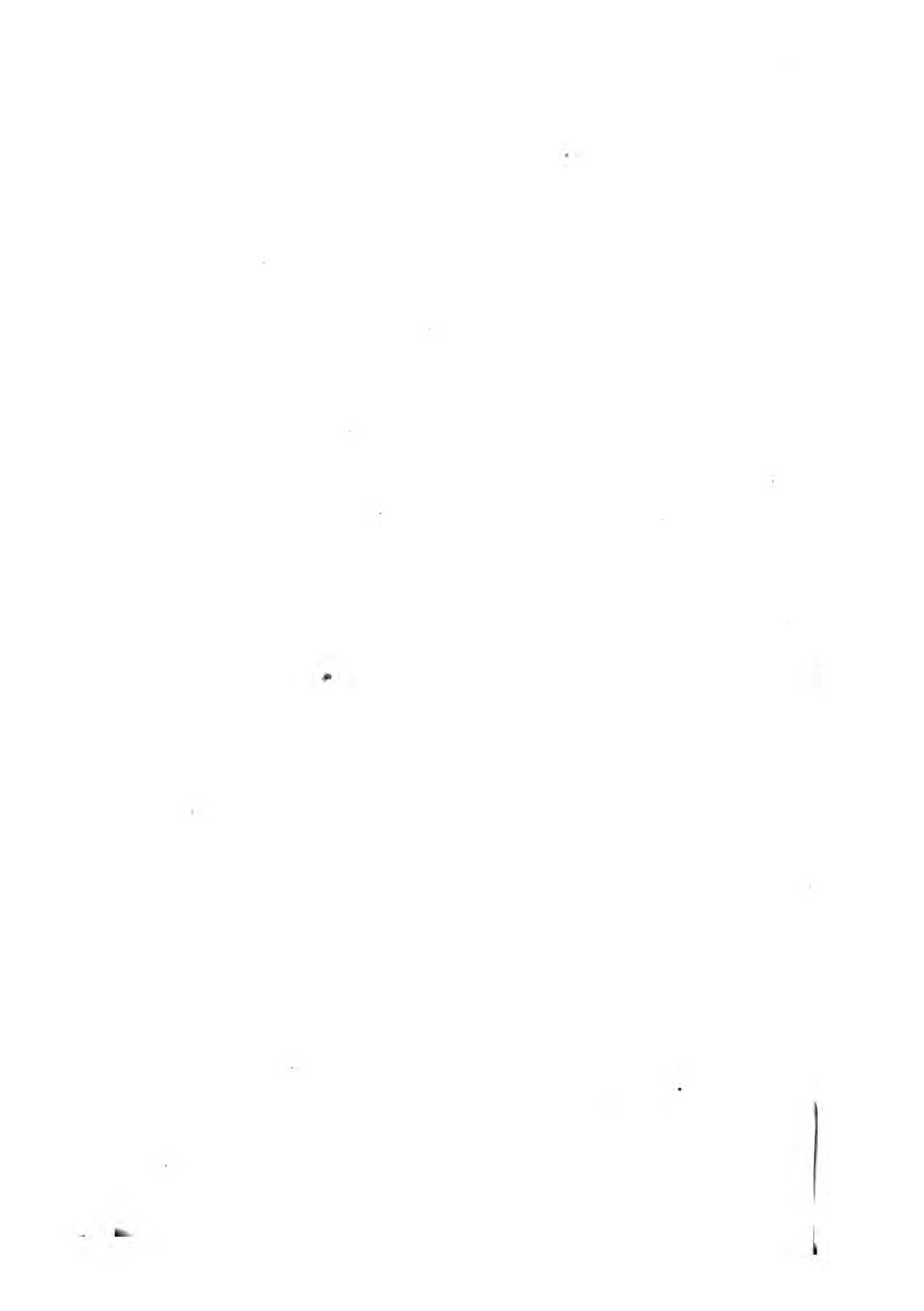


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**P O E M S.**



POEMS  
ON MALVERN,

AND

Other Subjects.

---

BY ELIZABETH SMITH.

