

5

Foliorum Silvula

BY THE SAME EDITOR.

Foliorum Silvula, Part II, being a Selection of Passages for Translation into Latin Lyric and Greek Verse. *Second Edition*. [In the Press.]

Foliorum Centuriæ, being a Selection of Passages for Translation into Latin and Greek Prose. *Second Edition*. [In Preparation.]

Aristophanis Comædiæ Vndecim, cum Notis et Onomastico. 8vo. 15s.

Each Play separately. 1s.

Notes 4s.

**M. T. Ciceronis de Officiis Libri Tres*, with Marginal Analysis and an English Commentary. Crown 8vo. 9s. 6d.

**M. Minucii Felicis Octavius*. The Text newly revised from the only known MS., with an English Commentary, Analysis, and Introduction. Crown 8vo. 9s. 6d.

**Cæsar Morgan on the Trinity of Plato*, a new edition revised. Crown 8vo. 4s.

**Edited for the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press.*

PROF. OF POETRY.

LOWER LIBRARY,
LATIN CLASSIC

Foliorum Silbula

PART I

BEING SELECT PASSAGES FOR TRANSLATION
INTO LATIN ELEGIAC AND HEROIC VERSE

ARRANGED AND EDITED BY

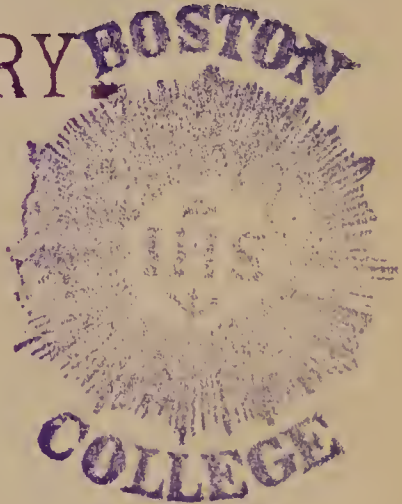
HUBERT ASHTON HOLDEN M.A.^w

VICE-PRINCIPAL OF CHELTENHAM COLLEGE

LATE FELLOW AND ASSISTANT TUTOR OF TRINITY COLLEGE CAMBRIDGE

PROF. OF POETRY BOSTON

Second Edition.



CAMBRIDGE

DEIGHTON BELL AND CO

LONDON BELL AND DALDY

1857

BOSTON COLLEGE LIBRARY
CHESTNUT HILL, MASS.

PA

2323

o HV

1857

pta 1

Εἰς τὸν λειμῶνα καθίσας
Ἔδρεπεν ἕτερον ἐφ' ἑτέρῳ
Αἰρόμενος ἄγρευμ' ἀνθέων—

Valckenaer. *Diatrib. in Eur. Reliq.* p. 132.

CAMBRIDGE: PRINTED BY C. J. CLAY, M.A. AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS.

O'NEILL LIBRARY
BOSTON COLLEGE



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE present Edition of the collection entitled *Foliorum Silvula*, is not an exact republication of the former. It is formed, however, on the same plan, and cannot fail to possess, apart from its fitness for the main purpose of its publication, the same kind of value and interest as its predecessor, in containing a selection of choice passages culled by several hands, and exhibiting specimens of the taste and judgment of many eminent scholars.

But while the original features of the book, to which alone it owed a certain amount of popularity, have been preserved, an endeavour has been made to render it more generally serviceable for the use of Schools as well as Academical Students. This object has it is hoped been attained by the incorporation of a forest of shorter and easier selections chiefly from English poets (from Chaucer to the present time) with Passages given as subjects for translation in various College and University Examination Papers since the year 1821. Moreover, an arrangement of the entire

11091

collection has been made with reference as well to the length of each extract as to the variety of metre proposed.

The occasion of the several exercises was before explained by notices attached to them: it has been thought sufficient to substitute for these a general Table of Reference. An Index of Authors is added to that of first lines.

In acknowledgment of the favourable reception which his collection has met with at the sister University, the Compiler has ventured to allot a place in it to several pieces proposed in the Ireland and other Oxford Scholarship examination papers, most of which were contributed by his friend, the Rev. GEORGE BUTLER, M.A., late Fellow of Exeter College. The limits of the book, already so expanded as to form two volumes, prevented the introduction of a larger number.

The extracts have been carefully revised, and in most cases printed from the best editions of the respective authors. A few have been printed as anonymous in the text, but the names of the writers of most of these have been subsequently ascertained and are given in the list of Additions and Corrections,—where, also, others, erroneously ascribed in the text, are assigned to their proper authors.

CHELTENHAM,

Jan. 23, 1857.



INDEX OF AUTHORS,

WITH REFERENCES TO THE SECTIONS.

-
- | | |
|--|--|
| Addison, Joseph, 517, 561 | Byron, Lord, 22, 114, 141, 171,
206, 221, 227, 302, 332, 342,
368, 380, 402, 403, 419, 420,
425, 453, 640, 644, 648, 653, 756 |
| Aird, James, 491 | Browne, William, 698 |
| Akenside, Mark, 448, 455, 471,
686, 689, 722, 728, 734 | Campbell, Thomas, 64, 98, 143,
146, 255, 309, 328, 366, 450,
460, 628 |
| Anstice, J. 128, 277, 278, 311 | Canning, George, 682 |
| Anthologia Græca, 118, 119, 354,
404, 411 | Carew, Thomas, 308, 539 |
| Antijacobin, Poetry of, 145 | Carlyle, J. D. 193 |
| Armstrong, John, 506, 716 | Chamberlayne, William, 494 |
| Arnold, Matthew, 679, 693, 753 | Chatterton, Thomas, 386 |
| Aytoun, W. E. 204 | Chaucer, Geoffrey, 410, 607 |
| Beattie, James, 136, 268, 477 | Clark, William George, 285 |
| Beaumont and Fletcher, 36 | Coleridge, Hartley, 124 |
| Bode, J. E. 364 | „ Samuel Taylor, 3, 58,
263, 313, 550, 581 |
| Booth, Barton, 14 | Collins, William, 135, 359 |
| Bradstreet, Anne, 589 | Congreve, Richard, 185 |
| Bruce, Michael, 178, 179, 180 | Cooper, John Gilbert, 134 |
| Bryant, William Cullen, 256, 316,
333, 343, 562, 646 | Cotton, Charles, 167 |
| Bulwer, E. L. 465 | Cowley, Abraham, 86, 231, 383,
438, 466, 467, 569, 570, 635,
638 |
| Burgon, J. W. 538, 559 | |
| Burns, Robert, 17, 43, 160, 162,
165, 174, 175, 176, 177, 197,
253, 254, 274, 286, 287, 288,
289, 290 | |

- Cowper, William, 35, 159, 337,
 374, 400, 488, 502, 533, 563
 565, 584, 586, 636, 655
 Crabbe, George, 90, 239, 270, 276
 Croxall, R. 199

 Dale, Thomas, 292
 Dalrymple, Sir J. 381
 Darlton, Dr, 30
 Darwin, Erasmus, 181, 414, 486,
 513, 535, 667
 D'Avenant, Sir William, 44
 De Rossi, 384
 De Vere, Aubrey, 325
 Denham, Sir John, 475, 516, 595,
 596, 597, 613, 614, 615, 616,
 630, 631, 687, 688
 Drayton, Michael, 53
 Drummond, William, 62, 142, 150
 Dryden, John, 213, 214, 272, 369,
 395, 459, 489, 521, 537, 548,
 593, 601, 602, 608, 662, 741
 Dunlop, J. 7, 8, 31, 104, 125
 Dyer, T. 553

 Evans, W. E. 9, 49, 50, 57
 Euripides, 224

 Fletcher, Giles, 474

 Garrick, David, 33
 Gascoigne, 27
 Gay, John, 365, 514, 520, 708
 Goldsmith, Oliver, 10, 29, 32, 45,
 81, 84, 111, 229, 230, 310, 347,
 348, 382, 452, 641
 Gray, Thomas, 40, 70, 72, 120,
 121, 132, 205, 320, 331, 390,
 470, 478, 479, 505
 Grimoald, Nicholas, 88

 Hawkesworth, Dr, 164
 Heber, Reginald, 573, 675
 Hemans, Felicia, 47, 48, 228, 317
 Herbert, George, 19, 208
 „ William, 100, 643
 Herrick, Robert, 56, 91, 189, 207,
 240
 Hodgson, Francis, 6
 Homeric Hymn, 703
 Hood, Thomas, 69, 201, 202, 349

 Jenyns, Soame, 394, 396, 480, 496,
 504, 510, 571, 632, 715
 Jeremiah, 750, 751, 752
 Johnson, Samuel, 85, 112, 203,
 351, 393
 Jones, Sir William, 2
 Jonson, Ben, 13, 79, 186, 216, 739

 Keats, Thomas, 511, 512, 551,
 579, 580, 654, 659
 Keble, John, 182, 237, 345
 King, Henry, 60
 Kingsley, Charles, 683
 Kyd, Thomas, 280

 Lamartine, Alphonse, 284, 339
 Landor, W. S. 275, 413, 487, 572,
 660, 699
 Langhorne, John, 166
 Lebrun, 281
 Leyden, John, 329
 Logan, John, 235, 236, 443
 Longfellow, H. W. 326, 619
 Lovelace, Richard, 21, 77
 Lyttelton, Lord, 137, 138

 Macaulay, T. B. 677
 Mallet, David, 219, 432, 433, 634,
 696

- Marlowe, Christopher, 51
 Marvell, Andrew, 379
 Mason, William, 71
 Massinger, Philip, 555, 742
 Metastasio, 283
 Mickle, William Julius, 41, 46,
 248, 507, 508, 509, 598
 Milman, Henry Hart, 678, 749
 Milnes, R. M.
 Mitford, Mary R. 89
 Milton, John, 407, 416, 418, 422,
 423, 429, 434, 435, 440, 441, 451,
 457, 473, 481, 483, 497, 498,
 499, 515, 518, 530, 556, 560,
 578, 603, 604, 605, 606, 609,
 617, 626, 645, 649, 652, 661,
 669, 670, 685, 690, 694, 700,
 702, 713, 714, 717, 718, 724,
 727, 729, 732, 735, 740, 743,
 747
 Moir, D. M. 95, 168
 Montgomery, James, 194, 226,
 468, 469, 629
 Montrose, Marquis of, 389
 Moore, Thomas, 23, 25, 37, 129,
 170, 173, 187, 190, 200, 238,
 247, 264, 265, 266, 267, 330,
 710
 Moultrie, John, 153, 293
 Norton, Caroline, 117, 371
 Parnell, Thomas, 353, 401, 500,
 501, 681
 Peabody, W. B. O. 356
 Peacham, Henry, 156
 Percival, James G. 294, 295, 296
 Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English
 Poetry*, 303, 340
 Philips, Ambrose, 566, 567, 568,
 574, 575, 577, 627
 Pilkington, Lætitia, 271
 Pope, Alexander, 1, 11, 12, 20, 26,
 55, 96, 97, 105, 106, 107, 198,
 241, 242, 243, 299, 307, 315,
 391, 409, 412, 417, 430, 431,
 493, 529, 531, 532, 534, 576,
 594, 620, 621, 622, 639, 656,
 691, 709, 711, 721
 Praed, W. M. 344
 Prior, Matthew, 4, 49, 144, 154,
 684
 Raleigh, Sir Walter, 15, 52
 Rochester, Earl of, 188
 Rogers, Samuel, 93, 101, 113, 133,
 191, 218, 306, 387, 401, 415,
 446, 461, 463, 522, 610
 Rowe, Mrs, 376
Rugby Magazine, 350
 Sackville, Thomas, 706
 Schiller, J. C. F. 209
 Scott, Sir Walter, 16, 163, 192,
 211, 250, 262, 291, 377, 378,
 449
 Sedley, Sir Charles, 341
 Seward, Thomas, 260
 Shakespere, 59, 148, 503, 536, 650,
 757
 Shelley, Percy Bysshe, 54, 67, 68,
 80, 140, 321, 392, 428, 472, 557,
 582, 611, 623
 Shenstone, William, 66, 74, 76,
 161, 184, 196, 217, 258, 259,
 261, 336, 357, 362, 367
 Sheridan, Richard Brinsley, 65,
 109, 131, 324
 Simonides, 232

- Smedley, Edward, 18
 Smith, Charlotte, 147, 151, 233,
 234, 327, 372, 375
 Smollett, T. G. 352, 373
 Somerville, William, 618, 725
 Sophocles, 38, 282
 Sotheby, William, 424, 726
 Southey, Robert, 323, 444, 492,
 542, 552, 599, 600, 665, 676
 Southwell, R. 126, 222, 223, 370
 Spenser, Edmund, 82, 83, 149,
 405, 406, 427, 439, 587, 612,
 625, 633, 637, 642, 668, 671,
 723, 738, 755
 Steele, Sir R. 195, 360
 Strangford, Lord, 158
 Surrey, Earl of, 103, 731
 Sylvester, Joshua, 122, 123

 Tennyson, Alfred, 75, 127, 152,
 212, 215, 541, 546, 547, 549,
 704
 Tennyson, Frederic, 39
 Theocritus, 314
 Thomson, James, 34, 108, 183, 225,
 305, 437, 442, 447, 454, 456,
 476, 484, 485, 524, 543, 546,
 554, 564, 585, 590, 647, 651,
 663, 664, 666, 680, 692, 695,
 705, 730, 736, 737, 745, 746
 Thurston, 63
 Tighe, Mrs, 436

 Trench, Richard Chenevix, 658, 754
 Vaughan, Henry, 42
 Veel, R. 94

 Walker, William Sidney, 269
 Waller, Edmund, 5, 87, 249, 319,
 398, 464
 Watson, Thomas, 312
 Watts, Alaric A. 355
 White, Henry Kirke, 334, 335,
 363
 Wilson, John, 358
 Wolfe, Charles, 385, 388
 Wordsworth, William, 78, 102,
 115, 130, 244, 246, 257, 273,
 279, 298, 300, 304, 338, 421,
 458, 490, 545, 588, 657, 697,
 701, 707, 720, 733, 748
 Wotton, Sir Henry, 318

 Young, Edward, 540

 Anonymous and uncertain, 24, 28,
 38, 61, 73, 92, 99, 110, 116,
 117, 128, 137, 138, 139, 155,
 157, 169, 172, 210, 245, 251,
 252, 271, 297, 301, 322, 346,
 361, 495, 523, 544, 583, 672,
 673, 712, 719, 744



INDEX OF EXAMINATIONS.

CAMBRIDGE :

- | | |
|--|--|
| University Scholarships, 39, 117, 129, 167, 179, 272, 293, 319, 330, 337, 367, 369, 388, 456, 546, 651, 663, 739, 743 | St John's College Port Latin Exhibition, 670 |
| Bell University Scholarships, 20, 36, 49, 122, 123, 317, 645, 684, 695, 754 | Jesus College Fellowships, 463 |
| Classical Tripos, 166, 174, 175, 192, 211, 216, 238, 302, 334, 350, 456, 538, 655, 658, 686, 690, 693, 698, 710, 712, 715, 735, 746, 747 | Clare College Scholarships, 672, 673, 674, 676 |
| Chancellor's Medals, 62, 145, 185, 193, 203, 210, 247, 282, 285, 309, 351, 359, 390, 737 | Magdalene College Scholarships, 75, 153, 195, 304, 460, 473, 712, 716, 742 |
| Trinity College Fellowships, 47, 151, 208, 521, 647, 653, 668, 671, 685 | Christ's College Scholarships, 160, 324 |
| Trinity College Scholarships, 30, 164, 213, 275, 361, 624, 653, 656, 679, 694, 711, 728 | St Peter's College, 253 |
| St John's College Fellowships, 649, 718, 721 | Clare College, 366 |
| St John's College Scholarships, 717 | Pembroke College, 66 |
| | Caius College, 54, 423, 753 |
| | Trinity Hall, 59 |
| | Corpus Christi College, 5 |
| | King's College, 298, 362, 524, 664, 667, 755 |
| | Jesus College, 454 |
| | St John's College, 51, 79, 127, 154, 171, 332, 425, 459, 540, 547, 696, 697, 740 |
| | Trinity College, 133, 197 |
| | Emmanuel College, 70, 756 |

OXFORD :

- | | |
|--|----------------------------------|
| Ireland University Scholarships, 218, 307, 453 | Exeter College Scholarships, 588 |
| Hertford University Scholarships, 57, 307, 757 | Lincoln ditto, 659 |
| Brasenose College Scholarships, 297, 325 | Oriel ditto, 149, 338, 602 |
| | Trinity ditto, 190, 220 |
| | University ditto, 82, 83 |

INDIA CIVIL SERVICE, 223, 650

ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS.

- PAGE
- 24, l. 7, *lege* breast,
- 36, § 117, *add author's name*, CAROLINE NORTON.
- 40, — 128, ————— J. ANSTICE.
- 43, — 134, *for* COWPER, *lege* J. G. COOPER.
- 44, — 137 & 138, *add author's name*, LYTTTELTON.
- 53, — 157, l. 3, *lege* all to-fret. § 158, l. 5, *lege* passions'.
- 83, — 218, *for* BYRON *lege* ROGERS.
- 96, l. 1, *lege* stream!: l. 2, *lege* smiling!
 — l. 8, *lege* 'Till peace go with him, &c.
 — § 244, *add author's name*, W. WORDSWORTH.
- 99, — 251, ————— JAMES HOGG.
- 104, — 260, ————— T. SEWARD.
- 109, — 271, ————— LÆTITIA PILKINGTON.
- 114, — 280, ————— THOMAS KYD.
- 127, — 306, l. 2, *for* roared *lege* warred.
 — — — l. 13, *lege* Say through the clouds.
 — — — l. 15, *lege* woods and mountains.
 — — — l. 17, *lege* 'Tis vain: through ether's pathless wild she goes
 And lights, &c.
- S. ROGERS.
- 131, — 314, l. 1, *lege* πρόσωπον,
 — — — l. 2, *lege* ἀνέντος,
- 138, — 325, *add author's name*, AUBREY DE VERE.
- 146, — 338, ————— WORDSWORTH.
- 148, — 342, l. 12, *lege* below.
- 199, — 432, l. 1, *lege* Cintra's.
- 240, — 546, *add author's name*, THOMSON.
- 281, — 634, *for* MILTON *lege* MALLET.

PASSAGES FOR TRANSLATION

Into Latin Elegiac Verse.



1 THE lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food
And licks the hand uprais'd to shed his blood.

POPE.



2 ON parent knees a naked newborn child,
Weeping thòu sat'st, while all around thee smiled;
So live, that, sinking in thy last long sleep,
Calm thou may'st smile, whilst all around thee weep.

SIR W. JONES.



3 ERE sin could blight or sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care,
To heav'n the opening bud convey'd,
And bade it blossom there.

S. T. COLERIDGE.



4 THE envious snows came down in haste,
To prove her neck less fair—
But when they found themselves surpass'd,
Dissolved to a tear.

PRIOR.



5 THE adorning thee with so much art,
Is but a barbarous skill;
'Tis like the poisoning of the dart,
Too apt before to kill.

WALLER.

- 6 WOMAN, the gift of Heav'n, demands our love!
 On earth she constitutes our only bliss;
 No undivided joy the soul can move,
 And Adam sigh'd alone in Paradise.

F. HODGSON.

- 7 BEHOLD, how soon what flourish'd once, decays,
 And see, how soon what once was stedfast, falls!
 Dying we're born,—on first hang latest days:
 That hour life shortens, which to being calls.

J. DUNLOP.

- 8 IN this small tomb tho' now two bodies lie,
 Yet but one spirit mingles in the sky:
 On earth we lived in concord; and the same
 In both was every feeling, sense, and aim.

- 9 WHEN the tree waves and bends, we know,
 The breeze is blowing through it;
 God's breath, we shall know, doth o'er thee blow,
 When thy heart is bending to it.

W. E. EVANS.

- 10 AS some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
 Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm,
 Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

GOLDSMITH.

- 11 ME let the tender office long engage
 To rock the cradle of reposing age;
 With lenient art extend a mother's breath,
 Make languor smile and smooth the bed of death,
 Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
 And save awhile one parent from the sky.

POPE.

12 STATESMAN, yet friend to truth, of soul sincere ;
In action faithful, and in honour clear :
Who broke no promise, served no private end ;
Who gained no title, and who lost no friend.
Ennobled by himself, by all approved ;
Praised, wept and honour'd by the muse he loved.

POPE.

13 UNDERNEATH this marble herse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother :
Death, ere thou hast found another
Fair and wise and good as she,
Time shall throw his dart at thee.

BEN JONSON.

14 DEVOURING time, with stealing pace,
Makes lofty oaks and cedars bow ;
And marble tow'rs, and gates of brass
In his rude march he levels low !
But time, destroying far and wide,
Love from the soul can ne'er divide.

BOOTH.

15 E'EN such is time, that takes on trust,
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust ;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wander'd all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

16 OH ! woman in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light, quivering, aspen made,
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

- 17 PLEASURES are like poppies spread,
 You seize the flower, its bloom is shed ;
 Or like the snow falls on the river,
 A moment white ;—then melts for ever ;
 Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
 Evanishing amid the storm.

BURNS.

- 18 WHEN Neptune towering o'er her Adrian wave,
 Saw Venice rise and Ocean's rage enslave,
 'Boast as thou wilt of Rome,' to Jove he cried,
 'Her rock Tarpeian, and thy Mars her guide,
 Yet own, though Tiber lure thee from the seas,
 That mortals reared those walls, immortals these.'

SMEDLEY.

- 19 AFFLICTION then is ours ;
 We are the trees, whom shaking fastens more,
 While blustering winds destroy the wanton towers,
 And ruffle all their curious busts and store.
 My God, so temper joy and woe,
 That thy bright beams may tame thy bow.

G. HERBERT.

- 20 WHAT are the gay parterre, the chequer'd shade,
 The noon-tide bower, the evening colonnade,
 But soft recesses for uneasy minds
 To sigh unheard in, to the passing winds?
 So the struck deer in some sequester'd part
 Lies down to die, the arrow in his heart ;
 He, stretch'd unseen in coverts hid from day,
 Bleeds drop by drop, and pants his life away.

POPE.

- 21 STONE walls doe not a prison make,
 Nor iron barres a cage ;
 Mindes innocent and quiet, take
 That for an hermitage :
 If I have freedom in my love,
 And in my soule am free ;
 Angels alone, that soare above,
 Enjoy such libertie.

LOVELACE.

22 THEY fell devoted, but undying,
The very gale their names seemed sighing ;
The waters murmured of their name,
The woods were peopled with their fame ;
The silent pillar lone and grey,
Claimed kindred with their sacred clay ;
Their spirits wrapped the dusky mountain,
Their memory sparkled o'er the fountain ;
The meanest rill, the mightiest river
Rolls mingling with their fame for ever.

BYRON.

23 LIKE the gale that sighs along
Beds of Oriental flowers,
Is the grateful breath of song,
That once was heard in happier hours.
Fill'd with balm, the gale sighs on,
Though the flowers have sunk in death ;
So, when pleasure's dream is gone,
Its memory lives in music's breath.

T. MOORE.

24 LOVE is like the shadow, seen
When the sun first lights the skies,
Stretching then o'er all the green,
But dwindling as each moment flies.
Friendship is the shadow thrown,
When the day its noon hath past,
Increasing as Life's sun goes down,
Ev'n till it has look'd its last.

25 How dear to me the hour when daylight dies,
And sunbeams melt along the silent sea ;
For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
And memory breathes her vesper sigh to thee !
And, as I watch the line of light that plays
Along the smooth wave tow'rd the burning west,
I long to tread that golden path of rays,
And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest.

T. MOORE.

26 'COME, sister, come! (it said or seem'd to say,)
 Thy place is here, sad sister, come away!
 Once, like thyself, I trembled, wept and pray'd,
 Love's victim then, though now a sainted maid:
 But all is calm in this eternal sleep;
 Here grief forgets to groan and love to weep;
 Ev'n superstition loses every fear:
 For God, not man, absolves our frailties here.'

POPE.

27 THE misty clouds that fall sometime,
 And overcast the skies,
 Are like to troubles of our time,
 Which do but dim our eyes.
 But as such dews are dried up quite,
 When Phœbus shews his face,
 So are sad fancies put to flight,
 When God doth guide by grace.

GASCOIGNE.

28 OH! dismal dole, when the secret soul
 Is mock'd by the outward showing;
 When we dress the eye in a gay disguise,
 While the tears are inward flowing;
 When groans and grief would be a relief,
 But with carols we keep them under,
 And a laugh we start when the throbbing heart
 Is ready to burst asunder.

29 THE wretch condemned with life to part,
 Still, still on hope relies,
 And every pang, that rends the heart,
 Bids expectation rise.
 Hope like the glimmering taper's light,
 Adorns and cheers the way;
 And still as darker grows the night,
 Emits a brighter ray.

GOLDSMITH.

30 NOR on beds of fading flowers,
Shedding soon their gaudy pride,
Nor with swains in syren bowers,
Will true pleasure long reside.
On awful Virtue's hill sublime
Enthroned sits th' immortal fair:
Who wins her height must patient climb;
The steps are peril, toil and care.
So from the first did Jove ordain
Eternal bliss for transient pain.

DARLTON.

31 SMALL are my treasures, my domain is small;
But quietude makes that blameless little, great:
My tranquil mind no tremors agitate—
Heedless if men my days should slothful call.

Go seek the camp—ascend some curule throne—
All the vain joys that sway the bosom taste!
Mean though I am, by no distinctions graced,
Still, while I live, I call the hours mine own.

J. DUNLOP.

32 O MEMORY! thou fond deceiver,
Still importunate and vain,
To former joys recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain:
Thou, like the world, th' oppress'd oppressing,
Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe;
And he who wants each other blessing,
In thee must ever find a foe.

GOLDSMITH.

33 YET awhile, sweet Sleep, deceive me,
Fold me in thy downy arms;
Let not care awake to grieve me,
Lull it with thy potent charms.

I a turtle doomed to stray,
 Quitting young the parent's nest,
 Find each bird a bird of prey ;
 Sorrow knows not where to rest !

GARRICK.

34 As those we love decay, we die in part ;
 String after string is sever'd from the heart ;
 Till loosen'd life, no more than breathing clay,
 Without one pang is glad to fall away.
 Unhappy he, who latest feels the blow !
 Whose eyes have wept o'er every friend laid low,
 Still lingering on from partial death to death,
 Till dying, all he can resign is breath.

THOMSON.

35 My boast is not, that I deduce my birth
 From lords enthroned and rulers of the Earth,
 But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
 The son of parents pass'd into the skies :
 And now, farewell—Time unrevoked has run
 His wonted course, yet what I wished is done ;
 And while the wings of Fancy still are free,
 And I can view this mimic show of thee,
 Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
 Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

COWPER.

36 WEEP no more, nor sigh, nor groan ;
 Sorrow calls no time that's gone ;
 Violets plucked, the sweetest rain
 Makes not fresh nor grow again :
 Trim thy locks, look chearfully ;
 Fate's hid ends eyes cannot see :
 Joys as winged dreams fly fast ;
 Why should sadness longer last ?
 Grief is but a wound to woe ;
 Gentlest fair, mourn, mourn no mo.

J. FLETCHER.

37 SEE how beneath the moonbeam's smile
Yon little billow heaves its breast ;
And foams and sparkles for a while,
And murmuring then subsides to rest :
Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,
Rises on time's eventful sea,
And having swell'd a moment there,
Thus melts into eternity.

T. MOORE.

38 WINDE, gentle evergreen to form a shade
Around the tomb where Sophocles is laid ;
Sweet ivy, winde thy boughs and intertwine
With blushing roses and the clust'ring vine :
Thus will thy lasting leaves, with beauties hung,
Prove grateful emblems of the lays he sung :
Whose soul exalted like a God of wit,
Among the Muses and the Graces writ.

FROM THE GREEK.

39 WHILE hunters bold ride homeward with the spoil ;
While bugles ring and forest echoes cry ;
While mowers laugh, while reapers sing and toil ;
While vintage bands go, like a revel, by ;
While bridals pass, while poor men bless,
While Yule is blithe, while Summer fair,
Oh! would'st thou change the flowing songs of peace
For triumphs and despair?

F. TENNYSON.

40 FOR who to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind?
On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

T. GRAY.

- 41 THE lonely shepherd on the mountain's side,
 With patience waits the rosy opening day;
 The mariner at midnight's darksome tide,
 With cheerful hope expects the morning ray:

Thus I, on life's storm-beaten ocean toss'd,
 In mental vision view the happy shore,
 Where Pollio beckons to the peaceful coast,
 Where fate and death divide the friends no more.

MICKLE.

- 42 SURE thou didst flourish once! and many Springs
 Many bright mornings, much dew, many showers,
 Past o'er thy head; many light Hearts and Wings
 Which now are dead, lodg'd in thy living bowers.

And still a new succession sings and flies;
 Fresh groves grow up and their green branches shoot
 Towards the old and still enduring skies;
 While the low Violet thrives at their root.

H. VAUGHAN.

- 43 AYR gurgling kiss'd his pebbly shore,
 O'erhung with wild wood thickening green:
 The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar
 Turn'd amorous round the raptured scene;
 The flowers sprang wanton to be press'd,
 The birds sang love on every spray;
 Till too, too soon, the glowing west
 Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

BURNS.

- 44 BIRDS that are long in cages aw'd,
 If they get out, awhile will roam;
 But straight want skill to live abroad,
 Then pine and hover near their home.

And to the Ocean rivers run,
 From being pent in banks of flowers;
 Not knowing that th' exhaling sun
 Will send them back in weeping showers.

SIR W. D'AVENANT.

45 THUS to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side ;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he pray'd and felt for all :
And as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

GOLDSMITH.

46 So to the dark-brow'd wood, or sacred mount,
In ancient days, the holy seers retir'd ;
And, led in vision, drank at Siloe's fount,
While rising ecstasies their bosoms fir'd.

Restor'd creation bright before them rose,
The burning deserts smiled as Eden's plains :
One friendly shade the wolf and lambkin chose ;
The flowery mountain sung 'Messiah reigns'.

MICKLE.

47 HE shall not dread Misfortune's angry mien,
Nor feebly sink beneath her tempest rude,
Whose soul hath learned, through many a trying scene,
To smile at fate and suffer unsubdued.

In the rough school of billows, clouds and storms,
Nursed and matured, the Pilot learns his art :
Thus Fate's dread ire, by many a conflict, forms
The lofty spirit, and enduring heart.

F. HEMANS.

48 UNBENDING midst the wintry skies,
Rears the firm oak his vigorous form,
And, stern in rugged strength, defies
The rushing of the storm.

Then severed from his native shore,
O'er ocean worlds the sail to bear,
Still with those winds he braved before,
He proudly struggles there.

F. HEMANS.

49 DID I but purpose to embark with thee
 On the smooth surface of a summer's sea ;
 While gentle zephyrs play in prosperous gales,
 And fortune's favour fills the swelling sails :
 But would forsake the ship and make the shore,
 When the winds whistle and the tempests roar ?
 Ah! no : one destiny our life shall guide,
 Nor wild nor deep our common way divide.

PRIOR.

50 FULL oft we've seen an envious cloud
 Veil the star's silver light,
 When the pale moon in vapoury shroud
 Sail'd darkly through the night :
 But ne'er hath deepest sorrow thrown
 Such darkness o'er our view,
 That God's bright comfort hath not shone
 In streaming radiance through.

W. E. EVANS.

51 COME live with me and be my love,
 And we will all the pleasures prove,
 That valleys, groves, or hills, or field,
 Or woods and steepy mountains yield.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
 Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks
 By shallow rivers, to whose falls
 Melodious birds sing madrigals.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
 For thy delight, each May morning :
 If these delights thy mind may move,
 Then live with me and be my love.

MARLOW.

52 IF all the world and love were young ;
 And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
 These pretty pleasures might me move
 To live with thee and be thy love.

Time drives the flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold ;
And Philomel becometh dumb,
The rest complain of cares to come.

But could youth last and love still breed,
Had joys no date nor age no need,
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee and be thy love.

SIR W. RALEIGH.

53 CLEAR had the day been from the dawn,
All chequered was the sky,
Thin clouds, like scarfs of cobweb lawn,
Veil'd heaven's most glorious eye.
The wind had no more strength than this,
That leisurely it blew,
To make one leaf the next to kiss,
That closely by it grew.
The rills that on the pebbles played,
Might now be heard at will ;
This world the only music made,
Else every thing was still.

DRAYTON.

54 THE colour from the flower is gone
Which, like thy sweet eyes, smiled on me :
The odour from the flower is flown
Which breathed of thee, and only thee.

A withered, lifeless, vacant form,
It lies on my abandoned breast,
And mocks the heart, which still is warm,
With cold and silent rest.

I weep : my tears revive it not ;
I sigh : it breathes no more on me ;
Its mute and uncomplaining lot
Is such as mine should be.

SHELLEY.

55 WHAT though no weeping loves thy ashes grace,
 Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face!
 What though no sacred earth allow thee room,
 Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb!
 Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be dress'd,
 And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:
 There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
 There the first roses of the year shall blow;
 While angels with their silver wings o'ershade
 The ground now sacred by thy relics made.

POPE.

56 NOON-DAY and midnight shall at once be seen:
 Trees at one time shall be both sere and green;
 Fire and water shall together lie
 In one self sweet conspiring sympathy;
 Summer and winter shall at one time show
 Ripe ears of corn and up to th' ears in snow:
 Seas shall be sandless, fields devoid of grass,
 Shapeless the world, as when all chaos was,
 Before, my dear Perilla, I will be
 False to my vow, or fall away from thee.

HERRICK.

57 AND now in faith our nest we've made,
 To naked twigs we've bound it,
 For soon we know the leaves will braid
 Their shining tresses round it.
 Oh! thus each Christian home should be
 Above the earth suspended,
 And built upon the heavenly tree
 By its sure shade defended.
 Truth's faultless belt around it tie,
 With love's strong tendrils bind it:
 And place it high, where sin's dark eye
 Can ne'er look up and find it.

W. E. EVANS.

58

TELL me, on what holy ground
May domestic Peace be found—
Halcyon daughter of the skies !
Far on fearful wings she flies,
From the pomp of sceptred State,
From the Rebel's noisy hate :
In a cottage vale she dwells
Listening to the Sabbath bells !
Still around her steps are seen
Spotless Honour's meeker mien,
Love, the sire of pleasing fears ;
Sorrow smiling through her tears,
And conscious of the past employ,
Memory, bosom-spring of joy.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

59 THE night of sorrow now is turned to day :
Her two blue windows faintly she upheaveth,
Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array
He cheers the morn, and all the world relieveth :
And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,
So is her face illumined with her eye ;
Whose beams upon his hairless face are fixed,
As if from thence they borrowed all their shine,
Were never four such lamps together mixed,
Had not his clouded with his brow's repine ;
But hers, which thro' the crystal tears gave light,
Shone like the moon in water, seen by night.

SHAKESPERE.

60

LIKE to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are ;
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew ;
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood ;
Ev'n such is man, whose borrow'd light
Is straight called in, and paid to-night.

The wind blows out ; the bubble dies ;
 The spring entomb'd in autumn lies ;
 The dew dries up ; the star is shot ;
 The flight is past ;—and man forgot.

H. KING.

-
- 61 THE Warrior here, in arms no more,
 Thinks of the toil, the conflict o'er,
 Here glories in the freedom won,
 For hearth and shrine, for sire and son,
 Smiles on the dusky webs, that hide
 His sleeping sword's remembered pride ;
 While peace with sunny cheeks of toil,
 Walks o'er the free unlorded soil ;
 Effaces with her splendid share,
 The drops that war had sprinkled there ;
 Thrice happy land ! where he who flies
 From the dark ills of other skies,
 From scorn or want's unerring woes,
 May shelter him in proud repose.

-
- 62 WHAT doth it serve to see the sun's bright face,
 And skies enamelled with the Indian gold ?
 Or the bright moon in car of silver rolled,
 And all the glory of that starry place ?
 What doth it serve earth's beauty to behold,
 The mountain's pride, the meadow's flow'ry grace,
 The stately comeliness of forests old,
 The sport of floods which would the earth embrace ?
 What doth it serve to hear the sylvans' songs,
 The cheerful thrush, the nightingale's sad strains,
 Which in dark shades seems to deplore my wrongs ?
 For what doth serve all that this world contains ?
 Since One, for whom those once to me were dear,
 Can now no longer share them with me here ?

DRUMMOND.

63 PHYLLIS, would you have me love you,
Truce with that affected scorn;
Artless if I fail to move you,
I shall never learn to mourn.

You are but yourself disarming,
While you give your lover pain;
Beauty ceases to be charming,
Once 'tis tainted with disdain.

Use me kindly; fairest creature,
You shall ever find me true;
Yet so stubborn is my nature,
Slighted, I can bid adieu.

THURSTON.

64 TILL Hymen brought his love-delighted hour,
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bower!
In vain the viewless seraph lingering there,
At starry midnight charm'd the silent air;
In vain the wild-bird caroll'd on the steep,
To hail the sun, slow wheeling from the deep;
In vain, to soothe the solitary shade,
Aërial notes in mingling measure play'd;
The summer wind that shook the spangled tree,
The whispering wave, the murmur of the bee;—
Still slowly pass'd the melancholy day,
And still the stranger wist not where to stray.
The world was sad!—the garden was a wild!
And man, the hermit, sigh'd—till woman smil'd!

CAMPBELL.

65 HAD I a heart for falsehood framed,
I ne'er could injure you,
For though your tongue no promise claim'd,
Your charms would make me true.

To you no soul shall bear deceit,
No stranger offer wrong;
But friends in all the aged you'll meet,
And lovers in the young.

But when they learn that you have blest
 Another with your heart,
 They'll bid aspiring passion rest,
 And act a brother's part:

Then, Lady, dread not here deceit,
 Nor fear to suffer wrong;
 For friends in all the aged you'll meet,
 And brothers in the young.

R. B. SHERIDAN.

66 Go tuneful bird, that glad'st the skies,
 To Daphne's window speed thy way,
 And there on quivering pinions rise,
 And there thy vocal art display.

And if she deign thy notes to hear,
 And if she praise thy matin song,
 Tell her the sounds that soothe her ear,
 To Damon's native plains belong.

Tell her, in livelier plumes arrayed
 The bird from Indian groves may shine:
 But ask the lovely partial maid,
 What are his notes compared to thine?

SHENSTONE.

67 I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
 From the seas and the streams;
 I bear light shades for the leaves when laid
 In their noon-day dreams.
 From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
 The sweet birds every one,
 When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
 As she dances about the sun.
 I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
 And whiten the green plains under,
 And then again I dissolve it in rain,
 And laugh as I pass in thunder.

68 I AM the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when, with never a stain
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again.

SHELLEY.

69 THE Autumn skies are flush'd with gold,
And fair and bright the rivers run;
These are but streams of winter cold,
And painted mists that quench the sun.

In secret boughs no sweet birds sing,
In secret boughs no bird can shroud;
These are but leaves that take to wing,
And wintry winds that pipe so loud.

'Tis not trees' shade, but cloudy glooms,
That on the cheerless valleys fall,
The flowers are in their grassy tombs,
And tears of dew are on them all.

T. HOOD.

70 IN vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
And reddening Phœbus lifts his golden fire:
The birds in vain their amorous descant join;
Or cheerful fields resume their green attire:
These ears, alas! for other notes repine,
A different object do these eyes require:
My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine;
And in my breast the imperfect joys expire.

2—2

Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
 And new-born pleasure brings to happier men :
 The fields to all their wonted tribute bear :
 To warm their little loves the birds complain :
 I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,
 And weep the more, because I weep in vain.

GRAY.

71 TAKE, holy earth, all that my soul holds dear :
 Take that best gift which heaven so lately gave :
 To Bristol's fount I bore with trembling care
 Her faded form ; she bowed to taste the wave,
 And died ! Does youth, does beauty, read the line ?
 Does sympathetic fear their breasts alarm ?
 Speak, dead Maria ! breathe a strain divine ;
 Even from the grave thou shalt have power to charm.
 Bid them be chaste, be innocent, like thee ;
 Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move ;
 And if so fair, from vanity as free ;
 As firm in friendship, and as fond in love.

W. MASON.

72 HERE rests his head upon the lap of earth,
 A youth to fortune and to fame unknown ;
 Fair science frown'd not on his humble birth,
 And melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty and his soul sincere,
 Heaven did a recompence as largely send :
 He gave to misery all he had, a tear,
 He gain'd from heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose)
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

GRAY.

73 HE went into the woods a laughing boy ;
Each flower was in his heart ; the happy bird
Flitting across the morning sun, or heard
From way-side thicket, was to him a joy :
The water-springs, that in their moist employ
Leapt from their banks, with many an inward word
Spoke to his soul, and every leaf that stirred
Found notice from his quickly-glancing eye.
There wondrous sleep fell on him : many a year
His lids were closed : youth left him, and he woke
A careful noter of men's ways ; of clear
And lofty spirit : sages, when he spoke,
Forgot their systems ; and the worldly-wise
Shrunk from the gaze of truth with baffled eyes.

74 LOVE is an April's doubtful day :
Awhile we see the tempest lower ;
Anon the radiant heaven survey,
And quite forget the flitting shower.

The flowers, that hung their languid head,
Are burnished by the transient rains ;
The vines their wonted tendrils spread,
And double verdure gilds the plains.

The sprightly birds, that drooped no less
Beneath the power of rain and wind,
In every raptured note express
The joy I feel,—when thou art kind.

SHENSTONE.

75 HER tears fell with the dews at even ;
Her tears fell ere the dews were dried :
She could not look on the sweet heaven,
Either at morn or eventide.

Upon the middle of the night,
Waking she heard the night-fowl crow :
The cock sung out an hour ere light :
From the dark fen the oxen's low

Came to her : without hope of change,
 In sleep she seemed to walk forlorn ;
 Till cold winds woke the gray-eyed morn
 About the lonely moated grange.

A. TENNYSON.

76 O PENSIVE Autumn ! how I grieve
 Thy sorrowing face to see,
 When languid suns are taking leave
 Of every drooping tree.

Ah, let me not, with heavy eye,
 This dying scene survey !
 Haste, winter, haste ; usurp the sky,
 Complete my bower's decay.

Ill can I bear the motley cast
 Yon sickening leaves retain ;
 That speak at once of pleasures past,
 And bode approaching pain.

SHENSTONE.

77 TELL me not, sweet, I am unkind,
 That from the nunnery
 Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
 To war and arms I fly.

True : a new mistress now I chase,
 The first foe in the field ;
 And with a stronger faith embrace
 A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such,
 As you too shall adore ;
 I could not love thee, dear, so much,
 Lov'd I not honour more.

LOVELACE.

78 SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid, whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye ;
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be ;
But she is in her grave, and oh !
The difference to me.

WORDSWORTH.

79 STILL to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast :
Still to be powder'd, still perfumed :
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicitie a grace ;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free :
Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
Than all th' adulteries of art,—
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

BEN JONSON.

80 My coursers are fed with the lightning,
They drink of the whirlwind's stream,
And when the red morning is bright'ning,
They bathe in the fresh sunbeam ;
They have strength for their swiftness I deem,
Then ascend with me, daughter of Ocean.

I desire: and their speed makes night kindle;
 I fear: they outstrip the Typhoon;
 Ere the cloud piled on Atlas can dwindle,
 We encircle the earth and the moon:
 We shall rest from long labours at noon:
 Then ascend with me, daughter of Ocean.

SHELLEY.

81 COULD Nature's bounty satisfy the breast
 The sons of Italy were surely blest.
 Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
 That proudly rise or humbly court the ground;
 Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
 Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
 Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
 With vernal lives, that blossom but to die;
 These, here disporting, own the kindred soil,
 Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
 While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
 To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

GOLDSMITH.

82 FOR he could pipe, and daunce, and caroll sweet,
 Emongst the shepheards in their shearing feast;
 As somer's larke that with her song doth greet
 The dawning day forth comming from the East.
 And layes of love he also could compose;
 Thrice happie she, whom he to praise did chose.

Full many maydens often did him woo,
 Them to vouchsafe emongst his rimes to name,
 Or make for them, as he was wont to doo
 For her that did his hart with love inflame.
 For which they promised to dight for him
 Gay chapelets of flowers and gyrlonds trim.

83 AND many a Nymph both of the wood and brooke,
Soone as his oaten pipe began to shrill,
Both christall wells and shadie groves forsooke,
To hear the charmes of his enchanting skill ;
And brought him presents, flowres if it were prime,
Or mellow fruit if it were harvest time.

But he for none of them did care a whit,
Yet wood Gods for them often sighed sore :
Ne for their gifts unworthie of his wit,
Yet not unworthie of the countries store.
For one alone he cared, for one he sigh'd
His lifes desire and his deare loves delight.

SPENSER.

84 GOOD Heaven ! what sorrows gloomed that parting day,
That called them from their native walks away ;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly look'd their last,
And took a long farewell and wish'd in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main ;
And, shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep.
The good old sire the first prepared to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe ;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.

GOLDSMITH.

85 No more the morn with tepid rays
Unfolds the flower of various hue ;
Noon spreads no more the genial blaze,
Nor gentle eve distils the dew.

The lingering hours prolong the night,
Usurping Darkness shares the day,
Her mists restrain the force of light,
And Phœbus holds a doubtful sway.

No music warbles through the grove,
 No vivid colours paint the plain :
 No more with devious steps I rove
 Through verdant paths now sought in vain.

S. JOHNSON.

86 EVEN so the gentle Tyrian dame,
 When neither grief nor love prevail,
 Saw the dear object of her flame
 Th' ungrateful Trojan, hoist his sail :
 Aloud she called to him to stay ;
 The wind bore him and her lost words away.

The doleful Ariadne so
 On the wide shore forsaken stood :
 "False Theseus, whither dost thou go?"
 Afar false Theseus cut the flood.
 But Bacchus came to her relief ;
 Bacchus himself's too weak to ease my grief.

COWLEY.

87 PEACE, babbling Muse !
 I dare not sing what you indite :
 Her eyes refuse
 To read the passion which they write.
 She strikes my lute, but if it sound,
 Threatens to hurl it on the ground ;
 And I no less her anger dread,
 Than the poor wretch that feigns him dead,
 While some fierce lion does embrace
 His breathless corpse and lick his face ;
 Wrapped up in silent fear he lies,
 Torn all in pieces, if he cries.

WALLER.

88 IN working well, if travel you sustain,
 Into the wind shall lightly pass the pain ;
 But of the deed the glory shall remain,
 And cause your name with worthy wights to reign :

In working wrong, if pleasure you attain,
The pleasure soon shall fade and void as vain.
But of the deed throughout the life the shame
Endures, defacing you with foul defame ;
And still torments the mind both night and day ;
Scant length of time the spot can wash away.
Flee then ill-suading Pleasure's baits untrue,
And noble Virtue's fair renown pursue.

N. GRIMOALD.

89 THE sun is careering in glory and might,
'Mid the deep blue sky and the cloudlets white ;
The bright wave is tossing its foam on high,
And the summer breezes go lightly by ;
The air and the water dance, glitter, and play,
And why should not I be as merry as they ?

The linnet is singing the wild wood through,
The fawn's bounding footstep skims over the dew :
The butterfly flits round the flowering tree,
And the cowslip and bluebell are bent by the bee ;
All the creatures that dwell in the forest are gay,
And why should not I be as merry as they ?

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

90 I've hung upon the ridgy steep
Of cliffs, and held the rambling brier ;
I've plunged below the billowy deep,
Where air was sent me to respire ;
I've been where hungry wolves retire ;
And (to complete my woes) I've ran
Where Bedlam's crazy crew conspire
Against the life of reasoning man ;
I've furled in storms the flapping sail,
By hanging from the topmast head,
I've served the vilest slaves in jail,
Have picked the vilest things for bread.

CRABBE.

91 DRY your sweet cheek, long drown'd with sorrow's raine,
 Since clouds disperst, suns guild the aire again;
 Seas chafe and fret and beat and overboile,
 But turne soon after calme, as balme or oile.
 Winds have their time to rage; but when they cease,
 The leavie trees nod in a still-born peace.
 Your storme is over: Lady, now appeare
 Like to the peeping spring-time of the yeare;
 Off then with grave-clothes; put fresh colours on;
 And glow and flame in your vermilion;
 Upon your cheek sate ysicles awhile:
 Now let the Rose raigne like a queene and smile.

HERRICK.

92 BUSY, curious, thirsty fly,
 Drink with me, and drink as I:
 Freely welcome to my cup,
 Couldst thou sip and sip it up,
 Make the most of life you may,
 Life is short, and wears away.
 Both alike are thine and mine
 Hastening quick to their decline:
 Thine's a summer, mine no more,
 Though repeated to threescore;
 Threescore summers, when they're gone,
 Will appear as short as one.

ANON.

93 BELOVED age of innocence and smiles,
 When each wing'd hour some new delight beguiles,—
 When the gay heart, to life's sweet day-spring true,
 Still finds some insect pleasure to pursue.
 Bless'd childhood, hail! thee simply will I sing,
 And from myself the artless picture bring.
 Here once again, remote from human noise,
 I sit me down to think of former joys;
 Pause on each scene, each treasured scene, once more,
 And once again each infant walk explore;
 While as each grove and lawn I recognise,
 My melted soul suffuses in my eyes.

ROGERS.

94 SEE how the feather'd blossoms through the air
 Traverse a thousand various paths to find
On the impurer earth a place that's fair,
 Courting the conduct of each faithless wind!
Of warmest vapours, which the sun exhales,
 All are compos'd; and in a short-liv'd hour
Their dazzling pride and coyest beauty falls,
 Dissolved by Phœbus or a weeping shower.
All of one matter form'd to one return:
 Their fall is greatest, who are placed most high:
Let not the proud presume, or poorest mourn:
 Their fate's decreed, and every one must die.

R. VEEL.

95 WHERE these rude rocks on Bernard's summit nod,
Once heavenwards sprung the throne of Pennine Jove,
An ancient shrine of hospitable love,
Now burns the altar to the Christian's God.
Here peaceful piety, age on age, has trod
The waste; still keeps her vigils, takes her rest,
Still, as of yore, salutes the coming guest,
And cheers the weary as they onward rove,
Healing each way-worn limb; or oft will start,
Catching the storm-lost wanderer's sinking cry,
Speed the rich cordial to his sinking heart,
Chafe his stiff limbs and bid them not to die.
So task'd to smooth stern Winter's drifting wing,
And garb the eternal snows in more eternal Spring.

D. M. MOIR.

96 Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, and hears him in the wind;
His soul proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk or milky way;
Yet simple nature to his hope has giv'n
Behind the cloud-topp'd hill an humbler Heaven;
Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier island in the watery waste,

Where slaves once more their native land behold,
 No fiends torment, nor Christians thirst for gold.
 To *be*, contents his natural desire,
 He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
 But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
 His faithful dog shall bear him company.

POPE.

-
- 97 So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
 What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
 How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
 To whom related, or by whom begot;
 A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
 'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!
 Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung,
 Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
 Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
 Shall shortly want the generous tear he pays;
 Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
 And the last pang shall tear thee from my heart;
 Life's idle business at one grasp be o'er,
 The Muse forgot, and thou belov'd no more!

POPE.

-
- 98 Lo! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps,
 Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps:
 She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,
 Smiles on her slumb'ring child with pensive eyes,
 And weaves a song of melancholy joy:—
 "Sleep, image of thy father!—sleep, my boy!
 No ling'ring hour of sorrow shall be thine;
 No sigh that rends thy father's heart and mine,
 Bright, as his manly sire, the son shall be,
 In form and soul; but, ah! more blest than he!
 Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love, at last,
 Shall soothe his aching heart for all the past;
 With many a smile my solitude repay,
 And chase the world's ungenerous scorn away.

T. CAMPBELL.

99 THE dewdrop, that at first of day
Hangs on the violet flower,
Although it shimmereth in the ray,
And trembleth at the Zephyr's power,
Shews not so fair nor pleasantly
As love that bursts from beauty's eye.

The little bird that clear doth sing
In shelter of green trees,
When flow'rets sweet begin to spring
In dew-besprengèd leas,
Is not so pleasant to mine ear,
As love that scantly speaks for fear.

100 So glides along the wanton brook
With gentle pace into the main,
Courting the banks with amorous look,
He never means to see again.

And so does fortune use to smile
Upon the short-liv'd favourite's face,
Whose swelling hopes she doth beguile,
And always casts him in the race.

And so doth the fantastic boy,
The God of the ill-manag'd flames,
Who ne'er kept word in promis'd joy
To lover nor to loving dames.

So all alike will constant prove,
Both Fortune, running streams and Love.

W. HERBERT.

101 AND hence that calm delight the portrait gives :
We gaze in every feature till it lives !
Still the fond lover sees the absent maid,
And the lost friend still lingers in his shade !
Say why the pensive widow loves to weep,
When on her knee she rocks her babe to sleep :

Tremblingly still she lifts the veil to trace
 The father's features in his infant face.
 The hoary grandsire smiles the hour away,
 Won by the raptures of a game at play ;
 He bends to meet each artless burst of joy,
 Forgets his age and acts again the boy.

ROGERS.

102 ALAS! in every clime a flying ray
 Is all we have to cheer our wintry way ;
 And here the unwilling mind may more than trace
 The general sorrows of the human race :
 The churlish gales of penury, that blow
 Cold as the north-wind o'er a waste of snow,
 To them the gentle gales of bliss deny
 That on the noon-day bank of leisure lie.
 Full oft the father, when his sons have grown
 To manhood, seems their title to disown ;
 And from his nest amid the storms of heaven
 Drives, eagle-like, those sons as he was driven ;
 With stern composure watches to the plain—
 And never, eagle like, beholds again !

WORDSWORTH.

103 THE soote season, that bud and bloom forth brings,
 With green hath clad the hill and eke the vale ;
 The nightingale, with feathers new, she sings ;
 The turtle to her make hath told her tale,
 Summer is come ; for every spray now springs ;
 The hart hath hung his old head on the pale ;
 The buck, in brake his winter coat he flings ;
 The fishes fleet with new-repaired scale ;
 The adder, all her slough away she flings ;
 The swift swallow pursueth the flies smale :
 The busy bee, her honey now she mings ;
 Winter is worn, that was the flower's bale.
 And thus I see, among these pleasant things,
 Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs !

LORD SURREY.

104 BY long wars shaken Greece hath sunk at last,
Her tasks heroic have her strength surpassed ;
Her day is spent,—her favouring fortune gone,
And in past glories she survives alone.
To view her scattered ashes pilgrims come,
And sacred memories linger round her tomb :
She now retains but traces of her fame,—
A lasting, far diffused, and hapless name.

J. DUNLOP.

105 IN that soft season, when descending show'rs
Call forth the greens, and wake the rising flowers ;
When opening buds salute the welcome day,
And earth relenting feels the genial ray ;
As balmy sleep had charm'd my cares to rest,
And love itself was banish'd from my breast,
(What time the morn mysterious visions brings,
While purer slumbers spread their golden wings,)
A train of phantoms in wild order rose,
And join'd, this intellectual scene compose.

106 I STOOD, methought, betwixt earth, seas and skies ;
The whole creation opened to my eyes :
In air self-balanced hung the globe below,
Where mountains rise, and circling oceans flow ;
Here naked rocks and empty wastes were seen,
There towery cities, and the forests green ;
Here sailing ships delight the wandering eyes ;
There trees and intermingled temples rise :
Now a clear sun the shining scene displays,
The transient landscape now in clouds decays.

107 O'ER the wide prospect as I gazed around,
Sudden I heard a wild promiscuous sound,
Like broken thunders that at distance roar,
Or billows murmuring on the hollow shore :
Then gazing up a glorious pile beheld,
Whose towering summit ambient clouds conceal'd.
High on a rock of ice the structure lay,
Steep its ascent, and slippery was the way ;

The wondrous rock like Parian marble shone,
 And seem'd to distant sight, of solid stone.
 Inscriptions here of various names I view'd,
 The greater part by hostile time subdued ;
 Yet wide was spread their fame in ages past,
 And poets once had promised they should last.
 Some fresh engrav'd appear'd of wits renown'd :
 I look'd again, nor could their trace be found.

POPE.

108 I CARE not, Fortune, what you me deny,
 You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace ;
 You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
 Through which Aurora shews her brightening face ;
 You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
 The woods and lawns by living stream, at eve ;
 Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
 And I their toys to the great children leave :
 Of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can me bereave.

THOMSON.

109 As shepherds through the vapours grey
 Behold the dawning light,
 Yet doubt it is the rising day,
 Or meteor of the night ;
 So varying passions in my breast
 Its former calm destroy—
 By Hope and Fear at once oppress'd,
 I tremble at my joy.

SHERIDAN.

110 As the fond bird through night and morn
 Still flutters round the rifled nest,
 And loves the scene, though now forlorn,
 Where once her brooding heart was blessed :
 So do I love to hover here,
 Where dreams of bliss I once enjoyed,
 And haunt the spot, though fate severe
 Has all my brood of hope destroy'd.

111 WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds, too late, that men betray,
What charms can soothe her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away?
The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom—is, to die.

GOLDSMITH.

112 EVENING now from purple wings
Sheds the grateful gifts she brings ;
Brilliant drops bedeck the mead,
Cooling breezes shake the reed ;
Shake the reed, and curl the stream,
Silver'd o'er with Cynthia's beam ;
Near the checquer'd, lonely grove,
Hears and keeps thy secrets, love.

S. JOHNSON.

113 WHEN thy last breath, ere nature sunk to rest,
Thy meek submission to thy God expressed ;
When thy last look, e'er thought and feeling fled,
A mingled gleam of hope and triumph shed ;
What to thy soul its glad assurance gave,
Its hope in death, its triumph in the grave ?
The sweet remembrance of unblemished youth,
Th' inspiring voice of innocence and truth.

ROGERS.

114 WHEN from the heart, where sorrow sits,
Its dusky shadow mounts too high,
And o'er the changing aspect flits,
And clouds the brow or fills the eye :
Heed not that gloom, which soon shall sink,
My thoughts their dungeon know too well :
Back to my breast the wanderers shrink,
And droop within their silent cell.

BYRON.

115 READER! if to thy bosom cling the pain
 Of recent sorrow, combated in vain;
 Or if thy cherished grief hath failed to thwart
 Time, still intent on his insidious part,
 Lulling the mourner's best good thoughts asleep,
 Pilfering regrets we would but cannot keep;
 Bear with him, judge him gently, who makes known
 His bitter loss by this memorial stone;
 And pray, that in his faithful breast the grace
 Of resignation find a hallowed place.

WORDSWORTH.

116 BENEATH the chilling airs, when I behold
 Thee, lovely flow'r, recline thy languid head:
 When I behold thee drooping, pale and cold,
 And sorrowing for thy vernal sisters dead;
 Methinks I mark the orphan child of woe,
 Exposed to hardship from his earliest birth,
 Bending beneath the wintry storms that blow,
 His only portion a rude spot of earth;
 Yet sure like thine, meek flow'r, his spring draws near,
 And Heaven's sweet sunshine shall inhale each tear.

117 FAINTER her slow step falls from day to day,
 Death's hand is heavy on her darkening brow:
 Yet doth she fondly cling to earth and say,
 'I am content to die—but oh! not now!—
 Not while the blossoms of the joyous spring
 Make the warm air such luxury to breathe;
 Not while the birds such songs of gladness sing:
 Not while bright flowers around my footsteps
 wreath.

Spare me, great God! lift up my drooping brow,
 I am content to die—but oh! not now!'

118 ΠΟΙΗΝ τις βιότοιο τάμοι τρίβον; εἰν ἀγορῇ μὲν
 νείκεα καὶ χαλεπαὶ πρήξιες· ἐν δὲ δόμοις
 φροντίδες· ἐν δ' ἀγροῖς καμάτων ἄλις· ἐν δὲ θαλάσση
 τάρβος· ἐπὶ ξείνης δ', ἣν μὲν ἔχης τι, δέος·
 ἦν δ' ἀπορῆς, ἀνηρόν· ἔχεις γάμον· οὐκ ἀμέριμος
 ἔσσαι· οὐ γαμέεις· ζῆς ἔτ' ἐρημότερος.
 τέκνα πόνοι· πήρωσις ἄπαις βίος· αἱ νεότητες
 ἄφρονες· αἱ πολιαὶ δ' ἔμπαλιν ἀδρανέες.
 ἦν ἄρα τοῖνδε δυοῖν ἐνὸς αἵρεσις, ἢ τὸ γενέσθαι
 μηδέποτ', ἢ τὸ θανεῖν αὐτίκα τικτόμενον.

119 ΠΑΝΤΟΙΗΝ βιότοιο τάμοις τρίβον· εἰν ἀγορῇ μὲν,
 κύδεα καὶ πινυταὶ πρήξιες· ἐν δὲ δόμοις
 ἄμπαυμ'· ἐν δ' ἀγροῖς φύσιος χάρις· ἐν δὲ θαλάσση
 κέρδος· ἐπὶ ξείνης, ἣν μὲν ἔχης τι, κλέος·
 ἦν δ' ἀπορῆς, μόνος οἶδας· ἔχεις γάμον· οἶκος ἄριστος
 ἔσσεται· οὐ γαμέεις· ζῆς ἔτ' ἐλαφρότερον
 τέκνα πόθος· ἄφροντις ἄπαις βίος· αἱ νεότητες
 ῥωμαλείαι· πολιαὶ δ' ἔμπαλιν εὐσεβέες.
 οὐκ ἄρα τῶν δισσωῶν ἐνὸς αἵρεσις, ἢ τὸ γενέσθαι
 μηδέποτ', ἢ τὸ θανεῖν· πάντα γὰρ ἐσθλὰ βίῳ.

120 Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd hours,
 Fair Venus' train appear,
 Disclose the long-expecting flowers,
 And wake the purple year!
 The Attic warbler pours her throat,
 Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
 The untaught harmony of spring:
 While, whispering pleasure as they fly,
 Cool zephyrs through the clear blue sky
 Their gathered fragrance fling.

121 WHERE'ER the oak's thick branches stretch
 A broader browner shade ;
 Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
 O'er-canopies the glade ;
 Beside some water's rushy brink
 With me the Muse shall sit, and think
 (At ease reclined in rustic state)
 How vain the ardour of the crowd,
 How low, how little are the proud,
 How indigent the great.

T. GRAY.

122 I WEIGH not Fortune's frown or smile,
 I joy not much in earthly joys ;
 I seek not state, I reck not style,
 I am not fond of fancy's toys ;
 I rest so pleas'd with what I have,
 I wish no more, no more I crave.
 I quake not at the thunder's crack,
 I tremble not at noise of war,
 I swoon not at the news of wrack,
 I shrink not at a blazing star :
 I fear not loss, I hope not gain,
 I envy none, I none disdain.

123 I SEE ambition never pleas'd,
 I see some Tantals starv'd in store ;
 I see gold's dropsy seldom eas'd,
 I see e'en Midas gape for more.
 I neither want, nor yet abound :
 Enough's a feast: content is crown'd.
 I feign not friendship where I hate,
 I fawn not on the great in show,
 I prize, I praise a mean estate,
 Neither too lofty nor too low ;
 This, this is all my choice, my cheer,
 A mind content, a conscience clear.

J. SYLVESTER.

- 124 SHE was not fair to outward view
As many maidens be ;
Her loveliness I never knew
Until she smiled on me :
Oh, then I saw her eye was bright,
A well of love—a spring of light.

But now her looks are coy and cold ;
To mine they ne'er reply ;
And yet I cease not to behold
The love-light in her eye :
Her very frowns are better far,
Than smiles of many maidens are.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

- 125 O SHORE more sweet than life ! O hated sea !
How blest to anchor in my loved retreat !
This day I've lived : And now malignant Fate
The hour that 's past can never snatch from me.

There was the combat of the winds and waves ;
Here a meek stream the smiling land divides :
There seamen mourn the vessels' shattered sides ;
Here in some brook his flock the shepherd laves.

There yawns with instant death the wide abyss ;
Of Ceres here are reaped the glad returns :
Mid waters there a thirst devouring burns :
Here the lip moistens with the faithful kiss.

J. DUNLOP.

- 126 MY conscience is my crown,
Contented thoughts my rest :
My heart is happy in itself :
My bliss is in my breast.

Enough, I reckon wealth :
A mean, the surest lot ;
That is too high for base contempt,
Too low for envy's shot.

My wishes are but few,
 All easy to fulfil ;
 I make the limits of my power
 The bounds unto my will.

R. SOUTHWELL.

127 OF old sat Freedom on the heights,
 The thunders breaking at her feet :
 Above her shook the starry lights :
 She heard the torrents meet.

Within her place she did rejoice,
 Self-gathered in her prophet-mind,
 But fragments of her mighty voice
 Came rolling on the wind.

Then stept she down thro' town and field,
 To mingle with the human race,
 And part by part to men revealed
 The fulness of her face.

A. TENNYSON.

128 IF Jove should make a Queen of flowers,
 The rose his queen should be ;
 The ornament of summer-bowers,
 The pride of earth is she.
 Eye of flowrets ! meadow's glow,
 Dazzling like lightning glare,
 Thence fraught with love sweet odours blow,
 And Venus nestles there.
 Her leaflets float like airy tresses,
 Her buds the roving gale caresses ;
 Those buds that coyly love to play,
 And Zephyr with a smile repay.

129 THEY tell us of an Indian tree,
Which, howsoe'er the sun and sky
May tempt its boughs to wander free,
And shoot and blossom wide and high,
Yet better loves to bend its arms
Downwards again to that dear earth,
From which the life, that fills and warms
Its grateful being, first had birth.
E'en thus, though wooed by flattering friends,
And fed with fame, (if fame it be,)
This heart, my own dear mother, bends
With love's true instinct back to thee.

T. MOORE.

130 ETHEREAL minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?
Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,
Those quivering wings composed, that music still!

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;
A privacy of glorious light is thine;
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony, with instinct more divine;
Type of the wise who soar, but never roam;
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home!

WORDSWORTH.

131 THUS may that lovely bloom for ever glow!
Thus may those eyes for ever shine!
O mayst thou never feel the scourge of woe!
O never be misfortune thine!
Ne'er may the crazy hand of pining care
Thy mirth and youthful spirits break!
Never come sickness or love-cross'd despair,
To pluck the roses from thy cheek!

But bliss be thine—The cares, which love supplies,
 Be all the cares that you shall dread ;
 The grateful drop, *now* glistening in your eyes,
 Be all the tears you ever shed !

SHERIDAN.

132 THYRSIS, when we parted, swore
 Ere the spring he would return—
 Ah! what means yon violet flower,
 And the bud that decks the thorn?
 'Twas the lark that upward sprung!
 'Twas the nightingale that sung!

Idle notes! untimely green!
 Why this unavailing haste?
 Western gales and skies serene
 Prove not always winter past.
 Cease my doubts, my fears to move—
 Spare the honour of my love.

T. GRAY.

133 DEAR is my little native vale,
 The ring-dove builds and murmurs there,
 Close to my cot she tells her tale,
 To every passing villager ;
 The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
 And shells his nuts at liberty.

Through orange-groves and myrtle-bowers,
 That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
 I charm the fairy-footed hours,
 With my lov'd lute's romantic sound ;
 Or crowns of living laurel weave,
 For those that win the race at eve.

S. ROGERS.

134 WISH not for beauty's darling features
Moulded by nature's fondling pow'r,
For fairest forms 'mong human creatures
Shine but the pageant of an hour.

I saw, the pride of all the meadow,
At noon a gay narcissus blow
Upon a river's bank, whose shadow
Bloom'd in the silver waves below ;

By noontide's heat its youth was wasted,
The waters, as they pass'd, complain'd :
At eve its glories all were blasted,
And not one former tint remain'd.

COWPER.

135 How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest ?
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung ;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

COLLINS.

136 BE taught, vain man ! how fleeting all thy joys,
Thy boasted grandeur and thy glittering store ;
Death comes and all thy fancied bliss destroys,
Quick as a dream, it fades and is no more.

And, sons of Sorrow ! though the threatening storm
Of angry Fortune overhang awhile,
Let not her frowns your inward peace deform ;
Soon happier days in happier climes shall smile.

Through Earth's throng'd visions while we toss forlorn,
 'Tis tumult all and rage and restless strife ;
 But these shall vanish like the dreams of morn,
 When Death awakes us to immortal life.

BEATTIE.

-
- 137 SAY, Myra, why is gentle love
 A stranger to that mind,
 Which pity and esteem can move,
 Which can be just and kind?
- Is it because you fear to share
 The ills that love molest ;
 The jealous doubt, the tender care,
 That rack the amorous breast?
- Alas! by some degree of woe
 We every bliss must gain ;
 The heart can ne'er a transport know,
 That never feels a pain.
-

- 138 To him who in an hour must die,
 Not swifter seems that hour to fly,
 Than slow the minutes seem to me,
 Which keep me from the sight of thee.
- Not more that trembling wretch would give
 Another day or year to live,
 Than I to shorten what remains
 Of that long hour which thee detains.
- Oh! come to my impatient arms!
 Oh! come with all thy heavenly charms ;
 At once to justify and pay
 The pain I feel from this delay.
-

139 WHEN I think on your truth, I doubt you no more,
I blame all the fears I gave way to before,
I say to my heart, "Be at rest, and believe
That whom once she has chosen, she never will leave."

But ah! when I think on each ravishing grace,
That plays in the smiles of that heavenly face,
My heart beats again; I again apprehend
Some fortunate rival in every friend.

These painful suspicions you cannot remove,
Since you neither can lessen your charms nor my love;
But doubts caus'd by passion you never can blame,
For they are not ill-founded, or you feel the same.

140 SOUND of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine;
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? What ignorance of pain?
SHELLEY.

141 It is the hour when from the boughs
The nightingale's high note is heard;
It is the hour when lover's vows
Seem sweet in every whisper'd word;

+

And gentle winds and waters near
 Make music to the lonely ear.
 Each flower the dews have lightly wet,
 And in the sky the stars are met,
 And on the wave is deeper blue,
 And on the leaf a browner hue,
 And in the heaven that clear obscure,
 So softly dark and darkly pure,
 Which follows the decline of day,
 As twilight melts beneath the moon away.

BYRON.

142 THE weary mariner so fast not flies
 An howling tempest, harbour to obtain,
 Nor shepherd hastes, when frays of wolves arise,
 So fast to fold, to save his bleating train,
 As I, wing'd with contempt and just disdain,
 Now fly the world and what it most doth prize,
 And sanctuary seek, free to remain
 From wounds of abject time and envy's eyes.
 Once did this world to me seem sweet and fair,
 While senses light mind's prospective kept blind,
 Now like imagin'd landscape in the air,
 And weeping rainbows, her best joys I find:
 Or if ought here is had that praise should have,
 It is an obscure and a silent grave.

DRUMMOND.

143 AT summer's eve, when Heaven's ethereal bow
 Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,
 Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
 Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky?
 Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
 More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?—
 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
 And robes the mountain in its azure hue.
 Thus with delight we linger to survey
 The promised joys of life's unmeasured way;

Thus, from afar, each dim-discovered scene
More pleasing seems than all the past hath been,
And every form, that Fancy can repair
From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.

T. CAMPBELL.

144 BUT canst thou wield the sword and bend the bow?
With active force repel the sturdy foe?
When the loud tumult speaks the battle nigh,
And winged death in whistling arrows fly;
Wilt thou, tho' wounded, yet undaunted stay,
Perform thy part and share the dangerous day?
Then as thy strength decays, thy heart will fail,
Thy limbs all trembling, and thy cheeks all pale;
With fruitless sorrow, thou, inglorious maid,
Will weep thy safety by thy love betray'd:
Then to thy friend, by foes o'ercharg'd, deny
Thy little useless aid, and coward fly:
Then wilt thou curse the chance that made thee love
A banished man condemn'd in lonely woods to rove.

PRIOR.

145 JUST Guardian of man's social bliss, for thee
The paths of danger gladly would I tread:
For thee contented join the glorious dead,
Who nobly scorned a life that was not free.

But worse than death it pains my soul to see
The lord of ruin, by wild uproar led,
Hell's first-born, Anarchy, exalt his head,
And seize thy throne, and bid us bow the knee.

What though his iron sceptre, blood-imbrued,
Crush half the nations with resistless might?
Never shall this firm spirit be subdued:
In chains, in exile, still the chanted rite,
O Liberty! to thee shall be renew'd:
O still be sea-girt Albion thy delight!

POETRY OF THE ANTI-JACOBIN.

- 146 OH! who can tell, save those whose hearts have known,
 And wept o'er bitter partings of their own,
 How slowly wears the solitary day,
 When those we fondly love are far away;
 How vain each care our sorrows to beguile,
 How cold, how sickening, Pleasure's fairest smile,
 How clings the heart to all that once has been,
 Each look of fondness, each remember'd scene:
 Oh! in that sullen loneliness of soul,
 What frenzied thoughts will o'er the bosom roll!
 Love, Fear, Suspicion, mingle wildly there,
 And the dark bodings of conceal'd Despair;
 Whilst Memory's visions crowd the rayless gloom,
 And Hope looks eager only to the tomb.

CAMPBELL.

-
- 147 ON thy grey bark, in witness of my flame,
 I carve Miranda's cypher—Beauteous tree!
 Graced with the lovely letters of her name,
 Henceforth be sacred to my love and me!
 Tho' the tall elm, the oak, and darker pine,
 With broader arms, may noon's fierce ardours break,
 To shelter me and her I love, be thine;
 And thine to see her smile and hear her speak.
 No bird ill-omen'd round thy graceful head
 Shall clamour harsh, or wave his weary wing,
 But fern and flowers arise beneath thy shade,
 Where the wild bees their lullabies shall sing.
 And in thy boughs the murmuring ring-dove rest;
 And there the nightingale shall build her nest.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

-
- 148 LYKE as a ship, that through the Ocean wyde,
 By conduct of some star, doth make her way;
 When as a storm hath dimn'd her trusty guyde,
 Out of her course doth wander far astray!

So I, whose star that wont with her bright ray
Me to direct with cloudes is overcast,
Doe wander now, in darkness and dismay,
Through hidden perils round about me plast;
Yet hope I well that, when the storme is past,
My Helice, the lode-star of my lyfe,
Will shine again and look on me at last,
With lovely light to clear my cloudy grief.
Till then I wander carefull, comfortlesse,
In secret sorrowe and sad pensivenesse.

SHAKESPERE.

149 FOR deedes doe die, how ever noblie donne,
And thoughts of men do as themselves decay:
But wise words taught in numbers for to runne,
Recorded by the Muses, live for ay;
Ne may with storming showers be washt away,
Ne bitter-breathing windes with harmfull blast,
Nor age nor envie shall them ever wast.

In vaine do earthly Princes then, in vaine,
Seeke with Pyramides, to heaven aspired;
Or huge Colosses, built with costlie paine;
Or brazen Pillours, never to be fired;
Or Shrines, made of the mettall most desired;
To make their memories for ever live:
For how can mortall immortalitie give?

SPENSER.

150 SWEET bird, that sing'st away the early hours
Of winters past or coming, void of care,
Well pleased with delights that present are,
Fair seasons, budding spray, sweet-smelling flowers:
To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bowers,
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare,
A stain to human sense, in sin that lowers.
What soul can be so sick, which by thy songs
(Attired in sweetness) sweetly is not driven

Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites and wrongs,
And lift a reverend eye and thought to heaven?

Sweet, artless songster, thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres, yea, and to Angels' lays.

DRUMMOND.

151 QUEEN of the silver bow! by thy pale beam
Alone and pensive I delight to stray,
And watch thy shadow trembling in the stream,
Or mark the floating clouds that cross thy way.
And while I gaze, thy mild and placid light
Sheds a soft calm upon my troubled breast;
And oft I think, fair planet of the night!
That in thy orb the wretched may have rest;
The sufferers of the earth perhaps may go,
Released by death, to thy benignant sphere;
And the sad children of despair and woe
Forget, in thee, their cup of sorrow here.
Oh that I soon may reach thy world serene,
Poor wearied pilgrim in this toiling scene!

C. SMITH.

152 THE wind, that beats the mountain, blows
More softly round the open wold,
And gently comes the world to those
That are cast in gentler mould.
And me this knowledge bolder made,
Or else I had not dared to flow
In these words toward you, and invade
Even with a verse your holy woe.
'Tis strange that those we lean on most,
Those in whose laps our limbs are nursed,
Fall into shadow, soonest lost:
Those we love first are taken first.
God gives us love. Something to love
He lends us; but, when love is grown
To ripeness, that on which it throve
Falls off, and love is left alone.

A. TENNYSON.

153 I LOVED my home, but tremble now
To view my father's altered brow,
I feared to meet my mother's eye
And hear her voice of agony;
I feared to view my native spot,
Where he who loved it now was not.
The pleasures of my home were fled,
My brother slumbered with the dead.
I drew near to my father's gate,
No smiling faces met me now:
I entered—all was desolate;
Grief sat upon my mother's brow;
I heard her as she kissed me, sigh;
A tear stood in my father's eye;
My little brothers round me pressed,
In gay unthinking childhood blessed.
Long, long that hour has passed; but when
Shall I forget its gloomy scene!

MOULTRIE.

154 EACH evening I behold the setting sun
With downward speed into the ocean run:
Yet the same light (pass but some fleeting hours)
Exerts his vigour, and renews his pow'rs;
Starts the bright race again: his constant flame
Rises and sets, returning still the same.
I mark the various fury of the winds:
These neither seasons guide nor order binds:
They now dilate and now contract their force:
Various their speed, but endless is their course.
From his first fountain and beginning ouze
Down to the sea each brook and torrent flows:
Tho' sundry drops or leave or swell the stream,
The whole still runs, with equal pace, the same.
Still other waves supply the rising urns;
And the eternal flood no want of water mourns.

PRIOR.

155 WEEP not over poet's wrong,
 Mourn not his mischances ;
 Sorrow is the source of song,
 And of gentle fancies.

 Sweetest gleam the morning flowers,
 When in tears they waken ;
 Earth enjoys refreshing showers,
 When the boughs are shaken.

 Flowers by heedless footsteps press'd
 All their sweets surrender ;
 Gold must brook the fiery test,
 Ere it show its splendour.

 Stars come forth, when Night her shroud
 Draws, as daylight fainteth ;
 Only on the tearful cloud
 God his rainbow painteth.

ANON.

156 ABOVE the sky was calm and fair,
 The winds did cease and clouds were fled,
 Aurora scattered Phœbus' hair,
 New risen from her rosy bed :
 At whose approach blithe Flora strew
 Both mead and mountain with her flowers,
 While Zephyr sweetest odours threw
 About the field and leafy bowers.

 The woods and waters left their sound,
 No tenderest twig was seen to move :
 The beast lay couched on the ground,
 The winged people perch'd above ;
 Save Philomel, who did renew
 Her wonted plaints unto the Morn,
 That seem'd indeed her state to rue
 By shedding tears upon the thorn.

H. PEACHAM.

157

WHY fearest thou thy outward foe,
When thou thyself thy harm dost feed?
Of grief or hurt, of pain or wo,
Within each thing is sown the seed.
So fine was never yet the cloth,
No smith so hard his ir'n did beat,
But th' one consumed was with moth,
The other with canker all-to fret.
The knotty oak and wainscot old,
Within doth eat the silly worm:
E'en so, a mind in envy roll'd
Always within itself doth burn.
Thus every thing that Nature wrought
Within itself his hurt doth bear:
No outward harm need to be sought,
Where enemies be within so near.

ANON.

158

I SAW the virtuous man contend
With life's unnumber'd woes;
And he was poor—without a friend—
Press'd by a thousand foes.
I saw the passion's pliant slave
In gallant trim and gay;
His course was pleasure's placid wave,
His life a summer's day.
And I was caught in Folly's snare,
And join'd her giddy train—
But found her soon the nurse of Care,
And Punishment and Pain.
There surely is some guiding Pow'r,
Which rightly suffers wrong—
Give Vice to bloom its little hour,
But Virtue, late and long.

STRANGFORD.

159 SUNS that set, and moons that wane,
 Rise and are restored again :
 Stars that orient day subdues,
 Night at her return renews.
 Herbs and flowers, the beauteous birth
 Of the genial womb of earth,
 Suffer but a transient death,
 From the winter's cruel breath :
 Zephyr speaks ; serener skies
 Warm the glebe, and they arise.
 We, alas ! earth's haughty kings,
 We that promise mighty things,
 Losing soon life's happy prime,
 Droop, and fade in little time.
 Spring returns, but not our bloom,
 Still 'tis winter in the tomb.

COWPER.

160 THE smiling Spring comes in rejoicing,
 And surly Winter grimly flies ;
 Now crystal clear are the falling waters,
 And bonnie blue are the sunny skies ;
 Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth the morning,
 The ev'ning gilds the ocean's swell ;
 All creatures joy in the sun's returning,
 And I rejoice in my bonnie Bell.

The flowery Spring leads sunny Summer,
 And yellow Autumn presses near,
 Then in his turn comes gloomy Winter,
 Till smiling Spring again appear.
 Thus seasons dancing, life advancing,
 Old Time and Nature their changes tell,
 But never ranging, still unchanging,
 I adore my bonnie Bell.

BURNS.

161 MY banks they are furnished with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep,
My grottos are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white-over with sheep.
I seldom have met with a loss,
Such health do my fountains bestow;
My fountains, all bordered with moss,
Where the harebells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen,
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound;
Not a beech's more beautiful green,
But a sweet-brier twines it around;
Not my fields in the prime of the year
More charms than my cattle unfold:
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fishes of gold.

SHENSTONE.

162 FATE gave the word, the arrow sped,
And pierced my darling's heart:
And with him all the joys are fled
Life can to me impart.
By cruel hands the sapling drops,
In dust dishonour'd laid:
So fell the pride of all my hopes,
My age's future shade.

The mother-linnet in the brake
Bewails her ravished young:
So I, for my lost darling's sake,
Lament the live-day long.
Death, oft I've fear'd thy fatal blow,—
Now, fond I bare my breast,
O, do thou kindly lay me low
With him I love, at rest!

BURNS.

163 WHY sitt'st thou by that ruined hall,
 Thou aged carle so stern and gray?
 Dost thou its former pride recall,
 Or ponder how it passed away?

 "Know'st thou not me?" the deep Voice cried,
 "So long enjoyed, so oft misused—
 Alternate, in thy fickle pride,
 Desired, neglected, and accused?

 Before my breath, like blazing flax,
 Man and his marvels pass away;
 And changing empires wane and wax,
 Are founded, flourish and decay.

 Redeem thine hours—the space is brief—
 While in my glass the sand-grains shiver,
 And measureless thy joy or grief,
 When Time and thou shalt part for ever!"

SIR W. SCOTT.

164 THRO' groves sequestered, dark and still,
 Low vales, and mossy cells among,
 In silent paths the careless rill
 With languid murmurs steals along.

 Awhile it plays with circling sweep,
 And lingering leaves its native plain;
 Then pours impetuous down the steep,
 And mingles with the boundless main.

 O let my years thus devious glide,
 Through silent scenes obscurely calm:
 Nor wealth nor strife pollute the tide,
 Nor honour's sanguinary palm.

 When labour tires, and pleasure palls,
 Still let the stream untroubled be,
 As down the steep of age it falls,
 And mingles with eternity.

HAWKESWORTH.

165 THEIR groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon
Where bright-beaming summers exalt the perfume,
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan¹,
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom.
Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers
Where the blue-bell and gowan² lurk lowly unseen,
For there, lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,
A-listening the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

Though rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valleys,
And cauld Caledonia's blast on the wave ;
Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace,
What are they? the haunts o' the tyrant and slave!
The slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,
The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain ;
He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,
Save love's willing fetters, the chains o' his Jean.

BURNS.

166 BLOWS not a blossom on the breast of Spring,
Breathes not a gale along the bending mead,
Trills not a songster of the soaring wing,
But fragrance, health and melody succeed.

No titled name, no envy-teasing dome,
No glittering wealth my tutor'd wishes crave ;
So health and peace be near my humble home,
A cool stream murmur, and a green tree wave.

When waves the grey light o'er the mountain's head,
Then let me meet the morn's first beauteous ray :
Carelessly wander from my sylvan shed,
And catch the sweet breath of the rising day.

Nor seldom, loit'ring as I muse along,
Mark from what flower the breeze its sweetness bore ;
Or listen to the labour-soothing song
Of bees, that range the thymy uplands o'er.

LANGHORNE.

¹ Fern.² The flower of the wild daisy, &c.

167 WINDS, whisper gently while she sleeps,
 And fan her with your cooling wings,
 Whilst she her drops of beauty weeps,
 From pure and yet-unrivall'd springs.

Glide over beauty's field, her face,
 To kiss her lip and cheek be bold :
 But with a calm and stealing pace,
 Neither too rude nor yet too cold,

Play in her beams, and crisp her hair,
 With such a gale as wings soft love ;
 And with so sweet, so rich an air,
 As breathes from the Arabian grove.

A breath as hush'd as lover's sigh,
 Or that unfolds the morning's door ;
 Sweet as the winds that gently fly
 To sweep the spring's enamell'd floor.

COTTON.

168 How pleasant is the opening year !
 The clouds of winter melt away ;
 The flowers in beauty re-appear ;
 The songster carols from the spray ;
 Lengthens the more refulgent day ;
 And bluer glows the arching sky ;
 All things around us seem to say—
 "Christian! direct thy thoughts on high."

In darkness, through the dreary length
 Of winter, slept both bud and bloom ;
 But nature now puts forth her strength,
 And starts renew'd, as from the tomb ;
 Behold an emblem of thy doom,
 O man!—a star hath shone to save—
 And morning yet shall re-illumine
 The midnight darkness of the grave.

D. M. MOIR.

169

WITH head reclin'd, the snowdrop see,
The first of Flora's progeny,
In virgin modesty appear,
To hail and welcome in the year!

Fearless of winter, it defies
The rigour of inclement skies,
And early hastens forth to bring
The tidings of approaching Spring.

Though simple in its dress and plain,
It ushers in a beauteous train;
And claims, how gaudy e'er they be,
The merit of precedency.

All that the gay or sweet compose,
The pink, the violet and the rose,
In fair succession as they blow,
Their glories to the snowdrop owe.

170

THE bird let loose in Eastern skies,
When hast'ning fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam.

But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way;

So grant me, GOD, from every care,
And stain of passion free,
Aloft, through Virtue's purer air,
To hold my course to Thee!

No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My Soul, as home she springs;—
Thy Sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy Freedom in her wings!

T. MOORE.

171 MY soul is dark—Oh! quickly string
 The harp I yet can brook to hear;
 And let thy gentle fingers fling
 Its melting murmurs o'er mine ear.
 If in this heart a hope be dear,
 That sound shall charm it forth again:
 If in these eyes there lurk a tear,
 'Twill flow, and cease to burn my brain.

But bid the strain be wild and deep,
 Nor let the notes of joy be first:
 I tell thee, minstrel, I must weep,
 Or else this heavy heart will burst;
 For it hath been by sorrow nursed,
 And ached in sleepless silence long;
 And now 'tis doomed to know the worst,
 And break at once—or yield to song.

BYRON.

172 THIS is the sable stone, this is the cave,
 And womb of earth that doth his corpse embrace:
 While others sing his praise, let me engrave
 These bleeding numbers to adorn the place.

Here will I paint the character of woe,
 Here will I pay my tribute to the dead:
 And here my faithful tears in showers shall flow,
 To humanize the flints whereon I tread.

What though I mourn my matchless loss alone,
 And none between my weakness judge and me?
 Yet e'en these pensive walls allow my moan,
 Whose doleful echo to my plaints agree.

But is he gone, and dwell I rhyming here,
 As if some Muse would listen to my lay?
 When all distuned sit waiting for their dear,
 And bathe the bank where he was wont to play.

173 COME, take thy harp ; 'tis vain to muse
Upon the gathering ills we see ;
Oh ! take thy harp and let me lose
All thoughts of ill in hearing thee.

Sing to me, love !—though death were near,
Thy song could make my soul forget—
Nay, nay, in pity, dry that tear,
All may be well, be happy yet.

Let me but see that snowy arm,
Once more upon the dear harp lie,
And I will cease to dream of harm,
Will smile at fate, while thou art nigh.

Give me that strain of mournful touch,
We us'd to love long, long ago,
Before our hearts had known as much
As now, alas ! they bleed to know.

T. MOORE.

174 Now spring has clad the groves in green,
And strewed the lea wi' flowers ;
The furrow'd, waving corn is seen
Rejoice in fostering showers ;
While ilka¹ thing in nature join
Their sorrows to forego,
O why thus all alone are mine
The weary steps of woe !

The trout within yon wimpling² burn
Glides swift, a silver dart,
And safe beneath the shady thorn
Defies the angler's art ;
My life was ance that careless stream,
That wanton trout was I ;
But love, wi' unrelenting beam,
Has scorched my fountains dry.

BURNS.

¹ every.

² meandering.

175 THE little flow'ret's peaceful lot,
 In yonder cliff that grows,
 Which, save the linnet's flight, I wot,
 Nae ruder visit knows,
 Was mine; till love has o'er me past,
 And blighted a' my bloom.
 And now beneath the withering blast
 My youth and joy consume.

The waken'd lav'rock warbling springs,
 And climbs the early sky,
 Winnowing blithe her dewy wings
 In morning's rosy eye;
 As little reck'd I sorrow's power,
 Until the flowery snare
 O' witching love, in luckless hour,
 Made me the thrall o' care.

BURNS.

176 Now nature hangs her mantle green
 On every blooming tree,
 And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
 Out o'er the grassy lea:
 Now Phœbus cheers the crystal streams,
 And glads the azure skies;
 But nocht can glad the weary wight
 That fast in durance lies.

Now lav'rocks wake the merry morn,
 Aloft on dewy wing;
 The merle¹, in his noontide bow'r,
 Makes woodland echoes ring;
 The mavis² wild, wi' mony a note,
 Sings drowsy day to rest;
 In love and freedom they rejoice,
 Wi' care nor thrall opprest.

BURNS.

¹ blackbird.² thrush.

177

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
 The primrose down the brae¹;
 The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
 And milk-white is the slae²:
 The meanest hind in fair Scotland
 May rove their sweets amang;
 But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
 Maun lie in prison strang.

My son! my son! may kinder stars
 Upon thy fortune shine;
 And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
 That ne'er wad blink on mine!
 God keep thee frae³ thy mother's faes⁴,
 Or turn their hearts to thee;
 And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,
 Remember him for me!

BURNS.

178

'Tis past: the iron north has spent his rage;
 Stern winter now resigns the length'ning day;
 The stormy howlings of the winds assuage,
 And warm o'er ether western breezes play.

Of genial heat and cheerful light the source,
 From southern climes, beneath another sky,
 The Sun, returning, wheels his golden course:
 Before his beams all noxious vapours fly.

Far to the north grim winter draws his train,
 To his own clime, to Zembla's frozen shore;
 Where, throned on ice, he holds eternal reign;
 Where whirlwinds madden, and where tempests roar.

Loosed from the bands of frost, the verdant ground
 Again puts on her robe of cheerful green—
 Again puts forth her flowers; and all around
 Smiling the cheerful face of spring is seen.

¹ hillock.

² sloe.

³ from.

⁴ foes.

- 179 Now spring returns: but not to me returns
 The vernal joy my better years have known ;
 Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,
 And all the joys of life with health are flown.
 Starting and shivering in the inconstant wind,
 Meagre and pale, the ghost of what I was,
 Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclin'd,
 And count the silent moments as they pass:
 The winged moments, whose unstaying speed
 No art can stop, or in their course arrest ;
 Whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead,
 And lay me down in peace with them that rest.
- 180 OFT morning dreams presage approaching fate,
 And morning dreams, as poets tell, are true.
 Led by pale ghosts, I enter death's dark gate,
 And bid the realms of light and life adieu!
 I hear the helpless wail, the shriek of woe ;
 I see the muddy wave, the dreary shore,
 The sluggish streams that slowly creep below,
 Which mortals visit and return no more.
 Farewell, ye blooming fields! ye cheerful plains!
 Enough for me the churchyard's lowly mound,
 Where Melancholy with still Silence reigns,
 And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless ground.
 There let me sleep, forgotten, in the clay,
 When death shall shut these weary aching eyes,
 Rest in the hope of an eternal day,
 Till the long night is gone and the last morn arise.

MICHAEL BRUCE.

- 181 BORN in yon blaze of orient sky,
 Sweet May! thy radiant form unfold ;
 Unclose thy blue voluptuous eye,
 And wave thy shadowy locks of gold.
 For thee the fragrant zephyrs blow,
 For thee descends the sunny shower ;
 The rills in softer murmurs flow,
 And brighter blossoms gem the bower.

Light graces decked in flowery wreaths,
And tiptoe joys their hands combine ;
And Love his sweet contagion breathes,
And, laughing, dances round thy shrine.

Warm with new life, the glittering throng
On quivering fin and rustling wing,
Delighted join their votive song,
And hail thee Goddess of the Spring !

DARWIN.

182 THE clouds that wrap the setting sun,
When Autumn's softest gleams are ending,
Where all bright hues together run
In sweet confusion blending:—

Why, as we watch their floating wreath,
Seem they the breath of life to breathe?
To Fancy's eye their motions prove,
They mantle round the Sun for love.

When up some woodland dale we catch

The many-twinkling smile of ocean,
Or with pleas'd ear bewilder'd watch
His chime of endless motion ;

Still, as the surging waves retire,
They seem to grasp with strong desire,
Such signs of love old Ocean gives,
We cannot choose but think he lives.

KEBLE.

183 ETHEREAL race, inhabitants of air,
Who hymn your God amid the secret grove ;
Ye unseen beings, to my harp repair,
And raise majestic strains or melt in love.

Those tender notes, how kindly they upbraid,
With what soft woe they thrill the lover's heart !
Sure from the hand of some unhappy maid,
Who died for love, these sweet complainings part.

But hark! that strain was of a graver tone,
 On the deep strings his hand some hermit throws ;
 Or he, the sacred bard*, who sat alone
 In the drear waste, and wept his people's woes.

Such was the song which Zion's children sung,
 When by Euphrates' stream they made their plaint,
 And to such sadly solemn notes are strung
 Angelic harps, to soothe a dying saint.

THOMSON.

184 BEAR me ye winds, indulgent to my pains,
 Near some sad ruin's ghastly shade to dwell ;
 Here let me fondly eye the rude remains,
 And from the mouldering refuse build my cell !

Genius of Rome! thy prostrate pomp display!
 Trace every dismal proof of fortune's pow'r ;
 Let me the wreck of theatres survey,
 Or pensive sit beneath some nodding tow'r.

Or when some duct, by rolling seasons worn,
 Conveyed pure streams to Rome's imperial walls,
 Near the wide breach in silence let me mourn ;
 Or tune my dirges to the water's fall.

Genius of Carthage! paint thy ruined pride :
 Towers, arches, fanes in wild confusion strewn ;
 Let banished Marius, lowering by thy side,
 Compare thy fickle fortunes with his own.

SHENSTONE.

185 FAIR Amoret is gone astray ;
 Pursue and seek her, every lover ;
 I'll tell the signs by which you may
 The wandering Shepherdess discover.

* Jeremiah.

Coquet and Coy at once her Air
Both study'd, tho' both seem neglected ;
Careless she is with artful Ease,
Affecting to seem unaffected.

With skill her Eyes dart every Glance,
Yet change so soon, you'd ne'er suspect them ;
For she'd persuade they wound by Chance,
Tho' certain Aim and Art direct them.

She likes herself, yet others hates
For that, which in herself she prizes ;
And while she laughs at them, forgets
She is the Thing that she despises.

CONGREVE.

186 DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine ;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine :
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be ;
But thou thereon did'st only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me ;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

BEN JONSON.

187 OFT in the stilly night
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me ;

The smiles, the tears, of boyhood's years,
 The words of love then spoken ;
 The eyes that shone, now dimmed and gone ;
 The cheerful hearts now broken.

When I remember all
 The friends so linked together,
 I've seen around me fall,
 Like leaves in wintry weather ;
 I feel like one who treads alone
 Some banquet-hall deserted,
 Whose lights are fled, whose garland's dead,
 And all but he departed !

T. MOORE.

188 I CANNOT change as others do,
 Though you unjustly scorn ;
 Since that poor swain that sighs for you,
 For you alone was born.
 No, Phillis, no ; your heart to move
 A surer way I'll try ;
 And, to revenge my slighted love,
 Will still love on, will still love on, and die.
 When killed with grief Amyntas lies,
 And you to mind shall call
 The sighs that now unpitied rise,
 The tears that vainly fall :
 That welcome hour that ends this smart
 Will then begin your pain,
 For such a faithful tender heart
 Can never break, can never break in vain.

ROCHESTER.

189 GATHER ye Rose-buds while ye may,
 Old Time is still a-flying ;
 And this same flower that smiles to-day
 To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious Lamp of Heaven, the Sun,
The higher he's a getting ;
The sooner will his Race be run,
And nearer he's to Setting.