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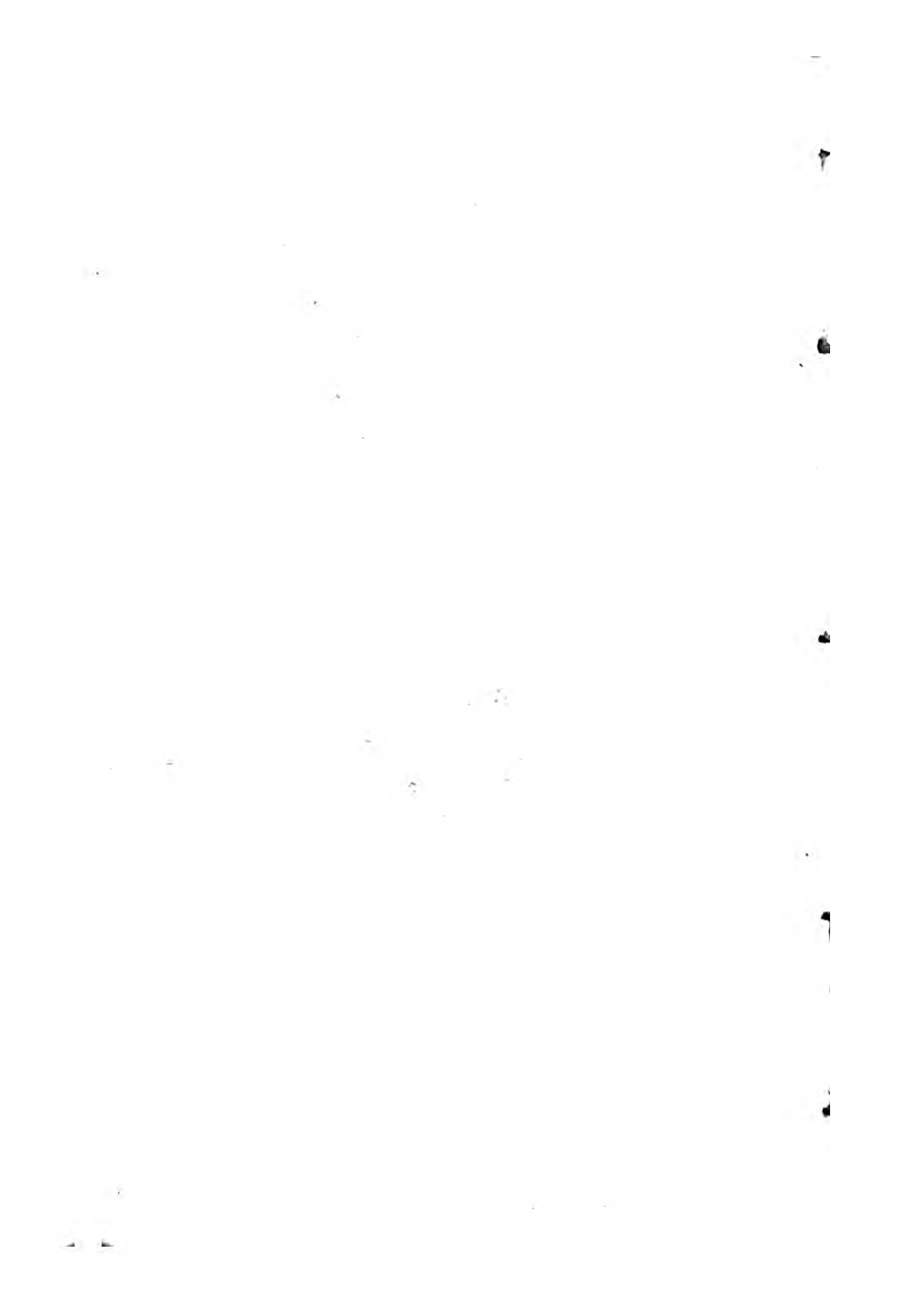
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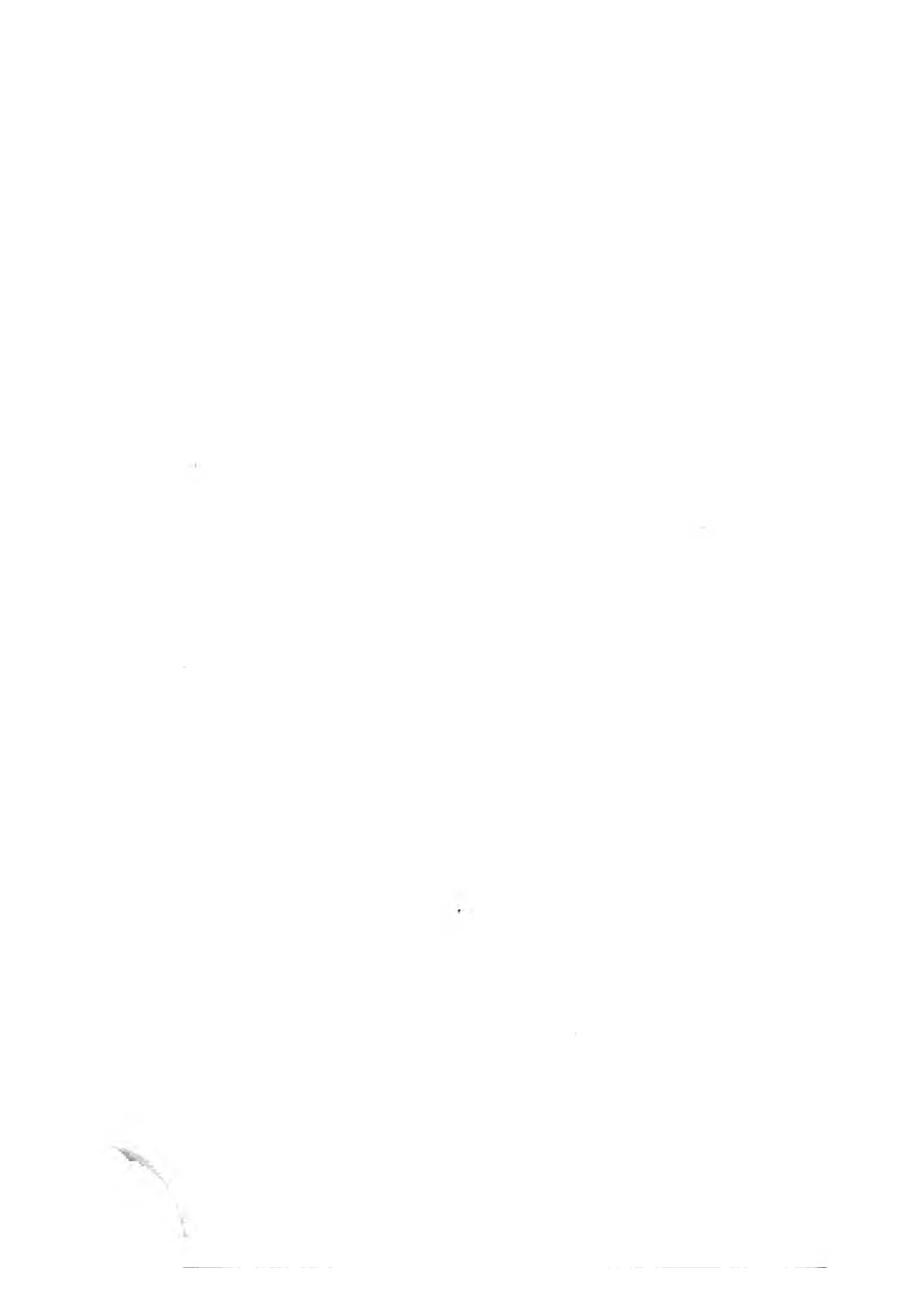
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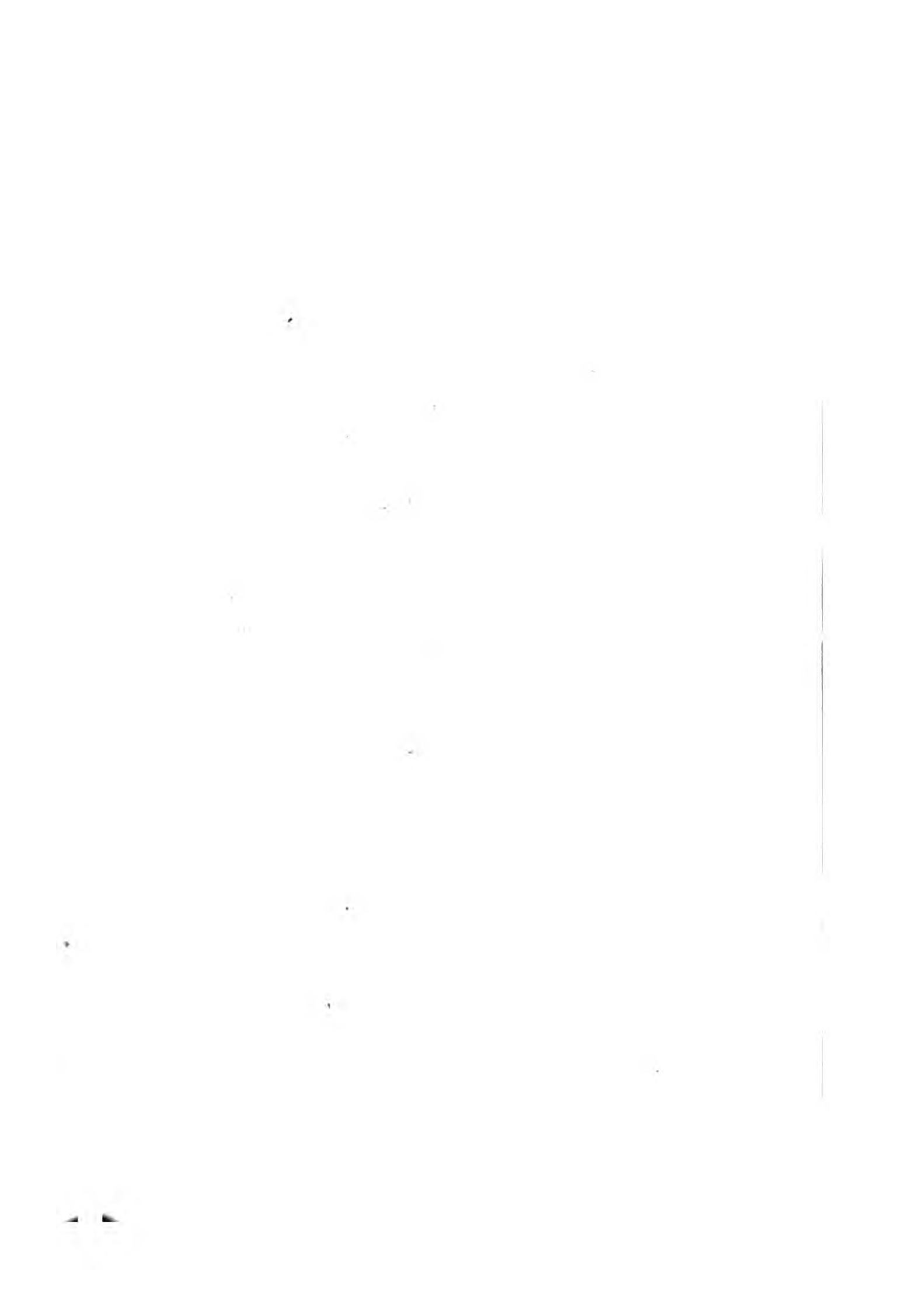
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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
LADY LYTTELTON.

---

IF not presumption in an humble state,  
In one who would some artless truths relate,  
Who seeks no praise but that her friends would give,  
Whose pride is but in their esteem to live—  
Accept, oh Lyttelton, these languid powers,  
The sunny moments of my wintry hours—  
Nor think in servile flattery I rehearse  
This unaspiring, this unpolished verse—  
Had I the gifts superior genius yields,  
Or choicest products of fair learning's fields ;  
Proudly would I entwine its loveliest flowers  
With balmy odours of fair Saba's bowers :  
But mine are wild flowers from my native plains,  
Yet sweet the toil, if you approve the pains.

## ON THE SUPREME BEING.

To that Great God, whose light impartial shines,  
Whose power supreme his creatures e'er enshrines,  
Whose throne encircles heaven, and earth, and sea,  
Who was, and is, and will for ever be—  
To Him be every adoration paid,  
At whose command the universe was made.  
Ye tuneful minstrels of the verdant grove,  
Your sweetest notes prepare to chant His love;  
Ye flowery fields ambrosial sweets exhale,  
Waft your rich incense o'er the passing gale;  
Ye stately forests, reared at His command,  
Majestic cedars planted by His hand,  
Ye towering hills His majesty proclaim,  
Ye boundless waters praise His mighty name.  
To Him on earth be hallowed praises given,  
Extol His name, ye beauteous host of heaven.

AN INVITATION TO MALVERN.  

---

ARE you tired of balls and plays,  
Masquerades and festive days—  
Would you quit the living scene,  
Where pleasure, with bewitching mien,  
Still lures you to extend your stay  
For midnight orgies, mornings gay ?  
Then haste to Malvern's fertile plain,  
Where health asserts her peaceful reign—  
Where spring is hastening to appear  
To deck with varied hues the year—  
When summer suns will quick succeed,  
To paint with flowers the verdant mead ;  
And choicest fruits Pomona yields,  
Borne by autumn's bounteous fields.  
See Malvern's towering hills arise,  
Imperial, crowned with cloudless skies.



The fine old church has firmly stood  
The test of time, of ages rude.  
Here truths divine are ever taught,  
With pious precepts richly fraught.  
Then to the mountain stream repair,  
And breathe sweet Malvern's ambient air.

---

THE CHALYBEATE SPRING.  

---

How lovely at eve, when soft breezes are playing,  
And the flocks and the herds are so carelessly straying,  
Is the shade of the Spring, where so sweetly combining  
Are nature and art every beauty entwining—  
Where the evergreen walks are so softly inviting,  
With Malvern's lov'd hills in the distance delighting—  
Where the silver lake gracefully curls its bright wave,  
Where the grey drooping willows their foliage lave—  
And sweet is this spot, when in measure entrancing,  
The soft sounding bugle in echo's advancing.

---

ON GOOD FRIDAY.

---

IN that appalling, that tremendous hour,  
When trembling mortals felt and owned His power,  
Heaven's loudest thunders shook the darken'd air,  
And awful lightnings threw their lurid glare—  
The splendid sun appeared in darksome veil,  
The beauteous moon forgot her nightly tale,  
The angry ocean, with its awful roar,  
Swelled its loud billows to remotest shore.  
His dread command unbars death's portals drear,  
And waking saints again on earth appear.

---

ON SOMERSFIELD VILLA.  

---

IF from the village you would stray,  
And wish to trace a rural way,  
Far from the mountain's rocky seat,  
To some secluded sweet retreat ;  
To Somersfield with speed resort,  
Where nature holds her fairest court—  
Where lucid streams their course pursue,  
Thro' meads of variegated hue—  
The sweetest spot that e'er was seen,  
Where velvet lawns of emerald green  
Bedeck'd with roses, gay appear,  
The first and fairest of the year.  
Where choicest flowers in fragrance yield  
The odours of Arabia's field ;  
And Philomela seeks the shade,  
To warble forth her serenade ;  
And tuneful birds, the woods among,  
Enchant the scene with sweetest song.

## LINES ADDRESSED TO LADY LYTTTELTON.

---

IF a deep sense of kindness ever shown,  
If gratitude in humble life be known,  
Permit me then, while thus you condescend,  
My ever honoured, and ennobled friend,  
These thanks to write, which language fails to speak,  
Which still their source in truth's clear fountain seek ;  
Nor think from varying fancy I rehearse  
The humble lays of this unpolished verse.  
Ah no ! had I ten thousand hearts to give,  
The name of Lyttelton in all would live ;  
Had I immortal powers, my thanks should flow  
In accents which a judging world might know.  
Yet what avails a world's capricious love,  
Or who can blame if Lyttelton approve ?  
May heaven her valued life long long extend,  
Who ever was the infant's firmest friend !

Who points with kind concern the heavenly way,  
Where they may live in realms of endless day,  
If the great God they seek with all their heart,  
And to His wisdom every wish impart.  
Still shall her name through Malvern's plains be blest,  
Her memory still within our bosoms rest,  
Long as those hills in towering beauty rise  
And native grandeur to the azure skies.  
May Heaven its brightest portals open wide,  
And smiling cherubs chant on either side ;  
And sweetest seraphs strike harmonious lays,  
On harps of gold, attuned to speak her praise.  
When earth and sea and skies shall all recede,  
May she enjoy her virtue's endless mead.

---

ON THE ABBEY GARDEN, MALVERN.  

---

THE sweet sequestered spot on which you tread,  
Where vegetation rears its fruitful head,  
And scenes enchanting meet the gazer's view,  
With objects ever lovely, ever new,  
Was once enveloped in a cloister's shade,  
And here monastic rules were once obey'd.  
One lonely transept yet remains to tell  
The unrelenting fate its walls befel,  
When haughty Henry, with a tyrant's sway,  
Made England tremble, and her foes obey.  
But pitying Heaven inspired a better mind,  
Ere devastation had the church consign'd  
A wreckless ruin to oblivion's tale  
Of fallen grandeur in the lovely vale,  
Where Malvern's hills majestically rise  
In towering beauty tow'rd unclouded skies.

Now ancient grandeur, modern art combine  
To grace and dignify the holy shrine.  
No rigid precept here the mind inthralls,  
But mild religion speaks within its walls—  
Unerring truths will here the heart rejoice,  
When CARD, with eloquent impressive voice,  
With unremitting love the righteous leads  
To where the Saviour ever intercedes—  
The sinner shows the error of his ways,  
And bids the contrite hope for brighter days.

Perchance from this seclusion oft might stray  
Some pensive monk, who, thoughtless of his way,  
Sought contemplation in the distant glade,  
Till night had veiled its varied hues in shade—  
Saw the pale moon her latest hour fulfil,  
And heard the murmurs of the mountain rill,  
And thought of friends in exile doomed to mourn,  
Nor dar'd presume to hope their lov'd return.  
He well might wish to quit this earthly scene,  
Where hope for him had shed no ray serene.



ON THE MELANCHOLY DEATH  
OF MY BROTHER.

---

HAS pale distortion chilled that florid cheek,  
Where vernal roses e'er were wont to live?—  
Did pangs convulsive cloud that manly brow,  
Which health her cheerful empire seem'd to give?

Did reason's radiant light desert that eye,  
Ere yet exhausted nature sunk in death?—  
Ah! then unheeded was the soul-felt sigh,  
No kindred tears disturbed thy parting breath.

Tho' twelve revolving years their course have rolled,  
Since heaven ordained that thou and I should part,  
Yet thy last words I recollect so well,  
And thy last look is graved upon my heart.

What tho' thy latter days were darksome night,  
Yet will another morning for thee dawn—  
Then may'st thou wake to realms of heavenly light,  
Where glory's brightest beams the skies adorn !

---

ON MALVERN HILLS.  

---

'Tis sweet to traverse Malvern's Hill,  
When May's lov'd sun is shining,  
When tuneful notes each echo fill,  
In harmony combining—

When western gales waft sweet perfume  
From fields in beauty blooming—  
To hear the faithful cuckoo then,  
Her artless tale resuming.

---

**THOU ART GOD FROM EVERLASTING.**

---

**ERE** yet the heavenly canopy was spread,  
Or the foundations of the earth were laid,  
Ere the bright sun on golden wheels had rolled,  
Or the mild moon her faithful story told,  
Ere yet the starry host had shed their light  
In spangled beauty o'er the dome of night,  
Ere the dark mountains rose in stately pride,  
Or the great ocean poured its billowy tide,—  
One dark expanse was all—yet Thou wast here,  
The same Almighty God we still revere.

---

ON THE MONTH OF MAY.  

---

SWEET May—how lovely is thy vernal reign,  
Unrivalled beauty decks thy flowery train.  
In rich luxuriance now the fields are seen,  
Enrobed in varied hues of living green—  
The gardens in their loveliest tints disclose  
The fragrant odours of the blushing rose—  
The cuckoo now resumes her artless tale,  
And early seeks fair Malvern's flow'ry dale—  
'Tis here she loves to linger out her stay,  
And echo forth thy praise, sweet lovely May.

---

ON MISS SEYMOUR.

---

DID e'er Religion's heavenly light illumine  
The darksome passage to the silent tomb—  
Did e'er Beneficence its blessings pour,  
And give to Misery's Child a peaceful hour—  
Did e'er sweet Charity with kindness glow,  
To cheer the heart, and bid the life-blood flow?—  
If e'er these virtues deigned on earth to dwell,  
It is in Seymour that they all excel.  
'Tis her's to seek the unfrequented shade,  
Where silent sorrow knows no pitying aid,  
With unobtrusive piety she prays,  
And bids the sufferer hope for blissful days.

---

ON A BEAUTIFUL SUNNY STORM.  

---

How lovely the crystalline streams that were showering,  
Where nature is sweetest and fairest to view—  
From the dark heights of Malvern what torrents were  
pouring,  
As streamlet o'er streamlet impetuously flew.

And lovely it was, when the storm was subsiding,  
When the sky was enveloped in heavenly blue ;  
Then sweet were the odours of flowerets reviving,  
And lovely those flowerets that blossom'd anew.

And beauteous it was, when the sun was retiring,  
With rays so resplendent to gild western plains—  
Yet greatly transcendent was He who presiding,  
In kindness and mercy his creatures sustains.

ON MY MOTHER.  

---

COLD are the hands which led each infant year,  
Taught me each virtuous lesson to revere,  
Closed are the eyes which ever turned on me  
With love sincere, and true felicity—  
For ever silent is that cheerful voice,  
Which taught me in my Maker to rejoice—  
Still are the throbbings of that faithful heart,  
Which would to me its joys and griefs impart—  
Now rests that virtuous soul, enshrined in light  
Of bliss celestial in the heavenly height.

---



ON READING A DESCRIPTION OF THE  
RUINS OF A CASTLE.

---

WHERE is the Chief of this rich domain ?—  
He fought and fell on glory's plain.  
Where is the maid whose peerless charms  
Bade the warrior brave a field in arms ?  
She rests awhile in yon hallow'd glade,  
Where willow and cypress twine their shade—  
And the voice of the songster has died away,  
And the minstrel has chanted his latest lay—  
The castle bells have ceased to chime,  
They have given their last report of time—  
Yet the same great Power unchanged appears,  
'Mid the wreck of ages, the lapse of years—  
And the orb of night with its shadowy beams  
O'er the marble aisles in beauty gleams.

ON THE MELANCHOLY EVENT WHICH  
OCCURRED AT MALVERN, 1826.

---

THE lovely morn, in golden vest arrayed,  
Had tinged with beauty each embowering shade—  
The feathered warblers chanted sweetest lays,  
And echoed thro' the grove their Maker's praise—  
That morn a circle from a distant plain,  
The pride and beauty of a rural train,  
Sought the lov'd spot which they in hour serene  
In gay perspective had at evening seen,  
Where Malvern's heights magnificently rise  
In rural grandeur to the azure skies—  
On halcyon wings swift flew each cheerful hour—  
Like Eden's children in its blissful bower,  
They ranged delighted where the streamlets shed  
Their pearly lustre o'er a granite bed—  
Strayed where the foxglove bloomed in purple pride,  
And where meandering fountains softly glide ;

Each path explored, they sought refreshing rest  
Where beauteous nature spread her emerald vest ;  
And hop'd that ere the splendid sun's gay beams,  
Which now enshrined them with its radiant gleams,  
Had with their beauty western climes arrayed,  
They too should see again their much lov'd shade,  
And hail those friends and parents ever dear,  
Whose love would bless them, and whose smiles would  
cheer.