That Age is best, which is the first,
When Youth and Blood are warmer ;
But being spent, the worse, and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time ;
And while ye may, goe marry ;
For having lost but once your prime,
Ye may for ever tarry.

HERRICK.

190 I HAVE a garden of my own,
Shining with flowers of every hue ;
I loved it dearly while alone,
But I shall love it more with you ;
And there the golden bees shall come,
In summer-time at break of morn,
And wake us with their busy hum,
Around the Siha's fragrant thorn.

I have a fawn from Aden's land,
On leafy buds and berries nurst ;
And you shall feed him from your hand,
Though he may start with fear at first.
And I will lead you where he lies
For shelter in the noon-tide heat :
And you may touch his sleeping eyes,
And feel his little silv'ry feet.

T. MOORE.

191 MINE be a cot beside the hill ;
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear ;
A willowy brook, that turns a mill,
With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch,
 Shall twitter from her clay-built nest ;
 Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
 And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring
 Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew ;
 And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing
 In russet gown and apron blue.

The village-church, among the trees,
 Where first our marriage-vows were giv'n,
 With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
 And point with taper spire to heav'n !

S. ROGERS.

192 FAREWELL ! Farewell ; the voice you hear
 Has left its last soft tone with you,—
 Its next must join the seaward cheer,
 And shout among the shouting crew.

The accents which I scarce could form
 Beneath your frown's controlling check,
 Must give the word, above the storm,
 To cut the mast and clear the wreck.

The timid eye I dared not raise,—
 The hand, that shook when pressed to thine,
 Must point the guns upon the chase,—
 Must bid the deadly cutlass shine.

To all I love, or hope, or fear,—
 Honour, or own, a long adieu !
 To all that life has soft and dear,
 Farewell ! save memory of you !

WALTER SCOTT.

193 THE boatmen shout, 'Tis time to part,
 No longer we can stay ;—
 'Twas then Matilda taught my heart
 How much a glance could say.

With trembling steps to me she came ;
Farewell she would have cried,
But e'er her lips the word could frame
In half-formed sounds it died.

Then bending down, with looks of love,
Her arms she round me flung ;
And, as the gale hangs on the grove,
Upon my breast she hung.

My willing arms embraced the maid,
My heart with raptures beat ;
While she but wept the more, and said,
Would we had never met !

CARLYLE.

194 SHE woos her embryo-flowers in vain
To rear their infant heads ;—
Deaf to her voice, her flowers remain
Enchanted in their beds.

In vain she bids the trees expand
Their green luxuriant charms ;—
Bare in the wilderness they stand,
And stretch their withering arms.

Her favourite birds, in feeble notes,
Lament thy long delay ;
And strain their little stammering throats
To charm thy blasts away.

Ah ! Winter, calm thy cruel rage,
Release the struggling year ;
Thy power is past, decrepit sage,
Arise and disappear.

J. MONTGOMERY.

195 HASTE, my reindeer ; and let us nimbly go
Our amorous journey through this dreary waste,
Haste, my reindeer ! still still thou art too slow,
Impetuous love demands the lightning's haste.

Around us far the rushy moors are spread,
 Soon will the sun withdraw his cheerful ray;
 Darkling and tired we shall the marshes tread,
 No lay unsung to cheat the tedious way.

The watery length of these unjoyous moors
 Does all the flowery meadows' pride excel;
 Through these I fly to her my soul adores,
 Ye flowery meadows' empty pride, farewell.

Each moment from the charmer I'm confined,
 My breast is tortured with impatient fires;
 Fly, my reindeer, fly swifter than the wind,
 Thy tardy feet wing with my fierce desires.

STEELE.

196 YE birds! for whom I reared the grove,
 With melting lay salute my love;
 My Daphne with your notes detain;
 Or I have reared my grove in vain.

Ye flowers! before her footsteps rise,
 Display at once your brightest dyes,
 That she your opening charms may see;
 Or what were else your charms to me?

Ye streams, if e'er your banks I loved,
 If e'er your native sounds improved,
 May each soft murmur soothe my fair,
 Or oh! 'twill deepen my despair.

And thou my grot, whose lonely bounds
 The melancholy pine surrounds,
 May she admire thy peaceful gloom;
 Or thou shalt prove her lover's tomb.

SHENSTONE.

197 POWERS celestial, whose protection
 Ever guards the virtuous fair,
 While in distant climes I wander,
 Let my Mary be your care:

Let her form, sae fair and faultless,
Fair and faultless as your own ;
Let my Mary's kindred spirit
Draw your choicest influence down.

Make the gales you waft around her,
Soft and peaceful as her breast ;
Breathing in the breeze that fans her,
Soothe her bosom into rest ;
Guardian angels, O protect her,
When in distant lands I roam ;
To realms unknown while fate exiles me,
Make her bosom still my home.

BURNS.

198 A SPRING there is, whose silver waters show,
Clear as a glass, the shining sands below ;
A flow'ry Lotos spreads its arms above,
Shades all the banks, and seems itself a grove ;
Eternal greens the mossy margin grace,
Watched by the sylvan genius of the place.
Here as I lay, and swelled with tears the flood,
Before my sight a wat'ry Virgin stood :
She stood and cried, ' O you that love in vain !
Fly hence, and seek the fair Leucadian main.
There stands a rock, from whose impending steep
Apollo's fane surveys the rolling deep ;
There injured lovers leaping from above,
Their flames extinguish, and forget to love.
Deucalion once with hopeless fury burned,
In vain he loved, relentless Pyrrha scorned :
But when from hence he plunged into the main,
Deucalion scorned, and Pyrrha loved in vain.'

POPE.

199 WAFT me, some soft and cooling breeze,
To Windsor's shady, kind retreat ;
Where sylvan scenes, wide-spreading trees,
Repel the dog-star's raging heat :

Where tufted grass and mossy beds
 Afford a rural, calm repose ;
 Where woodbines hang their dewy heads,
 And fragrant sweets around disclose.

Old oozy Thames, that flows fast by,
 Along the smiling valley plays,
 His glassy surface cheers the eye,
 And through the flow'ry meadows strays.

Let me thy clear, thy yielding wave
 With naked arm once more divide ;
 In thee my glowing bosom lave,
 And stem thy gently-rolling tide.

CROXALL.

200 SMOOTHLY flowing through verdant vales,
 Gentle river, thy current runs,
 Shelter'd safe from winter gales,
 Shaded cool from summer suns.
 Thus our Youth's sweet moments glide,
 Fenc'd with flow'ry shelter round :
 No rude tempest wakes the tide,
 All its path is fairy ground.

But, fair river, the day will come,
 When woo'd by whispering groves in vain,
 Thou'lt leave those banks, thy shaded home,
 To mingle with the stormy main.
 And thou, sweet Youth, too soon wilt pass
 Into the world's unshelter'd sea,
 Where once thy wave hath mix'd, alas,
 All hope of peace is lost for thee.

T. MOORE.

201 STILL glides the gentle streamlet on,
 With shifting current new and strange ;
 The water that was here is gone,
 But those green shadows never change.

Serene or ruffled by the storm,
On present waves as on the past,
The mirror'd grove retains its form,
The self-same trees their semblance cast.

The hue each fleeting globule wears,
That drop bequeaths it to the next,
One picture still the surface bears,
To illustrate the murmured text.

So love, however time may flow,
Fresh hours pursuing those that flee,
One constant image still shall shew,
My tide of life is true to thee.

T. HOOD.

202 SONG should breathe of scent and flowers,
Song should like a river flow:
Song should bring back scenes and hours,
That we loved—ah, long ago!

Song from baser thoughts should win us,
Song should charm us out of woe;
Song should stir the heart within us,
Like a patriot's friendly blow.

Pains and pleasures, all man doeth,
War and peace, and ill and wrong;
All things that the soul subdueth,
Should be vanquished too by song.

Song should spur the mind to duty,
Nerve the weak and stir the strong:
Every deed of truth and beauty
Should be crowned by starry song.

T. HOOD.

203 THE rites derived from ancient days
With thoughtless reverence we praise;
The rites that taught us to combine
The joys of music and of wine;

That bade the feast, the song, the bowl
 O'erfill the saturated soul;
 But ne'er the flute nor lyre applied
 To soothe despair or soften pride,
 Nor called them to the gloomy cells
 Where Want repines or Vengeance swells,
 Where Hate sits musing to betray,
 And Murder meditates his prey.
 To dens of guilt and shades of care,
 Ye sons of melody, repair;
 Nor deign the festive dome to cloy
 With superfluity of joy.

S. JOHNSON.

204

EARLY wert thou taken, Mary!
 In thy fair and glorious prime,
 Ere the bees had ceas'd to murmur
 Through the umbrage of the lime.

Buds were blowing, waters flowing,
 Birds were singing on the tree,
 Everything was bright and glowing
 When the angels came for thee.

Death had laid aside his terror,
 And he found thee calm and mild,
 Lying in thy robes of whiteness
 Like a pure and stainless child.

Hardly had the mountain violet
 Spread its blossoms on the sod,
 Ere they laid the turf above thee,
 And thy spirit rose to God.

W. E. AYTOUN.

205

Lo! where this silent marble weeps,
 A friend, a wife, a mother, sleeps;
 A heart, within whose sacred cell
 The peaceful virtues love to dwell;

Affection warm, and faith sincere,
And soft humanity, were there.
In agony, in death, resign'd,
She felt the wound she left behind.
Her infant image, here below,
Sits smiling on a father's woe;
Whom what awaits, while yet he strays
Along this lonely vale of days?
A pang, to secret sorrow dear;
A sigh, an unavailing tear;
Till time shall every grief remove,
With life, with memory, and with love.

GRAY.

206 BRIGHT be the place of thy soul!
No lovelier spirit than thine
E'er burst from its mortal control,
In the orbs of the blessed to shine.
On earth thou wert all but divine,
•As thy soul shall immortally be;
And our sorrow may cease to repine,
When we know that thy God is with thee.
'Light be the turf of thy tomb,'
May its verdure like emeralds be:
There should not be the shadow of gloom
In aught that reminds us of thee.
Young flowers and an evergreen tree
May spring from the spot of thy rest;
But nor cypress nor yew let us see;
For why should we mourn for the blest?

BYRON.

207 THE rose was sick, and smiling died;
And being to be sanctified,
About the bed there sighing stood
The sweet, and flowry sisterhood.

Some hung the head, while some did bring,
 To wash her, water from the spring;
 Some laid her forth, while others wept,
 But all a solemn fast there kept.
 The holy sisters, some among
 The sacred dirge and trental sung:
 But ah! what sweets smelt everywhere,
 As heaven had spent all perfumes there.
 At last, when prayers for the dead,
 And rites were all accomplished;
 They weeping spread a lawny loom,
 And closed her up, as in a tomb.

HERRICK.

208 SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
 The bridal of the Earth and Sky:
 The dew shall weep thy fall to night;
 For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave
 Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye:
 Thy root is ever in its grave;
 And thou must die.

Sweet Spring, full of sweet days and roses,
 A box where sweets compacted lie,
 My music shows ye have your closes,
 And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
 Like seasoned timber, never gives;
 But though the whole world turns to coal,
 Then chiefly lives.

G. HERBERT.

209 BLESSED through love are the Gods above—
 Through love like a God may man be;
 Heavenlier through love is the heaven above,
 Through love like a heaven earth may be!

Love sighs through brooklets silver-clear,
Love bids their murmur woo the vale;
Listen, O! list! Love's soul ye hear
In his own earnest nightingale.

No sound from nature ever stirs,
But Love's sweet voice is heard with hers!
Bold Wisdom, with her sunlit eye,
Retreats, when Love comes whispering by—

For Wisdom is weak to Love!
To victor stern or monarch proud,
Imperial Wisdom never bow'd
The knee she bows to Love!

SCHILLER.

210 LOVE gives the roses of thy lips,
And flies about them like a bee;
If I approach, he forward skips,
And if I kiss, he stingeth me.

Love in thine eyes doth build his bower
And sleeps within their pretty shine,
And if I look, the boy will lower,
And from their orbs shoot shafts divine.

Love works thy heart within his fire,
And in my tears doth form the same,
And if I tempt it, will retire,
And of my plaints doth make his game.

Love, let me cull thy fairest flowers,
And pity me, and calm her eye;
Make soft her heart, dissolve her lowers,
And I will praise thy deity.

But if thou do not, Love, I'll truly serve her
In spite of thee, and by firm faith deserve her.

211 AND ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
 A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,
 Of finer form or lovelier face!
 What though the sun, with ardent frown,
 Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown,—
 The sportive toil, which, short and light,
 Had dyed her glowing hue so bright,
 Served too in hastier swell to show
 Short glimpses of a breast of snow:
 What though no rule of courtly grace
 To measured mood had trained her pace,—
 A foot more light, a step more true,
 Ne'er from the heath-flower dash'd the dew;
 E'en the slight hare-bell raised its head,
 Elastic from her airy tread.

WALTER SCOTT.

212 HOME they brought her warrior dead:
 She nor swooned, nor uttered cry:
 All her maidens, watching, said,
 'She must weep or she will die.'

Then they praised him, soft and low,
 Called him worthy to be loved,
 Truest friend and noblest foe;
 Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
 Lightly to the warrior stept,
 Took the face-cloth from the face;
 Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
 Set his child upon her knee—
 Like summer-tempest came her tears—
 'Sweet my child, I live for thee.'

A. TENNYSON.

215 HER arms across her breast she laid ;
 She was more fair than words can say :
 Bare-footed came the Beggar maid
 Before the king Cophetua.
 In robe and crown the king stept down,
 To meet and greet her on her way :
 'It is no wonder,' said the lords,
 'She is more beautiful than day.'

As shines the moon in clouded skies,
 She in her poor attire was seen :
 One praised her ancles, one her eyes,
 One her dark hair and lovesome mien.
 So sweet a face, such angel grace,
 In all that land had never been :
 Cophetua swore a royal oath :
 This beggar maid shall be my queen !

A. TENNYSON.

216 THIS morning, timely rapt with holy fire,
 I thought to form unto my zealous Muse
 What kind of creature I could most desire
 To honour, serve, and love, as poets use.
 I meant the day-star should not brighter rise,
 Nor lend like influence from his lucent seat ;
 I meant each softest virtue there should meet,
 Fit in that softer bosom to reside :
 Only a learned and a manly soul
 I purposed her, that should with even powers
 The thread, the spindle, and the shears control
 Of Destiny, and spin her own free hours.
 Such when I meant to feign, despaired to see,
 My Muse bade Lucia write, and that was she.

BEN JONSON.

217 O YOU that bathe in courtly blisse,
 Or toyle in fortunes gidly spheare ;
 Do not too rashly deem amyssse
 Of him, that bydes contented here.

Nor yet disdeigne the russet stoale,
Which o'er each carelesse lymbe he flyngs:
Nor yet deryde the beechen bowle
In whyche he quaffs the lympid springs.

Forgive him if at eve or dawne
Devoide of worldye cark he strays:
Or all beside some flowerye lawne
He waste his inoffensive daye.

So may he pardowne fraud and strife,
If such in courtlye haunt he see:
For faults there beene in busye life,
From whyche these peaceful glennes are free.

SHENSTONE.

218 BUT hark, the din of arms! no time for sorrow:
To horse, to horse! a day of blood to-morrow!
One parting pang, and then—and then I fly,
Fly to the field, to triumph—or to die!—
He goes, and night comes as it never came,
With shrieks of horror, and a vault of flame.
And lo! when morning mocks the desolate,
Red runs the river by; and at the gate
Breathless a horse without his rider stands:
But hush!... a shout from the victorious bands!
And oh the smiles and tears, a sire restored!
One wears his helm, one buckles on his sword;
One hangs the wall with laurel-leaves, and all
Spring to prepare the soldier's festival;
While she best loved, till then forsaken never,
Clings round his neck as she would cling for ever.

BYRON.

219 THE smiling morn, the breathing spring,
Invite the tuneful birds to sing;
And, while they warble from each spray,
Love melts the universal lay.

Let us, Amanda, timely wise,
 Like them, improve the hour that flies,
 And in soft raptures waste the day,
 Among the shades of Endermay.

For soon the winter of the year,
 And age, life's winter, will appear;
 At this thy living bloom must fade,
 As that will strip the verdant shade.
 Our taste of pleasure then is o'er;
 The feather'd songsters love no more,
 And when they droop, and we decay,
 Adieu the shades of Endermay!

MALLET.

220 Woods, hills, and rivers now are desolate,
 Sith he is gone, the which them all did grace:
 And all the fields do wail their widowed state,
 Sith death their fairest flower did late deface.

The fairest flower in field that ever grew,
 Was Astrophel; that was, we all may rew.

What cruell hand of cursed foe unknowne,
 Hath cropt the stalke which bore so faire a flowre,
 Untimely cropt, before it were well growne,
 And clean defaced in untimely howre?

Great losse to all that ever did him see,
 Great losse to all, but greatest losse to me!

Breake now your gyrlonds, O! ye shepherd's lasses,
 Sith the faire flower, which them adorned, is gone:
 'The flower, which them adorned, is gone to ashes,
 Never again let lasse put gyrlond on.

Instead of gyrlond, weare sad cypress nowe,
 And bitter elder broken from the bowe.

SPENSER.

221 THE winds are high, and Helle's tide
 Rolls darkly heaving to the main;
 And Night's descending shadows hide
 The field with blood bedewed in vain;

The desert of old Priam's pride—
The tombs—sole relics of his reign—
All—save immortal dreams that could beguile
The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle!

Minstrel! with thee to press that shore—
To trace again those fields of yore—
Believing every hillock green
Contains no fabled hero's ashes—
And that around the undoubted scene
Thine own broad Hellespont still dashes,
Be long my lot—and cold were he
Who there could gaze denying thee.

BYRON.

222 SHUN delays, they breed remorse,
Take thy time, while time is lent thee;
Creeping snails have weakest force;
Fly their fault, lest thou repent thee;
Good is best, when soonest wrought;
Lingering labour comes to nought.

Hoist up sail, while gale doth last;
Tide and wind stay no man's pleasure:
Seek not time, when time is past;
Sober speed is wisdom's leisure;
After-wit is dearly bought:
Let thy fore-wit guide thy thought.

223 TIME wears all his locks before,
Take thou hold upon his forehead;
When he flies, he turns no more,
And behind his scalp is naked.
Works adjourned have many stays,
Long demurs breed new delays.

Seek thy salve while sore is green,
 Fester'd wounds ask deeper lancing:
 After-cures are seldom seen,
 Often sought, scarce ever chancing.
 Time and place give best advice,
 Out of season, out of price.

SOUTHWELL.

†
 224 ἼΛΙΩ αἰπείνα Πάρις οὐ γάμον, ἀλλά τιν' ἔταν
 ἠγάγετ' εὐναίαν εἰς θαλάμους Ἑλέναν.
 ᾧς ἔνεκ', ᾧ Τροία, δορὶ καὶ πυρὶ δηιάλωτον
 εἶλέ σ' ὁ χιλιόναυς Ἑλλάδος ὠκὺς Ἄρης,
 καὶ τὸν ἐμὸν μελέας πόσιν Ἐκτορα, τὸν περὶ τείχη
 εἴλκυσε διφρεύων παῖς ἁλίας Θέτιδος·
 αὐτὰ δ' ἐκ θαλάμων ἀγόμαν ἐπὶ θίνα θαλάσσας,
 δουλοσύναν στυγερὰν ἀμφιβαλοῦσα κάρᾳ.
 πολλὰ δὲ δάκρυστά μοι κατέβα χροῶς, ἀνὶκ' ἔλειπον
 ἄστυ τε καὶ θαλάμους καὶ πόσιν ἐν κονίαις·
 ᾧμοι ἐγὼ μελέα, τί μ' ἐχρῆν ἔτι φέγγος ὀρᾶσθαι,
 Ἑρμιόνας δούλαν; ᾧς ὑπο τειρομένα
 πρὸς τόδ' ἄγαλμα θεᾶς ἰκέτις περὶ χεῖρε βαλοῦσα
 τάκομαι, ὡς πετρίνα πιδακέεσσα λιβᾶς.

EURIPIDES.

225 TELL me, thou soul of her I love,
 Ah! tell me, whither art thou fled;
 To what delightful world above,
 Appointed for the happy dead?
 Or dost thou, free, at pleasure, roam,
 And sometimes share thy lover's woe;
 Where, void of thee, his cheerless home
 Can now, alas! no comfort know?
 Oh! if thou hover'st round my walk,
 While, under every well-known tree,
 I to thy fancied shadow talk,
 And every tear is full of thee;

Should then the weary eye of grief,
Beside some sympathetic stream,
In slumber find a short relief,
O, visit thou my soothing dream!

THOMSON.

226 AH! why, unfeeling Winter, why
Still flags thy torpid wing?
Fly, melancholy season, fly,
And yield the year to Spring.

When on the mountain's azure peak
Alights her fairy form,
Cold blow the winds—and dark and bleak
Around her rolls the storm.

If to the valley she repair
For shelter and defence,
Thy wrath pursues the mourner there,
And drives her weeping thence.

She seeks the brook, the faithless brook,
Of her unmindful grown,
Feels the chill magic of thy look,
And lingers into stone.

J. MONTGOMERY.

227 ADIEU, adieu! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue;
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
Yon sun that sets upon the sea
We follow in his flight;
Farewell, awhile to him and thee!
My native land—good night!
A few short hours and he will rise
To give the morrow birth;
And I shall hail the main and skies,
But not my mother earth.

Deserted is my own good hall,
 Its hearth is desolate,
 Wild weeds are gathering on the wall,
 My dog howls at the gate.

BYRON.

228 Go forth, for she is gone!
 With the golden light of her wavy hair,
 She is gone to the fields of the viewless air:
 She hath left her dwelling lone!

Go forth and like her be free!
 With thy radiant wing and thy glancing eye,
 Thou hast all the range of the sunny sky:
 And what is our grief to thee?

Is it aught even to her we mourn?
 Doth she look on the tears by her kindred shed?
 Doth she rest with the flowers o'er her gentle head,
 Or float on the light wind borne?

We know not—but she is gone!
 Her step from the dance, her voice from the song,
 And the smile of her eye from the festal throng:
 She hath left her dwelling lone!

FELICIA HEMANS.

229 In all my wanderings round this world of care,
 In all my grief, and God has given my share—
 I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
 Amidst these humble bow'rs to lay me down;
 To husband out life's taper at the close,
 And keep the flame from wasting my repose:
 I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
 Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill;
 Around my fire an evening group to draw,
 And tell of all I felt, and all I saw.
 And, as a hare, whom hounds and horn pursue,
 Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
 I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
 Here to return, and die at home at last.

230 O! BLEST retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreat from care, that never must be mine;
How blest is he, who crowns in shades like these
A youth of labour, with an age of ease;
Who quits a world, where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly.
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine or tempt the dangerous deep,
No surly porter stands, in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate.
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend,
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
Whilst resignation gently slopes the way;
And all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past.

GOLDSMITH.

231 TIME, fly with greater speed away,
Add feathers to thy wings,
Till thy haste in flying brings
That wisht for and expected day.

Comfort's sun we then shall see,
Tho' at first it darken'd be
With dangers, yet those clouds but gone
Our day will put his lustre on.

Then tho' death's sad night appear,
And we in lonely silence rest;
Our ravished souls no more shall fear,
But with lasting day be blest.

And then no friends can part us more,
Nor no new death extend its power;
Thus there's nothing can dis sever
Hearts which love hath join'd together.

COWLEY.

- 232 ΟΥΔΕΝ ἐν ἀνθρώποισι μένει χρῆμ' ἔμπεδον αἶει,
 ἐν δὲ τὸ κάλλιστον Χίος ἔειπεν ἀνὴρ·
 οἷη περ φύλλων γενεή, τοιήδε καὶ ἀνδρῶν·
 παῦροι μὲν θνητῶν οὔασι δεξάμενοι
 στέρνοις ἐγκατέθεντο· πάρεστι γὰρ ἐλπίς ἐκάστω,
 ἀνδρῶν ἢ τε νέων στήθεσιν ἐμφύεται.
 θνητῶν δ' ὄφρα τις ἄνθος ἔχη πολυήρατον ἤβης,
 κοῦφον ἔχων θυμὸν πόλλ' ἀτέλεστα νοεῖ·
 οὔτε γὰρ ἐλπίδ' ἔχει γηράσεμεν οὔτε θανείσθαι,
 οὐδ' ὑγιῆς ὅταν ἦ, φροντίδ' ἔχει καμάτου.
 νήπιοι, οἷς ταύτη κείται νόος, οὐδὲ ἴσασι
 ὡς χρόνος ἔσθ' ἤβης καὶ βιότου ὀλίγος
 θνητοῖς· ἀλλὰ σὺ ταῦτα μαθὼν βιότου ποτὶ τέρμα
 ψυχῇ τῶν ἀγαθῶν τλῆθι χαριζόμενος.

SIMONIDES.

- 233 MOURN'ST thou, that *here* the time-worn sufferer ends
 Those evil days still threatening woes to come ;
 Here, where the friendless feel no want of friends,
 Where even the houseless wanderer finds an home ?
 What though no kindred crowd in sable forth,
 And sigh, or seem to sigh, around his bier ;
 Tho' o'er his coffin with the humid earth
 No children drop the unavailing tear ?
 Rather rejoice that *here* his sorrows cease,
 Whom sickness, age, and poverty oppress'd ;
 Where death, the leveller, restores to peace
 The wretch, who living knew not where to rest.
 Rejoice, that tho' severe his earthly doom,
 And rude, and sown with thorns the way he trod,
 Now, (where unfeeling Fortune cannot come)
 He rests upon the mercies of his God.

C. SMITH.

234 FRUIT of Aurora's tears, fair rose,
On whose soft leaves fond Zephyrs play,
Oh! queen of flowers, thy buds disclose,
And give thy fragrance to the day;
Unveil thy transient charms:—ah, no!
A little be thy bloom delay'd,
Since the same hour that bids thee blow,
Shall see thee droop thy languid head.

But go! and on Themira's breast
Find, happy flower! thy throne and tomb;
While, jealous of a fate so blest,
How shall I envy thee thy doom!
Should some rude hand approach thee there,
Guard the sweet shrine thou wilt adorn;
Ah! punish those who rashly dare,
And for my rivals keep thy thorn.

FROM THE FRENCH.

235 THY braes were bonny, Yarrow stream!
When first on them I met my lover;
Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream,
When now thy waves his body cover!
For ever now, O Yarrow stream!
Thou art to me a stream of sorrow;
For never on thy banks shall I
Behold my love the flower of Yarrow.

Sweet were his words when last we met;
My passion I as freely told him!
Clasp'd in his arms, I little thought
That I should never more behold him!
Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost;
It vanish'd with a shriek of sorrow;
Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,
And gave a doleful groan through Yarrow!

236 His mother from the window look'd,
 With all the longing of a mother ;
 His little sister, weeping walk'd
 The green-wood path to meet her brother :
 They sought him east, they sought him west,
 They sought him all the forest thorough ;
 They only saw the cloud of night,
 They only heard the roar of Yarrow.

No longer from thy window look,
 Thou hast no son, thou tender mother.
 No longer walk thou lovely maid ;
 Alas ! thou hast no more a brother.
 No longer seek him east or west,
 And search no more the forest thorough,
 For wandering in the night so dark,
 He fell a lifeless corpse in Yarrow,

LOGAN.

237 SWEET nurslings of the vernal skies,
 Bathed in soft airs, and fed with dew,
 What more than magic in you lies
 To fill the heart's fond view ?
 In childhood's sports companions gay,
 In sorrow, on life's downward way,
 How soothing ! in our last decay,
 Memorials prompt and true.

Alas ! of thousand bosoms kind,
 That daily court you and caress,
 How few the happy secret find
 Of your calm loveliness.
 "Live for to-day ! to-morrow's light
 To-morrow's cares shall bring to sight.
 Go, sleep like closing flowers at night,
 And heaven thy morn will bless."

KEBLE.

238 WHEN he, who adores thee, has left but the name
Of his fault and his sorrows behind,
Oh! say wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame
Of a life that for thee was resigned?

Yes, weep; and however my foes may condemn,
Thy tears shall efface their decree:
For Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love;
Every thought of my reason was thine:
In the last humble prayer to the Spirit above,
Thy name shall be mingled with mine.

Oh, blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
The days of thy glory to see:
But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give
Is the pride of thus dying for thee.

MOORE.

239 BUT I deserved;—for all that time,
When I was loved, admired, caressed,
There was within, each secret crime
Unfelt, uncanceled, unconfessed;
I never then my God addressed
In grateful praise or humble prayer;
And if his word was not my jest—
(Dread thought!) it never was my care.
I doubted:—fool I was to doubt!
If that all-piercing eye could see,—
If He—who looks—all worlds throughout,
Would so minute and careful be,
As to perceive and punish me:—
With man I would be great and high,
But with my God so lost, that He
In His large view should pass me by.

CRABBE.

240 WEIGH me the fire ; or canst thou find
 A way to measure out the wind ;
 Distinguish all those floods that are
 Mixt in that watery theatre,
 And taste thou them as saltless there,
 As in their channel first they were.
 Tell me the people that do keep
 Within the kingdoms of the deep ;
 Or fetch me back that cloud again,
 Beshiver'd into seeds of rain.
 Tell me the motes, dusts, sands and spears
 Of corn, when summer shakes his ears ;
 Shew me that world of stars and whence
 They noiseless spill their influence :
 This if thou can'st, then show me Him,
 That rides the glorious Cherubim.

HERRICK.

241 CRITICS I saw, that other names deface,
 And fix their own, with labour, in their place :
 Their own like others, soon their place resign'd,
 Or disappear'd, and left the first behind.
 Nor was the work impair'd by storms alone,
 But felt the approaches of too warm a sun ;
 For fame, impatient of extremes, decays
 Not more by envy than excess of praise.
 Yet part no injuries of heaven could feel,
 Like crystal faithful to the graving steel :
 The rock's high summit, in the temple's shade,
 Nor heat could melt, nor beating storm invade.
 Their names inscribed unnumber'd ages past
 From time's first birth, with time itself shall last ;
 These ever new, nor subject to decays,
 Spread and grow brighter with the length of days.

POPE.

242 THEN came the smallest tribe I yet had seen ;
 Plain was their dress, and modest was their mien.

Great idol of mankind! we neither claim
The praise of merit, nor aspire to fame!
But safe in deserts from the applause of men,
Would die unheard of, as we liv'd unseen.
'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from sight
Those acts of goodness, which themselves requite.
O let us still the secret joy partake
To follow virtue even for virtue's sake.

And live there men, who slight immortal fame?
Who then with incense shall adore our name?
But, mortals! know, 'tis still our greatest pride
To blaze those virtues, which the good would hide.
Rise! Muses, rise! add all your tuneful breath,
These must not sleep in darkness and in death.

POPE.

243 How vain that second life in other's breath,
Th' estate which wits inherit after death!
Ease, health and life for this they must resign
(Unsure the tenure, but how vast the fine!)
Nor fame I slight, nor for her favours call;
She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all.
But if the purchase costs so dear a price,
As soothing folly, or exalting vice:
Oh! if the Muse must flatter lawless sway,
And follow still where fortune leads the way;
Or if no basis bear my rising name,
But the fallen ruins of another's fame;
Then teach me, Heaven! to scorn the guilty bays,
Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise;
Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown;
Oh! grant an honest fame, or grant me none!

POPE.

244 How richly glows the water's breast
Before us, tinged with evening hues!
While far towards the crimson west
The boat her silent course pursues.

And see how dark the backward stream
 A little moment passed so smiling,
 And still perhaps with faithless gleam
 Some other loiterers beguiling !
 Such views the youthful bard allure,
 But heedless of the following gloom,
 He deems their colours shall endure,
 And still go with him to the tomb.
 And let him nurse his fond deceit :
 For what if he must die in sorrow ?
 Who would not cherish dreams so sweet,
 Though grief and pain may come to-morrow ?

245 A GOATHERD fed his flocks on many a steep,
 Where Eden's river swells the southern deep :
 A melancholy man, who dwelt alone,
 Yet far abroad his evil fame was known,
 The first of woman born that might presume
 To wake the dead-bones slumbering in the tomb ;
 'Twas said his voice could stay the rolling flood,
 Eclipse the sun and turn the moving blood :
 Spirits of fire and air and sea and land,
 Came at his call and flew at his command :
 His spells so potent, that his changing breath
 Open'd or shut the gates of life and death :
 The name and place of every herb he knew,
 Its healing balsam or pernicious dew.
 The meanest reptile and the noblest beasts
 Obeyed his mandates and his high behests.

246 NOT seldom, clad in radiant vest,
 Deceitfully goes forth the Morn ;
 Not seldom Evening in the west
 Sinks smilingly forsworn.

The smoothest seas will sometimes prove
To the confiding bark untrue:
And if she trusts the stars above,
They can be treacherous too.

The umbrageous Oak, in pomp outspread,
Full oft, when storms the welkin rend,
Draws lightning down upon the head
It promised to defend.

But Thou art true, Incarnate Lord,
Who didst vouchsafe for man to die:
Thy smile is sure, thy plighted word
No change can falsify.

WORDSWORTH.

247 THERE'S a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream,
And the nightingale sings round it all the day long;
In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet dream
To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song.

That bower and its roses I never forget,
But oft when alone in the bloom of the year
I think,—is the nightingale singing there yet?
Are the roses still bright by the calm Bendemeer?

No, the roses soon wither'd that hung o'er the wave;
But some blossoms were gather'd while freshly they
shone,
And a dew was distill'd from the flowers, that gave
All the fragrance of summer, when summer was gone.

Thus memory draws from delight, ere it dies,
An essence that breathes of it many a year.
Thus bright to my soul, as 'twas then to my eyes,
Is that bower on the banks of the calm Bendemeer.

T. MOORE.

248 O PARTNER of my infant griefs and joys!
 Big with the scenes now past, my heart o'erflows;
 Bids each endearment, fair as once, to rise,
 And dwells luxurious on her melting woes.

Oft with the rising sun, when life was new,
 Along the woodland have I roam'd with thee;
 Oft by the moon have brush'd the evening dew;
 When all was fearless innocence and glee.

The sainted well, where yon bleak hill declines,
 Has oft been conscious of those happy hours;
 But now the hill, the river crown'd with pines,
 And sainted well have lost their cheering pow'rs;

For thou art gone. My guide, my friend! oh, where,
 Where hast thou fled, and left me here behind?
 My tenderest wish, my heart to thee was bare;
 Oh now cut off each passage to my mind!

MICKLE.

249 OUR little world, the image of the great,
 Like that amid the boundless Ocean set,
 Of her own growth hath all that Nature craves,
 And all that's rare, as tribute from the waves.

As Egypt does not on the clouds rely,
 But to the Nile owes more than to the sky;
 So what our earth and what our heaven denies,
 Our ever constant friend, the sea, supplies.

The taste of hot Arabia's spice we know,
 Free from the scorching sun that makes it grow;
 Without the worm, in Persian silks we shine;
 And, without planting, drink of every vine.

To dig for wealth we weary not our limbs,
 Gold, though the heaviest metal, hither swims;
 Ours is the harvest where the Indians mow;
 We plough the deep, and reap what others sow.

WALLER.

250 BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land !
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand !
If such there breathe, go, mark him well ;
For him no minstrel raptures swell ;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth, as wish can claim :
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentr'd all in self,
Living shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.

SIR W. SCOTT.

251 FAIR was thy blossom, bonny flower,
Fair as the softest wreaths that spring,
When late I saw thee seek the bower
In peace thy morning-hymn to sing.

Thy little foot across the lawn
Scarce from the primrose pressed the dew ;
I thought the spirit of the dawn
Before me to the greenwood flew.

E'en then the shaft was on the wing,
Thy spotless soul from earth to sever,
A tear of pity wet the string
That twanged, and sealed thy doom for ever.

May thy long sleep be sound and sweet ;
Thy visions fraught with bliss to be ;
And long the daisy, emblem meet,
Shall shed its earliest tear o'er thee !

252 BACK, back ;—he fears not foaming flood,
 Who fears not steel-clad line :—
 No warrior thou of German blood,
 No brother thou of mine.
 Go, earn Rome's chain to load thy neck,
 Her gems to deck thy hilt ;
 And blazon honor's hapless wreck
 With all the gauds of guilt.

But wouldst thou have *me* share the prey ?
 By all that I have done,
 The Varian bones that day by day
 Lie whitening in the sun ;
 The legion's trampled panoply,
 The eagle's shattered wing,
 I would not be for earth or sky
 So scorned and mean a thing.

253 MY Chloris, mark how green the groves,
 The primrose banks how fair :
 The balmy gales awake the flowers,
 And wave thy flaxen hair.

The lav'rock¹ shuns the palace gay,
 And o'er the cottage sings :
 For nature smiles as sweet, I ween,
 To shepherds as to kings.

Let minstrels sweep the skilfu' string
 In lordly lighted ha' :
 The shepherd stops his simple reed,
 Blythe, in the birken shaw².

The princely revel may survey
 Our rustic dance wi' scorn ;
 But are their hearts as light as ours
 Beneath the milk-white thorn ?

BURNS.

¹ lark.² birch-wood.

254 O GIN my love were yon red rose,
That grows upon the castle wa',
And I mysel' a drap o' dew,
Into her bonnie breast to fa'!

Oh, there beyond expression blest,
I'd feast on beauty a' the night;
Seal'd on her silk-soft faulds to rest,
'Till fley'd awa' by Phœbus' light.

O were my love yon lilac fair,
Wi' purple blossoms in the spring;
And I, a bird to shelter there,
When wearied on my little wing:

How I wad mourn, when it was torn
By autumn wild and winter rude!
But I wad sing on wanton wing,
When youthfu' May its bloom renew'd.

BURNS.

255 METHOUGHT from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track:
'Twas Autumn—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcom'd me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part:
My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of heart.

Stay, stay with us—rest, thou art weary and worn;
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay:
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

T. CAMPBELL.

256 Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,
 When our mother Nature laughs around ;
 When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
 And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground ?

The clouds are at play in the azure space,
 And their shadows at play on the bright green vale,
 And here they stretch to the frolic chase,
 And there they roll on the easy gale.

There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,
 There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree,
 There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower,
 And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

And look at the broad-faced sun, how he smiles
 On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray,
 On the leaping waters and gay young isles ;
 Ay, look, and he'll smile thy gloom away.

W. C. BRYANT.

257 Lo streams that April could not check
 Are patient of thy rule,
 Gurgling in foamy water-break,
 Loitering in glassy pool :
 By thee, thee only, could be sent
 Such gentle mists, as glide
 Curling with unconfirm'd intent
 On that green mountain's side.
 Season of fancy and of hope,
 Permit not for one hour
 A blossom from thy crown to drop,
 Nor add to it a flower !
 Keep, lovely May, as if by touch
 Of self-restraining art,
 This modest charm of not too much,
 Part seen, imagined part !

WORDSWORTH.

258 FRESH as the bordering flower's her bloom,
Her eye all mild to view ;
The little halcyon's azure plume
Was never half so blue.
Her shape was like the reed, so sleek,
So taper, straight and fair,
Her dimpled smile, her blushing cheek,
How charming sweet they were !

Far in the winding vale retired,
This peerless bud is found ;
And shadowing rocks and woods conspired
To fence her beauties round.
That Nature in so lone a dell
Should form a nymph so sweet !
Or fortune to her secret cell
Conduct my wandering feet !

SHENSTONE.

259 WHEN forc'd the fair nymph to forego,
What anguish I felt at my heart !
Yet I thought—but it might not be so—
'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.
She gaz'd as I slowly withdrew ;
My path I could hardly discern—
So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return.

The pilgrim that journeys all day
To visit some far distant shrine ;
If he bear but a relique away,
Is happy, nor heard to repine.
Thus widely remov'd from the fair,
Where my vows, my devotion I owe ;
Soft hope is the relique I bear,
And my solace wherever I go.

SHENSTONE.

260 WHEN fair Serena first I knew,
 By friendship's happy union charm'd,
 Incessant joys around her flew,
 And gentle smiles my bosom warm'd.

But when with fond officious care,
 I press'd to breathe my amorous pain;
 Her lips spoke nought but cold despair,
 Her eyes shot ice thro' every vein.

Thus in Italia's lovely vales
 The Sun his genial vigour yields;
 Reviving heat each sense regales,
 And plenty crowns the smiling fields.

When nearer we approach his ray;
 High on the Alp's tremendous brow,
 Surpris'd we see pale sun-beams play
 On everlasting hills of snow.

261 GAY lordlings sought her for their bride,
 But she would ne'er incline:
 'Prove to your equals true,' she cried,
 'As I will prove to mine.
 'Tis Strephon on the mountain's brow
 Has won my right good will;
 To him I gave my plighted vow,
 With him I'll climb the hill.'

Struck with her charms and gentle truth
 I clasped the constant fair;
 To her alone I gave my youth,
 And vow my future care.
 And when this vow shall faithless prove,
 Or I those charms forego,
 The stream that saw our tender love,
 That stream shall cease to flow.

SHENSTONE.

262 SUCH were the notes that from the pirate's isle
Around the kindling watch-fire rang the while ;
Such were the sounds that thrill'd the rocks along,
And unto ears as rugged seem'd a song !
In scatter'd groups upon the golden sand,
They game—carouse—converse—or whet the brand ;
Select the arms—to each his blade assign,
And careless eye the blood that dims its shine ;
Repair the boat, replace the helm or oar,
While others straggling muse along the shore ;
For the wild bird the busy springes set,
Or spread beneath the sun the dripping net ;
Gaze where some distant sail a speck supplies,
With all the thirsting eye of enterprize ;
Tell o'er the tales of many a night of toil,
And marvel where they next shall seize a spoil.

SIR W. SCOTT.

263 OH, sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company !

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray ;
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay.

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou wedding-guest !
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small ;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

264 'Tis believed that this Harp, which I wake now for thee,
Was a Siren of old, who sung under the sea;
And who often at eve thro' the bright waters rov'd,
To meet, on the green shore, a youth whom she lov'd.

But she lov'd him in vain, for he left her to weep,
And in tears, all the night, her gold tresses to steep;
Till heav'n look'd with pity on true love so warm,
And chang'd to this soft Harp the sea-maiden's form.

Still her bosom rose fair—still her cheeks smil'd the same—
While her sea-beauties gracefully form'd the light frame;
And her hair, as let loose o'er her white arm it fell,
Was chang'd to bright chords utt'ring melody's spell.

Hence it came, that this soft Harp so long hath been known
To mingle love's language with sorrow's sad tone;
Till *thou* did'st divide them and teach the fond lay
To speak love when I'm near thee, and grief when away.

T. MOORE.

265 THE Minstrel Boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him:
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.—
'Land of song!' said the warrior-bard,
'Though all the world betrays thee,
'One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
'One faithful harp shall praise thee!'

The Minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under:
The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder:
And said, 'No chains shall sully thee,
'Thou soul of love and bravery!
'Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
'They shall never sound in slavery.'

T. MOORE.

266 FLOW on, thou shining river;
But, ere thou reach the sea,
Seek Ella's bower and give her
The wreaths I fling o'er thee.
And tell her thus, if she'll be mine,
The current of our lives shall be,
With joys along their course to shine,
Like those sweet flowers on thee.

But if, in wand'ring thither,
Thou find'st she mocks my prayer,
Then leave those wreaths to wither
Upon the cold bank there;
And tell her thus, when youth is o'er,
Her lone and loveless charms shall be
Thrown by upon life's weedy shore,
Like those sweet flowers from thee.

T. MOORE.

267 LIKE one who, doom'd o'er distant seas
His weary path to measure,
When home at length, with fav'ring breeze,
He brings the far-sought treasure;
His ship, in sight of shore, goes down,
That shore to which he hasted;
And all the wealth he thought his own
Is o'er the waters wasted.

Like him, this heart, through many a track
Of toil and sorrow straying,
One hope alone brought fondly back,
Its toil and grief repaying.

Like him, alas, I see that ray
Of hope before me perish,
And one dark minute sweep away
What years were given to cherish.

T. MOORE.

268 Now when fierce Winter, arm'd with wasteful power,
 Heaves the wild deep that thunders from afar,
 How sweet to sit in this sequester'd bower,
 To hear, and but to hear, the mingling war!

Ambition here displays no gilded toy,
 That tempts on desperate wing the soul to rise,
 Nor Pleasure's flower-embroider'd paths decoy,
 Nor Anguish lurks in Grandeur's gay disguise.

Oft has Contentment cheer'd this lone abode
 With the mild languish of her smiling eye;
 Here Health has oft in blushing beauty glow'd,
 While loose-robed Quiet stood enamour'd by.

E'en the storm lulls to more profound repose:
 The storm these humble walls assails in vain;
 Screen'd is the lily when the whirlwind blows,
 While the oak's stately ruin strews the plain.

BEATTIE.

269 THIS is the hour, the hour of rest,
 By sages lov'd, by poets sung,
 When 'midst the stillness of the breast
 The gates of thought are open flung;
 And clearer through the silent void
 Is heard the voice of truth supreme,
 And brighter through the gloom descried
 The torch of wisdom sheds its beam.
 When the strong soul, unfetter'd, wings
 Where'er she lists her flight sublime,
 Thro' earthly, or eternal things,
 Thro' good or ill, thro' space or time:
 O'er early errors heaves the sigh,
 Looks downward thro' unfolding years,
 And broods on coming grief or joy
 With tranquil hope and chastened fears.

W. S. WALKER.

270 WE'VE trod the maze of error round,
Long wand'ring in the winding glade ;
And now the torch of truth is found,
It only shows us where we stray'd.
By long experience taught, we now
Can rightly judge of friends and foes ;
Can all the worth of these allow,
And all the faults discern in those.

Now 'tis our boast, that we can quell
The wildest passions in their rage,
Can their destructive force repel,
And their impetuous wrath assuage :
Ah! virtue, dost thou arm, when now
This bold rebellious race are fled ;
When all these tyrants rest, and thou
Art warring with the mighty dead ?

CRABBE.

271 STELLA and Flavia every hour
Do various hearts surprise ;
In Stella's soul is all her power,
And Flavia's in her eyes.
More boundless Flavia's conquests are,
And Stella's more confin'd :
All can discern a face that's fair,
But few an heavenly mind.
Stella, like Britain's monarch, reigns
O'er cultivated lands ;
Like Eastern tyrants Flavia deigns
To rule o'er barren sands.
Then boast, fair Flavia, boast thy face,
Thy beauty's only store ;
Each day, that makes thy charms decrease,
Will give to Stella more.

272 Go tell Amynta, gentle swain,
 I would not die, nor dare complain;
 Thy tuneful voice with numbers join,
 Thy words will more prevail than mine.
 To souls oppress'd, and dumb with grief,
 The gods ordain this kind relief:
 That music should in sounds convey,
 What dying lovers dare not say.

A sigh or tear, perhaps, she'll give
 But love on pity cannot live.
 Tell her that hearts for hearts were made,
 And love with love is only paid.
 Tell her my pains so fast increase,
 That soon they will be past redress;
 But ah! the wretch, that speechless lies,
 Attends but death to close his eyes.

DRYDEN.

273 FLATTERED with promise of escape
 From every hurtful blast,
 Spring takes, O sprightly May! thy shape,
 Her loveliest and her last.

Less fair is summer riding high
 In fierce solstitial power,
 Less fair than when a lenient sky
 Brings on her parting hour.

When earth repays with golden sheaves
 The labours of the plough,
 And ripening fruits and forest-leaves
 All brighten on the bough;

What pensive beauty autumn shows,
 Before she hears the sound
 Of winter rushing in, to close
 The emblematic round!

WORDSWORTH.

274 YE banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye blume sae fair;
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae fu' o' care?
Ye'll break my heart, ye little birds,
That sing upon the bough;
Ye mind me o' departed joys,
When my fause luve was true.
Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,
To see the woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its luve,
And sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
Frae aff its thorny tree;
But my false luver staw¹ the rose,
And left the thorn wi' me.

BURNS.

275 WHILE the winds whistle round my cheerless room,
And the pale morning droops with winter's gloom;
While indistinct lie rude and cultured lands,
The ripening harvest and the hoary sands;
Alone, and destitute of every page
That fires the poet, or informs the sage,
Where shall my wishes, where my fancy rove,
Rest upon past or cherish promist love?
Alas! the past I never can regain,
Wishes may rise and tears may flow in vain.
Fancy, that shews her in her early bloom,
Throws barren sunshine o'er the unyielding tomb.
What then would passion, what would reason do?
Sure, to retrace is worse than to pursue.
Here will I sit, till heaven shall cease to lour,
And happier Hesper bring the appointed hour;
Gaze on the mingled waste of sky and sea,
Think of my love, and bid her think of me.