Yet ah ! how transient is each bliss below,  
Where fluctuating breezes ever blow.  
In them no more would sweet affection's gaze  
See the bless'd light of intellectual rays ;  
For them that happiness with sunny beam  
Was fleeting as the morning's fairy dream.

An awful gloom enshrouds the mountain scene,  
Which late had been so lovely and serene,  
The gathering clouds came rolling from afar,  
And distant thunder murmured thro' the air ;

At intervals the lightning's vivid gleam  
In blue reflection show'd each silver stream—  
Pale agitation shakes each lovely form,  
As nearer now resounds the awful storm.  
They seek the tower by noble Harcourt reared,  
Harcourt, whose worth will ever be revered—  
The thunder soon each rural region fills,  
And with tremendous crash bursts on the hills—  
The streams impetuous leave their wonted course,  
Dash from the cliffs with wild and rapid force—  
The lurid lightning's broad and direful blaze  
Illumes the heights with deep reflected rays—  
Its flaming shafts in awful grandeur now  
With force appalling strike the mountain's brow.—  
Here might the atheist pause—in such an hour,  
Nor dare to question an Almighty power—  
And if he ne'er religion's paths has trod,  
May this memento make him seek his God.  
For in that moment—sad the fatal tale—  
The awful element with lurid veil

Each lovely form enshrouds in death's dark gloom,  
That erst had smiled in beauty's fairest bloom.  
How gay at morn they passed their rural bowers,  
Their fairy meads and ever lovely flowers ;  
Yet ere mild evening's sweet refreshing gale  
Had wafted odours thro' the peaceful vale,  
The storm of death with chilling blast had blown—  
To plains celestial were their spirits flown,  
Where no appalling tempest can annoy,  
Or lightning's flash terrific can destroy.  
Long as the saddened memory's power remains,  
Will this event be told in Malvern's plains—  
And oft will sighing echo waft the tale  
In breezy murmurs thro' its lovely vale.

---

ON OMNIPOTENCE.  

---

HE gave the rose its beauteous blossom,  
And deck'd in loveliest green the field ;  
He gave each flower its scent ambrosial,  
And every tree its fruit to yield.

He gave the sun's meridian glory,  
Whose beams the universe illumine ;  
The radiant moon to tell her story,  
And rule the star-bespangled dome.

'Twas He that made the boundless ocean ;  
The forests rose at His command ;  
He guides the waves' impetuous motion,  
And stays them with His mighty hand.

He lives in ever-peaceful mansions,  
And in the battle-storm presides ;

He makes the clouds His fiery chariots,  
 And o'er the winds His footstep glides.

May He not speak in awful thunder,  
 Or point the lightning's pale blue glare—  
 Then shrink not at His heavenly power,  
 We're still the objects of His care.

---

“SHOW ME THY WAYS, O LORD, AND  
 TEACH ME THY PATHS.”

(FROM THE PSALMS.)

---

THOU art my Maker, and wilt not despise,  
 For thou alone art infinitely wise.  
 Thou art my God ; o'er me thy power extend ;  
 Each thought direct, and from each ill defend.  
 Thou art my Father, can'st each want redress,  
 For thou in mercy chasten'st but to bless.  
 Thou art my Friend, be thou my only guide,  
 Live in my heart, and o'er my soul preside.

ON MALVERN CHURCH.  

---

Yon pile majestic, which so proudly rears  
Its turrets, formed to tell of ancient years,  
Where cloistered saints their listless vigils kept,  
And where unnumbered mortals long have slept ;  
Was mouldering fast into oblivion's state,  
A splendid ruin in the realms of fate ;  
Here tangling ivy spread its foliage round,  
And owls and bats a nightly refuge found ;  
Destruction's inroads shook the sacred shrine,  
And Malvern wept to see her Church decline.  
But pitying Heaven in kindness deigned to hear,  
Ere yet deserted was the House of Prayer,  
And bid sweet Mercy seek the rural plain,  
Where generous FOLEY holds his rich domain :  
With anxious haste she sought *Stoke's* lofty towers,  
Thro' flow'ry meads and ever blooming bowers ;



His princely aid he cheerfully extends,  
 And Malvern's cause with generous zeal befriends.  
 What human praise can GRAVES's worth rehearse ?  
 His generous efforts claim a loftier verse.  
 May he e'en now enjoy that heavenly meed,  
 Which waits each Christian charitable deed.  
 Long as those hills in towering grandeur rise,  
 And point their summits to the cloudless skies,  
 Long as those crystal streams their course pursue,  
 And ever-varying objects meet the view,  
 Will YORKE's munificence to Malvern live,  
 Who lov'd and felt the God-like power to give.  
 Long as the splendid sun illumines the vale,  
 And the fair moon relates her nightly tale,  
 Will the mild virtue LYTTELTON displays  
 Receive the tribute of immortal praise.  
 Yet arduous efforts still must be sustained,  
 And works of labour and of love remained.  
 And Heaven, in instance of its high regard,  
 Reserved that great, that honoured task for CARD.

Behold the Church restored resplendent shine,  
Where true religion pours its strains divine,  
In native grandeur with new lustre dawn,  
And bid its beauty see another morn.  
To him your thanks, to him your praises give,  
And may his worth in Malvern's memory live.  
'Tis his, when adverse fortune frowns severe,  
To cheer the heart, and shed compassion's tear ;  
To chase pale sorrow from affliction's cheek,  
And bid the sufferer live, that God to seek,  
Whose gracious ways he ever firmly taught,  
To hear the precepts with religion fraught—  
And oh! that Heavenly Father to adore,  
In whose blest realms is peace for evermore.

---

WINTER, AND THE APPROACH OF  
CHRISTMAS.

---

Now sable clouds proclaim chill Winter's reign,  
And beauteous nature shrinks beneath the storm—  
Dull is the grove, and dreary is the plain,  
And each lov'd object wears a cheerless form.

Yet still presides the same Almighty power,  
Who bids each varying season gradual roll ;  
He guides the storm, and gives the sunshine hour,  
And bids his blessings flow from pole to pole.

'Twas in this season He in mercy sent  
The Prince of Peace, the Lord of Life and Light ;  
When Bethlehem's Star its beauteous lustre shed  
Of radiant brightness o'er the vale of night.

This season dedicate to general joy ;  
Let hallow'd pleasure shew her cheerful mein ;  
And bid sweet harmony each hour employ,  
And mirth enlivening smile in every scene.

And yet—the mournful truth—how many be,  
Whom change of season brings no change of scene—  
Who ever feel the blasts of poverty,  
Where joy's bright sunbeams never intervene.

Where suffering virtue life's sharp ills sustains,  
Without a friend to sooth the thorny way ;  
Where pallid sickness strikes with fatal aim,  
And hope expiring shews no brighter day.

Ah then may those whom Heaven with power has bless'd,  
E'er know those heavenly precepts to revere,  
Of Him, who lived to bless—who died to save—  
Whose charity divine brought Christmas here.

ON THE SABBATH.  

---

WHEN the Almighty God the world surveyed,  
Which He in wisdom and in goodness made ;  
When every creature heard His glorious voice,  
When every heart did in His name rejoice ;  
It pleased Him then—this was His high behest,  
To grant the hallowed Sabbath's peaceful rest.  
His children then rejoiced in pious strains,  
And chanted praises to celestial plains ;  
The morning stars with silent voice proclaim  
In spangled beauty His eternal name ;  
The sun with rays resplendent cheered the sight,  
The moon's mild beauty chased the gloom of night.  
The Holy Morn all hail with peaceful joy,  
And in their Maker's praise its hours employ ;  
The Holy Morn—the day when, free from care,  
Each pious Christian seeks the house of prayer,

To serve that God whom faithful Abraham fear'd,  
To praise that God the patriarch e'er revered :  
All hailed with hallowed joy the Sabbath-tide,  
And praised their forming God and heavenly guide.

---

ON A ROSE THAT WAS BLOOMING AFTER  
THE DREADFULLY TEMPESTUOUS NIGHT  
OF NOVEMBER 28th, 1822.

---

SWEET Rose, thou hast weathered a boisterous night,  
Yet still thou art lovely and blooming,  
And art fragrant and gay, as when yesterday's sun  
With its rays thy sweet leaves was illuming.

Just emblem, sweet Rosebud, of Virtue's fair form,  
When adversity's storm is severe :  
It fears, yet it hopes, as it bends to the blast,  
That the sunshine of joy may appear.

To cheer the sad heart by affliction oppress'd,  
Tho' its prospects be blighted by care,  
It knows and it feels, there's a merciful power,  
Who is able and willing to spare.

ON HEARING A SERMON PREACHED BY THE  
REV. DR. CARD, THE SUMMER OF 1826.

---

WITH titles, wealth, and an immense estate,  
Behold the Heir with dignity elate,  
With conscious look aspire to fashion's throne,  
Nor think there's greatness equal to his own.

A splendid retinue he e'er displays,  
And proudly sees the crowd's admiring gaze ;  
Views adulation now its homage pay,  
And feels himself the Idol of the day.  
Soon fashion's votary on his steps attends,  
The Child of Affluence knows no want of friends.  
When dissipation with delusive glare  
His mind absorbs, he sees no hidden snare.  
Alternate riot now each night succeeds  
With arts mysterious too the Gamester leads



The long marked victim of his vicious cares,  
Where vice in full deformity repairs.  
Unhallowed pleasures now his soul immerse,  
But soon he finds a sad, a dire reverse.  
His fortune broken, and his health destroy'd,  
His life presents a dark bewildering void.  
No generous action in his mad career  
Glides through his heart, his languid mind to cheer.  
Soon sickening horror shows destruction's brink,  
Appalled he starts—he views—but dares not think—  
Vainly he tries to sooth his maddening brain,  
Where vice presides at the unhallowed fane ;  
For memory's vision can present no view  
To cheer the heart that virtue never knew.