W. S. LANDOR.

¹ stole.

276 THUS by himself compelled to live each day,
 To wait for certain hours the tide's delay ;
 At the same time the same dull views to see,
 The bounding marsh-bank and the blighted tree,
 The water only, when the tides were high,
 When low, the mud half-covered and half-dry ;
 The sun-burnt tar that blisters on the planks,
 And bank-side stakes in their uneven ranks ;
 Heaps of entangled weeds that slowly float,
 As the tide rolls by the impeded boat.
 When tides were neap, and in the sultry day
 Through the tall bounding mudbanks made their way,
 Which on each side rose swelling, and below
 The dark warm flood ran silently and slow ;
 There anchoring Peter chose from man to hide,
 There hang his head and view the lazy tide
 In its hot slimy channel slowly glide.

CRAEBE.

277 A SABLE vest each round her flings,
 Each in her fleshless fingers swings
 A lurid torch, that dusky glows ;
 Within their veins no life-blood flows.
 And where the graceful ringlets stray,
 Round man's more kindly aspect floating,
 There only snakes and adders play,
 Their loathsome forms with venom bloating.

Round in the awful ring they spin,
 The measure of the hymn begin,
 That tears its way the heart to wound,
 And flings its bands the sinner round.
 It robs the wits, the heart it blasts,
 Loud pealed by the infernal choir,
 The marrow of the hearer wastes,
 Nor brooks the music of the lyre.

278

BLEST, who, from guilt and error free,
Keeps the heart's childlike purity!
He walks life's path secure from fear,
We dare not draw in vengeance near.
Woe, woe to him, who dares conceal
His heavy crime, the deed of blood!
We fasten on his flying heel,
We dog him, Night's tremendous brood.

And if he think to spring away,
We wave our wing, we net our prey,
Around his feet our toils are cast,
And he must sink to earth at last.
Unwearied thus we urge the chase,
Nor penitence can aught appease,
On to the shades, still on we race,
Nor grant him even there release.

ANSTICE.

279

'Tis sung in ancient minstrelsy,
That Phœbus wont to wear
The leaves of any pleasant tree
Around his golden hair;
Till Daphne, desperate with pursuit
Of his imperious love,
At her own prayer transform'd took root,
A laurel in the grove.

Then did the Penitent adorn
His brow with laurel green;
And 'mid his bright locks, never shorn,
No meaner leaf was seen;
And poets sage, through every age,
About their temples wound
The bay; and conquerors thank'd the Gods,
With laurel chaplets crown'd.

WORDSWORTH.

280 THE wide world's accidents are apt to change,
 And fickle Fortune stays not in a place;
 But like the clouds continually doth range,
 Or like the sun that hath the night in chace.
 Then as the heavens, by whom our hopes are guided,
 Do coast the earth with an eternal course,
 We must not think a misery betided
 Will never cease, but still grow worse and worse.
 When icy Winter's past, then comes the Spring,
 Whom Summer's pride with sultry heat pursues;
 To whom mild Autumn does earth's treasure bring,
 The sweetest season that the wise can chuse.
 Heaven's influence was ne'er so constant yet,
 In good or bad as to continue it.

281 ΑΗ! de ses fils perdus la Grèce est attristée,
 Mais pour la consoler la nature est restée;
 Mais sous son beau soleil, son sol, fécond encor,
 Sourit même à des mains avides de culture,
 Mais des bois d'olivier y donnent leur trésor,
 Mais l'oranger prodigue y répand son fruit d'or,
 La vigne ses raisins, le myrte sa verdure,
 Le glatinier ses fleurs; les platanes épais
 Près des sources encor se plaisent à s'étendre,
 En dômes transparens, leurs rameaux n'ont jamais
 Sur la terre laissé tomber un jour plus tendre:
 Et ces riches vallons, aux sites enchanteurs,
 Où du sommet des monts l'œil charmé se repose,
 Jamais au lit des eaux n'ont vu du laurier-rose
 Serpenter plus rians les méandres de fleurs.

LEBRUN.

282 ὦ ΠΑΙΔΕΣ, ἦ τοι Κύπρις οὐ Κύπρις μόνον,
 ἀλλ' ἐστὶ πολλῶν ὀνομάτων ἐπώνυμος,
 ἔστιν μὲν Αἴδης, ἔστι δ' ἀφθιτος βία,
 ἔστιν δὲ λύσσα μαινὰς, ἔστι δ' ἕμερος
 ἄκρατος, ἔστ' οἰμωγμός· ἐν κείνῃ τὸ πᾶν,

σπουδαῖον, ἡσυχάϊον, ἐς βίαν ἄγον.
 ἐντήκεται γὰρ πνευμόνων ὅσοις ἐνὶ
 ψυχῇ· τίς οὐχὶ τῆσδε τῆς θεοῦ βορά;
 εἰσέρχεται μὲν ἰχθύων πλωτῶ γένει·
 ἔνεστι δ' ἐν χέρσου τετρασκελεῖ γονῆ·
 νωμᾶ δ' ἐν οἰωνοῖσι τοῦκείνης πτερόν,
 ἐν θηρσίην, ἐν βροτοῖσιν, ἐν θεοῖς ἄνω.
 τίς οὐ παλαίους' ἐς τρίς ἐκβάλλει θεῶν;
 εἴ μοι θέμις, θέμις δὲ τὰληθῆ λέγειν,
 Διὸς τυραννεῖ πνευμόνων· ἄνευ δορός,
 ἄνευ σιδήρου πάντα τοι συντέμνεται
 Κύπρις τὰ θνητῶν καὶ θεῶν βουλευματα.

SOPHOCLES.

283

To hope where hope is vain,
 To fear, from danger free,
 To trust in shadows, then again
 To doubt reality.
 To nurse, each idle hour that flies,
 A thousand fickle fantasies;
 To dream awake; to pine away,
 Yet bless the pangs that kill;
 To die a thousand times a day,
 And yet be living still;
 Each struggling thought of self to smother
 In ceaseless musings on another;
 From hope to hope with restless mind,
 From fear to fear to rove;
 Such is the frenzy that mankind
 Deck with the name of Love!

TRANS. FROM METASTASIO.

284

MAIS toujours repasser par une même route,
 Voir ses jours épuisés s'écouler goutte à goutte;
 Mais suivre pas à pas dans l'immense troupeau,
 Ces générations, inutile fardeau,

Qui meurent pour mourir, qui vécurent pour vivre,
 Et dont chaque printems la terre se délivre,
 Comme dans nos forêts, le chêne avec mépris,
 Livre aux vents des hivers ses feuillages flétris ;
 Sans regrets, sans espoir, avancer dans la vie,
 Comme un vaisseau qui dort sur une onde assoupie ;
 Sentir son âme usée en impuissant effort,
 Se ronger lentement sous la rouille du sort ;
 Penser sans découvrir, aspirer sans atteindre,
 Briller sans éclairer, et pâlir sans s'éteindre :
 Hélas ! tel est mon sort et celui des humains.

LAMARTINE.

285 Now the world is all before us,
 Outcasts we from hearth and home ;
 West to Andes, east to Taurus,
 Still together will we roam.

Weep not thou for sire or mother,
 Nor for broken duty grieve ;
 They had given to another
 That which was not theirs to give.

Wintry be our sky, or vernal,
 Love shall bloom in any clime—
 Love almighty, love eternal,
 Laughs to scorn the might of time.

Cold though be the road before us,
 All the closer we will cling ;
 Dark though be it, hovering o'er us,
 Love shall spread his sunlit wing.

W. G. CLARK.

286 THE wind blew hollow frae the hills,
 By fits the sun's departing beam
 Looked on the fading yellow woods,
 That waved o'er Lugar's winding stream ;

Beneath a craigy¹ steep, a bard,
Laden with years and meikle² pain,
In loud lament bewailed his lord,
Whom death had all untimely ta'en.

He leaned him to an ancient aik³,
Whose trunk was mouldering down with years;
His locks were bleached white wi' time,
His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears!
And as he touched his trembling harp,
And as he tuned his doleful sang,
The winds lamenting through their caves,
To echo bore their notes alang.

287 YE scattered birds, that faintly sing,
The relics of the vernal quire!
Ye woods, that shed on a' the winds
The honours of the aged year!
A few short months, and, glad and gay,
Again ye'll charm the ear and e'e;
But nocht⁴, in all revolving time,
Can gladness bring again to me.

I am a bending aged tree,
That long has stood the wind and rain;
But now has come a cruel blast,
And my last hald of earth is gane;
Nae leaf o' mine shall greet the spring,
Nae summer sun exalt my bloom;
But I maun⁵ lie before the storm,
And ithers⁶ plant them in my room.

288 I'VE seen sae mony changefu' years,
On earth I am a stranger grown;
I wander in the ways of men,
Alike unknowing and unknown;

¹ craggy.

² much.

³ oak.

⁴ nothing.

⁵ must.

⁶ others.

Unheard, unpitied, unrelieved,
 I bear alane my lade¹ o' care,
 For silent, low, on beds of dust,
 Lie a' that would my sorrow share.

And last (the sum of a' my griefs!)
 My noble master lies in clay;
 The flower amang our barons bold,
 His country's pride, his country's stay:
 In weary being now I pine,
 For a' the life of life is dead,
 And hope has left my aged ken²,
 On forward wing for ever fled.

289 AWAKE thy last sad voice, my harp!
 The voice of woe and wild despair!
 Awake, resound thy latest lay,
 Then sleep in silence evermair!
 And thou, my last, best, only freend,
 That fillest an untimely tomb,
 Accept this tribute from the bard
 Thou brought from Fortune's mirkest³ gloom.

In poverty's low barren vale,
 Thick mists obscure involve me round;
 Though oft I turned the wistful eye,
 Nae ray of fame was to be found.
 Thou found'st me like the morning sun,
 That melts the fogs in limpid air,
 The friendless bard and rustic song
 Became alike thy fostering care.

290 OH! why has worth so short a date,
 While villains ripen gray with time!
 Must thou, the noble, generous, great,
 Fall in bold manhood's hardy prime?

¹ load.² sight.³ darkest.

Why did I live to see that day?
A day to me so full of woe!
Oh! had I met the mortal shaft,
Which laid my benefactor low!

The bridegroom may forget the bride,
Was made his wedded wife yestreen¹:
The monarch may forget the crown,
That on his head an hour has been:
The mother may forget the child,
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee;
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
And a' that thou hast done for me!

BURNS.

291 IF thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moon-light;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild but to flout the ruins gray.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruined central tower;
When buttress and buttress alternately
Seemed framed of ebon and ivory:
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave:
Then go—but go alone the while—
Then view St David's ruined pile;
And, home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

¹ yesterday evening.

292 DEAR as thou wert, and justly dear,
 We will not weep for thee;
 One thought shall check the starting tear,
 It is—that thou art free.
 And thus shall Faith's consoling power
 The tears of love restrain;
 Oh! who that saw thy parting hour,
 Could wish thee here again?

Triumphant in thy closing eye
 The hope of glory shone,
 Joy breathed in thine expiring sigh,
 To think the fight was won.
 Gently the passing spirit fled,
 Sustained by grace divine:
 Oh! may such grace on me be shed,
 And make my end like thine!

DALE.

293 MY boyish days are nearly gone;
 My breast is not unsullied now;
 And worldly cares and woes will soon
 Cut their deep furrows on my brow,—
 And life will take a darker hue
 From ills my brother never knew;
 And I have made me bosom friends,
 And loved and linked my heart with others;
 But who with mine his spirit blends,
 As mine was blended with my brother's?
 When years of rapture glided by,
 The spring of life's unclouded weather,
 Our souls were knit, and thou and I,
 My brother, grew in life together.
 The chain is broke that bound us then;
 When shall I find its like again?

MOULTRIE.

294 BIRD of the broad and sweeping wing,
Thy home is high in heaven,
Where wide the storms their banners fling,
And the tempest clouds are driven.
Thy throne is on the mountain-top:
Thy fields the boundless air;
And hoary peaks that proudly prop
The skies thy dwellings are.

Thou sittest like a thing of light
Amid the noon-tide blaze:
The mid-day sun is clear and bright;
It cannot dim thy gaze.
Thy pinions to the rushing blast,
O'er the bursting billow, spread,
Where the vessel plunges, hurry past,
Like an angel of the dead.

295 THOU art perched aloft on the beetling crag,
And the waves are white below,
And on, with a haste that cannot lag,
They rush in an endless flow.
Again thou hast plumed thy wing for flight,
To lands beyond the sea,
And away like a spirit wreathed in light,
(Thou hurriest, wild and free.

Thou hurriest over the myriad waves,
And thou leavest them all behind:
Thou sweep'st that place of unknown graves,
Fleet as the tempest-wind.
When the night-storm gathers dim and dark,
With a shrill and boding scream,
Thou rushest by the foundering bark,
Quick as a passing dream.

296 LORD of the boundless realm of air,
In thy imperial name
The hearts of the bold and ardent dare
The dangerous path of fame.

Beneath the shade of thy golden wings
 The Roman legions bore,
 From the river of Egypt's cloudy springs,
 Their pride to the polar shore.

For thee they fought, for thee they fell,
 And their oath was on thee laid;
 To thee the clarions raised their swell;
 And the dying warrior prayed.
 Thou wert, through an age of death and fears,
 The image of pride and power,
 Till the gathered rage of a thousand years
 Burst forth in one awful hour.

PERCIVAL.

Lady.

297 "WHY would'st thou leave me, oh! gentle child?
 Thy home on the mountain is bleak and wild,
 A straw-roofed cabin with lowly wall—
 Mine is a fair and pillared hall,
 Where many an image of marble gleams,
 And the sunshine of pictures for ever streams!"

Boy.

"Oh! green is the turf where my brothers play,
 Through the long bright hours of the summer-day;
 They find the red-cup moss where they climb,
 And they chase the bee o'er the scented thyme:
 And the rocks where the heath-flower blooms they know,
 Lady, kind Lady, oh! let me go!"

Lady.

"Content thee, boy, in my bower to dwell;
 Here are sweet sounds which thou lovest well;
 Flutes on the air in the stilly noon,
 Harps which the wandering breezes tune;
 And the silvery wood-note of many a bird,
 Whose voice was ne'er in thy mountains heard."

298

DEPARTING Summer hath assumed
 An aspect tenderly illumed,
 The gentlest look of Spring ;
 That calls from yonder leafy shade
 Unfaded, yet prepared to fade,
 A timely carolling.

No faint and hesitating trill,
 Such tribute as to Winter chill
 The lonely redbreast pays !
 Clear, loud, and lively is the din,
 From social warblers gathering in
 Their harvest of sweet lays.

Nor doth the example fail to cheer
 Me, conscious that my leaf is sere
 And yellow on the bough :—
 Fall, rosy garlands, from my head !
 Ye myrtle wreaths, your fragrance shed
 Around a younger brow.

WORDSWORTH.

299

VITAL spark of heavenly flame !
 Quit, oh, quit this mortal frame !
 Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying !
 Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying !
 Cease, fond nature ! cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life !

Hark, they whisper—angels say,
 “Sister spirit, come away !”
 What is this absorbs me quite,
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
 Drowns my spirit, draws my breath ?
 Tell me, my soul—can this be death ?

The world recedes—it disappears !
 Heaven opens on my eyes !—my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring !
 Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
 O grave, where is thy victory ?
 O death ! where is thy sting ?

POPE.

300 THE wished-for wind was given:—I then revolved
 The oracle, upon the silent sea ;
 And, if no worthier led the way, resolved
 That, of a thousand vessels mine should be
 The foremost prow in pressing to the strand—
 Mine the first blood that tinged the Trojan sand.

Yet bitter, oft-times bitter, was the pang
 When of thy loss I thought, beloved wife.
 On thee too fondly did my memory hang,
 And on the joys we shared in mortal life,—
 The paths which we have trod—these fountains, flowers ;
 My new-plann'd cities, and unfinish'd towers.

But should suspense permit the foe to cry,
 'Behold, they tremble!—haughty their array,
 Yet of their number no one dares to die!'
 In soul I swept the indignity away :
 Old frailties then recurred :—but lofty thought,
 In act embodied, my deliverance wrought.

WORDSWORTH.

301 No fish stir in our heaving net,
 The sky is dark and the night is wet,
 And we must ply the lusty oar,
 For the tide is ebbing from the shore.
 And sad are they whose faggots burn,
 So kindly stored for our return.
 Our boat is small, and the tempest raves,
 And nought is heard but the lashing waves,
 And the sullen roar of the angry sea,
 And the wild winds piping drearily :
 Yet sea and tempest rise in vain,
 We'll bless our blazing hearths again.
 Push bravely, mates, our guiding star
 Now from its turret streameth far :
 And now along the nearing strand
 See swiftly move yon flaming brand :
 Before the midnight hour is past,
 We'll quaff our bowl and mock the blast.

302 SLOW sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,
Along Morea's hills, the setting sun ;
Not, as in northern climes, obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light !
O'er the hushed deep the yellow beam he throws,
Gilds the green wave that trembles as it glows.
On old Ægina's rock, and Idra's isle,
The god of gladness sheds his parting smile ;
O'er his own regions lingering, loves to shine,
Though there his altars are no more divine.
Descending fast the mountain-shadows kiss
Thy glorious gulph, unconquer'd Salamis !
Their azure arches through the long expanse,
More deeply purpled meet this mellowing glance,
And tenderest tints, along their summits driven,
Mark his gay course and own the hues of heaven ;
Till, darkly shaded from the land and deep,
Behind his Delphian cliff he sinks to sleep.

BYRON.

303 No princely pompe, nor welthie store,
No force to winne the victorie,
No wylie wit to salve a sore,
No shape to winne a lover's eye ;
To none of these I yeeld as thrall,
For why? my mind dispiseth all.

I wish but what I have at will :
I wander not to seeke for more ;
I like the plaine, I clime no hill ;
In greatest stormes I sitte on shore,
And laugh at them that toile in vaine
To get what must be lost againe.

I laugh not at anothers losse,
I grudge not at anothers gaine ;
No wordly wave my mind can tosse,
I brooke that is anothers bane :
I fear no foe, nor fawne on friend ;
I loth not life, nor dread mine end.

PERCY'S RELIQUES.

304 DOOMED as we are our native dust
 To wet with many a bitter shower,
 It ill befits us to disdain
 The altar, to deride the fane,
 Where simple sufferers bend, in trust
 To win a happier hour.

I love, where spreads the village lawn,
 Upon some knee-worn cell to gaze :
 Hail to the firm unmoving cross,
 Aloft, where pines their branches toss !
 And to the chapel far withdrawn,
 That lurks by lonely ways !

Where'er we roam—along the brink
 Of Rhine—or by the sweeping Po,
 Through Alpine vale, or champaign wide,
 What'er we look on, at our side
 Be charity!—to bid us think,
 And feel, if we would know.

WORDSWORTH.

305 WAS nought around but images of rest,
 Sleep-soothing groves and quiet lawns between :
 And flowery beds that slumberous influence kest,
 From poppies breathed ; and beds of pleasant green,
 Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
 Meantime unnumbered glittering streamlets played,
 And hurled everywhere their waters sheen ;
 That, as they bickered through the sunny glade,
 Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.

Joined to the prattle of the purling rills,
 Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
 And flocks loud bleating from the distant hills,
 And vacant shepherds piping in the dale :
 And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,
 Or stock-doves 'plain amid the forest deep,
 That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale ;
 And still a coil the grasshopper did keep ;
 Yet all these sounds yblent inclined all to sleep.

THOMSON.

306 WHEN o'er the blasted heath the day declined,
And round the scath'd oak roared the winter wind,
When not a distant taper's twinkling ray
Gleamed on the firs to light him on his way,
When not a sheep-bell sooth'd his listening ear,
And the big rain-drops told the tempest near,
Then did his horse the homeward track descry,
The track, which shunn'd his sad enquiring eye,
Till his charmed hand the careless rein resign'd,
And doubts and terrors vanished from his mind.
Led by what chart, transports the timid dove
The wreaths of conquest or the vows of love?
Say through what clouds what compass points her flight?
Monarchs have gazed, and nations bless'd the sight.
Pile rocks on rocks, bid woods on mountains rise,
Eclipse her native shades, her native skies,
'Tis vain: though Athos self should interpose,
She lights at last where all her cares repose.

307 AROUND these wonders as I cast a look,
The trumpets sounded and the temple shook,
And all the nations, summoned at the call,
From different quarters fill the crowded hall:
Of various tongues the mingled sounds were heard,
In various garbs promiscuous throngs appeared;
Thick as the bees, that with the spring renew
Their flowery toils, and sip the fragrant dew.
Millions of suppliant crowds the shrine attend,
And all degrees before the goddess bend;
The poor, the rich, the valiant and the sage,
And boasting youth and narrative old age.
Their pleas were different, their requests the same,
For good and bad alike are fond of fame.
Some she disgrac'd and some with honours crown'd;
Unlike successes equal merits found.
Thus her blind sister, fickle Fortune, reigns,
And undiscerning scatters crowns and chains.

POPE.

308 SWEETLY breathing vernal Air,
 That with kind warmth dost repair
 Winter's ruins; from whose breast
 All the gums and spice of th' east
 Borrow their perfumes: whose eye
 Gilds the morn and clears the sky;
 Beauty, youth, and endless spring,
 Dwell upon thy rosy wing!

Thou, if stormy Boreas throws
 Down whole forests when he blows,
 With a pregnant flowery birth
 Canst refresh the teeming earth.
 If he nip the early bud,
 If he blast what's fair or good,
 If his rude breath threaten us,
 Thou canst stroke great Æolus,
 And from him the grace obtain
 To bind him in an iron chain.

T. CAREW.

309 WHERE, doomed to poverty's sequestered dell,
 The wedded pair of love and virtue dwell,
 Unpitied by the world, unknown to fame,
 Their woes, their wishes, and their hearts the same,
 O there, prophetic Hope, thy smile bestow,
 And chase the pangs that worth should never know;
 There, as the parent deals his scanty store
 To friendless babes, and weeps to give no more,
 Tell that his manly race shall yet assuage
 Their father's woes and shield his latter age.
 What though for him no Hybla sweets distil,
 Nor bloomy vines wave purple on the hill;
 Tell that when silent years have passed away,
 That when his eye grows dim, his tresses grey,
 These busy hands a lovelier cot shall build,
 And deck with fairer flowers his little field,
 And call from Heaven propitious dews to breathe
 Arcadian beauty on the barren heath.

CAMPBELL.

310 FAR different there from all that charmed before,
 The various terrors of that horrid shore ;
 Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
 And fiercely shed intolerable day ;
 Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
 But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling ;
 Those poisonous fields, with rank luxuriance crown'd,
 Where the dark scorpion gathers death around ;
 Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
 The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake ;
 Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
 And savage men, more murderous still than they ;
 While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
 Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.
 Far different these from every former scene,
 The cooling brook, the grassy vested green,
 The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
 That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

GOLDSMITH.

311 1 BRIDE of Paris, such art thou !
 2 To Ilion when thy venturous prow
 3 First bore thee o'er the ocean brine,
 4 What melting loveliness was thine !
 5 A spirit like the breathless calm,
 6 When summer's gentle air is balm ;
 7 Eyes, darting many a tender glance,
 8 An unassuming elegance,
 9 Whose quiet charms new beauty lent
 10 To grace each costly ornament ;
 11 Love's very flower, whose bloom invites,
 12 Yet stings the gazer it delights.—
 13 Soon was the blissful promise past !
 14 Bitter thy wedlock's fruit at last ;
 Evil the day that saw thee come,
 Inmate of Priam's peaceful home,
 Sent by avenging Heaven's decree,
 A Fury, not a Bride, to be !

ANSTICE.

312 RESOLVED to dust intombed heere lieth Love,
 Through faults of her, who heere herself should lye ;
 He strooke her brest, but all in vain did prove
 To fire the yse : and doubting by and by
 His brand had lost his force, he gan to trye
 Upon him selfe : which tryall made him dye.

In soothe no force : let those lament that lust,
 I'le sing a caroll song for obsequy :
 For, towardes me his dealings were unjust,
 And cause of all my passed misery :

 The Fates, I think, seeing what I had past,
 In my behalf wrought this revenge at last.

But somewhat more to pacyfie my minde
 By illing him, by whome I liv'd a slave,
 I'le cast his ashes to the open winde,
 Or write this Epitaph uppon his grave ;
 *Here lyeth Love, of Mars the bastard Sonne,
 Whose foolish fault to death him selfe hath donne.*

THOMAS WATSON.

313 ALAS ! they had been friends in youth ;
 But whispering tongues can poison truth ;
 And constancy lives in realms above ;
 And life is thorny ; and youth is vain ;
 And to be wroth with one we love,
 Doth work like madness in the brain ;
 And thus it chanced, as I divine,
 With Roland and Sir Leoline.
 Each spake words of high disdain
 And insult to his heart's best brother :
 They parted—ne'er to meet again !
 But never either found another
 To free the hollow heart from paining—
 They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
 Like cliffs which had been rent asunder ;
 A dreary sea now flows between ;—
 But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
 Shall wholly do away, I ween,
 The marks of that which once hath been.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

314 ἌΩΣ ἀντέλλοισα καλὸν διέφαινε πρόσωπον
 Πότνια νύξ ἄτε, λευκὸν ἔαρ χεῖμωνος ἀνέντος
 ὦδε καὶ ἅ χρυσεὰ Ἑλένα διεφαίνεται ἐν ἀμῖν.
 Πιείρα μεγάλα ἄτ' ἀνέδραμε κόσμος ἀρούρα
 Ἡ κάπῳ κυπάρισσος ἢ ἄρματι Θεσσαλὸς ἵππος,
 ὦδε καὶ ἅ ῥοδόχρως Ἑλένα Λακεδαίμονι κόσμος.
 Οὔτε τις ἐν ταλάρῳ πανίσδεται ἔργα τοιαῦτα,
 Οὔτ' ἐνὶ δαιδαλέῳ πυκινώτερον ἄτριον ἰστῶ
 Κερκίδι συμπλέξασα μακρῶν ἔταμ' ἐκ κελεόντων.
 Οὐ μὰν οὐ κιθάραν τις ἐπίσταται ὦδε κροτῆσαι,
 Ἄρτεμιν ἀείδοισα καὶ εὐρύστερνον Ἀθάναν,
 ὦς Ἑλένα, τᾶς πάντες ἐπ' ὄμμασιν ἴμεροι ἐντί
 ὦ καλά, ὦ χαριέσσα κόρα, τὸ μὲν οἰκέτις ἦδη
 Ἄμμες δ' ἐς δρόμον ἦρι καὶ ἐς λειμώνια φύλλα
 Ἐρψοῦμες, στεφάνως δρεψεύμεναι ἀδὺ πνέοντας,
 Πράτα τοι στέφανον λωτῶ χάμαι αὐξομένοιο
 Πλέξασαι σκιερὰν καταθήσομεν ἐς πλατάνιστον
 Γράμματα δ' ἐν φλοιῶ γεγράφεται (ὡς παριῶν τις
 Ἄννειμῆ) Δωριστί· Σέβου μ'· Ἑλένας φυτὸν εἰμί.

THEOCRITUS.

315 OH, be thou blest with all that Heaven can send,
 Long health, long youth, long pleasure, and a friend :
 Not with those toys the female world admire,
 Riches that vex, and vanities that tire.
 With added years if life bring nothing new,
 But like a sieve let every blessing through,
 Some joy still lost as each vain year runs o'er,
 And all we gain, some sad reflection more ;
 Is that a birth-day? 'tis, alas ! too clear,
 'Tis but the funeral of the former year.
 Let joy or ease, let affluence or content,
 And the gay conscience of a life well spent,
 Calm every thought, inspire every grace,
 Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face.
 Let day improve on day, and year on year,
 Without a pain, a trouble, or a fear ;

Till death unfelt that tender frame destroy
 In some soft dream, or ecstasy of joy ;
 Peaceful sleep out the sabbath of the tomb,
 And wake to raptures in a life to come.

POPE.

316 AIRS, that wander and murmur round,
 Bearing delight where'er ye blow !
 Make in the elms a lulling sound,
 While my lady sleeps in the shade below !

Lighten and lengthen her noon-day rest,
 Till the heat of the noon-day sun is o'er.
 Sweet be her slumbers ! though in my breast
 The pain she has waked may slumber no more.

Breathing soft from the blue profound,
 Bearing delight where'er ye blow,
 Make in the elms a lulling sound,
 While my lady sleeps in the shade below !

Airs ! that over the bending boughs,
 And under the shadows of the leaves,
 Murmur soft, like my timid vows,
 Or the secret sighs my bosom heaves,—

Gently sweeping the grassy ground,
 Bearing delight where'er ye blow !
 Make in the elms a lulling sound,
 While my lady sleeps in the shade below !

W. C. BRYANT.

317 LEAVES have their time to fall,
 And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
 And stars to set ;—but all,
 Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death !

Day is for mortal care,
 Eve, for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
 Night, for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer;—
 But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth.

The banquet hath its hour—
 Its feverish hour, of mirth, and song, and wine:
 There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming power,
 A time for softer tears—but all are thine!

Youth and the opening rose
 May look like things too glorious for decay,
 And smile at thee—but thou art not of those
 That wait the ripen'd bloom to seize their prey.

Leaves have their time to fall,
 And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
 And stars to set;—but all,
 Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

FELICIA HEMANS.

318 You meaner Beauties of the night,
 That poorly satisfie our eyes
 More by your number than your light,
 You Common people of the skies;
 What are you, when the Sun shall rise?

You curious chanters of the wood,
 That warble forth dame Nature's lays,
 Thinking your voices understood
 By your weak accents! what's your praise
 When Philomel her voice shall raise?

You violets that first appear,
 By your pure purple mantles known,
 Like the proud virgins of the year,
 As if the spring were all your own;
 What are you, when the rose is blown?

So, when my Mistress shall be seen
 In form and beauty of her mind,
 By virtue first, then choice, a Queen,
 Tell me, if she were not designed
 Th' eclipse and glory of her kind?

SIR H. WOTTON.

319

Go, lovely rose!
 Tell her, that wastes her time and me,
 That now she knows,
 When I resemble her to thee,
 How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
 And shuns to have her graces spy'd,
 That hadst thou sprung
 In deserts, where no men abide,
 Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
 Of beauty from the light retired:
 Bid her come forth,
 Suffer herself to be desired,
 And not blush so to be admir'd.

Then die! that she
 The common fate of all things rare
 May read in thee:
 How small a part of time they share,
 That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

WALLER.

320

STILL is the toiling hand of Care;
 The panting herds repose:
 Yet hark, how through the peopled air
 The busy murmur glows!
 The insect youth are on the wing,
 Eager to taste the honied spring,

And float amid the liquid noon :
Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some show their gaily-gilded trim,
Quick-glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye
Such is the race of man ;
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the busy and the gay
But flutter through life's little day,
In fortune's varying colours drest :
Brush'd by the hand of rough mischance,
Or chill'd by age, their airy dance
They leave, in dust to rest.

GRAY.

321 WE wandered to the Pine Forest
That skirts the Ocean's foam,
The lightest wind was in its nest,
The tempest in its home.

The whispering waves were half asleep,
The clouds were gone to play,
And on the woods and on the deep
The smile of Heaven lay.

It seemed as if the hour were one
Sent from beyond the skies,
Which scattered from above the sun
A light of Paradise.

We paused amid the pines that stood
The giants of the waste,
Tortured by storms to shapes as rude,
As serpents interlaced.

Now all the tree-tops lay asleep,
Like green waves on the sea,
As still as in the silent deep
The ocean woods may be.

P. B. SHELLEY.

322 IN the high-towering poplar thus swinging,
 My harp! hang suspended at ease;
 Thy chords at soft intervals ringing,
 As swept by the hand of the breeze.

The blue vault its full beauty displaying,
 Not a cloud the pure æther o'ershades;
 While in sighs his soft presence betraying,
 The green foliage young Zephyr pervades.

Thus I leave thee to murmur and quiver,
 As waked by the slow-rising wind;
 While here by the side of the river
 I repose, on soft verdure reclined.

Ah! along the horizon dark scowling,
 What tempest-bred shadows appear!
 Clouds! clouds rise incessantly rolling;
 Hark! the storm rushes loud on my ear.

Oh! my harp, my companion, my treasure,
 Let us rise, let us hasten away!
 'Tis thus fly the phantoms of pleasure;
 Thus fade our bright hopes in decay.

ANON.

323 SWEET to the morning traveller
 The song amid the sky,
 Where twinkling in the dewy light
 The sky-lark soars on high.

And cheering to the traveller
 The gales that round him play,
 When faint and heavily he drags
 Along his noon-tide way.

And when beneath the unclouded sun
 Full wearily toils he,
 The flowing water makes to him
 A soothing melody.

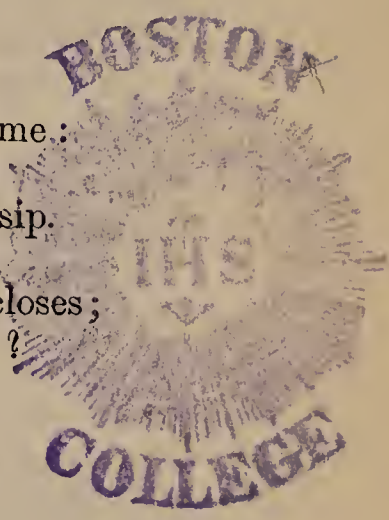
And when the evening light decays,
And all is calm around,
There is sweet music to his ear
In the distant sheep-bell's sound.

But oh! of all delightful sounds
Of evening or of morn,
The sweetest is the voice of love
That welcomes his return.

SOUTHEY.

324

I NE'ER could any lustre see
In eyes that would not look on me:
I ne'er saw nectar on a lip,
But where my own did hope to sip.
To me the cheek displays no roses,
Like that th' assenting blush discloses;
Would she have me praise her hair?
Let her place my garland there.
Is her hand so white and pure?
I must press it to be sure;
Nor can I be certain then,
Till it grateful press again.
Must I praise her melody?
Let her sing of love and me.
Must I, with attentive eye,
Watch her heaving bosom sigh?
I will do so, when I see
That heaving bosom sigh for me.
None but bigots will in vain
Adore a heaven they cannot gain.



SHERIDAN.

325

SHE leaves us: many a gentler breast
Will mourn our common loss like me:
The babe her hands, her voice caressed,
The lamb that couched beside her knee.

The touch thou lovest—the robe's far gleam—
 Thou shalt not find, thou dark-eyed fawn!
 Thy light is lost, exultant stream,
 Dim woods, your sweetness is withdrawn.

Descend, dark heaven, and flood with rain
 Their crimson roofs: their silence rout:
 Their vapour-laden branches strain,
 And force the smothered sadness out!

That so the ascended moon, when breaks
 The cloud, may light once more a scene,
 Fair as some cheek that suffering makes
 Only more tearfully serene:—

That so the vale she loved may look
 Calm as some cloister roofed with snows,
 Wherein, unseen, in shadowy nook,
 A buried vestal finds repose.

326 WHEN the warm sun, that brings
 Seed-time and harvest, has returned again,
 'Tis sweet to visit the still wood, where springs
 The first flower of the plain.

I love the season well,
 When forest glades are teeming with bright forms,
 Nor dark and many-folded clouds foretell
 The coming-in of storms.

From the earth's loosened mould
 The sapling draws its sustenance and thrives;
 Though stricken to the heart with winter's cold,
 The drooping tree revives.

The softly-warbled song
 Comes through the pleasant woods, and coloured wings
 Are glancing in the golden sun, along
 The forest openings.

Inverted in the tide
Stand the gray rocks, and trembling shadows throw,
And the fair trees look over, side by side,
And see themselves below.

LONGFELLOW.

327 GREEN o'er the copses spring's soft hues are spreading,
High wave the reeds in the transparent floods,
The oak its sere and fallow foliage shedding,
From their moss'd cradles start its infant buds.

Pale as the tranquil tide of summer's ocean,
The willow now its slender leaf unveils ;
And through the sky, with swiftly fleeting motion,
Driven by the wind, the rack of April sails.

Then, as the gust declines, the stealing showers
Fall fresh and noiseless ; while at closing day
The low sun gleams on moist and half-blown flowers,
That promise garlands for approaching May.

Thus shone the Sun, his vernal rays displaying,
Thus did the woods in early verdure wave,
While dire disease on all I loved was preying,
And flowers seem'd rising but to strew her grave !

Now mid reviving blooms I coldly languish,
Spring seems devoid of joy to me alone ;
Each sound of pleasure aggravates my anguish,
And speaks of beauty, youth and sweetness gone !

C. SMITH.

328 GEM of the crimson-coloured even,
Companion of retiring day,
Why at the closing gates of heaven,
Beloved star, dost thou delay ?

So fair thy pensile beauty burns,
When soft the tear of twilight flows,
So due thy plighted step returns
To chambers brighter than the rose ;

To peace, to pleasure, and to love,
 So kind a star thou seemest to be,
 Sure some enamoured orb above
 Descends and burns to meet with thee.

Thine is the breathing, blushing hour,
 When all unheavenly passions fly;
 Chased by the soul-subduing power
 Of love's delicious witchery.

Oh! sacred to the fall of day,
 Queen of propitious stars, appear!
 And early rise, and long delay,
 When CAROLINE herself is here.

T. CAMPBELL.

329 How sweet thy modest light to view,
 Fair star! to love and lovers dear,
 While trembling on the falling dew;
 Like beauty shining through a tear.

Or hanging o'er that mirror-stream,—
 To mark thine image trembling there;—
 Thou seem'st to smile with softer gleam,
 To see thy lovely face so fair.

Thine are the soft enchanting hours,
 When twilight lingers on the plain,
 And whispers to the closing flowers,
 That soon the sun shall rise again.

Thine is the breeze that, murmuring bland
 As music, wafts the lover's sigh,
 And bids the yielding heart expand
 To love's delicious ecstasy.

Fair star! though I be doomed to prove,
 That rapture's tears are mix'd with pain,
 Ah! still I feel 'tis sweet to love,
 But sweeter to be loved again.

LEYDEN.

330 FOND soother of my infant tear !
Fond sharer of my infant joy !
Is not thy shade still lingering here ?
Am I not still thy soul's employ ?

And oh ! as oft, at close of day,
When, meeting on the sacred mount,
Our nymphs awak'd the choral lay,
And danc'd around Cassotis' fount ;

As then 'twas all thy wish and care,
That mine should be the simplest mien,
My lyre and voice the sweetest there,
My foot the lightest o'er the green :

So still, each little grace to mould,
Around my form thine eyes are shed,
Arranging every snowy fold,
And guiding every mazy tread !

And, when I lead the hymning choir,
Thy spirit still, unseen and free,
Hovers between my lip and lyre,
And weds them into harmony !

T. MOORE.

331 BENEATH those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her ev'ning care :
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees, the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
 How jocund did they drive their team afield !
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
 Their sober wishes never learnt to stray ;
 Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

T. GRAY.

332 RIVER, that rollest by the ancient walls,
 Where dwells the lady of my love, when she
 Walks by thy brink, and there perchance recalls
 A faint and fleeting memory of me ;
 What if thy deep and ample stream should be
 A mirror of my heart, where she may read
 The thousand thoughts I now betray to thee,
 Wild as thy wave, and headlong as thy speed !
 The current I behold will sweep beneath
 Her native walls and murmur at her feet ;
 Her eyes will look on thee, when she shall breathe
 The twilight air, unharmed by summer's heat.
 Her bright eyes will be imaged in thy stream,—
 Yes ! they will meet the wave I gaze on now :
 Mine cannot witness, even in a dream,
 That happy wave repass me in its flow !
 The wave that bears my tears returns no more :
 Will she return by whom that wave shall sweep ?—
 Both tread thy banks, both wander on thy shore,
 I by thy source, she by the dark-blue deep.

BYRON.

333 STAY, rivulet, nor haste to leave
 The lovely vale that lies around thee ;
 Why would'st thou be a sea at eve,
 When but a fount the morning found thee ?

Born when the skies began to glow,
Humblest of all the rock's cold daughters,
No blossom bowed its stalk to show,
Where stole thy still and scanty waters.

Now on thy stream the noonbeams look,
Usurping, as thou downward driftest,
Its crystal from the clearest brook,
Its rushing current from the swiftest.

Ah! what wild haste!—and all to be
A river, and expire in ocean.
Each fountain's tribute hurries thee
To that vast grave with quicker motion.

Far better 'twere to linger still
In this green vale, these flowers to cherish,
And die in peace, an aged rill,
Than thus, a youthful Danube, perish.

W. C. BRYANT.

334 THE night it was still, and the moon it shone
Serenely on the sea,
And the waves at the foot of the rifted rock
They murmured pleasantly.

When Gondoline roamed along the shore,
A maiden full fair to the sight;
Though love had made bleak the rose on her cheek,
And turned it to deadly white.

Her thoughts they were drear, and the silent tear
It filled her faint blue eye,
As oft she heard, in fancy's ear,
Her Bertrand's dying sigh.

Her Bertrand was the bravest youth
Of all our good king's men,
And he was gone to the Holy Land
To fight the Saracen.

And many a month had passed away,
 And many a rolling year,
 But nothing the maid from Palestine
 Could of her lover hear.

KIRKE WHITE.

335 WHEN the winter wind whistles along the wild moor,
 And the cottager shuts on the beggar his door;
 When the chilling tear stands in my comfortless eye,
 Oh! how hard is the lot of the Wandering Boy!

The winter is cold, and I have no vest,
 And my heart it is cold as it beats in my breast;
 No father, no mother, no kindred have I—
 Oh! I am a parentless, Wandering Boy.

Yet I once had a home, and I once had a sire,
 A mother who granted each infant desire;
 Our cottage it stood in a wood-embowered vale,
 Where the ring-dove would warble its sorrowful tale.

But my father and mother were summoned away,
 And they left me to hard-hearted strangers a prey;
 I fled from their rigour with many a sigh,
 And now I'm a poor little Wandering Boy.

The wind it is keen, and the snow loads the gale,
 And no one will list to my innocent tale;
 I'll go to the grave where my parents both lie,
 And Death shall befriend the poor Wandering Boy.

KIRKE WHITE.

336 THE silent moon had scaled the vaulted skies,
 And anxious care resign'd my limbs to rest;
 A sudden lustre struck my wondering eyes,
 And Silvia stood before my couch confest.

Ah! not the nymph so blooming and so gay,
That led the dance beneath the festive shade,
But she that, in the morning of her day,
Entombed beneath the grass-green sod was laid.
No more her eyes their wonted radiance cast,
No more her breast inspired the lover's flame;
No more her cheek the Pæstan rose surpass'd,
Yet seemed her lips' ethereal smile the same.
Nor such her hair as deck'd the living face,
Nor such her voice as charmed the listening crowd:
Nor such her dress as heightened every grace;
Alas! all vanished for the mournful shroud!
Yet seemed her lips' ethereal charm the same;
That dear distinction every doubt removed;
Perish the lover, whose imperfect flame
Forgets one feature of the nymph he loved!

SHENSTONE.

337 THOU, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(The storms all weather'd, and the ocean crost),
Shoots into port at some well haven'd isle,
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile;
There sits quiescent on the floods that shew
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;
So thou, with sails, how swift! hast reacht the shore,
"Where tempests never beat, nor billows roar,"
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life long since has anchor'd by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distrest,
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-toss'd,
Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass lost,
And day by day some current's wasting force
Sets me more distant from a prosp'rous course.
Yet, oh! the thought that thou art safe and he,—
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.

COWPER.

338 THE fields which with covetous spirit we sold,
 Those beautiful fields, the delight of the day,
 Would have brought us more good than a burthen of gold,
 Could we but have been as contented as they.

There dwelt we, as happy as birds in their bowers;
 Unfettered as bees that in gardens abide;
 We could do what we liked with the land, it was ours;
 And for us the brook murmured that ran by its side.

But now we are strangers, go early or late;
 And often, like one overburthened with sin,
 With my hand on the latch of the half-opened gate,
 I look at the fields, but I cannot go in!

When I walk by the hedge on a bright summer's day,
 Or sit in the shade of my grandfather's tree,
 A stern face it puts on, as if ready to say,
 'What ails you, that you must come creeping to me!'

With our pastures about us, we could not be sad;
 Our comfort was near if we ever were crost;
 But the comfort, the blessings, and wealth that we had,
 We slighted them all,—and our birth-right was lost.

339 J'AI vécu, j'ai passé ce désert de la vie,
 Où toujours sous mes pas chaque fleur s'est flétrie,
 Où toujours l'espérance, abusant ma raison,
 M'a montré le bonheur dans un vague horizon;
 Où, du vent de la mort les brûlantes haleines
 Sous mes lèvres toujours tarissaient les fontaines.
 Qu'un autre, s'exhalant en regrets superflus,
 Redemande au passé ses jours qui ne sont plus,
 Pleure de son printemps l'aurore évanouie,
 Et consente à revivre une seconde vie.
 Pour moi, quand le destin m'offrirait à mon choix
 Le sceptre du génie, et le trône des rois,
 La gloire, la beauté, les trésors, la sagesse,
 Et joindrait à ses dons l'éternelle jeunesse,

J'en jure par la mort, dans un monde pareil,
Non ! je ne voudrais pas rajeunir d'un soleil.
Je ne veux pas d'un monde, où tout change, où tout passe,
Où, jusqu'au souvenir, tout s'use et tout s'efface,
Où tout est fugitif, périssable, incertain,
Où le jour du bonheur n'a pas de lendemain.

LAMARTINE.

340 SIR CAULINE just lifte up his eye,
When he heard his ladye crye ;
"Oh ladye, I am thine owne true love,
For thee I wisht to die."

Then giving her one partinge looke,
He closed his eyes in death,
Ere Christabelle, that ladye milde,
Began to drawe her breathe.

But when she found her comelye knighte
Indeed was dead and gone,
She layde her pale cold cheeke to his,
And thus she made her moane :

"O staye, my deare and onlye Lord,
For mee, thy faithfulle feere¹ ;
'Tis meet that I shold followe thee,
Who hast bought my love so deare."

Then fayntinge in a deadly swoune,
And with a deep-fette² sighe
That burst her gentle heart in twayne,
Fayre Christabelle did dye.

PERCY'S "RELIQUES."

341 LOVE still has something of the sea
From whence his mother rose :
No time his slaves from doubt can free,
Nor give their thoughts repose.

¹ mate.² deep-fetched.

They are becalm'd in clearest days,
 And in rough weather tost ;
 They wither under cold delays,
 Or are in tempests lost.

One while they seem to touch the port,
 Then straight into the main,
 Some angry wind, in cruel sport,
 The vessel drives again.

At first, disdain and pride they fear,
 Which if they chance to 'scape,
 Rivals and falsehood soon appear
 In a more dreadful shape.

By such degrees to joy they come,
 And are so long withstood ;
 So slowly they receive the sum,
 It hardly does them good.

SEDLEY.

342 SINCE our country, our God—Oh, my sire !
 Demand that thy daughter expire ;
 Since thy triumph was bought by thy vow,
 Strike the bosom that's bared for thee now !

And the voice of my mourning is o'er,
 And the mountains behold me no more :
 If the hand that I love lay me low,
 There cannot be pain in the blow !

And of this, oh, my Father ! be sure,
 That the blood of thy child is as pure
 As the blessing I beg ere it flow,
 And the last thought that soothes me below

Though the virgins of Salem lament,
 Be the judge and the hero unbent !
 I have won the great battle for thee,
 And my father and country are free !

When this blood of thy giving hath gush'd,
When the voice that thou lovest is hush'd,
Let my memory still be thy pride,
And forget not I smiled as I died!

BYRON.

343 AN, passing few are they who speak,
 Wild stormy March! in praise of thee;
 Yet, though thy winds are loud and bleak,
 Thou art a welcome month to me.

For thou to northern lands again
The glad and glorious sun dost bring,
And thou hast joined the gentle train,
And wear'st the gentle name of spring.

And in thy reign of blast and storm
Smiles many a long, bright, sunny day,
When the changed winds are soft and warm,
And heaven puts on the blue of May.

The year's departing beauty hides
Of wintry storms the sullen threat;
But in thy sternest frown abides
A look of kindly promise yet.

Thou bring'st the hope of those calm skies,
And that soft time of sunny showers,
When the wide bloom on earth that lies
Seems of a brighter world than ours.

BRYANT.

344 MY mother's grave! my mother's grave!
 Oh! dreamless is her slumber there,
 And drowsily the banners wave
 O'er her that was so chaste and fair.

Yea! love is dead, and memory faded!
 But when the dew is on the brake,
 And silence sleeps on earth and sea,
 And mourners weep and ghosts awake,
 Oh! then she cometh back to me,
 In her cold beauty darkly shaded!

I cannot guess her face or form:
 But what to me is form or face?
 I do not ask the weary worm
 To give me back each buried grace
 Of glistening eye or trailing tresses!
 I only feel that she is here,
 And that we meet and that we part;
 And that I drink within my ear,
 And that I clasp around my heart,
 Her sweet still voice and soft caresses!

W. M. PRAED.

345 OF the bright things in earth and air
 How little can the heart embrace!
 Soft shades and gleaming lights are there—
 I know it well, but cannot trace.

Mine eye unworthy seems to read
 One page of Nature's beauteous book:
 It lies before me, fair outspread—
 I only cast a wishful look.

I cannot paint to memory's eye
 The scene, the glance, I dearest love—
 Unchang'd themselves, in me they die,
 Or faint or false their shadows prove.

In vain, with dull and tuneless ear,
 I linger by soft music's cell,
 And in my heart of hearts would hear
 What to her own she deigns to tell.

'Tis misty all, both sight and sound;
I only know 'tis fair and sweet;
'Tis wandering on enchanted ground
With dizzy brow and tottering feet.

KEBLE.

346 OH friendship, cordial of the human heart,
So little felt, so fervently expressed,
Thy blossoms deck our unsuspecting years,
The promise of delicious fruit appears:
But soon, alas! we find the rash mistake
That sanguine inexperience loved to make,
And view, with tears, the expected harvest lost,
Decay with time, or wither by a frost.
Whoever undertakes a friend's great part,
Should be renewed in nature, pure in heart,
Prepared for many a trial, strong to prove
A thousand ways the force of genuine love.
He may be called to give up health and gain,
To exchange content for trouble, ease for pain;
To echo sigh for sigh and groan for groan,
And wet his cheeks with sorrows not his own.
The heart of man, for such a task too frail,
When most relied on is most sure to fail,
And, summoned for to take its fellow's woe,
Starts from its office like a broken bow.

347 No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and the sword;
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter, lingering, chills the lap of May.
Yet still e'en here content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime and all its rage disarm;
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all,—
Sees no contiguous palace near its head
To shame the meanness of his humble shed.

Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
 Breathes the keen air and carols as he goes ;
 With patient angle trolls the fenny deep,
 Or drives his venturous ploughshare to the steep.
 At night returning, every labour sped,
 He sits him down the monarch of a shed ;
 Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
 His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze ;
 And haply to some pilgrim, thither led,
 With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

GOLDSMITH.

348 As some lone miser, visiting his store,
 Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er ;
 Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
 Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still :
 Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
 Pleased with each good that Heaven to man supplies :
 Yet oft a sigh prevails and sorrows fall,
 To see the hoard of human bliss so small ;
 And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
 Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
 Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
 May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.
 But where to find that happiest spot below,
 Who can direct, when all pretend to know ?
 The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
 Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own ;
 The naked negro, panting at the line,
 Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine.
 Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
 His first, best country, ever is at home.

GOLDSMITH.

349 THE dead are in their silent graves,
 And the dew is cold above ;
 And the living weep and sigh
 Over dust that once was love.

Once I only wept the dead,
But now the living cause my pain:
How could'st thou steal me from my tears,
To leave me, to my tears again?

My mother rests beneath the sod,—
Her rest is calm and very deep:
I wished that she could see our loves,—
But now I gladden in her sleep.

Last night unbound my raven locks,
The morning saw them turned to gray;
Once they were black and well belov'd,
But thou art chang'd—and so are they.

The useless lock I gave thee once,
To gaze upon and think of me,
Was ta'en with smiles,—but this was torn
In sorrow, that I send to thee!

THOMAS HOOD.

350 'Tis past—the struggle now is o'er,
Which I have borne for thee;
A daughter's prayers can bend no more
Those hearts of cruelty.

Thou hast been true and just and brave;
And such the victor may not save;
And now to join thee in the grave
Alone is left for me.

Yes; I have bent before him low,
A daughter for her sire;
And seen unmov'd his vengeful brow,
Unquench'd his glance of ire.

And I have knelt for mercy down,
With priestly garb and sacred crown,
But his is not a heart to own
One spark of heavenly fire.

But earthly hopes and earthly fears,
 I lay them now aside;
 Thy love shall dry thy daughter's tears,
 Whatever woe betide.

“RUGBY MAGAZINE.”

351 O PHŒBUS, down the western sky
 Far hence diffuse thy burning ray:
 Thy light to distant worlds supply,
 And wake them to the cares of day.

Come, gentle Eve, the friend of care,
 Come, Cynthia, lovely queen of night,
 Refresh me with a cooling air,
 And cheer me with a lambent light.

Lay me, where o'er the verdant ground
 Her living carpet Nature spreads;
 Where the green bower with roses crowned,
 In showers its fragrant foliage sheds.

Improve the peaceful hour with wine;
 Let music die along the grove;
 Around the bowl let myrtles twine,
 And every strain be tuned to love.

Come, Stella, queen of all my heart,
 Come, born to fill its vast desires!
 Thy looks perpetual joys impart;
 Thy voice perpetual love inspires.

S. JOHNSON.

352 To fix her, 'twere a task as vain
 To count the April drops of rain,
 To sow in Afric's barren soil,
 Or tempests hold within a toil.

I know it, friend, she's light as air,
 False as the fowler's artful snare,
 Inconstant as the passing wind,
 As winter's dreary frost unkind.

Blushing at such inglorious reign,
I sometimes strive to break my chain;
My reason summon to my aid,
Resolve no more to be betrayed.

Ah! friend, 'tis but a short-liv'd trance,
Dispelled by one enchanting glance;
She needs but look, and I confess
Those looks completely curse or bless.

So soft, so elegant, so fair,
Sure something more than human's there:
I must submit, for strife is vain;
'Twas destiny that forged the chain.

SMOLLETT.

353

OH! by yonder mossy seat,
In my hours of sweet retreat,
Might I thus my soul employ,
With sense of gratitude and joy,
Pleasing all men, hurting none,
Pleas'd and bless'd with God alone;
Then while the gardens take my sight,
With all the colours of delight,
I'll lift my voice, and tune my string,
And thee, great Source of nature, sing.
The sun that walks his airy way,
To light the world, and give the day:
The moon that shines with borrow'd light;
The stars that gild the gloomy night;
The seas that roll unnumber'd waves;
The wood that spreads its shady leaves;
The field, whose ears conceal the grain,
The yellow treasure of the plain;—
All of these, and all I see,
Should be sung, and sung by me:
They speak their Maker as they can,
But want and ask the tongue of man.

T. PARNELL.

- 354 ΧΕΙΜΑΤΟΣ ἠνεμόεντος ἀπ' αἰθέρος οἰχομένοιο,
 πορφυρέη μείδησε φερανθέος εἴαρος ὦρη.
 γαῖα δὲ κυανέη χλοερὴν ἐστέψατο ποίην,
 καὶ φυτὰ θηλήσαντα νέοις ἐκόμισσε πετήλοισ.
 οἱ δ' ἀπαλὴν πίνοντες ἀξιφύτου δρόσον ἡοῦς
 λειμῶνες γελώωσιν ἀνοιγομένοιο ῥόδοιο.
 χαίρει δὲ σύριγγι νομεὺς ἐν ὄρεσσι λιγαίνων,
 καὶ πολιοῖς ἐρίφοις ἐπιτέρπεται αἰπόλος αἰγῶν.
 ἦδη δὲ πλώουσιν ἐπ' εὐρέα κύματα ναῦται,
 πνοιῇ ἀπημάντῳ ζεφύρου λῖνα κολπώσαντος.
 ἦδη δ' εὐάζουσι φορεσταφύλῳ Διονύσῳ
 ἄνθει βοτρυόεντος ἐρειψάμενοι τρίχα κισσοῦ.
 ἔργα δὲ τεχνήεντα βοηγενέεσσι μελίσσαις
 καλὰ μέλει καὶ σίμβλῳ ἐφήμεναι ἐργάζονται
 λευκὰ πολυτρήτοιο νεόρρυτα κάλλεα κηροῦ.
 πάντα δ' ὀρνίθων γενεὴ λιγύφωνος αἰεῖδι,
 ἀλκύνουες περὶ κῦμα, χελιδόνες ἀμφὶ μέλαθρα,
 κύκνος ἐπ' ὄχθαισιν ποταμοῦ καὶ ὑπ' ἄλσος ἀηδῶν.
 εἰ δὲ φυτῶν χαίρουσι κόμαι καὶ γαῖα τέθηλε,
 συρίζει δὲ νομεὺς καὶ τέρπεται εὐκόλα μῆλα,
 καὶ ναῦται πλώουσι, Διώνυσος δὲ χορεύει,
 καὶ μέλπει πετεηνὰ καὶ ὠδίνουσι μέλισσαι,
 πῶς οὐ χρῆ καὶ αἰοιδὸν ἐν εἴαρι καλὸν αἰεῖσαι;

EX ANTHOLOGIA.

- 355 HE left his home with a swelling sail,
 Of fame and fortune dreaming,—
 With a spirit as free as the vernal gale,
 Or the pennon above him streaming.
 He hath reached his goal;—by a distant wave,
 'Neath a sultry sun they've laid him;
 And stranger forms bent o'er his grave,
 When the last sad rites were paid him.
- He should have died in his own loved land,
 With friends and kinsmen near him:
 Not have withered thus on a foreign strand,
 With no thought, save heaven, to cheer him.

But what reck's it now? Is his sleep less sound
In the port where the wild winds swept him,
Than if home's green turf his grave had bound,
Or the hearts he loved had wept him?

Then why repine? Can he feel the rays
That pestilent sun sheds o'er him?
Or share the grief that may cloud the days
Of the friends who now deplore him?
No—his bark's at anchor—its sails are furled—
It hath 'scaped the storm's deep chiding;
And safe from the buffeting waves of the world,
In a haven of peace is riding.

ALARIC WATTS.

356 O SACRED star of evening, tell
In what unseen, celestial sphere,
Those spirits of the perfect dwell,
Too pure to rest in sadness here.

Roam they the crystal fields of light,
O'er paths by holy angels trod,
Their robes with heavenly lustre bright,
Their home, the Paradise of God?

Soul of the just! and canst thou soar
Amidst those radiant spheres sublime,
Where countless hosts of heaven adore,
Beyond the bounds of space or time?

And canst thou join the sacred choir,
Through heaven's high dome the song to raise,
Where seraphs strike the golden lyre
In ever-during notes of praise?

Oh! who would heed the chilling blast
That blows o'er time's eventful sea,
If bid to hail, its perils past,
The bright wave of eternity!

And who the sorrows would not bear
 Of such a transient world as this,
 When hope displays, beyond its care,
 So bright an entrance into bliss?

PEABODY.

357 HERE, in cool grot and mossy cell,
 We rural fays and fairies dwell;
 Though rarely seen by mortal eye,
 When the pale moon ascending high,
 Darts through yon limes her quivering beams,
 We frisk it near these crystal streams.

Her beams reflected from the wave,
 Afford the light our revels crave;
 This turf, with daisies broider'd o'er,
 Exceeds, we think, the marble floor;
 Nor yet for artful strains we call,
 But listen to the waterfall.

Would you then taste our tranquil scene,
 Be sure your bosoms are serene;
 Devoid of hate, devoid of strife,
 Devoid of all that poisons life;
 And much it 'vails you, in their place,
 To graft the love of human race.

And tread with awe these favoured bowers,
 Nor wound the shrubs, nor bruise the flowers;
 So may your path with sweets abound,
 So may your couch with rest be crowned!
 But harm betide the wayward swain
 Who dares our sacred haunts profane!

SHENSTONE.

358 OH! many a dream was in the ship
 An hour before her death;
 And sights of home with sighs disturbed
 The sleeper's long-drawn breath.

Instead of the murmur of the sea,
The sailor heard the humming tree
 Alive through all its leaves,
The hum of the spreading sycamore
That grows before his cottage-door,
 And the swallow's song in the eaves.
His arms enclosed a blooming boy,
Who listened with tears of sorrow and joy
 To the dangers his father had passed;
And his wife—by turns she wept and smiled,
As she looked on the father of her child
 Returned to her heart at last.
—He wakes at the vessel's sudden roll,
And the rush of waters is in his soul;
Astounded the reeling deck he paces,
'Mid hurrying forms and ghastly faces;—
 The whole ship's crew are there!
Wailings around and overhead,
Brave spirits stupified or dead,
 And madness and despair.

WILSON.

359 BLESS'D youth, regardful of thy doom
Aerial hands shall build thy tomb,
 With shadowy trophies crown'd:
Whilst Honour bath'd in tears shall rove,
To sigh thy name through every grove,
 And call his heroes round.

By rapid Scheld's descending wave
His country's vows shall bless the grave,
 Where'er the youth is laid:
That sacred spot the village hind
With every sweetest turf shall bind,
 And Peace protect the shade.

The warlike dead of every age,
Who fill the fair recording page,

Shall leave their sainted rest ;
 And, half-reclining on his spear,
 Each wondering chief by turns appear
 To hail the blooming guest.

But lo, where sunk in deep despair,
 Her garments torn, her bosom bare,
 Impatient Freedom lies !
 Her matted tresses madly spread,
 To every sod, which wraps the dead,
 She turns her joyless eyes.

W. COLLINS.

360 THOU rising sun, whose gladsome ray
 Invites my fair to rural play,
 Dispel the mist, and clear the skies,
 And bring my Orra to my eyes.

Oh ! were I sure my dear to view,
 I'd climb the pine-tree's topmost bough,
 Fast by the roots enraged I'd tear
 The trees that hide my promised fair.

Oh ! could I ride the clouds and skies,
 Or on the raven's pinions rise ;
 Ye storks, ye swans, a moment stay,
 And waft a lover on his way.

My bliss too long my bride denies,
 Apace the wasting summer flies :
 Nor yet the wintry blasts I fear,
 Not storms or night shall keep me here.

What may for strength with steel compare ?
 Oh ! love has fetters stronger far :
 By bolts of steel are limbs confined,
 But cruel love enchains the mind.

No longer then perplex thy breast ;
 When thoughts torment, the first are best :
 'Tis mad to go, 'tis death to stay ;
 Away to Orra, haste away.

STEELE.

361

THE visions of my youth are past—
Too bright, too beautiful to last.
I've tried the world—it wears no more
The colouring of romance it wore.
Yet well has Nature kept the truth
She promised to my earliest youth.
The radiant beauty shed abroad
On all the glorious works of God,
Shews freshly, to my sober'd eye,
Each charm it wore in days gone by.
A few brief years shall pass away,
And I, all trembling, weak, and gray,
Bow'd to the earth, which waits to fold
My ashes in the embracing mould
(If haply the dark will of fate
Indulge my life so long a date),
May come for the last time to look
Upon my childhood's favourite brook.
Then dimly on my eye shall gleam
The sparkle of thy dancing stream ;
And faintly on my ear shall fall
Thy prattling current's merry call ;
Yet 'shalt thou flow as glad and bright
As when thou met'st my infant sight.

362

SEE, Flavia, see that budding rose,
How bright beneath the bush it glows :
How safely there it lurks concealed ;
How quickly blasted, when revealed !

The sun with warm attractive rays
Tempts it to wanton in the blaze :
A blast descends from eastern skies,
And all its blushing radiance dies.

Then guard, my fair ! your charms divine ;
And check the fond desire to shine,
Where fame's transporting rays allure,
While here more happy, more secure.

The breath of some neglected maid
 Shall make you sigh you left the shade :
 A breath to beauty's bloom unkind,
 As to the rose an eastern wind.

The nymph replied, "You first, my swain,
 Confine your sonnets to the plain ;
 One envious tongue alike disarms,
 You of your wit, me of my charms.

What is, unheard, the tuneful thrill ?
 Or what, unknown, the poet's skill ?
 What, unadmired, a charming mien,
 Or what the rose's blush, unseen ?"

SHENSTONE.

363 WHEN marshall'd on the nightly plain,
 The glittering host bestride the sky ;
 One star alone, of all the train,
 Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks,
 From every host, from every gem ;
 But one alone the Saviour speaks,
 It is the star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
 The storm was loud,—the night was dark ;
 The ocean yawn'd,—and rudely blow'd
 The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze,
 Death-struck, I ceas'd the tide to stem ;
 When suddenly a star arose,
 It was the star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all,
 It bade my dark forebodings cease ;
 And through the storm, and dangers' thrall,
 It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moor'd—my perils o'er,
I'll sing first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The star!—The star of Bethlehem!

H. K. WHITE.

364 How liquid, yet how sweet the strain!
It charms the listening air;
There's not an undernote of pain,
Nor muffled discord there.

For joy, for joy, the creature sings!
Of Phœbus' train is he;
The oarage of his stately wings
Expects a nobler sea.

By Phœbus taught of things to come,
The prophet songster knows
The glories of the happier home,
To which through death he goes.

He leaves the glassy streams of earth,
He leaves the greenwood bowers,
For clearer springs of heavenly birth,
For bright eternal flowers.

He goes to join his Master dear,
The God he served below,
The Lord of light, the Minstrel-seer,
Him of the silver bow.

He goes where love attunes each word,
Joy brightens every brow;
I marvel not the silent bird
Should break his silence now.

J. E. BODE.

365 'Twas when the seas were roaring
With hollow blasts of wind,
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclin'd.

Wide o'er the foaming billows
 She cast a wistful look ;
 Her head was crown'd with willows,
 That trembled o'er the brook.

How can they say that nature
 Has nothing made in vain ;
 Why, then, beneath the water,
 Do hideous rocks remain ?
 No eyes these rocks discover,
 That lurk beneath the deep
 To wreck the wandering lover,
 And leave the maid to weep.

All melancholy lying,
 Thus wail'd she for her dear ;
 Repaid each blast with sighing,
 Each billow with a tear ;
 When o'er the white wave stooping,
 His floating corpse she spied ;
 Then like a lily, drooping,
 She bow'd her head and died.

GAY.

366 THRICE the sad father tore thee from his heart,
 And thrice return'd to bless thee, and to part ;
 Thrice from his trembling lips he murmured low
 The plaint, that owned unutterable woe.

“And weep not thus,” he cried, “young Ellenore,
 My bosom bleeds, but soon shall bleed no more !
 Short shall this half-extinguished spirit burn,
 And soon these limbs to kindred dust return !
 But not, my child, with life's precarious fire,
 The immortal ties of Nature shall expire ;
 These shall resist the triumph of decay,
 When time is o'er, and worlds have passed away !
 Cold in the dust this perish'd heart may lie,
 But that which warmed it once shall never die !
 That spark unburied in its mortal frame,
 With living light, eternal, and the same,

Shall beam on Joy's interminable years,
Unveil'd by darkness—unassuaged by tears!
And when I gain the home without a friend,
And press the uneasy couch where none attend,
This last embrace, still cherished in my heart,
Shall calm the struggling spirit ere it part!
Thy darling form shall seem to hover nigh,
And hush the groan of life's last agony!"

CAMPBELL.

367 I HAVE found out a gift for my fair,
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed;
But let me that plunder forbear;
She will say 'twas a barbarous deed.
For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,
Who could rob a poor bird of its young;
And I loved her the more, when I heard
Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with sweetness unfold
How that pity was due—to a dove:
That it ever attended the bold;
And she call'd it the sister of love.
But her words such a pleasure convey,
So much I her accents adore,
Let her speak, and whatever she say,
Methinks I should love her the more.

Can a bosom so gentle remain
Unmov'd, when her Corydon sighs?
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain
These plains and this valley despise?
Dear regions of silence and shade—
Soft scenes of contentment and ease—
Where I could have pleasingly stray'd,
If aught in her absence could please!

SHENSTONE.

368 THE Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,
 And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
 And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
 When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest, when summer is green,
 That host with their banners at sunset were seen:
 Like the leaves of the forest, when autumn hath blown,
 That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the angel of death spread his wings on the blast,
 And breathed on the face of the foe as he passed:
 And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
 And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
 But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride:
 And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
 And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider, distorted and pale,
 With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;
 The tents were all silent, the banners alone;
 The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
 And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
 And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
 Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

BYRON.

369 FAREWELL, too little and too lately known,
 Whom I began to think and call my own;
 For sure our souls were near allied, and thine
 Cast in the same poetic mould with mine.
 One common note on either lyre did strike,
 And knaves and fools we both abhorred alike;
 To the same goal did both our studies drive—
 The last set out the soonest did arrive:

Thus Nisus fell into the slippery place,
Whilst his young friend performed and won the race.
—O early ripe! to thy abundant store
What could advancing age have added more?
It might (what nature never gives the young)
Have taught the smoothness of thy native tongue;
But satire needs not that, and wit will shine
Through the harsh cadence of a rugged line:
A noble error, and but seldom made,
When poets are by too much force betrayed.
Thy generous fruits, though gathered ere their prime,
Still shewed a quickness; and maturing time
But mellows what we write, to the dull sweets of rhyme.
—Once more, hail and farewell; farewell thou young,
And, ah! too short, Marcellus of our tongue!
Thy brows with ivy and with laurels bound,
But fate and gloomy night encompass thee around.

DRYDEN.

370 THE lopped tree in time may grow again,
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower;
The sorriest wight may find release of pain,
The driest soil suck in some moistening shower:
Time goes by turns, and chances change by course,
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of fortune doth not ever flow,
She draws her favours to the lowest ebb;
Her tides have equal times to come and go;
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web.
No joy so great but runneth to an end;
No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring,
Not endless night, yet not eternal day:
The saddest birds a season find to sing;
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay:
Thus, with succeeding turns, God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost;
 That net that holds no great, takes little fish:
 In some things all, in all things none are crossed;
 Few all they need, but none have all they wish.
 Unmingled joys here to no man befall;
 Who least, hath some; who most, hath never all.

SOUTHWELL.

371

As I came o'er the distant hills,
 I heard a wee bird sing,
 Oh! pleasant are the primrose buds
 In the perfumed breath of spring;
 And pleasant are the mossy banks
 Beneath the birchen bowers,
 But a home wherein no children play
 Is a garden shorn of flowers!

Again I heard the birdie's song,
 This time 'twas loud and clear:
 How glorious are the leafy woods
 In the summer of the year;
 All clothed in green, the mossy boughs
 Spread wide o'er land and lea,
 But a home wherein no son is found
 Is a wood without a tree.

The birdie ceased his happy song,
 I heard his voice no more;
 The waters rippled silently
 To the blue lake's quiet shore.
 But a mother sang her cradle hymn,
 All hallowed be your rest!
 And angels watched the shining heads,
 That lay on Jesus' breast.

MRS. NORTON.

372

“AH! say,” the fair Louisa cried,
“Say, where the abode of Love is found;”
“Pervading Nature,” I replied,
“His influence spreads the world around.
When morning’s arrowy beams arise,
He sparkles in the enlivening ray,
And blushes in the glowing skies,
When rosy evening fades away.
“The summer-winds that gently blow,
The flocks that bleat along the glades,
The nightingale that, soft and low,
With music fills the listening shades;
The murmurs of the silver surf
All echo Love’s enchanting notes,
From violets lurking in the turf
His balmy breath thro’ ether floats.
“From perfumed flowers and dewy leaves
Delicious scent he bids exhale;
He smiles amid autumnal sheaves,
And clothes with green the grassy vale.
But when that throne the god assumes,
Where his most powerful influence lies,
’Tis on Louisa’s cheek he blooms,
And lightens from her radiant eyes!”

FROM THE FRENCH.

373

MOURN, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banished peace, thy laurels torn!
Thy sons, for valour long renowned,
Lie slaughtered on their native ground;
Thy hospitable roofs no more
Invite the stranger to the door;
In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.
The wretched owner sees afar
His all become the prey of war;
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then smites his breast, and curses life.

Thy swains are famished on the rocks,
 Where once they fed their wanton flocks;
 Thy ravished virgins shriek in vain,
 Thy infants perish on the plain.

The rural pipe and merry lay
 No more shall cheer the happy day;
 No social scenes of gay delight
 Beguile the dreary winter-night:
 No strains but those of sorrow flow,
 And nought be heard but sounds of woe;
 While the pale phantoms of the slain
 Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

SMOLLETT.

374 My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead
 Say wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
 Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
 Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
 Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unseen, a kiss;
 Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
 I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day,
 I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
 And, turning from my nursery windows, drew
 A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
 But was it such?—It was! Where thou art gone,
 Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
 May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
 The parting word shall pass my lips no more!
 The maidens, griev'd themselves at my concern,
 Oft gave me promise of thy quick return:
 What ardently I wish'd, I long believed,
 And, disappointed still, was still deceiv'd.
 Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
 Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
 I learn'd at last submission to my lot,
 But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

COWPER.

375 OH my lost love! no tomb is plac'd for thee
That may to strangers' eyes thy worth impart!
Thou hast no grave but in the stormy sea,
And no memorial but this breaking heart.

Forth to the world, a widow'd wanderer driven,
I pour to winds and waves th'unheeded tear;
Try with vain effort to submit to heaven,
And fruitless call on him, "who cannot hear."

O might I fondly clasp him once again,
While o'er my head th'infuriate billows pour,
Forget in death this agonising pain,
And feel his father's cruelty no more!

Part, raging waters! part, and shew beneath,
In your dread caves his pale and mangled form;
Now, while the demons of despair and death
Ride on the deep and urge the howling storm!—

Lo! by the lightning's momentary blaze
I see him rise the whitening waves above,
No longer such, as when, in happier days,
He gave the enchanted hours to me and love:

Such as, when daring the enchafed sea,
And courting dangerous toil he often said,
That every peril, one soft smile from me,
One sigh of speechless tenderness o'erpaid.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

376 THOU didst, O mighty God, exist,
Ere Time began its race:
Before the ample elements
Fill'd up the void of space;

Ere through the gloom of ancient night
The streaks of light appear'd;
Before the high celestial arch,
Or starry poles were rear'd!

Ere men ador'd, or angels knew,
 Or prais'd thy wondrous name,
 Thy bliss, O sacred spring of life,
 Thy glory was the same.

And when the pillars of the world
 With sudden ruin break,
 And all this vast and goodly frame
 Sinks in the mighty wreck ;

When from her orb the Moon shall start,
 Th' astonish'd Sun roll back,
 And all the trembling starry lamps
 Their ancient course forsake,

For ever permanent and fix'd
 From agitation free,
 Unchang'd in everlasting years,
 Shall thy existence be.

MRS. ROWE.

377

THE way was long, the wind was cold,
 The minstrel was infirm and old ;
 His withered cheek, and tresses gray,
 Seemed to have known a better day ;
 The harp, his sole remaining joy,
 Was carried by an orphan boy.
 The last of all the bards was he,
 Who sung of border chivalry ;
 For well-a-day ! their date was fled ;
 His tuneful brethren all were dead ;
 And he, neglected and oppressed,
 Wished to be with them and at rest.
 No more on prancing palfrey borne,
 He carolled, light as lark at morn ;
 No longer courted and caressed,
 High placed in hall a welcome guest,
 He poured to lord and lady gay
 The unpremeditated lay :

Old times were changed, old manners gone ;
A stranger filled the Stuart's throne !
The bigots of the iron time
Had called his harmless art a crime.
A wandering harper, scorned and poor,
He begged his bread from door to door,
And tuned to please a peasant's ear,
The harp a king had loved to hear.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

378 WITH more than mortal powers endowed,
How high they soared above the crowd !
Theirs was no common party race,
Jostling by dark intrigue for place ;
Like fabled gods, their mighty war
Shook realms and nations in its jar :
Beneath each banner proud to stand,
Looked up the noblest of the land,
Till through the British world were known
The names of Pitt and Fox alone.
Spells of such force no wizard grave
E'er framed in dark Thessalian cave,
Though his could drain the ocean dry,
And force the planets from the sky.
These spells are spent, and, spent with these,
The wine of life is on the lees.
Genius, and taste, and talent gone,
For ever tombed beneath the stone,
Where,—taming thought to human pride !—
The mighty chiefs sleep side by side.
The solemn echo seems to cry,—
“Here let their discord with them die ;
Speak not for those a separate doom,
Whom fate made brothers in the tomb,
But search the land of living men,
Where wilt thou find their like again ?”

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

379

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride,
 In th' ocean's bosom unespied,
 From a small boat that row'd along,
 The list'ning winds receiv'd their song.

“What should we do, but sing His praise
 That led us through the wat'ry maze,
 Unto an isle so long unknown,
 And yet far kinder than our own !

“Where He the huge sea-monsters racks,
 That lift the deep upon their backs ;
 He lands us on a grassy stage,
 Safe from the storm's and prelates' rage.

“He gave us this eternal spring
 Which here enamels every thing,
 And sends the fowls to us in care,
 On daily visits through the air.

“He hangs in shades the orange bright,
 Like golden lamps in a green night,
 And in these rocks for us did frame
 A temple where to sound His name.

“Oh ! let our voice His praise exalt
 Till it arrive at Heaven's vault,
 Which then perhaps rebounding may
 Echo beyond the Mexique bay.”

Thus sang they in the English boat,
 A holy and a cheerful note,
 And all the way, to guide their chime,
 With falling oars they kept the time.

ANDREW MARVELL.

380

'Tis midnight: on the mountains brown
 The cold round moon shines deeply down ;
 Blue roll the waters, blue the sky
 Spreads like an ocean hung on high,
 Bespangled with those isles of light,
 So wildly, spiritually bright ;

Who ever gazed upon them shining,
And turned to earth without repining,
Nor wished for wings to flee away,
And mix with their eternal ray?
The waves on either shore lay there
Calm, clear, and azure as the air;
And scarce their foam the pebbles shook,
But murmur'd meekly as the brook.
The winds were pillowed on the waves,
The banners drooped along their staves.
And, as they fell around them furling,
Above them shone the crescent curling;
And that deep silence was unbroke,
Save where the watch his signal spoke,
Save where the steed neighed oft and shrill,
And echo answer'd from the hill,
And the wide hum of that wild host
Rustled like leaves from coast to coast,
As rose the Muezzin's voice in air,
In midnight call to wonted prayer;
It rose, that chanted mournful strain,
Like some lone spirit's o'er the plain.

BYRON.

SI COME, friendly bird, by Winter's storm pursued,
To this my hospitable roof repair:
Here shall you find supplies of daily food,
And kindly shelter from th' inclement air.
I trust, indeed, my service will be paid:
A song, familiar guest, is all I ask:
No hard, severe, condition have I made,
A song to you is but an easy task.
Soon as the Sun emits a warmer ray,
Soon as the Earth puts forth her earliest flower,
Be free: no window shall obstruct your way,
I scorn tyrannic exercise of power,
Your love of glorious freedom I commend;
Go then, sweet bird, on joyful pinions borne.

Perhaps, a mistress or a long-lost friend,
 In yonder grove, may welcome your return.
 But, if the sharpness of another frost,
 Should bring my favourite to these walls again;
 Let me not count my present bounty lost,
 But leave ingratitude of heart to men:
 Another song my longing ears require,
 Such as is wont to cheer the vocal grove;
 When first the Sun lights up his morning fire,
 Perhaps expressive of successful Love;
 Or such as mourns the Light's departing ray,
 When evening breezes cool the glowing air,
 The shrill petition for another day;
 The feathered people's earnest evening prayer.

DALRYMPLE.

382 TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,
 And guide my lonely way
 To where yon taper cheers the vale
 With hospitable ray.

For here forlorn and lost I tread,
 With fainting steps and slow;
 Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
 Seem length'ning as I go.

Forbear, my son, the Hermit cries,
 To tempt the dang'rous gloom;
 For yonder phantom only flies,
 To lure thee to thy doom.

Here to the houseless child of want
 My door is open still;
 And, though my portion is but scant,
 I give it with good-will.

No flocks that range the valley free
 To slaughter I condemn;
 Taught by that power that pities me,
 I learn to pity them.

But from the mountain's grassy side
A guiltless feast I bring;
A scrip with herbs and fruit supplied,
And water from the spring.

Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
All earthborn cares are wrong:
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.

GOLDSMITH.

383 HAPPY the man who his whole time doth bound
Within the enclosure of his little ground:
Happy the man whom the same humble place,
(The hereditary cottage of his race,
From his first rising infancy has known,
And by degrees sees gently bending down,
With natural propension to that earth,
Which both preserved his life, and gave him birth.
Him no false distant lights, by Fortune set,
Could ever into foolish wanderings get.
He never dangers either saw or feared:
The dreadful storms at sea he never heard.
He never heard the shrill alarms of war,
Or the worse noises of the lawyer's bar:
No change of consuls marks to him the year;
The change of seasons is his calendar:
The cold and heat, Winter and Summer shows;
Autumn by fruits, and Spring by flowers he knows:
He measures time by land-marks, and has found
For the whole day the dial of his ground.
A neighb'ring wood, born with himself, he sees,
And loves his old contemporary trees.
He has only heard of near Verona's name,
And knows it, like the Indies, but by fame:
Does with a like concernment notice take
Of the Red sea and of Benacus' lake:

Thus health and strength he to a third age enjoys,
 And sees a long posterity of boys.
 About the spacious world let others roam,
 The voyage, life, is longest made at home.

COWLEY.

384

DISAPPOINTED of her game,
 Panting up the hill she came,
 But her story was begun
 Ere the summit quite she won.
 "Mother, Mother! I have been
 Such a chase across the green,
 By a cruel bird outwitted,
 Still from bush to bush it flitted.
 Rising oft, but soon alighting,
 Still avoiding, still inviting:
 Now I thought it all my own,
 In a moment it was gone:
 Onward still my steps it drew,
 Then it spread its wing and flew;—
 What a world of pains it cost!
 Now the pretty treasure's lost!"
 While the maid her tale repeated,
 Angry to be thus defeated,
 First the prudent mother smiled,
 Then bespoke her pouting child:
 "Let thy chase, my darling, give
 Lesson to thee how to live.
From thine own pursuit and sorrow,
From that bird a warning borrow:
 Rash and headlong, child, like thee,
 Man pursues felicity.
 Still illusive prospects cheer him,
 Still he thinks the treasure near him,
 When he on the prize would spring,
 Bliss is ever on the wing;
 Thus his weary life he spends
 In a chase that never ends,
 Hopes conceived and baffled ever,
 Bootless quest and vain endeavour."

TRANS. FROM DE ROSSI.

385 Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave, where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
The sod with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we bound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we stedfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But nothing he'll reck, if they let him sleep on,
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock toll'd the hour for retiring:
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line—we raised not a stone,
But left him alone in his glory.

CHARLES WOLFE.

386 O GOD, whose thunder shakes the sky;
 Whose eye this atom globe surveys;
 To Thee, my only rock, I fly,
 Thy mercy in thy justice praise;

The mystic mazes of thy will,
 The shadows of celestial light,
 Are past the power of human skill—
 But what the Eternal acts is right.

O teach me in the trying hour,
 When anguish swells the dewy tear,
 To still my sorrows, own thy power,
 Thy goodness love, thy justice fear.

If in this bosom aught but Thee
 Encroaching sought a boundless sway,
 Omniscience could the danger see,
 And Mercy took the cause away.

Then why, my soul, dost thou complain?
 Why, drooping, seek the dark recess?
 Shake off the melancholy chain,
 For God created all to bless.

But ah! my breast is human still;
 The rising sigh, the falling tear,
 My languid vitals' feeble rill
 The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet, with fortitude resigned,
 I'll thank the inflictor of the blow;
 Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,
 Nor let the gush of misery flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night,
 Which on my sinking spirit steals,
 Will vanish at the morning light,
 Which God, my East, my Sun, reveals.

CHATTERTON.

387 THE sailor sighs as sinks his native shore,
As all its lessening turrets blueely fade;
He climbs the mast to feast his eye once more,
And busy fancy fondly lends her aid.

Ah! now each dear domestic scene he knew,
Recalled and cherished in a foreign clime,
Charms with the magic of a moonlight view;
Its colours mellowed, not impaired, by time.

True as the needle, homeward points his heart,
Through all the horrors of the stormy main;
This, the last wish that would with life depart,
To see the smile of her he loves again.

When morn first faintly draws her silver line,
Or eve's gray cloud descends to drink the wave;
When sea and sky in midnight darkness join,
Still, still he views the parting look she gave.

Her gentle spirit lightly hovering o'er,
Attends his little bark from pole to pole;
And when the beating billows round him roar,
Whispers sweet hope to soothe his troubled soul.

Carved is her name in many a spicy grove,
In many a plantain forest, waving wide;
Where dusky youths in painted plumage rove,
And giant palms o'er-arch the golden tide.

But lo, at last he comes with crowded sail!
Lo, o'er the cliff what eager figures bend!
And hark, what mingled murmurs swell the gale!
In each he hears the welcome of a friend.

—'Tis she, 'tis she herself! she waves her hand!
Soon is the anchor cast, the canvass furled;
Soon through the whitening surge he springs to land,
And clasps the maid he singled from the world.

S. ROGERS.

388 IF I had thought thou could'st have died,
 I might not weep for thee ;
 But I forgot, when by thy side,
 That thou could'st mortal be :
 It never through my mind had past,
 The time would e'er be o'er—
 And I on thee should look my last,
 And thou should'st smile no more !

And still upon that face I look,
 And think 'twill smile again ;
 And still the thought I will not brook,
 That I must look in vain !
 But when I speak—thou dost not say
 What thou ne'er left'st unsaid ;
 And now I feel, as well I may,
 Sweet Mary ! thou art dead !

If thou would'st stay, e'en as thou art,
 All cold, and all serene—
 I still might press thy silent heart,
 And where thy smiles have been !
 While e'en thy chill, bleak corse I have,
 Thou seemest still mine own ;
 But there I lay thee in the grave—
 And I am now alone !

I do not think, where'er thou art,
 Thou hast forgotten me ;
 And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,
 In thinking too of thee ;
 Yet there was round thee such a dawn
 Of light ne'er seen before,
 As fancy never could have drawn
 And never can restore !

C. WOLFE.

389 MY dear and only Love, I pray,
 This little world of thee
 Be governed by no other sway
 Than purest monarchy.

For, if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor,
And call a synod in thy heart,
I'll never love thee more.

Like Alexander I would reign,
And I would reign alone;
My soul did ever more disdain
A rival in my throne.

He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
To win or lose it all.

Then, in the empire of thy heart,
Where I alone would be,
If others should pretend a part,
Or dare to share with me;

By Love my peace shall ne'er be wreck'd,
I'll spurn him from my door;
I'll, smiling, mock at thy neglect,
And never love thee more.

But if no faithless action stain
Thy truth and constant word,
I'll make thee famous by my pen,
And glorious by my sword.

I'll serve thee in such noble ways
As ne'er before were known;
I'll deck and crown thy head with bays,
And love thee more and more.

MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

390

'Twas on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dy'd,
The azure flowers that blow;
Demurest of the tabby kind,
The pensive Selima, reclin'd,
Gazed on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declar'd ;
 The fair round face, the snowy beard,
 The velvet of her paws,
 Her coat, that with the tortoise vies,
 Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
 She saw, and purr'd applause.

Still had she gazed; but midst the tide
 Two angel forms were seen to glide,
 The genii of the stream;
 Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue,
 Through richest purple to the view,
 Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless Nymph with wonder saw
 A whisker first, and then a claw,
 With many an ardent wish,
 She stretch'd, in vain, to reach the prize:
 What female heart can gold despise?
 What Cat's averse to fish?

Presumptuous Maid! with looks intent,
 Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
 Nor knew the gulf between.
 (Malignant Fate sat by, and smil'd,)
 The slipp'ry verge her feet beguil'd,
 She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood,
 She mew'd to every watery god,
 Some speedy aid to send.
 No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd;
 Nor cruel Tom nor Susan heard;
 A fav'rite has no friend!

From hence, ye beauties, undeceiv'd,
 Know, one false step is ne'er retriev'd,
 And be with caution bold.
 Not all that tempts your wandering eyes
 And heedless hearts, is lawful prize,
 Nor all that glisters gold.

391 ABOVE the rest a rural nymph was famed,
Thy offspring, Thames! the fair Lodona named;
(Lodona's fate, in long oblivion cast,
The Muse shall sing, and what she sings shall last.)
Scarce could the goddess from her nymph be known,
But by the crescent and the golden zone.
She scorned the praise of beauty, and the care;
A belt her waist, a fillet binds her air;
A painted quiver on her shoulder sounds,
And with her dart the flying deer she wounds.
It chanced, as eager of the chase, the maid
Beyond the forest's verdant limits strayed,
Pan saw and lov'd, and swift through brake and brier
Pursued her flight, her flight increased his fire.
Not half so swift the trembling doves can fly,
When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid sky;
Not half so swiftly the fierce eagle moves,
When through the clouds he drives the trembling doves;
As from the god she flew with furious pace,
Or as the god, more furious, urged the chase.
Now fainting, sinking, pale, the nymph appears;
Now close behind his sounding steps she hears;
And now his shadow reached her as she run,
His shadow lengthened by the setting sun;
And now his shorter breath, with sultry air,
Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.
In vain on father Thames she calls for aid,
Nor could Diana help her injured maid.
Faint, breathless, thus she prayed, nor prayed in vain;
"Ah, Cynthia! ah—though banished from thy train,
Let me, oh, let me, to the shades repair,
My native shades—there weep, and murmur there."
She said, and melting as in tears she lay,
In a soft silver stream dissolved away.
The silver stream her virgin coldness keeps,
For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps;
Still bears the name the hapless virgin bore,
And bathes the forest where she ranged before.
In her chaste current oft the goddess laves,
And with celestial tears augments the waves.

Oft in her glass the musing shepherd spies
 The headlong mountains and the downward skies,
 The watery landscape of the pendent woods,
 And absent trees that tremble in the floods ;
 In the clear azure gleam the flocks are seen,
 And floating forests paint the waves with green,
 Through the fair scene roll slow the lingering streams,
 Then foaming pour along and rush into the Thames.

POPE.

392

ARETHUSA arose
 From her couch of snows
 In the Acroceraunian mountains,—
 From cloud and from crag,
 With many a jag,
 Shepherding her bright fountains.
 She leapt down the rocks
 With her rainbow locks
 Streaming among the streams,
 Her steps paved with green
 The downward ravine
 Which slopes to the western gleams ;—
 And gliding and springing,
 She went, ever singing,
 In murmurs as soft as sleep ;
 The Earth seemed to love her,
 And Heaven smiled above her,
 As she lingered towards the deep.

Then Alphêus bold,
 On his glacier cold,
 With his trident the mountains strook ;
 And opened a chasm
 In the rocks ;—with the spasm
 All Erymanthus shook.
 And the black south wind
 It concealed behind
 The urns of the silent snow,
 And earthquake and thunder
 Did rend in sunder

The bars of the springs below.
The beard and the hair
Of the river God were
Seen through the torrent's sweep,
As he followed the light
Of the fleet nymph's flight
To the brink of the Dorian deep.

“Oh, save me! Oh, guide me!
And bid the deep hide me,
For he grasps me now by the hair!”
The loud Ocean heard,
To its blue depths stirred,
And divided at her prayer ;
And under the water
The earth's white daughter
Fled like a sunny beam :
Behind her descended
Her billows, unblended
With the brackish Dorian stream :
Like a gloomy stain
On the emerald main
Alpheus rushed behind,—
As an eagle pursuing
A dove to its ruin
Down the streams of the cloudy wind.

* * * *

And now from their fountains
In Enna's mountains,
Down one vale where the morning basks,
Like friends once parted
Grown single-hearted,
They ply their watery tasks.
At sun-rise they leap
From their cradles steep
In the cave of the shelving hill ;
At noon-tide they flow
Through the woods below
And the meadows of Asphodel ;

And at night they sleep
 In the rocking deep
 Beneath the Ortygian shore;—
 Like spirits that lie
 In the azure sky
 When they love, but live no more.

SHELLEY.

393 FRIENDSHIP, peculiar boon of Heaven,
 The noblest mind's delight and pride,
 To men and angels only given,
 To all the lower world denied!

While Love, unknown among the bless'd,
 Parent of thousand wild desires,
 The savage and the human breast
 Torments alike with raging fires:

With bright but oft destructive gleam
 Alike o'er all his lightnings fly;
 Thy lambent glories only beam
 Around the favourites of the sky.

Thy gentle flows of guiltless joys
 On fools and villains ne'er descend;
 In vain for thee the tyrant sighs,
 And hugs the flatterer for a friend.

Directress of the brave and just,
 Oh! guide us through life's darksome way;
 And let the tortures of mistrust
 On selfish bosoms only prey.

Nor shall thine ardours cease to glow,
 When souls to blissful climes remove;
 What raised our virtue here below,
 Shall aid our happiness above.

S. JOHNSON.

PASSAGES FOR TRANSLATION

Into Latin Hexameter Verse.

394 THE mind contemplative finds nothing here
On earth that's worthy of a wish or fear:
He whose sublime pursuit is God and truth,
Burns, like some absent and impatient youth,
To join the object of his warm desires ;
Thence to sequester'd shades and streams retires,
And there delights his passion to rehearse
In wisdom's sacred voice or in harmonious verse.

S. JENYNS.

395 As when a sudden storm of hail and rain
Beats to the ground the yet unbearded grain,
Think not the hopes of harvest are destroy'd
On the flat field, and on the naked void ;
The light, unloaded stem, from tempests freed,
Will raise the youthful honours of its head ;
And soon restor'd by native vigour, bear
The timely product of the bounteous year.

DRYDEN.

396 NATIONS behold, remote from Reason's beams,
Where Indian Ganges rolls his sandy streams,
Of life impatient, rush into the fire,
And willing victims to their gods expire !
Persuaded the loos'd soul to regions flies
Blest with eternal spring and cloudless skies.

S. JENYNS.

397 THUS the gay moth, by sun and vernal gales
 Call'd forth to wander o'er the dewy vales,
 From flower to flower, from sweet to sweet will stray,
 Till, tired and satiate with her food and play,
 Deep in the shades she builds her peaceful nest,
 In loved seclusion pleased at length to rest ;
 There folds those wings that erst so wildly bore,
 Becomes a household nymph and seeks to range no more.

398 THE lark that shuns on lofty boughs to build
 Her humble nest, lies silent on the field ;
 But if (the promise of a cloudless day)
 Aurora smiling bids her rise and play,
 Then straight she shows, 'twas not for want of choice,
 Or power to climb, she made so low a choice ;
 Singing, she mounts ; her airy wings are stretched
 Towards heaven, as if from heaven her note she fetched.

WALLER.

399

No. 20, p. 4.

400 As when around the clear bright moon the stars
 Shine in full splendour, and the winds are hushed,
 The groves, the mountain-tops, the headland heights
 Stand all apparent, not a vapour streaks
 The boundless blue, but ether opened wide
 All glitters, and the shepherd's heart is cheered.

COWPER.

401 AND such is Human Life!—so gliding on,
 It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone!
 Yet is the tale, brief though it be, as strange,
 As full methinks of wild and wondrous change,

As any that the wandering tribes require,
 Stretched in the desert round their evening fire;
 As any sung of old in hall or bower
 To minstrel-harps at midnight's witching hour!

S. ROGERS.

402 BETWEEN two worlds life hovers like a star,
 'Twixt night and morn, upon the horizon's verge;
 How little do we know that which we are!
 How less what we may be! the eternal surge
 Of time and tide rolls on, and bears afar
 Our bubbles; as the old burst, new emerge,
 Lashed from the foam of ages, while the graves
 Of empires heave but like some passing waves.

BYRON.

403 So the struck eagle, stretcht upon the plain,
 No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
 View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,
 And wing'd the shaft that quiver'd in his heart.
 Keen were his pangs, but keener far, to feel
 He nurs'd the pinion that impell'd the steel;
 Whilst the same plumage, which had warmed his nest,
 Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.

BYRON.

404 ΟΥΚ ἔθανες, Πρώτη, μετέβης δ' ἐς ἀμείνονα χῶρον,
 καὶ ναίεις μακάρων νήσους θαλίῃ ἐνὶ πολλῇ,
 ἔνθα κατ' Ἑλυσίων πεδίων σκιρτῶσα γέγηθας
 ἄνθεσιν ἐν μαλακοῖσι, κακῶν ἔκτοσθεν ἀπάντων.
 οὐ χείμων λυπεῖ σ', οὐ καῦμ', οὐ νοῦσος ἐνοχλεῖ,
 οὐ πεινῆς, οὐ δίψος ἔχεις· ἀλλ' οὐδὲ ποθεινὸς
 ἀνθρώπων ἔτι σοι βίωτος, ζῶεις γὰρ ἀμέμπτως
 αὐγαῖς ἐν καθαράσιν Ὀλύμπου πλήσιον ὄντος.

ANTHOLOG.