But soon a voice breaks on his fev'rish ear—  
'Tis conscience calls—in sounds distinct and clear—  
Unerring truths she speaks, and points the road  
Which those pursue, who humbly seek their God.

He shrinks, he knows for him no mercies shine,  
For him religion sheds no light divine.  
Pale with remorse, a prey to grief he lies,  
Unhappy victims flit before his eyes.  
No human power can now the blow repel ;  
Unblessed, unpitied, falls the infidel.

---

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.  

---

FAR, far above yon azure vaulted height,  
Where virtue sits enthroned in heavenly light,  
And choirs of angels chant immortal strains,  
Celestial guardians of those blissful plains,  
See one sweet spirit, 'mid the happy throng,  
In softest notes attune the angelic song—  
With pitying eye she views this earthly scene,  
Where cares with pleasures ever intervene ;  
Views the dear guardians of her youthful years,  
She lov'd in life, and still in death reveres ;  
Hears the deep sigh, and marks the intrusive tear  
Flow from the heart of him she knew sincere—  
Hears kindred lips in mutual grief proclaim,  
And ever fondly dwell on Charlotte's name—  
Approves their love, and smiling seems to say,  
That truth and virtue guard the heavenly way  
To those blest mansions in the realms above,  
Where all is beauty, harmony, and love.

WRITTEN DURING A STORM.  

---

THE wind is rudely blowing,  
The stormy rain falls fast—  
Ah! who can tell how many  
Must bear the pelting blast?

How many houseless strangers  
Pursue their weary way,  
Without a home to shelter,  
Or friend to bid them stay.

May He who speaks in thunder,  
And rides upon the wind,  
In mercy safely guide them,  
A friendly port to find.

To rest from all their labours,  
From wind and storm secure,  
To think of all His goodness,  
Which ever will endure.

ON THE CLOSE OF EVENING.  

---

'Tis sweet to see the sun's last ray  
Shine o'er the lofty mountain—  
To see the shades of night appear,  
Beside the crystal fountain.

To hear sweet Philomel resume  
Her song of plaintive measure,  
And echo chant in plaintive notes  
Of melancholy pleasure.

To think of friends far far away,  
Of those who have departed,  
Nor stayed to pass the cheerful day,  
Which hope had oft imparted.

'Tis beautiful to behold the moon  
Her nightly tale rehearsing—  
When countless radiant orbs attend,  
In harmony conversing.

ON THE HOUR OF TWILIGHT.  

---

SAY hast thou never, in that hallowed hour,  
When day to rest has gradually declined,  
Felt melancholy's sad yet soothing power  
Serenely stealing o'er thy pensive mind.

When weary peasants cease their daily toil,  
With languid steps their homeward path retrace,  
With painful effort climb the mountain's height,  
When all below appears a darksome space ;

When Philomela seeks her evening bower,  
And warbles sweetest notes to woods and plains—  
Then sweet the serenade of friendship's voice,  
How kind—how welcome are its cheering strains.

Say, how delightful is it then to stroll,  
To traverse scenes to memory ever dear—  
Bid fancy reign, unaw'd by harsh control—  
When friendship smiling lends the willing ear.

---

ON NIGHT.

---

WHEN Fancy spreads her varying views,  
And Reason seeks repose ;  
Then Hope, with sweet delusive smile,  
Her fairy prospects shews.  
Then seeks the owl the embattled tower—  
She loves the moonlight shade,  
Nor murmurs, if the midnight shower  
Her silent reign invade.

---

ON THE RAINBOW.  

---

FROM mountain to ocean,  
O'er forest and plain,  
How lovely its beauty,  
How splendid its reign.

Tho' the clouds may disperse,  
That disclosed its bright rays,  
Yet will memory rehearse,  
And retrace ancient days.

When the great God above  
Did its beauty enshrine,  
A memento of love,  
And of friendship divine.

---



ON A SHOWER.  

---

SEE the genial shower, descending  
Grateful to the thirsting ground ;  
Tinging hill and dale with verdure,  
Scattering plenty all around.

See the garden rich in beauty,  
Grateful for the heavenly dew—  
Roses, which were quickly fading,  
Raise their heads and bloom anew.

See the fields luxuriant teeming  
With the waving corn appear ;  
Beauteous is the fair creation,  
Scenes enchanting crown the year.

---

TO A FRIEND, ON HER WALKING UPON  
THE HILLS IN A MORNING.

---

ERE the bright sun arise to cheer the day,  
And show in beauteous lights the meadows gay ;  
While yet the village train securely sleep,  
See Anna haste to climb the rocky steep—  
With fairy lightness to the top she bounds,  
And gaily traverses the massy mounds.  
No silly fear her peaceful bosom fills,  
She feels secure on Malvern's peaceful hills.

For her the wild bird tunes his measured song,  
And shepherd swains their artless notes prolong—  
The foxglove shows its purple speckled bloom,  
The wild thyme sheds around its sweet perfume—  
The mountain daisy rears its humble head,  
In modest beauty, from its granite bed—  
The sheep-bells tinkle on the fleecy flock,  
The crystal streamlet ripples thro' the rock.

May Anna's way thro' life be free from care,  
 As when she breathed fair Malvern's healthful air.  
 Nor yet alone—may some congenial friend  
 Divide her griefs, and still her joys extend—  
 And when her vows eternal she would prove,  
 May he no pleasure know but in her love.

---

**ADDRESSED TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
 LADY LYTTELTON, ON HER BIRTHDAY.**

---

As splendid suns and genial showers  
 Illume and cherish lovely flowers—  
 As softly flowing rivers glide  
 With beauteous and transparent tide—  
 As hallowed twilight's tranquil scene—  
 As summer evening's sky serene—  
 So, **LYTTELTON**, may every hour,  
 With sweetly harmonizing power,  
 To you each coming day improve,  
 With earnest of eternal love.

TO A FRIEND, ON THE DAY OF HER  
MARRIAGE.

---

SINCE Hymen's determined the wreath to entwine,  
And Cupid has promised his darts to resign,  
Then, as you approach the connubial state,  
May events e'er propitious your nuptials await ;  
And as you advance thro' this life's busy maze,  
May your hours be blissful, and tranquil your days.

But should care e'er intrude, or should grief intervene,  
May Friendship still faithful partake of the scene—  
Adieu, my dear friend, and may Heaven impart  
Its choicest of gifts, a congenial heart—  
And your days their enjoyments as peacefully yield,  
As those that have hailed you at sweet Somersfield.

---

ON THE PRESENCE AND POWER OF GOD.  

---

HE wakes in the dreary hour,  
He sleeps not in day's bright beam—  
He lives in the midnight shower,  
In the sun's meridian gleam.

He reared the ancient mountain,  
And the forest's towering pride—  
He guides the weeping fountain,  
And the ocean's rolling tide.

He rests on yonder throne,  
Mid radiant hosts above—  
He rules the world alone,  
He reigns a God of love.

---

ON THE CURFEW BELL.  

---

I LIKE the Curfew's ancient sound—  
It seems to speak, in notes profound,  
Of tented plains, and martial fields,  
Of warriors brave, and blazoned shields—  
Of days, when William's conquering band  
Spread direful terrors thro' the land—  
Of ancient towers, and castle bells,  
Of forests deep, and woodland dells—  
Of noble chieftains, festal halls,  
Of trumpets shrill, and martial calls—  
Of Kenilworth in splendour's day,  
Where proud Eliza oft would stray—  
It tolls e'er now, in happier hour,  
To own Great George's rightful power.

ON THE MALVERN SPRINGS.  

---

HAVE you not heard of Malvern's crystal spring,  
Her silvery founts, that e'er unceasing flow ;  
Where health and peace each happy pleasure bring,  
And balmy breezes thro' her vallies blow ?

Have friends unfaithful vexed thy generous soul,  
And strewed with thorns thy young life's varying way ?  
Come where no cares thy spirit will control,  
But hope's bright beams will cheer thy summer-day.

Has fell disease thy youthful bloom impaired,  
Chilled thy fair form, and damped thine early joy ?  
Yet on thy cheek the rose of health may bloom,  
And happiness again illumine thine eye.

Come then, and seek the mountain's healthful breast,  
And breathe the fragrance of its morning dew—  
The same, who erst Bethesda's waters blessed,  
Can bless these salutary streams to you.

---



ON THE EXPECTED ARRIVAL OF THE  
COUNTESS OF HARCOURT AT MALVERN  
WELLS.

---

FROM proud Augusta's stately towers,  
To Malvern's amaranthine bowers,  
See HARCOURT comes, to seek the gale,  
That whispers thro' the emerald vale—  
Ye mountain nymphs, your sweetest lays  
In echo waft to speak her praise.  
She hastes to stray your hills among,  
To hear the wild bird's measured song,  
Where softly flows your hallowed stream,  
Glittering in the sunny beam.