405 BUT Fame, with golden wings, aloft doth flie,
 Above the reach of ruinous decay,
 And with brave plumes doth beate the azure skie,
 Admir'd of base-borne men from farre away:
 Then whoso will with vertuous deeds assay
 To mount to Heaven, on Pegasus must ride,
 And with sweet poet's verse be glorifide.

SPENSER.

406 So every spirit, as it is most pure,
 And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
 So it the fairer body doth procure
 To habit in, and it more fairly dight
 With cheerful grace and amiable sight;
 For of the soul the body form doth take;
 For soul is form, and doth the body make,

SPENSER.

407 A FAIRER person lost not Heaven; he seem'd
 For dignity composed and high exploit;
 But all was false and hollow; though his tongue
 Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear
 The better reason, to perplex and dash
 Maturest counsels; for his thoughts were low;
 To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
 Timorous and slothful: yet he pleas'd the ear.

MILTON.

408

No. 113, p. 35.

409 So Zembla's rocks (the beauteous work of frost)
 Rise white in air and glitter o'er the coast;
 Pale suns, unfelt, at distance roll away,
 And on the impassive ice the lightnings play;

External snows the growing mass supply,
Till the bright mountains prop the incumbent sky;
As Atlas fixed, each hoary pile appears,
The gathered winter of a thousand years.

POPE.

410 AND as the new-abashed nightingale
That stinteth first when she beginneth sing,
When that she heareth any herdes¹ tale,
Or in the hedges any wight stirring,
And after, sicker², doth her voice outring;
Right so, Cresseide, when that her dread stent³,
Opened her heart and told him her intent.

CHAUCER.

411 ἌΛΣΟΣ δ' ὡς ἰκόμεσθα βαθύσκιον, εὖρομεν ἔνδον
πορφυρέοις μήλοισιν εἰκότα παῖδα Κυθήρης.
οὐ δ' ἔχεν ἰοδόκον φαρέτρην, οὐ κάμπυλα τόξα,
ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν δένδρεσσιν ὑπ' εὐπετάλοισιν κρέμαντο.
αὐτὸς δ' ἐν καλύκεσσι ῥόδων, πεπεδημένος ὕπνῳ,
εὔδεν μειδιῶν, ξουθαὶ δ' ἐφύπερθε μέλισσαι
κηροχύτοις ἐντὸς λαγαροῖς ἐπὶ χεῖλεσι βαῖνον.

PLATO.

412 THOUGHTLESS of beauty, she was Beauty's self,
Recluse among the close-embowering woods.
As in the hollow breast of Apennine,
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,
A myrtle rises, far from human eyes,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;
So flourished, blooming and unseen by all,
The sweet Lavinia.

POPE.

¹ herdsman's.

² sure.

³ ceased.

- 413 AND I have sinuous shells of pearly hue ;
 Shake one, and it awakens, then apply
 Its polished lips to your attentive ear,
 And it remembers its august abodes,
 And murmurs, as the ocean murmurs there.

W. S. LANDOR.

- 414 HARK! o'er the camp the venom'd tempest sings,
 Man falls on man, on buckler buckler rings ;
 Groan answers groan, to anguish anguish yields,
 And death's loud accents shake the tented fields !
 High rears the fiend his grinning jaws and wide
 Spans the pale nations with colossal stride,
 Waves his broad falchion with uplifted hand,
 And his vast shadow darkens all the land.

ERASMUS DARWIN.

- 415 So Scotia's queen, as slowly dawn'd the day,
 Rose on her couch, and gaz'd her soul away,
 Her eyes had bless'd the beacon's glimmering height,
 That faintly tipped the feathery surge with light ;
 But now the morn with orient hues portrayed
 Each castled cliff and brown monastic shade :
 All touch'd the talisman's resistless spring,
 And lo, what busy tribes were instant on the wing!

S. ROGERS.

- 416 FOR, while I sit with thee, I seem in heav'n,
 And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear,
 Than fruits of palm-tree, pleasantest to thirst,
 And hunger, both from labour, at the hour
 Of sweet repast: they satiate and soon fill
 Though pleasant; but thy words with grace divine
 Imbued, bring to their sweetness no satiety.

MILTON.

417 SEE! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
And mounts exalted on triumphant wings :
Short is his joy, he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
Ah! what avail his glossy varying dyes,
His purple crest and scarlet-circled eyes ;
The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold ?
POPE.

418 How did'st thou grieve then, Adam, to behold
The end of all thy offspring, end so sad,
Depopulation : thee another flood
Of tears and sorrow, a flood thee also drowned,
And sunk thee as thy sons ; till gently rear'd
By th' Angel, on thy feet thou stoodst at last
Though comfortless, as when a father mourns
His children, all in view destroy'd at once.
MILTON.

419 I SEE before me the gladiator lie :
He leans upon his hand : his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his drooped head sinks gradually low :
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower ; and now
The arena swims around him ; he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout, which hailed the wretch
who won.

420 HE heard it, but he heeded not ; his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away :
He recked not of the life he lost nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay ;

There were his young barbarians all at play,
 There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
 Butchered to make a Roman holiday,—
 All this rushed with his blood. Shall he expire,
 And unavenged? Arise, ye Goths, and glut your ire!

BYRON.

421 WHERE now the haughty Empire that was spread
 With such fond hope? her very speech is dead;
 Yet glorious Art the power of Time defies,
 And Trajan still, through various enterprise,
 Mounts in this fine illusion, towards the skies:
 Still are we present with the imperial Chief,
 Nor cease to gaze upon the bold Relief,
 Till Rome to silent marble unconfined,
 Becomes with all her years a vision of the Mind.

W. WORDSWORTH.

422 THOU Sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
 Acknowledge him thy greater; sound his praise
 In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
 And when high noon has gain'd, and when thou fall'st.
 Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st,
 With the fix'd Stars, fix'd in their orb that flies;
 And ye five other wandering Fires, that move
 In mystick dance not without song, resound
 His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.

MILTON.

423 As when a scout,
 Through dark and desert ways with peril gone
 All night, at last by break of cheerful dawn
 Obtains the brow of some high-climbing hill,
 Which to his eye discovers unaware
 The goodly prospect of some foreign land
 First seen, or some renown'd metropolis
 With glistening spires and pinnacles adorn'd,
 Which now the rising Sun gilds with his beams.

MILTON.

424 OTHER part

Prone torrents on the aërial precipice
 Chain'd in their fall, and mountains, height on height,
 Alp piled on Alp, belting the central isle,
 The emerald gem, set in eternal ice,
 Where summer-flowers 'mid frozen oceans smile ;
 And eminent o'er all thy range and rise,
 Mont Blanc ! sun-diadem'd with purple glow,
 When all is night below.

SOTHEBY.

425 AND yet how lovely in thine age of woe,
 Land of lost gods and godlike men, art thou !
 Thy vales of evergreen, thy hills of snow,
 Proclaim thee nature's varied favorite now ;
 Thy fanes, thy temples to thy surface bow
 Commingling slowly with heroic earth,
 Broke by the share of every rustic plough :
 So perish monuments of mortal birth,
 So perish all in turn, save well-recorded worth.

BYRON.

426 No. 108, p. 34.

427 AND in the thickest covert of that shade
 There was a pleasant arbour, not by art,
 But of the trees owne inclination made,
 Which knitting their rancke¹ braunches part to part,
 With wanton yvie twine entrayl'd² athwart,
 And eglantine and caprifole among,
 Fashion'd above within their inmost part,
 That neither Phœbus' beams could through them throng,
 Nor Æolus' sharp blast could worke them any wrong.

SPENSER.

¹ strong.² interwoven.

428 AROUND, around, in ceaseless circles wheeling,
 With clang of wings and scream the eagle sail'd
 Incessantly; sometimes on high concealing
 Its lessening orbs, sometimes as if it fail'd,
 Dropp'd through the air, and still it shriek'd and wail'd,
 And casting back its eager head, with beak
 And talon unremittingly assail'd
 The wreathed serpent, who did ever seek
 Upon his enemy's heart a mortal wound to wreak.

P. B. SHELLEY.

429 ALL night he will pursue, but his approach
 Darkness defends between till morning-watch;
 Then through the fiery pillar and the cloud
 God looking forth, will trouble all his host,
 And craze their chariot-wheels: when by command
 Moses once more his potent rod extends
 Over the sea; the sea his rod obeys;
 On their embattell'd ranks the waves return,
 And overwhelm their war.

MILTON.

430 Go, wiser thou; and in thy scale of sense,
 Weigh thy opinion against Providence;
 Call imperfection what thou fanciest such;
 Say, here He gives too little, there too much:
 Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
 Yet cry, if man's unhappy, God's unjust;
 If man alone engross not Heaven's high care,
 Alone made perfect here, immortal there;
 Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
 Re-judge his justice, be the God of God.

POPE.

431 AMBITION first sprung from your blest abodes,
 The glorious fault of angels and of gods:
 Thence to their images on earth it flows,
 And in the breast of kings and heroes glows.

Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull sullen prisoners in the body's cage:
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years,
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;
Like Eastern kings, a lazy state they keep,
And close confined to their own palace sleep.

POPE.

432 HARK, what low sound from Cintra rock! the air
Trembles with horror; fainting lightnings glare:
Shrill crows the cock, the dogs give dismal yell;
And with the whirlwind's roar full comes the swell;
Convulsive staggers rock th' eternal ground,
And heave the Tagus from his bed profound;
A dark red cloud the towers of Lisboa veils;
Ah, heaven! what dreadful groan! the rising gales,
Bright light: and Lisboa smoking in the dust
Lies fallen—

433 THE wide-spread ruins, still august,
Still shew the footsteps where the dreadful God
Of Earthquake, cloth'd in howling darkness, trod;
Where mid foul weeds the heaps of marble tell
From what proud height the spacious temples fell;
And penury and sloth of squalid mien
Beneath the roofless palace walls are seen
In savage hovels, where the tap'stried floor
Was trod by nobles and by kings before.

MALLET.

434 THUS they their doubtful consultations dark
Ended, rejoicing in their matchless Chief:
As when from mountain-tops the dusky clouds
Ascending, while the North-wind sleeps, o'erspread
Heaven's cheerful face, the louring element
Scowls o'er the darken'd landskip snow or shower;

If chance the radiant sun with farewell sweet
 Extend his evening-beam, the fields revive,
 The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
 Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings.

MILTON.

435 O SHAME to men! Devil with devil damn'd
 Firm concord holds; men only disagree
 Of creatures rational, though under hope
 Of heavenly grace: and, God proclaiming peace,
 Yet live in hatred, enmity and strife,
 Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,
 Wasting the earth, each other to destroy:
 As if (which might induce us to accord)
 Man had not hellish foes enow besides,
 That, day and night, for his destruction wait.

MILTON.

436 Now through the hall melodious music stole,
 And self-prepared the splendid banquet stands,
 Self-poured the nectar sparkles in the bowl,
 The lute and viol, touched by unseen hands,
 Aid the soft voices of the choral bands;
 O'er the full board a brighter lustre beams
 Than Persia's monarch at his feast commands:
 For sweet refreshment all inviting seems
 To taste celestial food, and pure ambrosial streams.

MRS TIGHE.

437 As when a shepherd of the Hebrid isles,
 Placed far amid the melancholy main,
 (Whether it be lone fancy him beguiles;
 Or that aerial beings sometimes deign
 To stand embodied, to our senses plain,
 Sees on the naked hill, or valley low,
 The whilst in Ocean Phoebus dips his wain,
 A vast assembly moving to and fro:
 Then, all at once, in air dissolves the wondrous shew.

THOMSON.

438 HE saw, and straight was with amazement strook,
 To see the strength, the feature, and the grace
 Of his young limbs: he saw his comely face,
 Where love and reverence so well mingled were;
 And head, already crown'd with golden hair:
 He saw what mildness his bold spirit did tame,
 Gentler than light, yet powerful as a flame:
 He saw his valour, by their safety proved;
 He saw all this, and as he saw, he loved.

COWLEY.

439 As gentle shepheard in sweet euen-tide,
 When ruddy Phœbus gins to welke¹ in west,
 High on an hill, his flock to viewen wide,
 Marks which do bite their hastie supper best;
 A cloud of combrous gnats do him molest,
 All striving to infix their feeble stings,
 That from their noyance he nowhere can rest;
 But with his clownish hands their tender wings
 He brusheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmurings.

SPENSER.

440

AWAKE

My fairest, my espoused, my latest found,
 Heaven's last best gift, my ever new delight,
 Awake, the morning shines and the fresh field
 Calls us, we lose the prime, to mark how spring
 Our tended plants, how blows the citron-grove,
 What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
 How Nature paints her colours, how the bee
 Sits on the bloom, extracting liquid sweet.

MILTON.

441

HOPE elevates and joy
 Brightens his crest; as when a wand'ring fire,
 Compact of unctuous vapour, which the night
 Condenses, and the cold environs round,

¹ turn, go down.

Kindled through agitation to a flame,
 Hovering and blazing with delusive light,
 Misleads th' amaz'd night-wanderer from his way
 To bogs and mires, and oft through pond or pool,
 There swallow'd up and lost, from succour far.

MILTON.

442 BUT should a quicker breeze amid the boughs
 Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams;
 Till choked and matted with the dreary shower,
 The forest-walks, at every rising gale,
 Roll wide the withered waste, and whistle bleak.
 Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields;
 And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race
 Their sunny robes resign. E'en what remained
 Of stronger fruits falls from the naked tree;
 And woods, fields, gardens, orchards all around,
 The desolated prospect thrills the soul.

THOMSON.

443 WHEN tempests with their train impend on high,
 Darken the day, and load the lab'ring sky;
 When heaven's wide convex glows with lightnings dire,
 All ether flaming, and all earth on fire;
 When loud and long the deep-mouth'd thunder rolls,
 And peals on peals redoubled rend the poles;
 If from the opening clouds thy form appears,
 Her wonted charm the face of nature wears;
 Thy beauteous orb restores departed day,
 Looks from the sky and laughs the storm away.

LOGAN.

444 MILD arch of promise! on the ev'ning sky
 Thou shinest fair, with many a lovely ray,
 Each in the other melting. Much mine eye
 Delights to linger on thee; for the day,

Changeful and many-weather'd, seem'd to smile,
Flashing brief splendour through its clouds awhile,
That deepen'd dark anon, and fell in rain:
But pleasant it is now to pause, and view
Thy various tints of frail and wat'ry hue,
And think the storm shall not return again.

R. SOUTHEY.

445

No. 55, p. 14.

446 Now in their turn assisting, they repay
The anxious cares of many and many a day;
And now by those he loves relieved, restored,
His very wants and weaknesses afford
A feeling of enjoyment. In his walks,
Leaning on them, how oft he stops and talks,
While they look up! Their questions, their replies
Fresh as the welling waters, round him rise,
Gladdening his spirit: and, his theme the past,
How eloquent he is! His thoughts flow fast.

S. ROGERS.

447 Low walks the Sun, and broadens by degrees
Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds
Assembled gay, a richly gorgeous train,
In all their pomp attend his sitting throne;
Air, earth and ocean smile immense. And now,
As if his weary chariot sought the bowers
Of Amphitrite and her tending nymphs,
(So Grecian fable sung) he dips his orb;
Now half immersed; and now a golden curve
Gives one bright glance, then total disappears.

THOMSON.

448

FROM the birth

Of mortal man, the sov'reign Maker said,
That not in humble nor in brief delight,
Not in the fading echoes of Renown,
Power's purple robes, nor Pleasure's flow'ry lap;
The soul should find enjoyment: but from these
Turning disdainful to an equal good,
Through all the ascent of things enlarge her view,
Till every bound at length should disappear,
And infinite perfection close the scene.

AKENSIDE.

449 DEEP graved in every British heart,
O never let those names depart!
Say to your sons,—Lo here his grave,
Who victor died on Gadite wave;
To him, as to the burning levin¹,
Short, bright, resistless course was given.
Where'er his country's foes were found,
Was heard the fatal thunder's sound,
Till burst the bolt on yonder shore,
Roll'd, blazed, destroy'd,—and was no more.

SIR W. SCOTT.

450 THE strife is o'er—the pangs of Nature close,
And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.
Hark! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,
The noon of heaven, undazzled by the blaze,
On heavenly winds, that waft her to the sky,
Float the sweet tones of star-born melody;
Wild as that hallowed anthem, sent to hail
Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,
When Jordan hush'd his waves, and midnight still
Watched on the holy towers of Zion hill!

CAMPBELL.

¹ lightning.

451 Now the bright morning-star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth and youth and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing!
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

MILTON.

452 STERN o'er each bosom Reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great.
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by;
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashioned, fresh from nature's hand.
Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
True to imagined right, above control;
While even the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.

GOLDSMITH.

453 YET what avails the sanguine poet's hope
To conquer ages and with time to cope?
New eras spread their wings, new nations rise,
And other victors fill the applauding skies.
A few brief generations fleet along,
Whose sons forget the poet and his song.
When Fame's loud trump hath blown its noblest blast,
Though long the sound, the echo sleeps at last;
And Glory, like the Phœnix midst her fires,
Exhales her odours, blazes and expires.

BYRON.

454 MAN superior walks
 Amid the glad creation musing praise
 And looking lively gratitude. At last
 The clouds consign their treasures to the fields,
 And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
 Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow
 In large effusion o'er the freshened world.
 The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard,
 By such as wander through the forest-walks,
 Beneath the umbrageous multitude of leaves.

THOMSON.

455 As when a cloud
 Of gathering hail with limpid crusts of ice
 Enclosed and obvious to the beaming sun,
 Collects his large effulgence; straight the heavens
 With equal flames present on either hand
 The radiant visage. Persia stands at gaze,
 Appalled; and on the brink of Ganges doubts
 The snowy-vested seer, in Mithra's name,
 To which the fragrance of the south shall burn,
 To which his warbled orisons ascend.

AKENSIDE.

456 HENCE flourished Greece, and hence a race of men,
 As gods by conscious future times adored;
 In whom each virtue wore a smiling air,
 Each science shed o'er life a friendly light,
 Each act was nature. Spartan valour hence,
 At the fam'd pass, firm as an isthmus stood,
 And the whole eastern ocean, waving far
 As eye could dart its vision, nobly check'd.
 While in extended battle, at the field
 Of Marathon, my keen Athenians drove
 Before their ardent bands a host of slaves.

THOMSON.

457 IN other part stood one, who at the forge
Labouring, two massy clods of iron and brass
Had melted (whether found where casual fire
Had wasted woods on mountain or in vale,
Down to the veins of earth; thence gliding hot
To some cave's mouth; or whether wash'd by stream
From underground); the liquid ore he drained
Into fit moulds prepar'd; from which he form'd
First his own tools, then what might else be wrought
Fusil or graven in metal.

MILTON.

458 THE sun is couch'd, the sea-fowl gone to rest,
And the wild storm hath somewhere found a nest;
Air slumbers; wave with wave no longer strives,
Only a heaving of the deep survives,
A tell-tale motion! Soon will it be laid,
And by the tide alone the water sway'd.
Stealthy withdrawings, interminglings mild,
Of light with shade in beauty reconciled,—
Such is the prospect far as sight can range,
The soothing recompense—the welcome change!

WORDSWORTH.

459 A MAN so various that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
Stiff in opinion, always in the wrong;
Was every thing by starts, and nothing long:
But, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art:
Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
Beggard by fools, whom still he found too late,
He had his joke, and they had his estate.

DRYDEN.

460 THE sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there;
 Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air;
 On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
 His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below;
 The storm prevails, the rampart yields a way,
 Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay!
 Hark! as the smouldering piles with thunder fall,
 A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call;
 Earth shook, red meteors flashed along the sky,
 And conscious Nature shuddered at the cry!

CAMPBELL.

461 CHILD of the sun! pursue thy rapturous flight;
 Mingle with her thou lov'st in fields of light;
 And where the flowers of paradise unfold,
 Quaff fragrant nectar from their cups of gold:
 There shall thy wings, rich as an evening sky,
 Expand and shut with silent ecstasy!
 Yet wert thou once a worm—a thing that crept
 On the bare earth, then wrought a tomb, and slept!
 And such is man; soon from his cell of clay
 To burst a seraph in the blaze of day!

S. ROGERS.

462 ONCE in an ancient city, whose name I no longer
 remember,
 Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Justice
 Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in its left
 hand,
 And in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice
 presided
 Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and homes of the
 people.
 Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of the
 balance,
 Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sunshine
 above them.

But in the course of time the laws of the land were corrupted ;
Might took the place of right, and the weak were oppressed,
and the mighty
Ruled with an iron rod.

463 OFT may the spirits of the dead descend
To watch the silent slumbers of a friend ;
To hover round his evening walk unseen,
And hold sweet converse on the dusky green ;
To hail the spot where first their friendship grew,
And heaven and nature opened to their view !
Oft, when he trims his cheerful hearth, and sees
A smiling circle emulous to please :
There may these gentle guests delight to dwell,
And bless the scene they loved in life so well !

ROGERS.

464 So the tall stag, upon the brink
Of some smooth stream about to drink,
Surveying there his armed head,
With shame remembers that he fled
The scorned dogs, resolves to try
The combat next ; but if their cry
Invades again his trembling ear,
He straight resumes his wonted care,
Leaves the untasted spring behind,
And, winged with fear, outflies the wind.

WALLER.

465 APRIL hath come on,
And the cool winds feel softer, and the rain
Falls in the beaded drops of summer-time.
You may hear birds at morning, and at eve
The same dove lingers till the twilight falls,
Cooing upon the eaves, and drawing in
His beautiful bright neck ; and from the hills

A murmur, like the murmur of the sea,
Tells the release of waters, and the earth
Sends up a pleasant smell, and the dry leaves
Are lifted by the grass.

BULWER.

466 WHAT art thou, Love? thou great, mysterious thing!
From what hid stock does thy strange nature spring?
'Tis thou that mov'st the world through every part,
And hold'st the vast frame close, that nothing start
From the due place and office first ordain'd;
By thee were all things made and are sustain'd.
How is the loadstone, Nature's subtle pride,
By the rude iron woo'd and made a bride?
How was the weapon wounded? what hid flame
The strong and conquering metal overcame?
Love (this world's grace) exalts his natural state;
He feels thee, Love! and feels no more his weight.

467 YE learned heads, whom ivy garlands grace,
Why does that twining plant the oak embrace?
The oak, for courtship most of all unfit,
And rough as are the winds that fight with it.
How does the absent pole the needle move?
How does his cold and ice beget hot love?
Which are the wings of lightness to ascend?
Or why does weight to the centre downwards bend?
Thus creatures void of life obey thy laws,
And seldom we, they never, know the cause.

COWLEY.

468 PILED on a hundred arches, ridge by ridge,
O'er fixed and fluid strides the Alpine bridge,
Whose blocks of sapphire seem to mortal eye
Hewn from cerulean quarries in the sky;
With glacier battlements that crowd the spheres,
The slow creation of six thousand years,
Amidst immensity it towers sublime,
Winter's eternal Palace, built by Time;

All human structures by his touch are borne
Down to the dust; mountains themselves are worn
With his light footsteps; here for ever grows,
Amid the region of unmelting snows,
A monument; where every flake that falls
Gives adamantine firmness to the walls.

- 469 THE sun beholds no mirror in his race
That shows a brighter image of his face;
The stars, in their nocturnal vigils, rest,
Like signal fires, on its illumined crest;
The gliding moon around the ramparts wheels,
And all its magic lights and shades reveals;
Beneath the tide with equal fury raves,
To undermine it through a thousand caves;
Rent from its roof, though thundering fragments oft
Plunge to the gulf, immovable aloft,
From age to age, in air, o'er sea, on land,
Its turrets heighten and its piers expand.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

- 470 FAR from the sun and summer-gale
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon strayed,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face: the dauntless child
Stretched forth his little arms, and smiled.
"This pencil take," she said, "whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine, too, these golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of joy;
Of horror that and thrilling fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears."

T. GRAY.

- 471 WHATE'ER adorns
The princely dome, the column and the arch,
The breathing marbles and the sculptured gold,
Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim,

14—2

His tuneful breast enjoys. For him the Spring
 Distils her dews, and from the silken germ
 Its lucid leaves unfolds: for him the hand
 Of Autumn tinges every fertile branch
 With blooming gold and blushes like the morn:
 Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings;
 And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,
 And loves unfelt attract him.

AKENSIDE.

472

BEYOND, a well,

Dark, gleaming, and of most translucent wave,
 Images all the woven boughs above,
 And each depending leaf, and every speck
 Of azure sky, darting between their chasms;
 Nor ought else in the liquid mirror lave
 Its portraiture, but some inconstant star
 Between one foliaged lattice twinkling fair,
 Or painted bird, sleeping beneath the moon,
 Or gorgeous insect, floating motionless,
 Unconscious of the day, ere yet his wings
 Have spread their glories to the gaze of noon.

P. B. SHELLEY.

473 HE ended: and the archangel soon drew nigh,
 Not in his shape celestial; but as man
 Clad to meet man; over his lucid limbs
 A military vest of purple flowed
 Livelier than Melibœan, or the grain
 Of Sarra worn by kings, and heroes old
 In time of truce; Iris had dipped the woof;
 His starry elm unbuckled shewed him prime
 In manhood, where youth ended; by his side
 As in a glistering zodiac hung the sword,
 Satan's dire dread, and in his hand the spear.

MILTON.

474 Low in a grassy dingle he was laid,
With wild wood primroses befreckled ;
Over his head the wanton shadows played
Of a young olive, that her boughs so spread,
As with her leaves she seemed to crown his head.
And here he came, pierced by a fatal blow,
As in a wood he walked securely feeding,
And feeling death swim in his endless bleeding,
His heavy head his fainting strength exceeding,
Bade farewell to the woods that round him wave,
While tears from drooping flowers bedew his turfy grave.

GILES FLETCHER.

475 HAD thy great destiny but given thee¹ skill
To know, as well as power to act, her will ;
That from those kings, who then thy captives were,
In after times should spring a royal pair,
Who should possess all that thy mighty power,
Or thy desires more mighty, did devour :
To whom their better fate reserves, whate'er
The victor hopes for or the vanquished fear ;
That blood which thou and thy great grandsire shed,
And all that since these sister nations bled,
Had been unspilt, had happy Edward known
That all the blood he spilt had been his own.

SIR JOHN DENHAM.

476 BEHOLD! and look away your low despair—
See the light tenants of the barren air ;
To them, nor stores, nor granaries belong ;
Nought but the woodland and the pleasing song ;
Yet, your kind heavenly Father bends his eye
On the least wing that flits along the sky.
To him they sing, when spring renews the plain ;
To him they cry, in winter's pinching reign ;
Nor is their music nor their plaint in vain ;

¹ King Edward III.

He hears the gay and the distressful call,
And with unsparing bounty fills them all.

THOMSON.

477 "SHALL I be left forgotten in the dust,
When fate, relenting, lets the flower revive?
Shall nature's voice, to man alone unjust,
Bid him, though doomed to perish, hope to live?
Is it for this fair virtue oft must strive
With disappointment, penury, and pain?"
No: heaven's immortal spring shall yet arrive,
And man's majestic beauty bloom again,
Bright through the eternal year of love's triumphant reign.

BEATTIE.

478 THE boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead—but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

479 PERHAPS, in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear ;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

T. GRAY.

480 HIM fortune cannot sink or much elate,
Whose view extends beyond this mortal state ;
By age, when summon'd to resign his breath,
Calm and serene, he sees approaching death,
As the safe port, the peaceful silent shore,
Where he may rest, life's tedious voyage o'er :
He, and he only, is of death afraid,
Whom his own conscience has a coward made ;
Whilst he who virtue's radiant course has run,
Descends like a serenely setting sun ;
His thoughts triumphant Heaven alone employs,
And hope anticipates his future joys.

S. JENYNS.

481 Now came still evening on, and twilight grey
Had in her sober livery all things clad ;
Silence accompanied ; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale ;
She all night long her amorous descant sung ;
Silence was pleased : now glowed the firmament
With livid sapphires ; Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

MILTON.

The sun, a world whence other worlds drink light;
 The crescent moon, the diadem of night;
 Stars countless, each in his appointed place,
 Fast anchored in the deep abyss of space.

W. COWPER.

489 CREATOR Venus, genial power of love,
 The bliss of men below and Gods above!
 Beneath the sliding Sun thou runn'st thy race,
 Dost fairest shine and best become thy place.
 For thee the winds their eastern blasts forbear,
 Thy month reveals the Spring and opens all the year.
 Thee, Goddess, thee the storms of winter fly,
 Earth smiles with flowers renewing, laughs the sky,
 And birds to lays of love their tuneful notes apply.
 'Tis thine, whate'er is pleasant, good or fair,
 All Nature is thy province, life thy care:
 Thou mad'st the world, and dost the world repair.

DRYDEN.

490 'Tis morn: with gold the verdant mountain glows;
 More high, the snowy peaks with hues of rose.
 Far stretched beneath the many-tinted hills,
 A mighty waste of mist the valley fills,
 A solemn sea! whose billows wide around
 Stand motionless, to awful silence bound:
 Pines, on the coast, through mist their tops uprear,
 That like to leaning masts of stranded ships appear.
 A single chasm, a gulf of gloomy blue,
 Gapes in the centre of the sea,—and through
 That dark mysterious gulf ascending, sound
 Innumerable streams with roar profound.

WORDSWORTH.

491 No sister e'er hath been to thee with pearly eyes of
love,
No mother e'er hath wept for thee an outcast from above:
No hand hath come from out the cloud to wash thy scarred
face;
No voice to bid thee lie in peace, the noblest of thy race;
But bow thee to the God of love, and all shall yet be well,
And yet in days of holy rest and gladness thou shalt dwell:
And thou shalt dwell midst leaves and rills far from this
torrid heat;
And I with streams of cooling milk will bathe thy blistered
feet:
And when the troubled tears shall start to think of all the
past,
My mouth shall haste to kiss them off, and chase thy sor-
rows fast.
And thou shalt walk in soft white light with kings and
priests abroad,
And thou shalt summer high in bliss upon the hills of God.
AIRD.

492 AND now the nightingale, not distant far,
Began her solitary song: and pour'd
To the cold moon a richer, stronger strain
Than that with which the lyric lark salutes
The new-born day. Her deep and thrilling song
Seem'd with its piercing melody to reach
The soul, and in mysterious unison
Blend with all thoughts of gentleness and love.
Their hearts were open to the healing power
Of nature; and the splendour of the night,
The flow of waters, and that sweetest lay
Came to them like a copious evening dew,
Falling on vernal herbs, which thirst for rain.

SOUTHEY.

493 BUT when our country's cause provokes to arms,
 How martial music every bosom warms!
 So when the first bold vessel dared the seas,
 High on the stern the Thracian raised his strain,
 While Argo saw her kindred trees
 Descend from Pelion to the main.
 Transported demigods stood round,
 And men grew heroes with the sound,
 Inflamed with glory's charms;
 Each chief his seven-fold shield display'd,
 And half unsheathed the shining blade:
 And seas and rocks and skies rebound
 To arms! to arms! to arms!

FOPE.

494 THE morning hath not lost her morning blush,
 Nor step, but mine, soil'd the earth's tinsell'd robe.
 How full of heaven this solitude appears,
 This healthful comfort of the happy swain;
 Who from his hard but peaceful bed rous'd up,
 In his morning exercise saluted is
 By a full quire of feather'd choristers,
 Wedding their notes to the enamoured air!
 Here nature in her unaffected dress
 Plaited with valleys, and emboss'd with hills,
 Enchas'd with silver streams and fringed with woods,
 Sits lonely in her native russet.

W. CHAMBERLAYNE.

495 OFTEN would the lad
 Watch with sad fixedness the summer-sun
 In blood-red blaze sink hero-like to rest.
 Then, *O to set like thee! but I, alas!*
Am weak, a poor unheeded shepherd-boy.
 'Twas that *alas* undid him. His ambition,
 Once the vague instinct of his nobleness,
 Thus tempered in the glowing furnace-heat
 Of lone repinings and aye-present aims,

Brightened to hope, and hardened to resolve.
 To hope! What hope is that, whose clearest ray
 Is drencht with mother's tears? What that resolve,
 Whose strength is crime, whose instrument is death?

ANON.

496 Go then, forgetful of its toil and strife,
 Pursue the joys of this fallacious life;
 Like some poor fly, who lives but for a day,
 Sip the fresh dews, and in the sunshine play,
 And into nothing then dissolve away. }
 Are these our great pursuits? is this to live?
 These all the hopes this much-lov'd world can give?
 How much more worthy envy is their fate,
 Who search for truth in a superior state!
 Not groping step by step, as we pursue, }
 And following Reason's much entangled clue,
 But with one great and instantaneous view. }

S. JENYNS.

497 So he with difficulty and labour hard
 Mov'd on; with difficulty and labour he;
 But, he once past, soon after, when man fell,
 Strange alteration! sin and death amain
 Following his track, such was the will of Heaven,
 Pav'd after him a broad and beaten way
 Over the dark abyss, whose boiling gulf
 Tamely endur'd a bridge of wonderous length,
 From Hell continued, reaching the utmost orb
 Of this frail world; by which the spirits perverse
 With easy intercourse pass to and fro
 To tempt or punish mortals, except whom
 God and good angels guard by special grace.

MILTON.

498 His spear, to equal which the tallest pine
 Hewn on Norwegian hills, were but a wand,
 He walk'd with to support uneasy steps
 Over the burning marle, not like those steps

On Heaven's azure, and the torrid clime
 Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire:
 Nathless he so endured, till on the beach
 Of that inflamed sea he stood, and call'd
 His legions, angel-forms, who lay intranced,
 Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
 In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades
 High over-arch'd embower.

MILTON.

499

ABOVE them all

The golden Sun, in splendour likest Heaven,
 Aloof the vulgar constellations thick,
 That from his lordly eye keep distance due,
 Dispenses light from far: they, as they move
 Their starry dance in numbers that compute
 Days, months, and years, towards his all-cheering lamp
 Turn swift their various motions, or are turned
 By his magnetic beam, that gently warms
 The universe, and to each inward part
 With gentle penetration, though unseen,
 Shoots invisible virtue even to the deep;
 So wonderously was set his station bright.

MILTON.

500 CONFUSED and struck with silence at the deed,
 He flies, but trembling fails to fly with speed;
 His step the youth pursues: the country lay
 Perplex'd with roads; a servant show'd the way;
 A river cross'd the path; the passage o'er
 Was nice to find; the servant trod before!
 Long arms of oaks an open bridge supplied,
 And deep the waves beneath them bending glide.
 The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
 Approach'd the careless guide and thrust him in;
 Plunging he falls and rising lifts his head,
 Then flashing turns and sinks among the dead.

501 WHILE sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
He bursts the bands of fear and madly cries,
"Detested wretch!" but scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seemed no longer man!
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet!
His robe turned white and flow'd upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
Celestial odours breathe through purpled air;
And wings, whose colours glittered on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.

PARNELL.

502 THERE lives and works
A soul in all things, and that soul is God.
He sets the bright procession on its way,
And marshals all the order of the year;
He marks the bounds which winter may not pass,
And blunts its pointed fury; in its case,
Russet and rude, folds up the tender germ
Uninjured, with inimitable art;
And, ere one flowery season fades and dies,
Designs the blooming wonders of the next.
The Lord of all, Himself through all diffused,
Sustains, and is the life of all that lives.

W. COWPER.

503 THE purblind hare,
Mark the poor wretch, to overshut his troubles
How he outruns the wind, and with that care
He cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles;
The many musits through the which he goes,
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

Sometimes he runs among a flock of sheep,
To make the cunning hound mistake their smell;

And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,
 To stop the loud pursuers in their yell;
 And sometimes sorteth with a herd of deer;
 Danger deviseth shifts; wit waits on fear.

SHAKSPERE.

504 AN honest man, when Fortune's storms begin,
 Has consolation always sure within;
 And if she sends a more propitious gale,
 He's pleased, but not forgetful it may fail.
 Nor fear that he who sits so loose to life,
 Should too much shun its labours and its strife;
 And scorning wealth, contented to be mean,
 Shrink from the duties of this bustling scene;
 Or, when his country's safety claims his aid,
 Avoid the fight, inglorious and afraid:
 Who scorns life most must surely be most brave,
 And he who power contemns be least a slave:
 Virtue will lead him to Ambition's ends,
 And prompt him to defend his country and his friends.

S. JENYNS.

505 IN climes beyond the solar road,
 Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
 The Muse has broke the twilight gloom,
 To cheer the shivering native's dull abode.
 And oft beneath the odorous shade
 Of Chili's boundless forest laid,
 She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat,
 In loose numbers wildly sweet,
 Their feather-cinctured chiefs and dusky loves.
 Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
 Glory pursue and generous shame,
 The unconquerable mind and Freedom's holy flame.

T. GRAY.

506 WHAT does not fade? The tower that long had stood
The crush of thunder and the warring winds,
Shook by the slow, but sure destroyer Time,
Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its base,
And flinty pyramids and walls of brass
Descend. The Babylonian spires are sunk;
Achaia, Rome, and Egypt moulder down.
Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones,
And tottering empires rush by their own weight.
The sun himself shall die, and ancient night
Again involve the desolate abyss,
Till the great Father, through the lifeless gloom,
Extend his arm to light another world,
And bid new planets roll by other laws.

ARMSTRONG.

507 I SPOKE, when rising through the darkened air,
Appalled, we saw a hideous phantom glare;
High and enormous o'er the flood he towered,
And thwart our way with sullen aspect lowered.
His haggard beard flowed quivering on the wind,
Revenge and horror in his mien combined;
His clouded front, by withering lightning scared,
The inward anguish of his soul declared.
His red eyes, glowing from their dusky caves,
Shot livid fires; far echoing o'er the waves
His voice resounded, while, with visage wan,
His black lips trembling, thus the fiend began:

508 "O YOU, the boldest of the nations, fired
By daring pride, by lust of fame inspired,
Who, scornful of the bowers of sweet repose,
Through these my waves advance your fearless prow,
Regardless of the lengthening watery way,
And all the storms that own my sovereign sway,
Who mid surrounding rocks and shelves explore
Where never hero braved my rage before;
Ye sons of Lusus, who, with eyes profane,
Have viewed the secrets of my awful reign,

Have passed the bounds which jealous Nature drew
 To veil her secret shrine from mortal view,
 Hear from my lips what direful woes attend,
 And, bursting soon, shall o'er your race descend.

509 "WITH every bounding keel that dares my rage,
 Eternal war my rocks and storms shall wage;
 The next proud fleet that through my dear domain,
 With daring search shall hoist the streaming vane,
 That gallant navy, by my whirlwinds tost
 And raging seas, shall perish on my coast.
 Then He, who first my secret reign descried,
 A naked corse wide floating o'er the tide
 Shall drive. Unless my heart's full raptures fail,
 O Lusus! oft shalt thou thy children wail;
 Each year thy shipwrecked sons shalt thou deplore,
 Each year thy sheeted masts shall strew my shore."

MICKLE'S CAMOENS.

510 ILLUSTRIOUS souls! if any tender cares
 Affect angelic breasts for man's affairs;
 If in your present happy, heavenly state,
 You're not regardless quite of Britain's fate,
 Let this degenerate land again be blest
 With that true vigour which she once possess'd;
 Compel us to unfold her slumbering eyes,
 And to her ancient dignity to rise.
 Such wondrous powers as these must sure be given
 For most important purposes by Heaven;
 Who bids these stars as bright examples shine,
 Besprinkled thinly by the hand divine,
 To form to virtue each degenerate time,
 And point out to the soul its origin sublime.

S. JENYNS.

511 SAY, doth the dull soil
 Quarrel with the proud forests it hath fed
 And feedeth still, more comely than itself?

Can it deny the chieftom of green groves?
Or shall the 'tree be envious of the dove
Because it cooeth, and hath snowy wings,
To wander wherewithal and find its joys?
We are such forest-trees, and our fair boughs
Have bred forth, not pale solitary doves,
But eagles golden feathered, who do tower
Above us in their beauty, and must reign
In right thereof; for 'tis the eternal law
That first in beauty should be first in might:
Yea, by that law, another race may drive
Our conquerors to mourn as we do now.

512 HAVE ye beheld the young God of the Seas,
My dispossessor? Have ye seen his face?
Have ye beheld his chariot, foam'd along
By noble winged creatures he hath made?
I saw him on the calm waters scud,
With such a glow of beauty in his eyes,
That it enforced me to bid sad farewell
To all my empire: farewell sad I took,
And hither came, to see how dolorous fate
Had wrought upon ye: and how I might best
Give consolation in this woe extreme.
Receive the truth, and let it be your balm.

KEATS.

513 SHE comes! the Goddess! through the whispering air,
Bright as the morn descends her blushing car;
Each circling wheel a wreath of flowers entwines,
And, gemmed with flowers, the silken harness shines;
The golden bits with flowery studs are decked,
And knots of flowers the crimson reins connect.
And now on earth the silver axle rings,
And the shell shrinks upon its slender springs;
Light from her airy seat the Goddess bounds,
And steps celestial press the pansioned grounds.

15—2

Fair Spring advancing calls her feathered quire,
 And tunes to softer notes her laughing lyre ;
 Bids her gay hours on purple pinions move,
 And arms her zephyrs with the shafts of love.

ERASMUS DARWIN.

514 Now when the height of heaven bright Phœbus gains,
 And level rays cleave wide the thirsty plains ;
 When heifers seek the shade and cooling lake,
 And in the middle pathway basks the snake :
 Oh, lead me, guard me from the sultry hours,
 Hide me, ye forests, in your closet bow'rs :
 Where the tall oak his spreading arms entwines,
 And with the beech a mutual shade combines ;
 Where flows the murm'ring brook inviting dreams,
 Where bordering hazel overhangs the streams,
 Whose rolling current winding round and round,
 With frequent falls makes all the wood resound ;
 Upon the mossy couch my limbs I cast,
 And e'en at noon the sweets of evening taste.

J. GAY.

515 THE sounds and seas, each creek and bay
 With fry innumerable swarm, and shoals
 Of fish, that with their fins and shining scales,
 Glide under the green wave in sculls that oft
 Bank the mid-sea ; part single, or with mate,
 Graze the sea-weed, their pasture, and through groves
 Of coral stray ; or, sporting with quick glance,
 Show to the sun their waved coats dropt with gold ;
 Or in their pearly shells at ease, attend
 Moist nutriment, or under rocks their food
 In jointed armour watch : on the smooth seal
 And bended dolphins play—part huge of bulk,
 Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gait,
 Tempest the ocean.

MILTON.

516 UNDER his proud survey the city lies
And, like a mist beneath a hill, doth rise ;
Whose state and wealth, the business and the crowd,
Seem at this distance but a darker cloud :
And is, to him who rightly things esteems,
No other in effect than what it seems,
Where, with like haste, though several ways they run,
Some to undo and some to be undone,
While luxury and wealth, like war and peace,
Are each the other's ruin and increase ;
As rivers lost in seas some secret vein
Thence reconveys, there to be lost again.
O happiness of sweet retired content !
To be at once secure and innocent.

SIR JOHN DENHAM.

517 STIFF with eternal ice and hidden snow,
That fell a thousand centuries ago,
The mountain stands ; nor can the rising sun
Unfix her frosts, and teach them how to run :
No spring, nor summer, on the mountain seen,
Smiles with gay fruits or with delightful green ;
But hoary winter, unadorn'd and bare,
Dwells in the dire retreat and freezes there ;
There she assembles all her blackest storms,
And the rude hail in rattling tempests forms ;
Thither the loud tumultuous winds resort,
And on the mountain keep their boist'rous court,
That in thick showers her rocky summit shrouds,
And darkens all the broken view with clouds.

ADDISON.

518 MUCH be the place admir'd, the person more,
As one, who long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,
Forth issuing on a summer's morn, to breathe
Among the pleasant villages and farms
Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight ;

The smell of grain or teded grass or kine,
 Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound ;
 If, chance, with nymph-like step, fair virgin pass,
 What seeming pleas'd, for her now pleases more ;
 She most and in her look sums all delight :
 Such pleasure took the Serpent to behold
 This flowery plat, the sweet recess of Eve,
 Thus early, thus alone.

MILTON.

519

THERE is a cave,
 All overgrown with trailing odorous plants,
 Which curtain out the day with leaves and flowers,
 And paved with veined emerald, and a fountain
 Leaps in the midst with an awakening sound.
 From its curved roof the mountain's frozen tears
 Like snow, or silver, or long diamond spires,
 Hang downward, raining forth a double light :
 And there is heard the ever-moving air,
 Whispering without form from tree to tree, and birds,
 And bees ; and all around are mossy seats,
 And the rough walls are clothed with long soft grass ;
 A simple dwelling, which shall be our own ;
 Where we will sit and talk of time and change,
 As the world ebbs and flows, ourselves unchanged.

520 WHEN the fresh spring in all her state is crown'd,
 And high luxuriant grass o'erspreads the ground,
 The labourer with the bending scythe is seen,
 Shaving the surface of the waving green ;
 Of all her native pride disrobes the land,
 And meads lays waste before his sweeping hand ;
 While with the mounting sun the meadow glows,
 The fading herbage round he loosely throws :
 But, if some sign portend a lasting show'r,
 The experienc'd swain foresees the coming hour,

His sun-burnt hands the scatt'ring fork forsake,
And ruddy damsels ply the saving rake;
In rising hills the fragrant harvest grows,
And spreads along the field in equal rows.

J. GAY.

521 HER short performance was no sooner tried,
Than she I sought, the nightingale replied;
So sweet, so shrill, so variously she sung;
That the grove echoed, and the valleys rung:
And I so ravished with her heavenly note,
I stood intranced, and had no room for thought;
But all o'erpowered with ecstasy of bliss,
Was in a pleasing dream of Paradise.
At length I waked, and looking round the bower,
Searched every tree, and pryed on every flower,
If anywhere by chance I might espy,
The rural poet of the melody:
For still, methought, she sung not far away;
At last I found her on a laurel spray.

DRYDEN.

522 HARK! the bee winds her small but mellow horn,
Blithe to salute the sunny smile of morn.
O'er thymy downs she bends her busy course,
And many a stream allures her to its source.
'Tis noon—'tis night. That eye so finely wrought,
Beyond the search of sense, the soar of thought,
Now vainly asks the scenes she left behind;
Its orb so full, its vision so confined!
Who guides the patient pilgrim to her cell?
Who bids her soul with conscious triumph swell?
With conscious truth retrace the mazy clue
Of summer-scents, that charmed her as she flew?
Hail, Memory, hail! thy universal reign
Guards the least link of Being's glorious chain.

S. ROGERS:

- 523 COME, track with me this little vagrant rill,
 Wandering in wild course from the mountain's breast;
 Now with a brink of varied flowers drest,
 And playing with the stooping buds at will;
 Now moving scarce, with noiseless step and still.
 Anon it seems too weary of its rest;
 And hurries on, leaping with sparkling zest,
 Adown the ledges of the broken hill.
 So let us live—is not the life well spent,
 Which loves the lot, that kindly nature weaves
 For all, inheriting or adorning earth?—
 Which throws light pleasure over true content;
 Blossoms with fruitage, flowers as well as leaves;
 And sweetens wisdom with a taste of mirth.
-

- 524 WHEN from the pallid sky the Sun descends,
 With many a spot, that o'er his glaring orb
 Uncertain wanders, stained; red fiery streaks
 Begin to flush around. The reeling clouds
 Stagger with dizzy poise, as doubting yet
 Which master to obey: while rising slow,
 Blank, in the leaden-coloured east, the moon
 Wears a wan circle round her blunted horns.
 Seen through the turbid, fluctuating air,
 The stars obtuse emit a shivered ray;
 Or frequent seem to shoot athwart the gloom,
 And long behind them trail the whitening blaze.
 Snatch'd in short eddies plays the withered leaf;
 And on the flood the dancing feather floats.

THOMSON.

525

No. 96, p. 29.

526

No. 97, p. 30.

527

No. 73, p. 21.

528

No. 72, p. 20.

529 THE Fury heard, while on Cocytus' brink
Her snakes unty'd, sulphureous waters drink;
But at the summons, roll'd her eyes around,
And snatch'd the starting serpents from the ground.
Not half so swiftly shoots along in air,
The gliding light'ning, or descending star.
Through crowds of airy shades she wing'd her flight,
And dark dominions of the silent night;
Swift as she pass'd, the flitting ghosts withdrew,
And the pale spectres trembled at her view:
To th' iron gates of Tænarus she flies,
There spreads her dusky pinions to the skies.
The day beheld, and sick'ning at the sight,
Veil'd her fair glories in the shades of night.

POPE.

530 FAME is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(The last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights and live laborious days:
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. 'But not the praise,'
Phœbus replied, and touch'd my trembling ears:
'Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistening foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies:
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much Fame in Heaven expect thy meed.

MILTON.

531 ALL are but parts of one stupendous whole,
 Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;
 That, changed through all, and yet in all the same,
 Great in the earth, as in the ethereal frame;
 Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
 Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
 Lives through all life, extends through all extent;
 Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
 Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
 As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
 As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
 As the rapt seraph that adores and burns;
 To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
 He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

532 CEASE then, nor order imperfection name:
 Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
 Know thy own point: This kind, this true degree
 Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.
 Submit.—In this or any other sphere,
 Secure to be as blessed as thou canst bear.
 Safe in the hand of one disposing power,
 Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
 All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
 All chance, direction, which thou canst not see.
 All discord, harmony not understood;
 All partial evil, universal good.

POPE.

533 THE man to solitude accustom'd long,
 Perceives in ev'rything that lives a tongue;
 Not animals alone, but shrubs and trees,
 Have speech for him, and understood with ease;
 After long drought, when rains abundant fall,
 He hears the herbs and flowers rejoicing all;
 Knows what the freshness of their hue implies,
 How glad they catch the largess of the skies;
 But, with precision nicer still, the mind
 He scans of every locomotive kind;

Birds of all feather, beasts of every name,
That serve mankind, or shun them, wild or tame;
The looks and gestures of their griefs and fears
Have all articulation in his ears.

COWPER.

534 FIRED at first sight with what the Muse imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts,
While from the bounded level of our mind
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;
But, more advanced, behold with strange surprise
New distant scenes of endless science rise!
So pleased at first the towering Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky;
The eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last:
But, those attained, we tremble to survey
The growing labours of the lengthened way:
The increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

POPE.

535 ROLL on, ye stars! exult in youthful prime,
Mark with bright curves the printless steps of time;
Near and more near your beamy cars approach,
And lessening orbs on lessening orbs encroach;
Flowers of the sky! ye, too, to age must yield,
Frail as your silken sisters of the field!
Star after star from heaven's high arch shall rush,
Suns sink on suns, and systems systems crush,
Headlong, extinct, to one dark centre fall,
And death and night and chaos mingle all!
Till o'er the wreck emerging from the storm,
Immortal nature lifts her changeful form,
Mounts from her funeral pyre on wings of flame,
And soars and shines, another and the same!

ERASMUS DARWIN.

536 THE current, that with gentle murmur glides,
 Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage,
 But, when his fair course is not hindered,
 He makes sweet music with the enamelled stones,
 Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
 He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
 And so by many winding nooks he strays,
 With willing sport, to the wild ocean.
 Then let me go, and hinder not my course:
 I'll be as patient as a gentle stream
 And make a pastime of each weary step,
 Till the last step have brought me to my love;
 And there I'll rest as after much turmoil
 A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

SHAKESPERE.

537 A SYLVAN scene with various greens was drawn,
 Shades on the sides, and on the midst a lawn:
 The silver Cynthia, with her nymphs around,
 Pursued the flying deer, the woods with horn resound:
 Calisto there stood manifest of shame,
 And, turn'd a bear, the northern star became.
 Her son was next, and by peculiar grace
 In the cold circle held the second place.
 The stag Actæon in the stream had spied
 The naked huntress, and for seeing died:
 His hounds, unknowing of the change, pursue
 The chase, and their mistaken master slew.
 Peneian Daphne, too, was there to see,
 Apollo's love before, and now his tree.

DRYDEN.

538 BUT as the waters of the Northern Sea
 (When one strong wind blows steady from the pole)
 Come hurrying to the shore, and far and wide
 As eye can reach the creaming waves pass on
 Impatient; or, as trees that bow their tops
 One way, when Alpine hollows bring one way

The blast whereat they quiver in the vale,—
So millions pressed to swell the general grief
One way;—for once all men seemed one way drawn.
Or if, through evil hap, and unforeseen,
Some stayed behind, their hearts, at least, were there
The whole day through,—could think of nothing else,
Hear nothing else, see nothing!

BURGON.

539 Now that the winter's gone, the earth hath lost
Her snow-white robes, and now no more the frost
Candies the grass, or calls an icy cream
Upon the silver lake, or crystal stream;
But the warm sun thaws the benumb'd earth,
And makes it tender; gives a second birth
To the dead swallow; wakes in hollow tree
The drowsy cuckoo, and the humble bee;
Now do a choir of chirping minstrels bring
In triumph to the world the youthful Spring.
The valleys, hills, and woods, in rich array,
Welcome the coming of the long'd-for May.
Now all things smile.

T. CAREW.

540 Look Nature through, 'tis revolution all;
All change; no death. Day follows night, and night
The dying day; stars rise, and set, and rise;
Earth takes the example. See, the Summer gay,
With her green chaplet, and ambrosial flowers,
Droops into pallid Autumn: Winter gray,
Horrid with frost, and turbulent with storm,
Blows Autumn, and his golden fruits, away:
Then melts into the Spring: soft Spring, with breath
Favonian, from warm chambers of the south,
Recalls the first. All, to re-flourish, fades;
As in a wheel, all sinks, to re-ascend:
Emblems of man, who passes, not expires.

YOUNG.

541 O MOTHER, hear me yet before I die.
 Hear me, O earth—I will not die alone,
 Lest their shrill happy laughter come to me
 Walking the cold and starless road of death
 Uncomforted, leaving my ancient love
 With the Greek woman. I will rise and go
 Down into Troy, and ere the stars come forth
 Talk with wild Cassandra, for she says
 A fire dances before her, and a sound
 Rings ever in her ears of armed men.
 What this may be I know not, but I know
 That, whereso'er I am by night and day,
 All earth and air seem only burning fire.

A. TENNYSON.

542 As on the height of some huge eminence,
 Reach'd with long labour, the wayfaring man
 Pauses awhile, and, gazing o'er the plain
 With many a sore step travell'd, turns him then
 Serious to contemplate the onward road,
 And calls to mind the comforts of his home,
 And sighs that he has left them, and resolves
 To stray no more: I on my way of life
 Muse thus, Penates, and with firmest faith
 Devote myself to you. I will not quit,
 To mingle with the crowd, your calm abodes,
 Where by the evening hearth Contentment sits
 And hears the cricket chirp; where Love delights
 To dwell, and on your altars lays his torch
 That burns with no extinguishable flame.

SOUTHEY.

543 MEANTIME o'er rocky Thrace, and the deep vales
 Of gelid Hæmus, I pursued my flight;
 And piercing farthest Scythia, westward swept
 Sarmatia, travers'd by a thousand streams.
 A sullen land of lakes and fens immense,
 Of rocks, resounding torrents, gloomy heaths,

And cruel deserts black with sounding pine;
Where Nature frowns: though sometimes into smiles
She softens and immediate, at the touch
Of southern gales, throws from the sudden glebe
Luxuriant pasture and a waste of flowers.
But, cold-compressed, when the whole loaded heaven
Descends in snow, lost in one white abrupt,
Lies undistinguished earth; and seized by frost,
Lakes, headlong streams, and floods, and oceans sleep.

THOMSON.

544 HAPPY the man, of mortals happiest he,
Whose quiet mind from vain desires is free;
Whom neither hopes deceive, nor fears torment,
But lives at peace within himself content;
In thought or act accountable to none,
But to himself and to his God alone:
O sweetness of content! heart-soothing joy!
Which nothing wants, and nothing can destroy.
Welcome ye groves—here let me ever dwell;
And bid the haunts of men a long farewell.
How sweet the morning! and the day how bright!
How calm the evening! and how still the night!
From hence, as from a hill, I view below
The crowded world, a mighty wood in show;
Where several wanderers travel day and night,
By different paths, and none are in the right.

545 THUS having reached a bridge, that overarched
The hasty rivulet where it lay becalmed
In a deep pool, by happy chance we saw
A twofold image; on a grassy bank
A snow-white ram, and in the crystal flood
Another and the same! Most beautiful,
On the green turf, with his imperial front
Shaggy and bold, and wreathed horns superb,
The breathing creature stood; as beautiful,
Beneath him, showed his shadowy counterpart.
Each had his glowing mountains, each his sky,

And each seemed centre of his own fair world:
 Antipodes unconscious of each other,
 Yet, in partition, with their several spheres,
 Blended in perfect stillness, to our sight!

WORDSWORTH.

546 FULL in the centre of these wondrous works,
 The pride of earth! Rome in her glory see!
 Behold her demigods, in senate met;
 All head to counsel and all heart to act;
 The common weal inspiring every tongue
 With fervent eloquence unbribed and bold:
 Ere tame corruption taught the servile herd,
 To rank obedient to a master's voice.
 Her forum see, warm, popular and loud,
 In trembling wonder hushed, when the two sires,
 As they the private father sternly quelled,
 Stood up the public fathers of the state.
 See Justice judging there, in human shape.
 Hark! how with freedom's voice it thunders high,
 Or in soft murmurs sinks to Tully's tongue.

547 TEARS, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
 Tears from the depth of some divine despair
 Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
 In looking on the happy autumn-fields,
 And thinking of the days that are no more.
 Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
 That brings our friends up from the under-world,
 Sad as the last which reddens over one
 That sinks with all we love below the verge;
 So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.
 Ah, sad and strange, as in dark summer dawns
 The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
 To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
 The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
 So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

A. TENNYSON.

548 WHEN Venus from her orb descends in showers,
To glad the ground, and paint the fields with flowers:
When first the tender blades of grass appear,
And buds, that yet the blast of Eurus fear,
Stand at the door of life, and doubt to clothe the year;
Till gentle heat and soft repeated rains
Make the green blood to dance within their veins:
Then, at their call, emboldened out they come,
And swell the gems, and burst the narrow room:
Broader and broader yet their blooms display,
Salute the welcome sun, and entertain the day.
Then from their breathing souls the sweets repair
To scent the skies, and purge the unwholesome air:
Joy spreads the heart, and with a general song
Spring issues out, and leads the jolly months along.

DRYDEN.

549 THE wild swan's death-hymn took the soul
Of that waste place with joy
Hidden in sorrow: at first to the ear
The warble was low, and full and clear;
And floating about the under-sky,
Prevailing in weakness, the coronach stole
Sometimes afar, and sometimes anear;
But anon her awful jubilant voice,
With a music strange and manifold,
Flowed forth on a carol free and bold:
As when a mighty people rejoice
With shawms, and with cymbals, and harps of gold,
And the tumult of their acclaim is rolled
Through the open gates of the city afar,
To the shepherd who watcheth the evening star.

A. TENNYSON.

550 YE ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain,—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty Voice,
And stopp'd at once amid their maddest plunge!

Motionless torrents ! silent cataracts !
 Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven
 Beneath the keen full moon ? Who bade the sun
 Clothe you with rainbows ? Who, with living flowers
 Of loveliest hue, spread garlands at your feet ?
 God ! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
 Answer ! and let the ice-plains echo, God !
 God ! sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice !
 Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds !
 And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
 And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God !

S. T. COLERIDGE.

551 ALSO, when he would taste the spicy wreaths
 Of incense, breathed aloft from sacred hills,
 Instead of sweets, his ample palate took
 Savour of poisonous brass and metal sick :
 And so, when harboured in the sleepy west,
 After the full completion of fair day,
 For rest divine upon exalted couch,
 And slumber in the arms of melody,
 He paced away the pleasant hours of ease
 With stride colossal, on from hall to hall ;
 While far within each aisle and deep recess,
 His winged minions in close clusters stood,
 Amazed and full of fear ; like anxious men
 Who on wide plains gather in panting troops,
 When earthquakes jar their battlements and towers.

KEATS.

552 THOU, Calpe, saw'st their coming ; ancient rock
 Renowned, no longer now shalt thou be called
 From Gods and Heroes of the years of yore,
 Kronos, or hundred-handed Briareus,
 Bacchus or Hercules ; but doomed to bear
 The name of thy new conqueror, and henceforth
 To stand his everlasting monument.
 Thou saw'st the dark-blue waters flash before
 Their ominous way, and whiten round their keels ;

Their swarthy myriads darkening o'er thy sands.
Fair shone the Sun upon their proud array,
White turbans, glittering armour, shields engrailed
With gold, and scymitars of Syrian steel;
And gently did the breezes, as in sport,
Curl their long flags out-rolling, and display
The blazoned scrolls of blasphemy.

SOUTHEY.

553 AH, gentle shepherd, thine the lot to tend,
Of all that feel distress, the most assail'd,
Feeble, defenceless: lenient be thy care;
But spread around thy tend'rest diligence
In flow'ry spring-time, when the new-dropt lamb,
Tott'ring with weakness by his mother's side,
Feels the fresh world about him; and each thorn,
Hillock, or furrow, trips his feeble feet:
Oh, guard his meek sweet innocence from all
Th' innumerable ills that rush around his life;
Mark the quick kite, with beak and talons prone,
Circling the skies to snatch him from the plain;
Observe the lurking crows, beware the brake,
There the sly fox the careless minute waits;
Nor trust thy neighbour's dog, nor earth, nor sky;
Thy bosom to a thousand cares divide.
Eurus oft slings his hail: the tardy fields
Pay not their promis'd food.

DYER.

554 THE first fresh dawn then waked the gladdened race
Of uncorrupted man, nor blushed to see
The sluggard sleep beneath its sacred beam;
For their light slumbers gently fumed away;
And up they rose as vigorous as the sun,
Or to the culture of the willing glebe,
Or to the cheerful tendance of the flock.
Not yet injurious act, nor surly deed,

Was known among those happy sons of heaven :
 For reason and benevolence were law.
 Harmonious Nature too looked smiling on.
 Clear shone the skies, cooled with eternal gales,
 And balmy spirit all. The youthful Sun
 Shot his best rays, and still the gracious clouds
 Dropp'd fatness down ; as o'er the swelling mead,
 The herds and flocks, commixing played secure.

THOMSON.

555 Who train'd thee up in arms but I ! Who taught thee
 Men were men only when they durst look down
 With scorn on scath and danger, and contemn'd
 All opposition, till plumed Victory
 Had made her constant stand upon her helmet?
 Under my shield thou hast fought as securely
 As the young eaglet, covered with the wings
 Of his fierce dam, learns how and where to prey.
 All that is manly in thee, I call mine ;
 But what is weak and womanish, thine own.
 And what I gave, since thou art proud, ungrateful,
 Presuming to contend with him, to whom
 Submission is due, I will take from thee.
 Look, therefore, for extremities, and expect not
 I will correct thee as a son, but kill thee
 As a serpent swollen with poison.

MASSINGER.

556 Now storming fury rose,
 And clamour, such as heard in Heaven till now
 Was never ; arms on armour clashing bray'd
 Horrible discord, and the maddening wheels
 Of brazen chariots rag'd ; dire was the noise
 Of conflict ; over head the dismal hiss
 Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew,
 And flying vaulted either host with fire.
 So under fiery cope together rushed

Both battles main, with ruinous assault
And inextinguishable rage. All Heaven
Resounded; and had earth been then, all earth
Had to her center shook. What wonder? when
Millions of fierce encountering Angels fought
On either side, the least of whom could wield
These elements, and arm him with the force
Of all their regions.

MILTON.

557 It is a favour'd isle. Famine or blight,
Pestilence, War and Earthquake, never light
Upon its mountain-peaks; blind vultures, they
Sail onward far upon their fatal way:
The winged storms, chanting their thunder-psalm
To other lands, leave azure chasms of calm
Over this isle, or weep themselves in dew,
From which its fields and woods ever renew
Their green and golden immortality.
And from the sea there rise, and from the sky
There fall, clear exhalations, soft and bright,
Veil after veil, each hiding some delight;
Which Sun or Moon or Zephyrs draw aside;
There are thick woods, where sylvan forms abide,
It is an isle 'twixt Heaven, Air, Earth and Sea,
Cradled and hung in clear tranquillity.

P. B. SHELLEY.

558

No. 154, p. 51.

559 OH! passing beautiful in this wild spot,
Tombs, temples, dwellings—all alike forgot—
One sea of sunlight far around them spread,
And skies of sapphire mantling over-head,
It seems no work of man's creative hand,
By labour wrought, as wavering fancy plann'd,

But from the rock, as if by magic grown,
 Eternal, silent, beautiful, alone:
 Not virgin-white, like that old Doric shrine,
 Where erst Athena held her rites divine,
 Not saintly grey, like many a minster fane,
 That crowns the hill, and consecrates the plain,
 But rosy-red, as if the blush of dawn,
 That first beheld them, were not yet withdrawn;
 Match me such marvel save in Eastern clime,
 A rose-red city, half as old as Time.

BURGON

560 ANON out of the earth a fabric huge
 Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
 Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,
 Built like a temple, where pilasters round
 Were set and Dorick pillars overlaid
 With golden architrave; nor did there want
 Cornice or frieze, with bossy sculptures graven:
 The roof was fretted gold.—The ascending pile
 Stood fix'd her stately highth: and straight the doors
 Opening their brazen folds, discover, wide
 Within, her ample spaces o'er the smooth
 And level pavement: from the arched roof
 Pendent by subtle magick many a row
 Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
 With naphtha and asphaltus, yielded light
 As from a sky.

MILTON.

561 How has kind heaven adorn'd the happy land,
 And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand;
 But what avail her unexhausted stores,
 Her blooming mountains, and her sunny shores;
 With all the gifts that heaven and earth impart,
 The smiles of nature and the charms of art.
 While proud Oppression in her valleys reigns,
 And Tyranny usurps her happy plains.

The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
The fruit just reddening and the swelling grain.
—O Liberty! thou Goddess heavenly bright,
Profuse of bliss and teeming with delight,
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
And smiling Plenty loads thy wanton train.
Thou mak'st the gloomy face of nature gay,
Giv'st beauty to the Sun, and pleasure to the day.

ADDISON.

562 BUT who shall bide Thy tempest? who shall face
The blast that wakes the fury of the sea?
Oh, God! Thy justice makes the world turn pale,
When on the armed fleet that royally
Bears down the surges, carrying war to smite
Some city or invade some thoughtless realm,
Descends the fierce tornado. The vast hulks
Are whirl'd like chaff upon the waves: the sails
Fly, rent like webs of gossamer: the masts
Are snapp'd asunder; downward from the decks,
Downward are slung into the fathomless gulf
Their cruel engines; and their hosts, arrayed
In trappings of the battle-field, are whelm'd
By whirlpools, or dash'd dead upon the rocks.
Then stand the nations still with awe, and pause
A moment from the bloody work of war.

W. C. BRYANT.

563 No forest fell
When thou would'st build; no quarry sent its stores
To enrich thy walls: but thou didst hew the floods,
And make thy marble of the glassy wave.
In such a palace Aristæus found
Cyrene when he bore the plaintive tale
Of his lost bees to her maternal ear.
Silently as a dream the fabric rose,
No sound of hammer or of saw was there.
Ice upon ice the well-adjusted parts

Were soon conjoined, nor other cement asked
 Than water interfused to make them one.
 Lamps gracefully disposed, and of all hues,
 Illumined every side. A watery light
 Gleamed through the clear transparency that seemed
 Another moon new-risen, or meteor fallen
 From heaven to earth of lambent flame serene.

COWPER.

564 SMOOTH to the shelving brink a copious flood
 Rolls fair, and placid: where collected all,
 In one impetuous torrent, down the steep
 It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.
 At first, an azure sheet, it rushes broad;
 Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls,
 And from the loud-resounding rocks below,
 Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
 A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.
 Nor can the tortured wave here find repose:
 But, raging still amid the shaggy rocks,
 Now flashes o'er the scatter'd fragments, now
 Aslant the hollow channel rapid darts;
 And falling fast from gradual slope to slope,
 With wild infracted course, and lessen'd roar,
 It gains a safer bed, and steals, at last,
 Along the mazes of a quiet vale.

THOMSON.

565 OH! bright occasions of dispensing good,
 How seldom used, how little understood!
 To pour in virtue's lap her just reward;
 Keep vice restrain'd behind a double guard;
 To quell the faction, that affronts the throne,
 By silent magnanimity alone;
 To nurse with tender care the thriving arts;
 Watch every beam philosophy imparts;
 Covetous only of a virtuous praise;
 His life a lesson to the land he sways;

To touch the sword with conscientious awe,
Nor draw it but when duty bids him draw;
To sheath it in the peace-restoring close
With joy beyond what victory bestows;
Blest country where these kingly glories shine!
Blest England, if this happiness be thine.

COWPER.

566 THE hills and dales and the delightful woods,
The flowery plains, and silver-streaming floods,
By snow disguised, in bright confusion lie,
And with one dazzling waste fatigue the eye.
No gentle-breathing breeze prepares the spring,
No birds within the desert region sing.
The ships, unmoved, the boisterous winds defy,
While rattling chariots o'er the ocean fly.
The vast Leviathan wants room to play,
And spout his waters in the face of day.
The starving wolves along the main sea prowl,
And to the moon in icy valleys howl.
O'er many a shining league the level main
Here spreads itself into a glassy plain:
There solid billows of enormous size,
Alps of green ice, in wild disorder rise.

567 SOON as the silent shades of night withdrew,
The ruddy morn disclosed at once to view
The face of nature in a rich disguise,
And brightened every object to my eyes:
For every shrub, and every blade of grass,
And every pointed thorn seemed wrought in glass;
In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns show,
While through the ice the crimson berries glow.
The thick-sprung reeds, which watery marshes yield,
Seemed polished lances in a hostile field.
The stag, in limpid currents, with surprise
Sees crystal branches on his forehead rise:

The spreading oak, the beech, and towering pine,
 Glaz'd over, in the freezing ether shine.
 The frighted birds the rattling branches shun,
 Which wave and glitter in the distant sun.

568 WHEN, if a sudden gust of wind arise,
 The brittle forest into atoms flies;
 The crackling wood beneath the tempest bends,
 And in a spangled shower the prospect ends;
 Or if a southern gale the region warm,
 And by degrees unbind the wintry charm,
 The traveller a miry country sees,
 And journeys sad beneath the dropping trees:
 Like some deluded peasant, Merlin leads
 Through fragrant bowers and through delicious meads;
 While here enchanted gardens to him rise,
 And airy fabrics there attract his eyes,
 His wandering feet the magic paths pursue,
 And, while he thinks the fair illusion true,
 The trackless scenes disperse in fluid air,
 And woods and wilds and thorny ways appear:
 A tedious road the weary wretch returns,
 And, as he goes, the transient vision mourns.

AMBROSE PHILIPS.

569 ABOVE the subtle foldings of the sky,
 Above the well-set orbs' soft harmony;
 Above those petty lamps that gild the night,
 There is a place o'erflown with hallowed light;
 Where Heaven, as if it left itself behind,
 Is stretched out far, nor its own bounds can find:
 Here peaceful flames swell up the sacred place,
 Nor can the glory contain itself i' th' endless space.
 For there no twilight of the sun's dull ray
 Glimmers upon the pure and native day.
 No pale-faced moon does in stolen beams appear,
 Or with dim tapers scatter darkness there.

On no smooth sphere the restless seasons slide,
 No circling motion doth swift time divide.
 Nothing is here *to come*, and nothing past,
 But an eternal NOW does always last.

570 BENEATH the silent chambers of the earth,
 Where the sun's fruitful beams give metals birth,—
 Beneath the dens where unfledged tempests lie,
 And infant winds their tender voices try;
 Beneath the mighty ocean's wealthy caves;
 Beneath the eternal fountain of the waves,
 Where their vast court the mother-waters keep,
 And, undisturbed by moons, in silence sleep,
 There is a place deep, wondrous deep, below,
 Which genuine night and horror overflow:
 Here no dear glimpse of the sun's lovely face
 Strikes through the solid darkness of the place;
 No dawning morn does her kind ray display;
 One slight weak beam would here be thought the day;
 Here, Lucifer, the mighty captive, reigns
 Proud midst his woes, and tyrant in his chains.

A. COWLEY.

571 THAT there's a self, which after death shall live,
 All are concern'd about and all believe;
 That something's ours, when we from life depart,
 This all conceive, all feel it at the heart;
 The wise of learn'd antiquity proclaim
 This truth, the public voice declares the same;
 No land so rude but looks beyond the tomb
 For future prospects in a world to come.
 Hence without hopes to be in life repaid,
 We plant slow oaks posterity to shade;
 And hence vast pyramids aspiring high
 Lift their proud heads aloft and time defy.
 Hence is our love of fame; a love so strong,
 We think no dangers great or labours long,
 By which we hope our beings to extend,
 And to remotest times in glory to descend.

S. JENYNS.

572 CEASE, O Ulysses! cease at length to mourn
 My absence, my departure: none among
 The Achaian chiefs to happy home return;
 Another torch hath lit beloved wives,
 Children so cherisht roam in other lands;
 But me, besought until my latest hour
 By many suitors, no new love hath toucht
 (Gods! bear me witness!), nor untimely fate
 By Dian's dart o'ertaken me; but grief
 Perpetual for thy loss, thy toils, thy woes,
 Thy wanderings over every land and sea,
 And rising over all, thy manly breast,
 Thy beauteous image...these, Ulysses! these
 Wasted my youth, now mingled with the shades.
 Farewell, Farewell! enjoy this tranquil land
 Blest with eternal spring; remember me;
 But not too fondly, lest enjoyment cease.

W. S. LANDOR.

573 REFT of thy sons, amid thy foes forlorn,
 Mourn, widowed queen! forgotten Sion, mourn!
 Is this thy place, sad city, this thy throne,
 Where the wild desert rears its craggy stone?
 5 While suns unblessed their angry lustre fling,
 And wayworn pilgrims seek the scanty spring?
 Where now thy pomp, which kings with envy viewed?
 Where now thy might, which all those kings subdued?
 No martial myriads muster in thy gate;
 6 No suppliant nations in thy temple wait;
 No prophet bards, the glittering courts among,
 Wake the full lyre, and swell the tide of song:
 But lawless Force and meagre Want are there,
 And the quick-darting eye of restless Fear,
 15 While cold Oblivion, 'mid thy ruins laid,
 Folds his dank wing beneath the ivy shade.

R. HEBER.

(Beasts, urged by us, their fellow-beasts pursue,
 And learn of man each other to undo):
 With slaughtering guns th' unwearied fowler roves,
 When frosts have whiten'd all the naked groves;
 Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'ershade,
 And lonely woodcocks haunt the watery glade.
 He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye;
 Straight a short thunder breaks the frozen sky:
 Oft, as in airy rings they skim the heath,
 The clam'rous lapwings feel the leaden death;
 Oft as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
 They fall, and leave their little lives in air.

POPE.

X
577

So her disembowelled web
 Arachne in a hall or kitchen spreads
 Obvious to vagrant flies: she secret stands
 Within her woven cell: the humming prey,
 Regardless of their fate, rush on the toils
 Inextricable, nor will aught avail
 Their arts or arms or shapes of lovely hue;
 The wasp insidious, and the buzzing drone,
 And butterfly, proud of expanded wings
 Distinct with gold, entangled in her snares,
 Useless resistance make; with eager strides,
 She towering flies to her expected spoils;
 Then with envenom'd jaws, the vital blood
 Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
 Their bulky carcasses triumphant drags.

PHILIPS.

578 AT once on the eastern cliff of Paradise
 He lights, and to his proper shape returns,
 A seraph wing'd. Like Maia's son he stood,
 And shook his plumes, that heavenly fragrance fill'd
 The circuit wide. Straight knew him all the bands
 Of angels under watch; and to his state,

And to his message high, in honour rise;
For on some message high they guess'd him bound.
Their glittering tents he pass'd, and now is come
Into the blissful field through groves of myrrh,
And flowering odours, cassia, nard and balm;
A wilderness of sweets; for Nature here
Wanton'd as in her prime, and play'd at will
Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more sweet,
Wild above rule or art, enormous bliss.

MILTON.

579 EVEN now while Saturn, rous'd from icy trance,
Went step for step with Thea through the woods,
Hyperion, leaving twilight in the rear,
Came slope upon the threshold of the west:
Then, as was wont, his palace-door flew ope
In smoothed silence, save what solemn tubes,
Blown by the serious Zephyrs, gave of sweet
And wandering sounds, slow-breathed melodies;
And like a rose in vermeil tint and shape,
In fragrance soft, and coolness to the eye,
That in-let to severe magnificence
Stood full-blown, for the God to enter in.

580 HE enter'd, but he enter'd full of wrath;
His flaming robes stream'd out beyond his heels,
And gave a roar as if of earthly fire,
That scared away the meek ethereal Hours,
And made their dove-wings tremble. On He flared,
From stately nave to nave, from vault to vault,
Through bowers of fragrant and inwreathed light,
And diamond-paved lustrous long arcades,
Until he reach'd the great main Cupola:
There standing fierce beneath, he stamped his foot,
And from the basements deep to the high towers
Jarr'd his own golden region.

KEATS.

581 HAST thou a charm to stay the morning-star
 In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
 On thy bald, awful head, O sovran Blanc!
 The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
 Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful Form,
 Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
 How silently! Around thee and above
 Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
 An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it,
 As with a wedge! But when I look again,
 It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
 Thy habitation from eternity!
 O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee,
 Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
 Didst vanish from my thought: entranc'd in prayer,
 I worshipp'd the Invisible alone.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

582 How beautiful this night! the balmiest sigh,
 Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear,
 Were discord to the speaking quietude
 That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon vault,
 Studded with stars unutterably bright
 Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
 Seems like a canopy which love had spread
 To curtain her sleeping world. Yon gentle hills,
 Robed in a garment of untrodden snow—
 Yon darksome rocks, whence icicles depend,
 So stainless that their white and glittering spires
 Tinge not the moon's pure beam—all form a scene
 Where musing solitude might love to lift
 Her soul above this sphere of earthliness;
 Where silence undisturbed might watch alone,
 So cold, so bright, so still.

P. B. SHELLEY.

583 THAT Saturn's sons received the three-fold empire
Of heav'n, of ocean, and deep hell beneath,
As the dark urn and chance of lot determined,
Old poets mention, fabling. Things of moment
Well nigh equivalent and neighb'ring value
By lot are parted: but high heav'n, thy share,
In equal balance laid 'gainst sea or hell,
Flings up the adverse scale, and shuns proportion.
Wherefore not chance, but pow'r, above thy brethren
Exalted thee, their king. When thy great will
Commands thy chariot forth, impetuous strength,
And fiery swiftness wing the rapid wheels,
Incessant; high the eagle flies before thee.
And oh! as I and mine consult thy Augur,
Grant the glad omen; let thy fav'rite rise
Propitious, ever soaring from the right.

584 ALAS for Sicily! rude fragments now
Lie scattered, where the shapely column stood.
Her palaces are dust. In all her streets
The voice of singing and the sprightly chord
Are silent. Revelry and dance and show
Suffer a syncope and solemn pause;
While God performs upon the trembling stage
Of his own works his dreadful part alone.
How does the earth receive him? with what signs
Of congratulation and delight her King?
Pours she not all her choicest fruits abroad,
Her sweetest flowers, her aromatic gums,
Disclosing Paradise where'er He treads?
She quakes at his approach. Her hollow womb,
Conceiving thunders, through a thousands deeps
And fiery caverns, roars beneath his foot.

COWPER.

585 THY fair ideas, thy delightful forms,
 The boast of well-pleas'd Nature! Sculpture seized
 And bade them ever smile in Parian stone.
 Selecting beauty's choice, they pour'd it all
 Through the live features of one breathing stone.
 There, beaming full, it shone: expressing gods:
 Jove's awful brow, Apollo's air divine,
 The fierce atrocious frown of sinewed Mars,
 Or the sly graces of the Cyprian Queen.
 Minutely perfect all! Each dimple sunk,
 And every muscle swell'd, as nature taught.
 In tresses, braided gay, the marble waved:
 Flow'd in loose robes, or thin transparent veils;
 Sprung into motion; softened into flesh;
 Was fired to passion, or refined to soul.

THOMSON.

586 YE shining hosts,
 That navigate a sea that knows no storms,
 Beneath a vault unsullied with a cloud;
 As one, who long detained on foreign shores,
 Pants to return, and when he sees afar
 His country's weather-bleached and battered rocks
 From the green wave emerging, darts an eye
 Radiant with joy towards the happy land;
 So I with animated hopes behold,
 And many an aching wish, your beamy fires,
 That show like beacons in the blue abyss,
 Ordain'd to guide th' embodied spirit home
 From toilsome life to never-ending rest.
 Love kindles as I gaze. I feel desires,
 That give assurance of their own success,
 And that, infused from heaven, must thither tend.

COWPER.

587 HE the gay garden round about doth fly,
 From bed to bed, from one to other border,
 And takes survey with curious, busy, eye
 Of every flower and herb there set in order;

Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly,
Yet none of them he rudely doth disorder,
Nor with his feet their silken leaves deface,
But feeds upon the pleasures of each place,
And evermore, with most variety
And change of sweetness (for all change is sweet),
He seeks his dainty sense to gratify;
Now sucking of the juice of herbs most meet,
Or of the dew which yet on them doth lie,
Now in the same bathing his tender feet;
And then he percheth on some bank thereby
To sun himself, and his moist wings to dry.

SPENSER.

588 THE rapid radiance instantaneous strikes
The illumined mountain; through the forest streams,
Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow mist,
Far smoking o'er the interminable plain,
In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.
Moist, bright and green, the landscape laughs around,
Full swell the woods; their every music wakes,
Mix'd in wild concert with the warbling brooks
Increased, the distant bleatings of the hills,
The hollow lows responsive from the vales,
Whence, blending all, the sweeten'd Zephyr springs.
Meantime, refracted from yon eastern cloud,
Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal bow
Shoots up immense and every hue unfolds,
In fair proportion, running from the red,
To where the violet fades into the sky.

WORDSWORTH.

589 WHILE musing thus, with contemplation fed,
And thousand fancies buzzing in my brain,
The sweet-tongued Philomel perched o'er my head,
And chanted forth a most melodious strain,
Which wrapt me so with wonder and delight,
I judged my hearing better than my sight,
And wished me wings with her awhile to take my flight.

“O merry bird!” said I, “that fears no snares,
 That neither toils nor hoards up in thy barns,
 Feels no sad thoughts nor cruciating cares
 To gain more good or shun what might thee harm;
 Thy clothes ne'er wear, thy meat is everywhere,
 Thy bed a bough, thy drink the water clear,
 Remind'st not what is past nor what's to come dost fear.

ANNE BRADSTREET.

590 WAKED by his warmer ray, the reptile young
 Came winged abroad; by the light air upborne
 Lighter, and full of soul. From every chink
 And secret corner, where they slept away
 The wintry storms; or rising from their tombs
 To higher life; by myriads, forth at once,
 Swarming they pour; of all the varied hues
 Their beauty-beaming parent can disclose.
 Ten thousand forms! ten thousand different tribes!
 People the blaze. To sunny waters some
 By fatal instinct fly; through the green glade
 Some love to stray; there lodg'd, amused and fed
 In the fresh leaf. Luxurious others, make
 The meads their choice and visit every flower
 And every latent herb; and where to wrap,
 In what soft beds, their young yet undisclos'd,
 Employs their tender care.

THOMSON.

591 No. 198, p. 73.

592 No. 159, p. 54.

593 SCARCE the third glass of measured hours was run,
 When like a fiery meteor sunk the sun,
 The promise of a storm; the shifting gales
 Forsake by fits and fill the flagging sails;

BRITISH MUSEUM

Hoarse murmurs of the main from far were heard,
And night came on, not by degrees prepared,
But all at once; at once the winds arise,
The thunders roll, the forky lightning flies.
In vain the master issues out commands,
In vain the trembling sailors ply their hands:
The tempest, unforeseen, prevents their care,
And from the first they labour in despair.
The giddy ship, betwixt the winds and tides
Forced back and forwards, in a circle rides,
Stunned with the different blows; then shoots amain,
Till, counterbuffed, she stops and sleeps again.

DRYDEN.

594 By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned,
By strangers honoured, and by strangers mourned!
What though no friends in sable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances and the public show?
What though no sacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallowed dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?
Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be dressed,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
There the first roses of the year shall blow;
While angels with their silver wings o'ershade
The ground now sacred by thy relics made.

POPE.

595 My eye descending from the hill, surveys
Where Thames among the wanton valleys strays.
Thames! the most loved of all the ocean's sons
By his old sire, to his embraces runs,
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity.

Though with those streams he no resemblance hold,
 Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold :
 His genuine and less guilty wealth t' explore,
 Search not his bottom, but survey his shore,
 O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
 And hatches plenty for th' ensuing spring ;
 Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,
 Like mothers which their infants overlay ;
 Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
 Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.

596 No unexpected inundations spoil
 The mower's hopes, or mock the ploughman's toil ;
 But Godlike his unwearied bounty flows ;
 First loves to do, then loves the good he does.
 Nor are his blessings to his banks confin'd,
 But free and common as the sea or wind :
 When he to boast or to disperse his stores,
 Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
 Visits the world, and in his flying towers
 Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours ;
 Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,
 Cities in deserts, woods in cities, plants.
 So that to us no thing, no place, is strange,
 While his fair bosom is the world's exchange.
 Oh, could I flow like thee ! and make thy stream
 My great example, as it is my theme ;
 Though deep, yet clear ; though gentle, yet not dull ;
 Strong, without rage ; without o'erflowing, full.

597 BUT his proud head the airy mountain hides
 Among the clouds ; his shoulders and his sides
 A shady mantle clothes ; his curled brows
 Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows,
 While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat,
 The common fate of all that's high or great.
 Low at his foot a spacious plain is plac'd,
 Between the mountain and the stream embrac'd,

Which shade and shelter from the hills derives,
While the kind river wealth and beauty gives ;
And in the mixture of all these appears
Variety, which all the rest endears.
This scene had some bold Greek or British bard
Beheld of old, what stories had we heard
Of fairies, satyrs, and the nymphs their dames,
Their feasts, their revels, and their amorous flames !
'Tis still the same, although their airy shape
All but a quick poetic sight escape.

SIR J. DENHAM.

598 As shakes the bough of trembling leaf,
When whirlwinds sudden rise ;
As stands aghast the warrior-chief,
When his base army flies ;
So shook, so stood, the beauteous maid,
When from the dreary den
A wrinkled hag came forth, arrayed
In matted rags obscene.
Around her brows, with hemlock bound,
Loose hung her ash-grey hair ;
As from two dreary caves profound
Her blue-flamed eye-balls glare.
Her skin, of earthy red, appeared
Clung round her shoulder-bones,
Like withered bark, by lightning seared,
When loud the tempest groans.

MICKLE.

599 THUS they pursued
Their journey, each from other gathering store
For thought, with many a silent interval
Of mournful meditation, till they saw
The temples and the towers of Cordoba
Shining majestic in the light of eve.
Before them Betis roll'd his glittering stream,
In many a silvery winding traced afar

Amid the ample plain. Behind the walls
 And stately piles which crown'd its margin, rich
 With olives, and with sunny slope of vines,
 And many a lovely hamlet interspersed,
 Whose citron bowers were once the abode of peace,
 Height above height, receding hills were seen
 Imbued with evening hues; and over all
 The summits of the dark Sierra rose,
 Lifting their heads amid the silent sky.

SOUTHEY.

600

O CORDOBA,

Exclaim'd the old man, how princely are thy towers,
 How fair thy vales, thy hills how beautiful!
 The sun who sheds on thee his parting smiles
 Sees not in all his wide career a scene
 Lovelier nor more exuberantly blest
 By bounteous earth and heaven. The very gales
 Of Eden waft not from the immortal bowers
 Odours to sense more exquisite than these,
 Which, breathing from thy groves and gardens, now
 Recall in me such thoughts of bitterness.
 The time has been, when happy was their lot
 Who had their birthright here; but happy now
 Are they who to thy bosom are gone home,
 Because they feel not in their graves the feet
 That trample upon Spain.

SOUTHEY.

601 A STRAIT long entry to the temple led,
 Blind with high walls, and horror over head;
 Thence issued such a blast and hollow roar,
 As threatened from the hinge to heave the door.
 The door was adamant; eternal frame!
 Which, hewed by Mars himself, from Indian quarries came,
 The labour of a God; and all along
 Tough iron bars were clenched to make it strong.

In midst of all the dome Misfortune sat,
And gloomy Discontent, and fell Debate.
Loud menaces were heard, and foul Disgrace,
And bawling Infamy, in language base ;
Till sense was lost in sound, and silence fled the place.
The slayer of himself yet saw I there ;
The gore congealed was clotted in his hair :
With eyes half dead, and gaping mouth he lay,
And grim, as when he breathed his sullen soul away.

DRYDEN.

602 STRONG god of arms ! whose iron sceptre sways
The freezing north and Hyperborean seas,
And Scythian colds, and Thracia's winter coast,
Where stand thy steeds, and thou art honoured most :
There most ; but everywhere thy power is known,
The fortune of the fight is all thy own :
Terror is thine, and wild amazement flung
From out thy chariot, withers e'en the strong ;
And disarray and shameful rout ensue,
And force is added to the fainting crew.
Acknowledged as thou art, accept my prayer :
If aught I have achieved deserve thy care ;
If to my utmost power, with sword and shield,
I dared the death, unknowing how to yield ;
And, falling in my rank, still kept the field :
Then let my arms prevail, by thee sustained,
That she I love by conquest may be gained.

DRYDEN.

603 HIS praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud ; and, wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Join voices, all ye living souls : Ye birds,
That singing up to Heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.

Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
 The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
 Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
 To hill, or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,
 Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
 Hail, universal Lord, be bounteous still
 To give us only good; and if the night
 Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark!

MILTON.

604

LONG time in even scale
 The battle hung; till Satan, who that day
 Prodigious power had shown, and met in arms
 No equal, ranging through the dire attack
 Of fighting Seraphine confus'd, at length
 Saw where the sword of Michael smote and fell'd
 Squadrons at once; with huge two-handed sway
 Brandish'd aloft, the horrid edge came down
 Wide-wasting; such destruction to withstand
 He hasted, and opposed the rocky orb
 Of tenfold adamant, his ample shield,
 A vast circumference. At his approach
 The great Arch-Angel from his warlike toil
 Surceased, and glad, as hoping here to end
 Intestine war in Heaven, the arch-foe subdued,
 Or captive dragg'd in chains, with hostile frown
 And visage all inflamed first thus began.

MILTON.

605

HERE I could frequent
 With worship place by place where he vouchsafed
 Presence divine, and to my sons relate,
 On this mount he appeared, under this tree
 Stood visible, among these pines his voice
 I heard, here with him at this fountain talked:
 So many grateful altars I would rear
 Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone

Of lustre from the brook, in memory,
 Or monument to ages, and thereon
 Offer sweet-smelling gums, and fruits, and flowers :
 In yonder nether world where shall I seek
 His bright appearances, or footsteps trace?
 For though I fled him angry, yet recalled
 To life prolonged and promised race, I now
 Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts
 Of glory, and far off his steps adore.

MILTON.

606 FIRST in his east the glorious lamp was seen,
 Regent of day, and all th' horizon round
 Invested with bright rays, jocund to run
 His longitude through Heaven's high road ; the grey
 Dawn, and the Pleiades before him danced,
 Shedding sweet influence. Less bright the moon
 But opposite in levelled west was set,
 His mirror, with full face borrowing her light
 From him, for other light she needed none
 In that aspect, and still that distance keeps
 Till night, then in the east her turn she shines,
 Revolved on Heaven's great axle, and her reign
 With thousand lesser lights dividual holds,
 With thousand thousand stars, that then appeared
 Spangling the hemisphere. Then, first adorned
 With her bright luminaries that set and rose,
 Glad evening and glad morn crowned the fourth day.

MILTON.

607 THE praier stint¹ of Arcita the stronge,
 The ringes on the temple dore that honge,
 And eke the dores clattereden ful fast,
 Of which Arcita somewhat him agast.
 The fire brent² upon the auter³ bright,
 That it began the temple for to light ;
 A swete smell anon the ground up yaf⁴,
 And Arcita anon his hand up haf⁵,

¹ ceased.² burnt.³ altar.⁴ gave.⁵ heaved.

And more encense into the fire he cast,
 With other rites mo, and at the last
 The statue of Mars began his hauberk ring;
 And with that soun he heard a murmuring
 Ful low and dim, that sayde thus, "Victorie,"
 For which he yaf to Mars honour and glorie.
 And thus with joy, and hope wel to fare,
 Arcite anon into his inne is fare⁶
 As fayn⁷ as foul is of the brightest sonne.

CHAUCER.

608 FULL oft the rivals met, and neither spar'd
 His utmost force, and each forgot to ward,
 The head of this was to the saddle bent,
 The other backward to the crupper sent:
 Both were by turns unhorsed: the jealous blows
 Fall thick and heavy, when on foot they close.
 So deep their faulchions bite, that every stroke
 Pierced to the quick; and equal wounds they gave and took.
 Borne far asunder by the tides of men,
 Like adamant and steel they met again.
 So when a tiger sucks the bullock's blood,
 A famish'd lion, issuing from the wood,
 Roars lordly fierce and challenges the food.
 Each claims possession, neither will obey,
 But both their paws are fastened on the prey;
 They bite, they tear; and while in vain they strive,
 The swains come arm'd between and both to distance drive.

DRYDEN.

609 WHAT, if the breath, that kindled those grim fires,
 Awak'd, should blow them into sevenfold rage,
 And plunge us in the flames? or, from above,
 Should intermitted vengeance arm again
 His red right hand to plague us? What if all
 Her stores were open'd, and this firmament.

⁶ gone.⁷ glad.

Of hell should spout her cataract of fire,
Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall
One day upon our heads; while we perhaps,
Designing or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery tempest shall be hurl'd
Each on his rock transfix'd, the sport and prey
Of racking whirlwinds; or for ever sunk
Under yon boiling Ocean wrapt in chains;
There to converse with everlasting groans,
Unrespited, unpitied, unrepriev'd,
Ages of hopeless end?

MILTON.

610 BUT Man is born to suffer. On the door
Sickness has set her mark; and now no more
Laughter within we hear, or wood-notes wild
As of a mother singing to her child.
All now in anguish from that room retire,
Where a young cheek glows with consuming fire,
And innocence breathes contagion—all but one,
But she who gave it birth—from her alone
The medicine-cup is taken. Through the night,
And through the day, that with its dreary light
Comes unregarded, she sits silent by,
Watching the changes with her anxious eye:
While they without, listening below, above,
(Who but in sorrow know how much they love?)
From every little noise catch hope and fear,
Exchanging still, still as they turn to hear,
Whispers and sighs, and smiles all tenderness,
That would in vain the starting tear repress.

ROGERS.

611 AH, woe is me! Winter is come and gone,
But grief returns with the revolving year;
The airs and streams renew their joyous tone;
The ants, the bees, the swallows, re-appear;

Fresh leaves and flowers deck the dead season's bier.
 The loving birds now pair in every brake,
 And build their mossy homes in field and brere;
 And the green lizard and the golden snake,
 Like unimprisoned flames, out of their trance awake.

Through wood and stream and field and hill and ocean,
 A quickening life from the earth's heart has burst,
 As it has ever done, with change and motion,
 From the great morning of the world! when first
 God dawned on chaos; in its stream immersed,
 The lamps of heaven flash with a softer light;
 All baser things pant with life's sacred thirst;
 Diffuse themselves; and spend in love's delight
 The beauty and the joy of their renewed might.

SHELLEY.

612 AND is there care in heaven? And is there love
 In heavenly spirits to these creatures base
 That may compassion of their evils move?
 There is:—else much more wretched were the case
 Of men then beasts; but O the exceeding grace
 Of Highest God! that loves his creatures so,
 And all his workes with mercy doth embrace,
 That blessed angels he sends to and fro
 To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe.

How oft do they their silver bowers leave
 To come to succour us that succour want!
 How oft do they with golden pineons cleave
 The flitting skyes, like flying pursuivant,
 Against fowle feendes to ayd us militant!
 They for us fight, they watch and dewly ward,
 And their bright squadrons round about us plant;
 And all for love and nothing for reward:
 O, why should Hevenly God to men have such regard!

SPENSER.

613 THE stag now conscious of his fatal growth,
At once indulgent to his fear and sloth,
To some dark covert his retreat had made,
Where nor man's eyes nor heaven's should invade
His soft repose; when the unexpected sound
Of dogs and men, his wakeful ears does wound:
Rous'd with the noise, he scarce believes his ear,
Willing to think th' illusions of his fear
Had given this false alarm, but straight his view
Confirms, that more than all his fears are true.
Betrayed in all his strength, the wood beset;
All instruments, all arts of ruin met;
He calls to mind his strength and then his speed,
His winged heels, and then his armed head;
With these t'avoid, with that his fate to meet:
But fear prevails, and bids him trust his feet.