Her honoured worth will legends tell,  
O'er hill, and dale, and rocky dell.  
Long may she traverse this sweet scene,  
Where loveliest objects intervene,  
And visit oft fair Malvern's plain,  
Where Peace and Health assert their reign.

---

ON LITTLE MALVERN.  

---

How softly picturesque—how sweetly wild,  
Where Little Malvern spreads her sylvan scene ;  
Shielded by rocks, refreshed with breezes mild,  
Where nature's fairest objects intervene.

The Holy Fathers here were wont to stray,  
And oft they traversed this secluded dell—  
They saw the summer sun's retiring ray,  
And heard in echo Hanley's castle bell—

When hordes ferocious scattered gloom around,  
And dreadful carnage reigned throughout the vale,  
When universal terror shook the ground,  
And notes distressful filled the passing gale—

Perchance e'en here, by adverse fortune driven,  
Some lovely mourner trembling sought these shades—  
To weep in solitude her way to heaven,  
And praise her God amid these verdant glades.

Malvern, may'st thou remain serene, secure,  
O'er thy sweet scenes may no rude tempest blow—  
Long as revolving time may'st thou endure,  
And streams meandering thro' thy vallies flow.

---

ON MALVERN CHURCH.

---

WHERE Malvern's pile majestically rears  
Its beauteous structure o'er a lapse of years—  
Where sleep the virtuous, and where rest the brave,  
In calm repose within the silent grave—  
May mild Religion shed its hallowed light,  
As a bright meteor o'er the vale of night.  
Long as her stately heights o'ershade the plain,  
Firm as her cliffs, so may her towers remain—  
Till o'er the world in awful form appears  
That endless Sabbath of Eternal Years.

---

RECOLLECTIONS OF DEPARTED FRIENDS.

---

THERE is a deep, a silent grief,  
That overwhelms the soul—  
A pang, that will not ask relief,  
That cannot bear controul.

It does not on the brow recline,  
Nor in the eye reside—  
It does not every look enshrine,  
Nor thro' each action glide.

But in the heart it sadly dwells,  
And holds an empire there—  
No social mirth its force repells,  
No joy averts its care.

But there's a Hope—a soothing balm  
In mild Religion's rays—  
That gives on earth a hallowed calm,  
And speaks of peaceful days.

ON MORNING.  

---

THERE is a splendour in the opening Morn,  
When streams of golden light the skies adorn,  
When verdant meads with new-born beauty bloom,  
And waking flowers exhale their rich perfume—  
When crystal dew's like orient gems display  
Reflected beauty to the dawning day—  
When sweetest warblers hail their Maker's reign,  
And chant His praise o'er mountain, grove, and plain.

And there is grandeur in the mid-day beams,  
When the bright orb with dazzling lustre gleams,  
When nature, in transparent beauty drest,  
In sunny hours awhile appears to rest—  
When not a sound is heard the woods among,  
Save the low murmurs of the wild dove's song—

Yet in mild Evening's soft secluded hour,  
There is a calm, a tranquillizing power,  
A lovely charm attendant on its shade,  
That bids sweet harmony the soul pervade—  
A sympathy in its declining ray,  
Can care disperse, and chase e'en grief away.

---



ON NIGHT.  

---

Now Night her darksome mantle spreads around,  
With sable pomp resumes her silent tale—  
Now rest the hamlet train in sleep profound,  
No cheerful notes are echoed thro' the vale.

In silent grandeur, thro' the parted cloud,  
The moon majestic glides upon the scene—  
In shadowy lustre shows yon turret proud,  
And clothes in loveliest shades the village green.

Perchance from yonder mountain's awful brow  
The Norman bent his bow with deadly aim,  
Relentless laid some youthful warrior low,  
Who sought the chase upon the distant plain.

No whisper breathes upon the hallowed hour,  
For nature sweetly rests in calm repose—  
Save plaintive notes from Philomela's bower,  
Or sighing breeze, that through the valley blows.

What countless orbs adorn the boundless height,  
Where He presides, who e'er His people keeps—  
While thro' the day's gay beam, or gloom of night,  
His care ne'er slumbers, and His love ne'er sleeps.

---

ON FRIENDSHIP.  

---

How sweet is that Friendship, that twines round the  
heart,  
Which its joys and its griefs will with candour impart—  
It heeds not the storm, that adversity blows,  
For a cheerful asylum awaits its repose—  
'Tis the Sun of the Soul, and the Ray of the Mind,  
'Tis the Halo of Hope, and of pleasure refined,  
'Tis a gift from above to illumine life's scene,  
For it ever is lovely, and sweetly serene—  
Such Maria is thine—which no change has e'er riven—  
And to thee be immortal felicity given.

---

**“FOR YE HAVE NEED OF PATIENCE.”**

**(HEBREWS x. 36.)**

---

HATH Hope deceived thee with its transient ray,  
 And Envy's frown obscured thy peaceful day ?  
 Hath dark Hypocrisy, with dove-like smiles,  
 Allured thy generous heart with serpent wiles ?  
 Hath Pride imperious gazed in harsh disdain,  
 And made thee feel Dependence' fetter'd chain ?  
 Hath cold Indifference veiled each friendly face ?  
 Does Pity from thy path her steps retrace ?  
 Hath hateful Calumny, with fatal aim,  
 Thy prospects blighted, and destroy'd thy fame ?  
 Then think of Him, who, in the olive bower,  
 In deepest sorrow passed night's weary hour.  
 When chilling dews fell on the Saviour's head,  
 The heavens His canopy—the earth His bed—

No earthly guards His coming footsteps meet,  
 But Hosts of Angels watch the bless'd retreat.  
 No friendly sound with sweet endearing voice  
 Sighed on His ear, to bid His heart rejoice—  
 Yet there remained to Him in realms above,  
 A Heavenly Father's never changing love.

---

#### ON HEARING THE MATIN BELL.

---

I LOVE, I venerate the village tower,  
 The ancient bell that speaks the hallowed hour ;  
 The yew-tree sighing as the strong breeze blows,  
 The green sod where the weary find repose ;  
 The vaulted aisle, where echos loud proclaim  
 That Great and Glorious is His holy name.  
 Where CARD with eloquence can e'er impart  
 Peace to the mind, and pleasure to the heart—  
 By Faith show heaven, bid Hope with beauteous ray,  
 And lovely Charity illumine the way.

## TO A FRIEND, ON HER MARRIAGE.

---

MAY you, my Friend, on that eventful day,  
When Truth invites, and Honour leads the way,  
That Happiness secure, that cheering beam,  
Which waits attachment founded on Esteem.  
In you, Eliza, Truth and Merit join—  
The milder Virtues round your heart entwine—  
As storms retire, may adverse winds pass by,  
And leave you peaceful as a Summer sky ;  
And may that God, whose works and ways are love,  
For you each blessing strew, each bliss improve.

---

TO LADY LYTTELTON.  

---

FROM India's clime, and Hagley's lovely shade,  
Where nature dwells in richest robes arrayed,  
To where fair Malvern shows her varying views,  
Where Heaven with kindest hand each blessing strews,  
Where Health and Peace seek her embowering woods,  
Her ever verdant groves, and crystal floods,  
Where fairest objects ever intervene,  
And rural grandeur reigns in every scene—  
To cheer the plain, and harmonize the grove,  
Here LYTTELTON assumed her work of love.

To her had Heaven the pleasing task assigned,  
To plant fair Virtue in the youthful mind ;  
To bid sweet Gratitude the heart expand,  
And Truth to cherish in the rural land.

When village bells salute the lovely morn,  
And proudly tell another Sabbath's dawn,

When peasants, free from toil, and free from care,  
In cheerful silence seek the house of prayer—  
Then infant groups approach that holy shrine,  
Where True Religion sheds its light divine—  
Where CARD, with love, unmixed with harsh control,  
Speaks heavenly precepts to enrich the soul,  
When clouds obscure and darkness shroud the vale,  
And adverse winds seem destined to prevail,  
Hear LYTTTELTON sweet sympathy extend,  
And kindly speak of a superior Friend,  
Who in His mercy chastens but to bless,  
Who will each want relieve, each care redress.

No ostentation marks her just career—  
No smile deceptive, and no frown severe—  
With her no formal condescension reigns,  
To bid inferiors seek their servile chains,  
In her kind heart Beneficence resides,  
And sweet complacency each action guides.



## SONNET.—THE VIOLET AND PRIMROSE.

---

HAIL, lovely unassuming Flowers,  
Sweet harbingers of sunny hours—  
In beauty's mildest tints arrayed,  
Early ye seek fair Malvern's shade.  
Your purest incense here exhale,  
To greet the young Spring's genial gale—  
The moss-grown dell, a sweet retreat,  
For you retains its velvet seat—  
Or where the wild-grass softly blows,  
May you recline in sweet repose—  
Then, lovely Flowers, extend your stay ;  
The Cuckoo soon will chant her lay ;  
Here early bid your beauties bloom,  
And shed around your sweet perfume.

## ON THE SABBATH.

WRITTEN UPON EASTER EVEN.

---

THERE is a day, whose peaceful dawn  
Can cheer thro' life's e'er varying morn—  
A day, in mercy kindly given,  
To bid the soul reflect on Heaven.

And there are hours, which, free from care,  
We pass within the house of prayer—  
How sweet the moments, how divine,  
When we approach that holy shrine—  
That feast to share, which Jesus made—  
That God to serve, whom he obey'd.

And there's a calm, a bliss serene ;  
No sound breaks on the hallow'd scene,  
Save the mild Redbreast's timid song,  
Which here will oft its notes prolong,  
When Heaven's blest words of love and grace  
Are echoing thro' the vaulted space.

AN IMPERFECT DESCRIPTION OF  
NETLEY ABBEY.

---

WHERE Netley's proud relics o'erlook the green flood,  
Which the storm in its fury have ages withstood,  
Where the hallow winds murmur the dark aisles among,  
And the owl unmolested repeats her sad song—  
Where the waving grass sighs to the far sounding gale,  
And the sea-bird in echo is heard thro' the vale—  
Where the white foaming breakers deep roll to the shore,  
Where awfully loud is the wild billows' roar—  
There greatness lies fallen—a desolate shade  
Of beauty departed, and grandeur decayed.

---

FOR SUBMISSION.  

---

**GREAT** God, who reign'st above the skies,  
And rul'st o'er worlds unknown,  
Yet deign'st within the humble heart  
To make Thy hallowed throne—

Oh ! teach me how Thy grace to seek,  
Thou God of heavenly love—  
And thus in mercy guide my steps,  
And all my ways approve.

Without Thy aid, my gracious God,  
What's every power of mine ?  
Be pleased to bless me with Thy care,  
And send me help divine.

Teach me Thy bounteous hand to own,  
To bless Thy chastening rod—  
And trace for me each path below,  
That leads to Thee, my God.

---

AN EVENING WALK IN SPRING.

---

How lovely, in the Evening shade,  
To seek the deep embowering glade,  
Where waving groves of varied green  
With sylvan beauty deck the scene—  
Or where the gay laburnum bower  
Entwines the lilac's beauteous flower—  
To hear the faithful Cuckoo's tale,  
Echoing thro' the hawthorn vale—  
Or where the stream meandering strays,  
Thro' the wild woods' tangled maze—  
Till Philomel asserts her right,  
As minstrel of the peaceful night.

AN HUMBLE TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY  
OF MR. EDWARD CARD.

---

FAR from the mansion of the silent tomb,  
To where celestial rays the skies illumine,  
On wings of Faith, and Hope, and Heavenly love,  
To realms of Peace and Harmony above,  
In life's fair bloom he joins the immortal band  
Of kindred spirits in the ethereal land.  
For him fair Learning spread her ample store,  
Proudly did he her varied walks explore,  
Cull'd choicest flowers from her luxuriant fields ;  
Her richest foliage to his genius yields.

Ye beauteous fair ! with whom he lov'd to stray,  
And traversed oft the mountain's mazy way,  
Or rang'd where Malvern shows her emerald shades,  
Her silvery waters, and embowering glades—  
From you he hastes, to join a sacred train,  
And hymn with seraphs an immortal strain.

Long ere these unaspiring lays appear,  
Eventful time may chase the humid tear,  
That oft for him bedew'd sweet friendship's eye,  
And hush'd may be the sympathetic sigh—  
Save where affection in the soul's enshrined,  
Where each endearing tie remains entwined.

And she, the lovely Sister of his heart,  
To whom he would each youthful joy impart,  
In some reflective and secluded hour,  
When memory holds her contemplative power,  
As sad she seeks some deep sequestered shade,  
Her Edward's virtues will her soul pervade—  
And think, 'twas here that oft he lov'd to stray,  
This view admired—and this his favourite way—  
Each innate virtue in his soul was shrined,  
Each sweet affection round his heart entwined.  
Awhile he bloomed—when, mid the transient storm,  
He's softly called to bear an angel's form—  
With hesitating hand the blow was given—  
His soul, matured, retired to rest in heaven.

TO THE MEMORY OF MISS CHARLOTTE  
ANNE CHILDERS.

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A DEEPENED gloom pervades each verdant vale,  
And Thames with murmuring cadence fills the gale—  
The lingering breezes cease awhile to blow,  
Awhile each stream reluctant seems to flow—  
No more will range in Henley's flow'ry glade  
The beauteous visitant of its sweet shade—  
No more will CHILDERS stray those scenes among,  
No more entrance the groves with sweetest song,  
Nor rest again amid its lovely bowers,  
When evening dews have wept o'er fairest flowers—  
In vain for her will odours sweet exhale  
Their incense rich as fair Circassia's gale.

Her gentle virtues could e'en Envy charm,  
Could Anger chill, and Cruelty disarm—



'Twas her's to weep for sorrows not her own,  
Sweet sympathy was in her bosom strewn—  
Awhile she flourished in this earthly dome,  
To shew fair Virtue in her loveliest bloom.  
Attendant angels mourned her lingering stay,  
And gently led her to the realms of day.

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ON THE MISSIONARY.  

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WHERE the ferocious tiger marks his prey,  
And roams the lion with majestic sway,  
Where sleeps the serpent in the sunny beam,  
And where the Ganges proudly pours its stream—  
Or thro' those pathless wilds, and icy plains,  
Where Winter's chilling season ever reigns—  
Here Heaven's own agent piously pursues  
Each hallow'd work, and thro' the desert strews  
Immortal blossoms with unwearying hand,  
And bids the Truths of Life and Light expand.  
'Tis his with peace to humanize the heart,  
And to each wound a healing balm impart,  
The darkened mind subdue with mild control,  
With hope celestial cheer the deathless soul—  
When faint, exhausted with the scorching ray,  
Or where Tornados oft impede his way,

No friendly aid to cheer his fainting frame,  
No children lisp a father's much lov'd name.  
Yet, tho' unblest'd with friendship's soothing voice,  
Attendant angels bid his heart rejoice—  
Tho' sweet affection breathes no pitying sigh,  
His God receives him in His realms on high.

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WRITTEN BY DESIRE OF A FRIEND.  

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'Tis evening, and the splendid dome  
Invites to social pleasure,  
And rosy joy is echoing round,  
In sweet inspiring measure.

Now wreaths ambrosial twine around,  
The gay saloon adorning,  
Where azure orbs expressive beam  
O'er faces fair as morning.

Where Beauty's sylph-like form appears,  
On fairy feet advancing—  
Where Music's thrilling notes rehearse  
A harmony entrancing.

Should Cupid dare on roving wing  
Assume imperious powers,  
Bid him go seek a gloomy shade,  
Or sigh in myrtle bowers.

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ON THE SEA, AT MIDNIGHT.

---

WHEN evening shrouds in sable green  
Great Ocean's pathless boundless scene—  
When deeply tolls the midnight hour,  
Proclaiming night's returning power—  
When winds are hush'd, and waves repose,  
With beauteous light the beacon glows—  
No sound disturbs the sleeping sea-boy's rest,  
Save the lone bird that seeks her rocky nest.

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ON THE RETURN OF T. C. HORNYOLD, ESQ.  
TO HIS RESIDENCE BLACKMORE PARK.

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WHAT pleasing notes were wafted thro' the glade,  
When HORNYOLD came to bless his native shade ;  
When grateful Hanley, with sincere acclaim,  
Delighted dwelt upon his much-lov'd name.  
The nymphs and swains with dances cheer'd the vale,  
And Malvern echoed forth the joyous tale ;  
And long may plenty smile on his domain,  
And peace extend its ever-cheering reign.

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## ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF A FRIEND.

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As fairest flowers their richest sweets diffuse,  
When glittering with the morning's pearly dews,  
And loveliest tints to mid-day suns disclose,  
When every object with new beauty glows—  
Yet oft, ere evening's hallow'd gloom pervade,  
And veil the foliage of each waving shade,  
Some gale, regardless of each beauteous bloom,  
Relentless wafts it to an early tomb.

So blew the fatal storm, thou lovely boy,  
A mother's hope, a father's pride and joy—  
Thy stay was short, ere thou wert taken hence,  
A spotless gem of purest innocence—  
Ere a few sunny months had pass'd away,  
Thy little star had dawn'd in heavenly day.

When sickness dire assailed thy tender form,  
And thou wert shrinking 'neath the chilling storm,  
How did maternal love, with anxious throe,  
See the deep hectic on thy pale cheek glow,  
Then saw those eyes, that beam'd for her alone,  
Those eyes, whose smiles and tears were all her own,  
Enshrined in peaceful dreamless soft repose,  
Mild as the summer twilight's tranquil close.  
For thy sweet spirit gently soar'd away,  
To join an infant band in realms of day—  
And fain would'st thou thy artless tale relate,  
How blest the pleasures of thy blissful state,  
Of cheerful days, and ever sunny hours,  
With seraphs straying thro' ambrosial bowers,  
Array'd by angels in a lovelier vest,  
Where all is harmony and peaceful rest.

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MALVERN—A SONNET.  

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WHERE Malvern rears its towering head,  
Proudly o'er a granite bed,  
Here the varied meads are seen,  
Ever deck'd in lovelier green ;  
Here the woodland bird excels,  
Warbler of the neighbouring dells ;  
Flowers in fairest bloom appear,  
And beauteous roses linger here ;  
Here does the fountain's crystal tide  
Softer o'er the wood-walks glide—  
No assassin's nightly band  
E'er invades this rural land,  
But peace, with all her lovely train,  
Securely dwell on Malvern's plain.

A RETROSPECTIVE VIEW FROM  
MALVERN HILLS. .

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How lovely, Malvern, are thy verdant plains,  
Where plenty smiles, to bless the rural swains !  
Here Spring its emerald offerings hastes to bring,  
And Summer leaves thee with reluctant wing—  
'Tis here the Cuckoo sings her earliest song,  
And sweetest warblers chaunt thy hills among.  
How beauteous, Malvern, thy luxuriant glades,  
How lovely are thy ever peaceful shades ;  
Thy flow'ring dales, where Severn winds its way  
In softest murmurs thro' the vallies gay.

What ancient deeds could'st thou with pride relate,  
When noble Alfred ruled the helm of state—

What views perspective of those laurel'd days,  
 When England echoed with the warrior's praise—  
 His country's wrongs he viewed with deep distress—  
 Her injured cause determined to redress,  
 Fearless he strayed inveterate foes among,  
 In humble strains his harp melodious strung ;  
 Nor vain his efforts—Heaven its care extends,  
 And victory's angel on his steps attends.

In sweet security did'st thou remain,  
 When desolated was the neighbouring plain ;  
 'Twas thine to contemplate the martial field,  
 Where foes contending war's red falchion wield—  
 To hear the trumpet's clarion loud resound,  
 To see the war-horse proudly pace the ground,  
 When, with exhausted mind, and trembling form,  
 Despairing Margaret fled the battle-storm.  
 Unhappy Queen ! by stern and adverse fate,  
 A robber's aid impelled to supplicate—

Nor vain her trust—thro' dark and devious ways,  
Thro' the deep forest's thick entangled maze,  
Her faltering steps the generous outlaw guides  
To where the ocean rolls its billowy tides ;  
Whence gales auspicious smiled, and safely bore  
The illustrious Princess to a happier shore.

Perchance e'en thy stupendous heights might view  
How Edward sought fair Gallia to subdue ;  
When that aspiring Prince so proudly bore  
The royal captives to his native shore—  
No degradation marked their exiled state,  
Imperial honours on their presence wait—  
Each British soul his generous Prince revered,  
Who bravely conquered, and who nobly spared.

Malvern, 'twas thine on Bosworth's field to trace  
Insatiate Richard's merited disgrace—  
In British annals an eventful day,  
When Richmond's forces crushed the tyrant's sway.

Tho' far remote from Malvern's peaceful plain  
 Those brilliant deeds, which mark'd Eliza's reign ;  
 Yet who could pass those days to Britons dear,  
 Those days which British bosoms e'er revere ?  
 Till then Religion's rays had dimly shone,  
 And superstition held her darksome throne—  
 But 'twas her part, o'er every hallowed shrine  
 To bid Religion shed its light divine,  
 Which like a sun resplendent cheered the sight,  
 Or beauteous meteor o'er the vale of night—  
 Whence clouds portentous swiftly fled the scene,  
 And noble Britons loved and feared their Queen.

Now see the insulting power, whom fury guides,  
 Brave adverse winds, and stem tempestuous tides—  
 See Spain's rejected Prince, with haughty smile,  
 Menace destruction to this favoured Isle—  
 His pride forgetful of that ruling power,  
 Who gives the peaceful and the stormy hour—

Whose love in wisdom doth to all extend,  
Alike the monarch's and the captive's friend.  
That morn the sun resplendently arose,  
When Albion hastened to subdue her foes.  
What sounds harmonious filled the sky serene !  
What notes re-echoed thro' the martial scene !  
With mind unshaken, see upon the strand  
The Princess comes, to cheer her loyal band,  
Bids them in Honour's cause be truly brave,  
In Justice conquer, but in Mercy save—  
That they are Britons to reflect with pride,  
And trust that Heaven will o'er their cause preside.  
Each noble chief her high commands revered,  
And British seamen long and loudly cheered.  
See Albion's navy now majestic sweep,  
A moving forest o'er the boundless deep—  
With proud pre-eminence she firmly braves,  
Like her own cliffs, impetuous winds and waves,  
When high in air the royal ensigns fly,  
And victory echoes thro' the vaulted sky.

Now from afar behold the host of Spain,  
Where civil discord holds her direful reign—  
Yet what avails presumptuous human power ?  
When He presides, what if the tempests lower ?  
What if tremendous billows wildly roar,  
And devastation spread from shore to shore ?  
Ere yet a stately bark unfurled its sails,  
And spread its bosom to the gentle gales,  
Ere that eventful day did Heaven ordain  
Britannia Empress of the mighty main—  
See her great foe crushed by his dread decree,  
Like Egypt's tyrant on his native sea.

When impious Cromwell with his lawless band  
Spread devastation o'er fair Worcester's strand ;  
When that usurper with his hostile train  
Levelled distinctions in her lovely plain ;  
Appalling terrors thro' the vale resound,  
The thundering cannon shake the neighbouring ground,

In wild affright the shepherds leave their flocks,  
And seek security among the rocks,  
Where Malvern saw the battle from afar,  
And viewed with anxious eye the seat of war ;  
Wept for her sons who braved the mortal fray,  
Saw sabres glittering in the sun's bright ray,  
Heard the shrill trumpet sounding thro' the vale,  
And shouts of Victory the ear assail ;  
Grieved for her Prince, sought by the infuriate band,  
And doomed to perils in his native land—  
The battle eve, 'tis said, he passed his hours  
Where Madresfield still rears her rural bowers ;  
Where noble Beauchamp holds his ancient state,  
And e'er adheres to all that's good and great.  
Unhappy Prince ! how wert thou doomed to roam,  
A houseless wanderer, from thy royal home—  
Thro' the deep forest's darkly winding maze—  
Thy nights in terror passed, in toil thy days.

Yet happier days awaited Worcester's strand,  
And justice waved her banner o'er the land—



When lovely Peace, with ever-cheering smile,  
Diffused her blessings o'er fair Albion's isle.

The beauteous sun illumed the western bowers,  
When England's Lord arrived at Worcester's towers.  
What shouts re-echoed thro' the ambient air !  
E'en infant lips exclaimed "The King is here !"  
What acclamations filled the loyal throng !  
His worth transcendent dwelt on every tongue—  
The sounds were wafted to the distant plain,  
And ancient minstrels struck their lyres again.  
At early dawn the Prince was wont to stray,  
Where fair Sabrina's silvery waters play,  
The season Autumn—nature's loveliest hour—  
Perchance unknown he sought fair Malvern's bower—  
Admired her granite heights, and silver floods,  
Her flowery meads, and deep embowering woods.

Where noble Croome extends its rich domain,  
And smiling plenty cheers a happy train,

Great George, with Charlotte, sought the peaceful shade—  
The grove ambrosial, and the verdant glade.  
But Coventry has fled those lovely vales,  
Where softly blow the ever genial gales—  
She, who was fair as flowers at dawning day,  
Lovely as evening's mild retiring ray.

Where towering woods recline o'er Severn's side,  
In rich reflection as its waters glide ;  
Where skims the gay bark o'er the glassy scene,  
Thro' verdant meads, and vallies ever green,  
Here Lechmere lives, to bless a rural train—  
Averts each want, alleviates each pain.

In Malvern's western views what scenes appear,  
With rich luxuriance thro' the varying year !  
Where Hereford's ambrosial sweets expand,  
And teeming plenty cheers a lovely land,  
Where Eastnor's towers majestically rise  
O'er emerald groves to the ethereal skies—

Where noble Somers dwells, the poor to bless,  
Relieves their wants, and pities their distress—  
See Bronsil's lonely tower in silent state  
Remains to tell what once was proudly great—  
Deserted now and moss-grown are its walls,  
And tangling ivy o'er its ruin crawls.

Yon stately column, which its form uprears,  
Has borne the tempest's rage a lapse of years—  
It tells of Cocks, who, in the battle storm,  
Braved danger in its most terrific form.

See where yon stately hall to mirth invites,  
Where Foley reigns with true baronial rights—  
With princely bounty spreads the festive board,  
And smiles alike on peasant and on lord.  
'Tis here the Comic Muse with lively mien  
Can bid stern Winter quit the varied scene.  
From pleasure's channel flows each varying hour,  
Beguiled by Music's sweetly magic power.

Nor friendless live the poor on his domain,  
Where peace and plenty claim their rightful reign.  
In hapless indigence, and silent grief,  
'Tis his to freely give the unasked relief—  
Anticipate each want with kindest care,  
Give smiles to gloom, and solace to despair.

Deep was the sound, and mournful was the tale,  
That sadly thrilled thro' Malvern's peaceful vale—  
Genuine the grief, and soul-felt was the tear,  
That flowed on royal Charlotte's honoured bier.  
To Claremont's shades her happiest hours were given,  
From Claremont's shades her soul retired to heaven.

May powers supreme fair Albion's shores defend,  
And long may Britons own great George their friend—  
He reigns in wisdom, and he rules in love—  
And long may Heaven to him each bliss improve.  
His guard his people—and their hearts his throne,  
May choicest blessings on his head be strewn—

May commerce ever smile on Britain's sails,  
And waft her treasures in auspicious gales—  
May teeming plenty bless a generous land,  
And honour e'er retain its high command—  
Nor yet forgetful of those peaceful plains,  
Where happiness her empire e'er retains—  
Where lovely peace expands her olive wings,  
And roseate health each cheerful moment brings—  
Where hope her sweetest flowers profusely strews,  
And beauteous nature shows her fairest views—  
Where Harcourt early seeks the vernal bower,  
And Lyttelton can chase the wintry hour—  
Where mild tranquillity each season cheers,  
And solitude a pleasing gloom appears.

FINIS.