614 So fast he flies, that his reviewing eye
Has lost the chasers and his ear the cry;
Exulting, till he finds their nobler sense
Their disproportion'd speed doth recompense;
Then curses his conspiring feet, whose scent
Betrays that safety which their swiftness lent.
Then tries his friends; among the baser herd,
Where he so lately was obeyed and feared,
His safety seeks: the herd, unkindly wise,
Or chaces him from thence or from him flies:
Like a declining statesman, left forlorn
To his friend's pity and pursuer's scorn.
With shame remembers, while himself was one
Of the same herd, himself the same had done.

615 THENCE to the coverts and the conscious groves,
The scene of his past triumphs and his loves;
Sadly surveying where he rang'd alone
Prince of the soil, and all the herd his own;
And, like a bold knight-errant, did proclaim
Combat to all, and bore away the dame;
And taught the woods to echo to the stream
His dreadful challenge and his clashing beam.

Yet faintly now declines the fatal strife,
 So much his love was dearer than his life.
 Now every leaf and every moving breath
 Presents a foe, and every foe a death.
 Wearied, forsaken and pursued, at last
 All safety in despair of safety placed,
 Courage he thence resumes, resolv'd to bear
 All their assaults, since 'tis in vain to fear.

616 AND now, too late, he wishes for the fight
 That strength he wasted in ignoble flight:
 But when he sees the eager chace renew'd,
 Himself by dogs, the dogs by men pursued,
 He straight revokes his bold resolve, and more
 Repents his courage than his fear before;
 Finds that uncertain ways unsafest are,
 And doubt a greater mischief than despair.
 Then to the stream, when neither friends nor force
 Nor speed nor art avail, he shapes his course,
 But fearless they pursue, nor can the flood
 Quench their dire thirst; alas, they thirst for blood.
 So towards a ship the oar-finned gallies ply
 Which, wanting sea to ride or wind to fly,
 Stands but to fall reveng'd on those that dare
 Tempt the last fury of extreme despair.

SIR JOHN DENHAM.

617 MEANWHILE the south-wind rose, and with black wings
 Wide-hovering, all the clouds together drove
 From under Heaven: the hills to their supply
 Vapour and exhalation dusk and moist,
 Sent up amain; and now the thickened sky
 Like a dark ceiling stood; down rushed the rain
 Impetuous, and continued till the earth
 No more was seen; the floating vessel swam
 Uplifted and secure with beaked prow
 Rode tilting o'er the waves; all dwellings else
 Flood overwhelmed, and them with all their pomp
 Deep under water rolled: sea covered sea,

Sea without shore; and in their palaces,
 Where luxury late reigned, sea-monsters whelped
 And stabled; of mankind, so numerous late,
 All left, in one small bottom swum or sunk.

MILTON.

618

THEN other joys invite;
 The horn sonorous calls, the pack awaked
 Their matins chant, nor brook they long delay.
 My courser hears their voice; see there with ears
 And tail erect, neighing, he paws the ground;
 Fierce rapture kindles in his reddening eyes,
 And boils in every vein.
 See from their kennels rush the joyous pack;
 A thousand wanton gaities express
 Their inward ecstasy, their pleasing sport
 Once more indulged and liberty restored.
 The rising sun that o'er the horizon peeps,
 As many colours from their glossy skins
 Beaming reflects, as paint the various bow,
 When April showers descend. Delightful scene!
 Where all around is gay; men, horses, dogs;
 And in each smiling countenance appears
 Fresh blooming health and universal joy.

SOMERVILE.

619

HENCE gifted bards
 Have ever loved the calm and quiet shades;
 For them there was an eloquent voice in all—
 The sylvan pomp of woods, the golden sun,
 The flowers, the leaves, the river on its way,
 Blue skies, and silver clouds, and gentle winds—
 The swelling upland, where the sidelong sun
 Aslant the wooded slope at evening goes,—
 Groves, through whose broken roof the sky looks in—
 Mountain, and shattered cliff, and sunny vale,
 The distant lakè, fountains and mighty trees,
 In many a lazy syllable repeating

Their old poetic legends to the wind.
 And this is the sweet spirit that doth fill
 The world; and, in these wayward days of youth,
 My busy fancy oft embodies it,
 As a bright image of the light and beauty
 That dwell in nature—of the heavenly forms.

LONGFELLOW.

620 As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
 Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air,
 Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs,
 By day o'er-sees them, and by night protects,
 The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
 Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;
 Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
 The promis'd father of the future age.
 No more shall nation against nation rise,
 Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
 Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
 But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
 And the proud faulchion in a ploughshare end.
 Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son
 Shall finish what his short-liv'd sire begun;
 Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
 And the same hand that sow'd shall reap the field.

POPE.

621 THUS then to man the voice of nature spake—
 Go, from the creatures thy instructions take:
 Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield;
 Learn from the beast the physic of the field;
 Thy arts of building from the bee receive;
 Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave;
 Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
 Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
 Here too all forms of social union find,
 And hence let reason, late, instruct mankind:

Here subterranean works and cities see:
 Their towns aërial on the waving tree.
 Learn each small people's genius, policies,
 The ant's republic, and the realm of bees;
 How those in common all their wealth bestow;
 And anarchy without confusion know;
 And these, for ever, though a monarch reign,
 Their separate cells and properties maintain.

POPE.

622 THE swain in barren deserts with surprise
 Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
 And starts amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
 New falls of water murm'ring in his ear.
 On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
 The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
 Waste sandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
 The spiry fir and shapely box adorn;
 The leafless shrubs the flowering palms succeed,
 And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed,
 The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
 And boys in flow'ry bands the tigers lead;
 The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
 And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
 The smiling infant in his hand shall take
 The crested basilisk and speckled snake;
 Pleased, the green lustre of the scales survey,
 And with their forked tongues shall innocently play.

POPE.

623 THERE was a poet whose untimely tomb
 No human hands with pious reverence reared,
 But the charmed eddies of autumnal winds
 Built o'er his mouldering bones a pyramid
 Of mouldering leaves in the waste wilderness;
 A lovely youth,—no mourning maiden deck'd
 With weeping flowers, or votive cypress wreath,
 The lone couch of his everlasting sleep:

Gentle, and brave, and generous, no lorn bard
 Breath'd o'er his dark fate one melodious sigh:
 He lived, he died, he sang in solitude.
 Strangers have wept to hear his passionate notes,
 And virgins, as unknown he passed, have pined
 And wasted for fond love of his wild eyes.
 The fire of those soft orbs has ceased to burn,
 And Silence too, enamoured of that voice,
 Locks its mute music in her rugged cell.

SHELLEY.

624

No. 302, p. 125.

625 THEN did he set her by that snowy one,
 Like the true saint beside the image set;
 Of both their beauties to make paragone
 And triall, whether should the honor get.
 Streightway, so soone as both together met,
 The enchanted damzell vanisht into nought:
 Her snowy substance melted as with heat,
 Ne of that goodly hew remayned ought,
 But the emptie girdle which about her wast was wrought.

As when the daughter of Thaumantes faire
 Hath in a watry cloud displayed wide
 Her goodly bow, which paints the liquid ayre;
 That all men wonder at her colours pride;
 All suddenly, ere one can looke aside,
 The glorious picture vanisheth away,
 Ne any token doth thereof abide:
 So did this ladies goodly forme decay,
 And into nothing goe, ere one could it bewray.

SPENSER.

626

HIGH in front advanced
 The brandished sword of God before them blazed,
 Fierce as a comet; which with torrid heat,
 And vapour as the Libyan air adust,

Began to parch that temperate clime; whereat
In either hand the hastening angel caught
Our lingering parents, and to the eastern gate
Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
To the subjected plain; then disappeared.
They, looking back, all the eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
Waved over by that flaming brand; the gate
With dreadful faces thronged, and fiery arms:
Some natural tears they dropt, but wiped them soon;
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide:
They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.

MILTON.

627

BUT little now avail'd

The ties of friendship: every man, as led
By inclination or vain hope, repair'd
To either camp and breath'd immortal hate
And dire revenge. Now horrid slaughter reigns;
Sons against fathers tilt the fatal lance,
Careless of duty, and their native grounds
Distain with kindred blood: the twanging bow
Sends showers of shafts, that on their barbed points
Alternate ruin bear. Here might you see
Barons and peasants on th' embattled field
Slain or half-dead in one huge, ghastly, heap
Promiscuously amass'd. With dismal groans
And ejulation, in the pangs of death
Some call for aid, neglected; some o'erturn'd
In the fierce shock, lie gasping and expire,
Trampled by fiery coursers: Horror thus,
And wild Uproar and Desolation reign
Unrespited.

PHILIPS,

628 SOUL of the just! companion of the dead!
 Where is thy home, and whither art thou fled?
 Back to its heavenly source thy being goes,
 Swift as the comet wheels to whence he rose;
 Doomed on his airy path awhile to burn,
 And doomed, like thee, to travel and return.—
 Hark! from the world's exploding centre driven,
 With sounds, that shook the firmament of heaven,
 Careers the fiery giant, fast and far,
 On bickering wheels and adamantine car;
 From planet whirled to planet more remote,
 He visits realms, beyond the reach of thought;
 But, wheeling homeward, when his course is run,
 Curbs the red yoke, and mingles with the sun!
 So hath the traveller of earth unfurled
 Her trembling wings, emerging from the world;
 And, o'er the path, by mortal never trod,
 Sprung to her source, the bosom of her God!

CAMPBELL.

629 SWEET was the scene! apart the cedars stood,
 A sunny islet open'd in the wood;
 With vernal tints the wild-brier thicket glows,
 For here the desert flourish'd as the rose;
 From sapling trees with lucid foliage crown'd,
 Gay lights and shadows twinkled on the ground:
 Up the tall stems luxuriant creepers run
 To hang their silver blossoms in the sun;
 Deep velvet verdure clad the turf beneath,
 Where trodden flowers their richest odours breathe;
 O'er all, the bees with murmuring music flew
 From bell to bell, to sip the treasur'd dew;
 Whilst insect myriads, in their solar gleams,
 Glanced to and fro, like intermingling beams;
 So fresh, so pure, the woods, the sky, the air,
 It seemed a place where angels might repair,
 And tune their harps beneath those tranquil shades,
 To morning songs or moonlight serenades.

J. MONTGOMERY.

630 FAIR Liberty pursued, and meant a prey
To lawless pow'r, here¹ turn'd and stood at bay.
When in that remedy all hope was plac'd
Which was, or should have been at least, the last,
Here was that charter seal'd, wherein the crown
All marks of arbitrary power lays down:
Tyrant and slave, those names of hate and fear,
The happier style of king and subject bear:
Happy, when both to the same centre move,
When kings give liberty, and subjects love.
Therefore not long in force this charter stood;
Wanting that seal, it must be seal'd in blood.
The subjects arm'd, the more their princes gave,
Th' advantage only took the more to crave;
Till kings by giving give themselves away,
And ev'n that power that should deny betray.
'Who gives constrained, but his own fear reviles;
Not thanked, but scorned; nor are they gifts, but spoils.'

631 THUS kings by grasping more than they could hold,
First made their subjects by oppression bold;
And popular sway, by forcing kings to give
More than was fit for subjects to receive,
Ran to the same extremes: and one excess
Made both, by striving to be greater, less.
When a calm river, raised with sudden rains,
Or snows dissolv'd, o'erflows the adjoining plains,
The husbandmen with high-raised banks secure
Their greedy hopes, and this he can endure.
But if with bays and dams they strive to force
His channel to a new or narrow course,
No longer then within his banks he dwells;
First to a torrent, then a deluge swells;
Stronger and fiercer by restraint he roars,
And knows no bound, but makes his power his shores.

SIR JOHN DENHAM.

¹ Runnymede.

632 To me most happy therefore he appears
 Who having once, unmov'd by hopes or fears,
 Survey'd this sun, earth, ocean, clouds and flame,
 Well satisfied returns from whence he came.
 Is life an hundred years or e'er so few,
 'Tis repetition all, and nothing new;
 A fair, where thousands meet, but none can stay;
 An inn, where travellers bait, then post away;
 A sea, where man perpetually is tost,
 Now plung'd in business, now in trifles lost:
 Who leave it first, the peaceful port first gain;
 Hold then! nor farther launch into the main,
 Contract your sails; life nothing can bestow
 By long continuance, but continued woe:
 The wretched privilege daily to deplore
 The funerals of our friends, who go before;
 Diseases, pains, anxieties and cares,
 And age surrounded with a thousand snares.

SOAME . JENYNS.

633 HE making speedy way thro' spersed ayre,
 And thro' the world of waters wide and deepe,
 To Morpheus' house doth speedily repaire;
 Amid the bowels of the Earth full steepe,
 And low, where dawning day doth never peepe,
 His dwelling is, there Tethys his wet bed
 Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steepe
 In silver dew his ever drooping head,
 While sad night over him her mantle black doth spread.
 Whose double gates he findeth locked fast;
 The one faire fram'd of burnisht ivory,
 The other all with silver overcast;
 And wakeful dogges before them farre doe lie,
 Watching to banish Care their ennemy,
 Who oft is wont to trouble gentle sleepe.
 By them the sprite doth pass in quietly,
 And unto Morpheus comes, whom drowned deepe
 In drowsie fit he finds; of nothing he takes keepe.

SPENSER.

634 HAIL Universal Goodness! in full stream
For ever flowing
Through earth, air, sea, to all things that have life;
From all that live on earth, in air and sea,
The great community of Nature's sons,
To thee, first Father, ceaseless praise ascend,
And in the general hymn my grateful voice
Be duly heard, among thy works not least
Nor lowest; with intelligence inform'd
To know thee and adore: with freedom crown'd,
Where virtue leads, to follow and be blest.
Oh, whether by thy prime decree ordain'd
To days of future life, or whether now
The mortal hour is instant, still vouchsafe,
Parent and friend! to guide me blameless on
Through this dark scene of error and of ill,
Thy truth to light me, and thy peace to cheer.
All else, of me unask'd, thy will supreme
Withhold or grant; and let that will be done.

MILTON.

635 I TH' Library a few choice authors stood:
Yet 'twas well stor'd, for that small store was good;
Writing, man's spiritual physic, was not then
It self, as now, grown a disease of men.
Learning (young virgin) but few suitors knew:
The common prostitute she lately grew,
And with her spurious brood loads now the press,
Laborious effects of idleness.
Here all the various forms one might behold
How letters sav'd 'emselves from Death of old:
Some painfully engraved in thin wrought plates,
Some cut in wood, some lightlier trac'd in slates;
Some drawn on fair palm-leaves, with short-lived toil,
Had not their friend the cedar lent his oil.
Some wrought in silks, some writ in tender barks;
Some the sharp stile in waxen tables marks:
Some in beasts' skins and some in Biblos reed,
Both new rude arts, which age and growth did need.

COWLEY.

636 THERE was a time when Ætna's silent fire
 Slept unperceiv'd, the mountain yet entire;
 When, conscious of no danger from below,
 She tower'd a cloud-capt pyramid of snow.
 No thunders shook with deep intestine sound
 The blooming groves that girdled her around.
 Her unctuous olives, and her purple vines
 (Unfelt the fury of those bursting mines)
 The peasant's hopes, and not in vain, assured
 In peace upon her sloping sides matured.
 When on a day like that of the last doom,
 A conflagration labouring in her womb,
 She teemed and heaved with an infernal birth,
 That shook the circling seas and solid earth.
 Dark and voluminous the vapours rise,
 And hang their horrors in the neighbouring skies:
 While through the Stygian veil, that blots the day,
 In dazzling streaks the vivid lightnings play.

COWPER.

637 AND forth they pass, with pleasure forward led,
 Joying to hear the birds' sweet harmony,
 Which, therein shrouded from the tempest's dread,
 Seemed in their song to scorn the cruel sky;
 Much can they praise the trees so straight and high,
 The sailing pine, the cedar proud and tall,
 The vine-prop elm, the poplar never dry,
 The builder oak, sole king of forest all;
 The aspen, good for staves; the cypress, funeral.

The laurel, meed of mighty conquerors
 And poets sage; the fir that weepeth still,
 The willow, worn of forlorn paramours,
 The yew, obedient to the bender's will,
 The birch for shafts, the sallow for the mill,
 The myrrh sweet bleeding of the bitter wound,
 The warlike beech, the ash for nothing ill,
 The fruitful olive, and the plantain round,
 The carver holm, the maple seldom inward sound.

SPENSER.

638 THE house was a large square: but plain and low:
 Wise Nature's use Art strove not to outgo.
 An inward square by well-rang'd trees was made:
 And 'midst the friendly cover of their shade,
 A pure, well-tasted, wholesome fountain rose:
 Which no vain cost of marble did enclose;
 Nor through carv'd shapes did the forc'd waters pass,
 Shapes gazing on themselves i' th' liquid glass.
 Yet the chaste stream that 'mong loose pebbles fell
 For cleanness, thirst, religion, serv'd as well.
 The Scholars, Doctors and Companions here,
 Lodg'd all apart in neat small chambers were:
 Well furnisht chambers, for in each there stood,
 A narrow couch, table and chair of wood;
 More is but clog, where use does bound delight;
 And those are rich whose wealth's proportion'd right
 To their life's form: more goods would but become
 A burden to them, and contract their room.

COWLEY.

639 COME then my friend! my Genius! come along;
 O master of the poet and the song!
 And while the Muse now stoops or now ascends
 To man's low passions or their glorious ends,
 Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,
 To fall with dignity, with temper rise:
 Oh! while along the stream of time thy name
 Expanded flies and gathers all its fame;
 Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
 Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?
 Shall then this verse to future age pretend,
 Thou wert my guide, philosopher and friend!
 That urged by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art
 From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
 For wit's false mirror held up Nature's light;
 Show'd erring pride, *Whatever is, is right*;
 That *virtue* only makes our bliss below:
 And all our knowledge is, *ourselves to know*.

POPE.

640 I do remember me, that in my youth,
 When I was wandering, upon such a night
 I stood within the Coliseum's wall,
 Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome;
 The trees which grew along the broken arches
 Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars
 Shone through the rents of ruin; from afar
 The watch-dog bayed beyond the Tiber; and
 More near from out the Cæsars' palace came
 The owl's long cry, and, interruptedly,
 Of distant sentinels the fitful song
 Begun and died upon the gentle wind.

—— Where the Cæsars dwelt,
 And dwell the tuneless birds of night, amidst
 A grove which springs through levelled battlements
 And twines its roots with the imperial hearths,
 Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth;
 But the gladiator's bloody circus stands,
 A noble wreck in ruinous perfection!
 While Cæsar's chambers, and the Augustan halls,
 Grovel on earth in indistinct decay.

BYRON.

641 THOUGH poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though small,
 He sees his little lot the lot of all;
 Sees no contiguous palace rear its head
 To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
 No costly lord the sumptuous banquets deal
 To make him loath his vegetable meal;
 Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
 Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes;
 With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
 Or drives his vent'rous ploughshare to the steep;
 Or seeks the den, where snow-tracks mark the way,
 And drags the struggling savage into day.
 At night returning, every labour sped,
 He sits him down the monarch of a shed;

Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze;
While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board.

GOLDSMITH.

642 THEREFORE they might not taste of fleshly food,
Nor feed on ought the which doth blood contain,
Nor drink of wine: for wine, they say, is blood,
Even the blood of giants, which were slain
By thundering Jove in the Phlegræan plain:
For which the Earth (as they the story tell)
Wroth with the gods, which to perpetual pain
Had damned her sons which 'gainst them did rebel,
With inward grief and malice did against them swell:

And of their vital blood, the which was shed
Into her pregnant bosom, forth she brought
The fruitful vine; whose liquor bloody red,
Having the minds of men with fury fraught,
Might in them stir up old rebellious thought
To make new war against the gods again:
Such is the power of that same fruit, that nought
The fell contagion may thereof restrain,
Nor within reason's rule her madding mood contain.

SPENSER.

643 YESTREEN the mountain's rugged brow
Was mantled o'er with dreary snow;
The sun set red behind the hill,
And every breath of wind was still;
But ere he rose, the southern blast
A veil o'er heaven's blue arch had cast:
Thick rolled the clouds, and genial rain
Poured the wide deluge o'er the plain.
Fair glens and verdant vales appear,
And warmth awakes the budding year.
O 'tis the touch of fairy hand
That wakes the spring of northern land!

It warms not there by slow degrees,
 With changeful pulse, the uncertain breeze;
 But sudden on the wondering sight
 Bursts forth the beam of living light,
 And instant verdure springs around,
 And magic flowers bedeck the ground.

W. HERBERT.

644 THE sky is changed!—and such a change! O night,
 And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
 Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
 Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
 From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
 Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
 But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
 And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
 Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

Now, where the quick Rhone thus has cleft his way,
 The mightiest of the storms hath ta'en his stand:
 For here not one but many make their play,
 And fling their thunderbolts from hand to hand,
 Flashing and cast around: of all the band,
 The brightest through these parted hills hath fork'd
 His lightnings,—as if he did understand,
 That in such gaps as desolation work'd,
 There the hot shaft should blast whatever therein lurk'd.

BYRON.

645 THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
 Almighty! Thine this universal frame,
 Thus wonderous fair; thyself how wonderous then!
 Unspeakable, who sitst above these heavens
 To us invisible, or dimly seen
 In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
 Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
 Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs

And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in Heaven:
On earth join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.

MILTON.

646

FATHER! thy hand

Hath rear'd these venerable columns; thou
Didst weave this verdant roof; thou didst look down
Upon the naked earth and forthwith rose
All these fair ranks of trees: they in thy sun
Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,
And shot towards heaven. The century-living crow,
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died
Among their branches, till at last they stood,
As now they stand, massy and tall and dark,
Fit shrine for humble worshipper to hold
Communion with his Maker. Thou dost fill
The solitude; thou art in the soft winds
That run along the summit of these trees
In music; thou art in the cooler breath
That from the inmost darkness of the place
Comes, scarcely felt;—the barky trunks, the ground,
The fresh moist ground, are all instinct with thee.

W. S. BRYANT.

647

'Tis done! dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquered year.
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
His desolate domain. Behold, fond man!
See here thy pictured life! Pass some few years,
Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,

Thy sober Autumn fading into age,
 And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
 And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled
 Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes
 Of happiness? those longings after fame?
 Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?
 Those gay-spent, festive nights? those veering thoughts,
 Lost between good and ill, that shared thy life?
 All now are vanished! Virtue sole survives,
 Immortal, never-failing friend of man,
 His guide to happiness on high.

THOMSON.

648 THE crowd are gone, the revellers are at rest,
 The courteous host and all-approving guest
 Again to that accustom'd couch must creep,
 Where joy subsides, and sorrow sighs to sleep;
 And man, o'erlabour'd with his being's strife,
 Shrinks to that sweet forgetfulness of life.
 There lie love's feverish hope and cunning's guile,
 Hate's working brain, and lull'd ambition's wile;
 O'er each vain eye oblivious pinions wave,
 And quench'd existence crouches in a grave.
 What better name may slumber's bed become?
 Night's sepulchre, the universal home,
 Where weakness, strength, vice, virtue, sunk supine,
 Alike in naked helplessness recline;
 Glad for awhile to heave unconscious breath,
 Yet wake to wrestle with the dread of death,
 And shun, though day but dawn on ills increas'd,
 That sleep, the loveliest since it dreams the least.

BYRON.

649 EXTOL not riches then, the toil of fools,
 The wise man's cumbrance, if not snare: more apt
 To slacken virtue, and abate her edge,
 Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise.

What if, with like aversion, I reject
Riches and realms? yet not, for that a crown,
Golden in show, is but a wreath of thorns,
Brings dangers troubles cares and sleepless nights
To him who wears the regal diadem,
When on his shoulders each man's burden lies ;
For therein stands the office of a king,
His honour virtue merit and chief praise,
That for the public all this weight he bears :
Yet he, who reigns within himself, and rules
Passions desires and fears, is more a king ;
Which every wise and virtuous man attains ;
And who attains not, ill aspires to rule
Cities of men or headstrong multitudes,
Subject himself to anarchy within,
Or lawless passions in him, which he serves.

MILTON.

650 SHE looks upon his lips, and they are pale ;
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold ;
She whispers in his ear a heavy tale,
As if they heard the woeful words she told :
She lifts the cofferlids that close his eyes,
Where lo ! two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lies :

Two glasses, where herself herself beheld
A thousand times, and now no more reflect ;
Their virtue lost wherein they late excelled,
And every beauty robbed of his effect :
“ Wonder of time,” quoth she, “ this is my spite,
That you being dead the day should yet be light.”

By this, the boy that by her side lay killed
Was melted like a vapour from her sight,
And in his blood that on the ground lay spilled,
A purple flower sprung up, chequered with white,
Resembling well his pale cheeks, and the blood
Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood.

SHAKESPERE.

651 ROME's tribes, her census, see ; her generous troops,
 Whose pay was glory, and their best reward
 Free for their country and for ME to die,
 Ere mercenary murder grew a trade.
 Mark, as the purple triumph waves along,
 The highest pomp and lowest fall of life.
 Her festive games, the school of heroes, see ;
 Her circus, ardent with contending youth ;
 Her streets, her temples, palaces, and baths,
 Full of fair forms, of beauty's eldest-born,
 And of a people cast in virtue's mould.
 While sculpture lives around, and Asian hills
 Lend their best stores to heave the pillar'd dome ;
 All that to Roman strength the softer touch
 Of Grecian art can join. But language fails
 To paint this sun, this centre of mankind ;
 Where every virtue, glory, treasure, art,
 Attracted strong, in heightened lustre meet.

THOMSON.

652 PART, on the plain, or in the air sublime
 Upon the wing, or in swift race contend,
 As at the Olympian games or Pythian fields ;
 Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal
 With rapid wheels, or fronted brigads form.
 As when, to warn proud cities, war appears
 Wag'd in the troubled sky, and armies rush
 To battle in the clouds, before each van
 Prick forth the aery knights, and couch their spears
 'Till thickest legions close ; with feats of arms
 From either end of Heaven the welkin burns.
 Others, with vast Typhœan rage more fell,
 Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air
 In whirlwind: Hell scarce holds the wild uproar.
 As when Alcides from Œchalia crown'd
 With conquest, felt th' envenom'd robe, and tore
 Through pain up by the roots Thessalian pines,
 And Lichas from the top of Oeta threw
 Into the Euboick sea.

MILTON.

653 To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
 To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
 Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
 And mortal foot hath ne'er, or rarely been;
 To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
 With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
 Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean;
 This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold
 Converse with nature's charms, and see her stores unroll'd.
 But 'midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
 To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
 And roam along, the world's tir'd denizen,
 With none who bless us, none whom we can bless;
 Minions of splendour shrinking from distress!
 None that with kindred consciousness endued,
 If we were not, would seem to smile the less
 Of all that flatter'd, follow'd, sought and sued:
 This is to be alone; this, this is solitude!

BYRON.

654 DEEP in the shady sadness of a vale
 Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
 Far from the fiery noon and eve's one star,
 Sat grey-haired Saturn, quiet as a stone,
 Still as the silence round about his lair;
 Forest on forest hung about his head,
 Like cloud on cloud. No stir of air was there,
 Not so much life as on a summer's day
 Robs not one light seed from the feathered grass,
 But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest.
 A stream went voiceless by, still deaden'd more
 By reason of his fallen divinity
 Spreading a shade: the Naiad mid her reeds
 Press'd her cold finger closer to her lips.

—Upon the sodden ground
 His old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead,
 Unceptred; and his realmless eyes were closed,
 While his bow'd head seem'd listening to the earth,
 His ancient mother, for some comfort yet.

KEATS.

655 THE night was winter in his roughest mood ;
 The morning sharp and clear. But now, at noon
 Upon the southern side of the slant hills,
 And where the woods fence off the northern blast,
 The season smiles, resigning all its rage,
 And has the warmth of May. The vault is blue
 Without a cloud, and white without a speck
 The dazzling splendour of the scene below.
 Again the harmony comes o'er the vale ;
 And through the trees I view th' embattled tower,
 Whence all the music. I again perceive
 The soothing influence of the wafted strains,
 And settle in soft musings as I tread
 The walk, still verdant, under oaks and elms
 Whose outspread branches overarch the glade.
 The roof, though moveable through all its length
 As the wind sways it, has yet well sufficed,
 And, intercepting in their silent fall
 The frequent flakes, has kept a path for me.

COWPER.

656 THY trees, fair Windsor ! now shall leave their woods,
 And half thy forests rush into thy floods,
 Bear Britain's thunder, and her Cross display,
 To the bright regions of the rising day ;
 Tempt icy seas, where scarce the waters roll,
 Where clearer flames glow round the frozen Pole ;
 Or under southern skies exalt their sails,
 Led by new stars, and borne by spicy gales !
 For me the balm shall bleed, and amber flow,
 The coral redden, and the ruby glow.
 The pearly shell its lucid globe infold,
 And Phœbus warm the ripening ore to gold.
 The time shall come, when free as seas or wind
 Unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind,
 Whole nations enter with each swelling tide,
 And seas but join the regions they divide ;
 Earth's distant ends our glories shall behold,
 And the new world launch forth to seek the old.

POPE.

657 OFT in the piping shrouds had Leonard heard
The tones of waterfalls, and inland sounds
Of caves and trees:—and, when the regular wind
Between the tropics filled the steady sail,
And blew with the same breath through days and weeks,
Lengthening invisibly its weary line
Along the cloudless Main, he, in those hours
Of tiresome indolence, would often hang
Over the vessel's side, and gaze and gaze;
And, while the broad blue wave and sparkling foam
Flashed round him images and hues that wrought
In union with the employment of his heart,
He, thus by feverish passion overcome,
Even with the organs of his bodily eye,
Below him, in the bosom of the deep,
Saw mountains; saw the forms of sheep that grazed
On verdant hills—with dwellings among trees,
And shepherds clad in the same country grey
Which he himself had worn.

WORDSWORTH.

658 BENEATH that tree's great shadow on the plain
A fountain bubbled up, whose lymph serene
Nothing of earthly mixture might distain:
Fountain so pure not anywhere was seen
In all the world, nor on whose marge the earth
Put flowers of such unfading beauty forth.
And thither did all people, young and old,
Matrons and virgins, rich and poor, a crowd
Stream ever, who, whenas they did behold
Those branches with their golden burden bowed,
Stretched forth their hands, and eager glances threw
Toward the fruit distilling that sweet dew.
But touch they might not these, much less allay
Their hunger, howsoe'er they might desire,
Till the foul tokens of their former way
They had washed off, the dust and sordid mire,
And cleansed their bodies in that holy wave,
Able from every spot and stain to save.

But when within their mouths they had received
 Of that immortal fruit the gust divine,
 Straight of all sickness were their souls relieved,
 The weak grew strong;—and tasks they *did* decline
 As overgreat for them, they shunned no more,
 And things they deemed they could not bear, they bore.

R. C. TRENCH.

659

ABOVE his head

Four lily stalks did their white honours wed
 To make a coronal; and round him grew
 All tendrils green, of every bloom and hue,
 Together entertwined and tramedled fresh:
 The vine of glossy sprout; the ivy mesh
 Shading into Ethiop berries; and woodbine
 Of velvet leaves and bugle-blooms divine;
 Convolvulus in streaked vases flush;
 The creeper, mellowing for an Autumn blush;
 And virgin's bower, trailing airily;
 With others of the sisterhood. Hard by
 Stood serene Cupids watching silently:
 One kneeling to a lyre, touched the strings;
 while another took
 A willow-bough, distilling odorous dew,
 And shook it on his hair; another flew
 In through the woven roof, and fluttering-wise
 Rained violets upon his sleepy eyes.

KEATS.

660 ICARIUS, though their love he had approv'd,
 And call'd his daughter's chosen from his home,
 Though above all men prudent, and expert
 In war by sea and land, and though his ile
 Rose up securely from the rocks and waves,
 Icarius felt how sad and sorrowful
 Is the departure of a child we love.
 While those of his own age were seated by,

The feast was well enough: 'twas not amiss
To link the present and the past with flowers
And cool the brow with ivy: then came sleep
With mild and genial influence over him.
But in the morning when he sees the wreaths
Hang limber round the cups and from the doors,
And when he hears the neighing of the steeds
That shake them, and remarks the servants run
Hither and thither, grief (till then remote)
Strikes on his temples, and his ears sob loud,
And his knees, tottering under him, give way.

W. S. LANDOR.

661 His eyes he open'd and beheld a field,
Part arable and tilth; whereon were sheaves
New reap'd; the other part sheep-walks and folds;
I' the midst an altar as the land-mark stood,
Rustick, of grassy sord; thither anon
A sweaty reaper from his tillage brought
First fruits, the green ear and the yellow sheaf,
Uncull'd, as came to hand; a shepherd next,
More meek, came with the firstlings of his flock
Choicest and best; then sacrificing laid
The inwards and their fat, with incense strew'd,
On the cleft wood, and all due rites perform'd:
His offering soon propitious fire from Heaven
Consum'd with nimble glance and grateful steam;
The other's not, for his was not sincere;
Whereat he inly raged, and as they talk'd,
Smote him into the midriff with a stone
That beat out life; he fell; and deadly pale,
Groan'd out his soul with gushing blood effus'd.

MILTON.

662 By chance conducted, or by thirst constrained,
The deep recesses of the grove he gained;
Where, in a plain defended by the wood,
Crept through the matted grass a crystal flood,

By which an alabaster fountain stood :
 And on the margin of the fount was laid,
 Attended by her slaves, a sleeping maid ;
 Like Dian and her nymphs, when tired with sport
 To rest by cool Eurotas they resort.
 The dame herself the goddess well express'd,
 Not more distinguished by her purple vest,
 Than by the charming features of her face,
 And e'en in slumber a superior grace.
 Her comely limbs composed with decent care,
 Her body shaded with a light cymar,
 Her bosom to the view was only bare ;
 The fanning wind upon her bosom blows :
 To meet the fanning wind the bosom rose ;
 The fanning wind and purling streams continue her
 repose.

DRYDEN.

663 HENCE through the continent Ten Thousand Greeks
 Urg'd a retreat whose glory not the prime
 Of victories can reach. Deserts in vain
 Opposed their course ; and hostile lands unknown ;
 And deep rapacious floods, dire-bank'd with death ;
 And mountains, in whose jaws Destruction grinn'd ;
 Hunger and toil, Armenian snows and storms,
 And circling myriads still of barbarous foes.
 Greece in their view, and glory yet untouch'd,
 Their steady column pierced the scattering herds,
 Which a whole empire pour'd ; and held its way
 Triumphant, by the sage-exalted chief
 Fired and sustain'd. Oh light and force of mind,
 Almost almighty in severe extremes !
 The sea at last from Colchian mountains seen,
 Kind-hearted transport round their captains threw
 The soldiers' fond embrace ; o'erflowed their eyes
 With tender floods, and loosed the general voice
 To cries resounding loud, "The sea ! The sea !"

THOMSON.

And spreads its graceful boughs ; the passing wind
 With twinkling motion lifts the silent leaves,
 And shakes its rattling tufts.

SOUTHEY.

666 O, PEACE! thou source and soul of social life;
 Beneath whose calm inspiring influence,
 Science his views enlarges, art refines,
 And swelling Commerce opens all her ports;
 Blest be the man divine, who gives us thee!
 Who bids the trumpet hush his horrid clang,
 And every vigour, from the work of death
 To grateful industry converting, makes
 The country flourish, and the city smile.
 Unviolated, him the virgin sings;
 Of him, the shepherd in the peaceful dale,
 Chants; and the treasures of his labour sure,
 The husbandman of him, as at the plough
 Or team he toils. With him the sailor soothes,
 Beneath the trembling moon, the midnight wave;
 Nor joys one land alone; his praise extends
 Far as the sun rolls the diffusive day;
 Far as the breeze can bear the gifts of peace,
 Till all the happy nations catch the song.

THOMSON.

667 ALL these divine Philosophy explores,
 Till, lost in awe, she wonders and adores.
 From these, descending to the earth, she turns,
 And matter in its various form discerns;
 She parts the beamy light with skill profound,
 Metes the thin air, and weighs the flying sound;
 'Tis her's the lightning from the clouds to call,
 And teach the fiery mischief where to fall.
 Yet more her volumes teach—on these we look
 As abstracts drawn from Nature's larger book;
 Here, first described, the torpid earth appears,
 And next the vegetable robe it wears;
 Where flowery tribes in valleys fields and groves
 Nurse the still flame, and feed the silent loves;

Loves, where no grief nor joy nor bliss nor pain
Warm the glad heart or vex the labouring brain.
But as the green blood moves along the blade,
The bed of Flora on the branch is made;
Where without passion love instinctive lives,
And gives new life, unconscious that it gives.

ERASMUS DARWIN.

668 IN summers day, when Phœbus fairly shone,
I saw a Bull as white as driven snowe,
With gilden hornes embowed like the moone,
In a fresh flowring meadow lying lowe :
Up to his eares the verdant grasse did growe,
And the gay floures did offer to be eaten :
But he with fatnes so did overflowe,
That he all wallowed in the weedes downe beaten,
Ne car'd with them his daintie lips to sweeten :
Till that a Brize, a scorned little creature,
Through his faire hide his angrie sting did threaten,
And vext so sore, that all his goodly feature
And all his plenteous pasture nought him pleased :
So by the small the great is oft diseased.

SPENSER.

669 So spake the grisly Terror, and in shape,
So speaking and so threatening, grew tenfold
More dreadful and deform. On the other side,
Incensed with indignation Satan stood
Unterrified; and like a comet burned,
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
In the arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head
Levell'd his deadly aim: their fatal hands
No second stroke intend; and such a frown
Each cast at the other, as when two black clouds,
With heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on
Over the Caspian; then stand front to front,
Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow,
To join their dark encounter in mid air:

So frown'd the mighty combatants, that hell
Grew darker at their frown; so match'd they stood.
MILTON.

670 BEFORE the starry threshold of Jove's court
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
Of bright aërial spirits live insphered
In regions mild of calm and serene air,
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,
Which men call Earth, and with low-thoughted care
Confin'd, and pester'd in this pinfold here,
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,
Unmindful of the crown that virtue gives,
After this mortal change, to her true servants
Amongst the enthroned gods on sainted seats.
Yet some there be that by due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on that golden key
That opes the palace of eternity:
To such my errand is; and, but for such,
I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds
With the rank vapours of this sin-worn mould.

MILTON.

671 As when almighty Iove, in wrathfull mood,
To wreake the guilt of mortall sins is bent,
Hurles forth his thundring dart with deadly fewd,
Enrold in flames, and smouldring dreriment,
Through riven cloudes and molten firmament;
The fiers threeforked engin, making way,
Both loftie towres and highest trees hath rent,
And all that might his angry passage stay;
And, shooting in the earth, castes up a mOUNT of clay.
His boystrous club, so buried in the grownd,
He could not rearen up againe so light,
But that the knight him at advantage fownd;
And, whiles he strove his combered clubbe to quight
Out of the earth, with blade all burning bright

He smott off his left arme, which like a block
Did fall to ground, depriv'd of native might;
Large streames of blood out of the truncked stock
Forth gushed, like fresh-water streame from riven rocke.

SPENSER.

672 AURORA now in radiant purple drest
Shone from the portals of the golden east:
When midst the horrid clang and mingled cries,
Intrepid Argillan from prison flies:
The readiest arms he snatched with eager haste,
And soon his limbs in shining steel were cased:
Eager he comes to efface his former shame
With glorious actions in the field of fame.
As when to battle bred, the courser freed
From plenteous stalls regains the wonted mead,
There unrestrained amid the herds he roves,
Bathes in the stream and wantons in the groves;
His mane dishevell'd o'er his shoulders spread,
He shakes his neck and bears aloft his head:
His nostrils flame, his horny hoofs resound,
And his loud neighing fills the valleys round.
So Argillan appears.

673 UNDER the hollow hanging of this hill
There was a cave, cut out by Nature's skill:
Or else it seem'd the mount did open's brest,
That all might see what thoughts he there possest.
Whose gloomy entrance was environ'd round
With shrubs that cloy ill husbands' meadow-ground:
The thicke-growne haw-thorne and the binding bryer,
The holly that out-dares cold winter's ire:
Who all intwinde, each limbe with limbe did deale,
That scarce a glympse of light could inward steale.
An uncouth place, fit for an uncouth minde,
That is as heavy as that cave is blinde;
Here liv'd a man his hoary haire call'd olde,
Upon whose front time many yeares had tolde.

Who, since dame Nature in him feeble grew,
 And he unapt to give the world aught new,
 The secret power of hearbes, that grow on molde,
 Sought out, to cherish and relieve the olde.

674

No. 358, p. 158

675 NOR vain their hope; bright beaming thro' the sky
 Burst in full blaze the day-spring from on high:
 Earth's utmost isles exulted at the sight,
 And crowding nations drank the orient light.
 Lo, star-led chiefs Assyrian odours bring,
 And bending Magi seek their infant king.
 Marked ye, where, hovering o'er his radiant head,
 The dove's white wings celestial glory shed?
 Daughter of Sion! Virgin queen! rejoice!
 Clap the glad hand, and lift the exulting voice!
 He comes, but not in regal splendour drest,
 The haughty diadem, the Tyrian vest:
 Not armed in flame, all glorious from afar,
 Of hosts the chieftain and the lord of war:
 Messiah comes! let furious discord cease:
 Be peace on earth before the Prince of Peace!
 Disease and anguish feel his blest controul,
 And howling fiends release the tortured soul:
 The beams of gladness hell's dark cave's illumine,
 And mercy broods above the distant gloom.

HEBER.

676 SUCH feelings Nature prompts, and hence your rites,
 Domestic Gods! arose. When for his son
 With ceaseless grief Syrophanes bewail'd,
 Mourning his age left childless, and his wealth
 Heapt for an alien, he with obstinate eye
 Still on the imaged marble of the dead
 Dwelt, pampering sorrow. Thither from his wrath,
 A safe asylum, fled the offending slave,
 And garlanded the statue and implored

His young lost lord to save. Remembrance then
Softened the father, and he loved to see
The votive wreath renew'd, and the rich smoke
Curl from the costly censer slow and sweet.
From Egypt soon the sorrow-soothing rites
Divulging spread; before your idol forms
By every hearth the blinded Pagan knelt,
Pouring his prayers to these, and offering there
Vain sacrifice or impious, and sometimes
With human blood your sanctuary defiled.

SOUTHEY.

677 So spake he, and was buckling tighter black Auster's
band,
When he was aware of a princely pair that rode at his
right-hand.
So like they were, no mortal might one from other know:
White as snow their armour was; their steeds were white
as snow.
Never on earthly anvil did such rare armour gleam;
And never did such gallant steeds drink of an earthly
stream.
And all who saw them trembled, and pale grew every cheek;
And Aulus the Dictator scarce gathered voice to speak.
"Say, by what name men call you? what city is your home?
And wherefore ride ye in such guise before the ranks of
Rome?"
"By many names men call us; in many lands we dwell:
Well Samothracia knows us; Cyrene knows us well;
Our house in gay Tarentum is hung each morn with flowers:
High o'er the masts of Syracuse our marble portal towers:
But by the proud Eurotas is our dear native home;
And for the right we come to fight before the ranks of
Rome."
So answered these strange horsemen; and each couched low
his spear;
And forthwith all the ranks of Rome were bold and of good
cheer.

T. B. MACAULAY.

678 ALAS, delicious spring!

Earth should welcome thee,
 With the soft laughter of her flowery meads,
 Her joys, her melodies. The bounding stag
 Flutters the shivering fern, the steed shakes out
 His mane, the dewy herbage silver-webb'd
 With proud step trampling; the wild goat looks down
 From his empurpling bed of heath, where break
 The waters deep and blue with crystal gleams
 Of their quick leaping people: the fresh lark
 Is in the morning sky; the nightingale
 Tunes evensong to the dropping waterfall.
 Creation lives all loveliness, and melts
 To one mild harmony of conscious joy.
 Man only, savage and discordant man,
 Strews for thy tender feet the battle field,
 Makes all thy gentle-breathing airs to jar
 With his hoarse trumpeting, scares thy sweet light
 With gleams of violent and angry brass.

MILMAN.

679 As when some hunter in the spring hath found
 A breeding eagle sitting on her nest,
 Upon the craggy isle of a hill-lake,
 And pierced her with an arrow as she rose,
 And followed her to find her where she fell
 Far off;—anon her mate comes winging back
 From hunting, and a great way off descries
 His huddling young left sole; at that, he checks
 His pinion, and with short uneasy sweeps
 Circles above his eyry, with loud screams
 Chiding his mate back to her nest; but she
 Lies dying, with the arrow in her side,
 In some far stony gorge out of his ken,
 A heap of fluttering feathers: never more
 Shall the lake glass her flying over it;
 Never the black and dripping precipices

Echo her stormy scream as she sails by :—
As that poor bird flies home, nor knows his loss,
So Rustum knew not his own loss, but stood
Over his dying son, and knew him not.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

680 TURN we a moment Fancy's rapid flight
To vigorous soils, and climes of fair extent,
Where by the potent Sun elated high
The vineyard swells refulgent on the day,
Spreads o'er the vale, or up the mountain climbs
Profuse, and drinks amid the sunny rocks
From cliff to cliff increas'd, the heighten'd blaze.
Low bend the weighty boughs. The clusters clear,
Half through the foliage seen, or ardent flame
Or shine transparent; while perfection breathes
White o'er the turgent film the living dew.
As thus they brighten with exalted juice
Touch'd into flavour by the mingling ray,
The rural youth and virgins o'er the field,
Each fond for each to cull th' autumnal prime,
Exulting rove and speak the vintage nigh.
Then comes the crushing swain; the country floats
And foams unbounded with the mashy flood,
That, by degrees fermented and refin'd,
Round the rais'd nations pours the cup of joy.

THOMSON.

681 FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend hermit grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well:
Remote from men, with God he pass'd the days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.
A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seem'd heaven itself, till one suggestion rose;
That Vice should triumph, Virtue Vice obey,
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway:

His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
 And all the tenour of his soul is lost:
 So when a smooth expanse receives imprest
 Calm Nature's image on its watery breast,
 Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
 And skies beneath with answering colours glow:
 But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
 Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,
 And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
 Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

PARNELL.

682 TRUE, thou art rich, art powerful!—through thine isle
 Industrious Skill, contented Labour, smile;
 Far seas are studded with thy countless sails;
 What wind but wafts them, and what shore but hails?
 True, thou art brave!—o'er all the busy land
 In patriot ranks embattled myriads stand;
 But what avails to guard each outward part,
 If subtlest poison, circling at thy heart,
 Spite of thy courage, of thy power and wealth,
 Mine the sound fabric of thy vital health?
 So thine own oak, by some fair streamlet's side,
 Waves its broad arms and spreads its leafy pride,
 Towers from the earth, and rearing to the skies
 Its conscious strength the tempest's wrath defies.
 Its ample branches shield the fowls of air,
 To its cool shade the panting herds repair.—
 The treacherous current works its noiseless way,—
 The fibres loosen, and the roots decay;
 Prostrate the beauteous ruin lies; and all
 That shared its shelter, perish in its fall.

CANNING.

683 SHE lay among the myrtles on the cliff;
 Above her glared the moon: beneath the sea;
 Upon the white horizon Athos' peak
 Welter'd in burning haze; all airs were dead;

The cicale slept among the tamarisk's hair;
The birds sat dumb and drooping. Far below
The lazy sea-weed glisten'd in the sun;
The lazy swell crept whispering up the ledge,
And sank again. Great Pan was laid to rest;
And mother Earth watch'd by him as he slept,
And hush'd her myriad children for awhile.

Beside her lay her lyre. She snatch'd the shell,
And waked wild music from its silver strings;
Then toss'd it sadly by,—“Ah, hush!” she cries,
“Dead offspring of the tortoise and the mine!
Why mock my discords with thine harmonies?
Although a thrice-Olympian lot be thine,
Only to echo back in every tone
The moods of nobler natures than thine own.”

C. KINGSLEY.

684 BEHIND her neck her comely tresses tyed,
Her ivory quiver graceful by her side,
A-hunting Chloe went; she lost her way,
And through the woods uncertain chanced to stray.
Apollo passing by beheld the maid,
And, ‘Sister dear, bright Cynthia, turn,’ he said,
‘The hunted hind lies close in yonder brake.’
Loud Cupid laughed to see the God's mistake;
And laughing cried, ‘Learn better, great divine,
To know thy kindred and to honour mine.
Rightly advised, far hence thy sister seek,
Or on Meander's bank or Latmus' peak.
But in this nymph, my friend, my sister know;
She draws my arrows and she bends my bow;
Fair Thames she haunts and every neighbouring grove
Sacred to soft recess and gentle love.
Go, with thy Cynthia, hurl the pointed spear
At the rough boar or chase the flying deer;
I and my Chloe take a nobler aim,
At human hearts we fling, nor ever miss the game.’

PRIOR.

685 WHEN evening grey doth rise, I fetch my round
 Over the mount, and all this hallow'd ground;
 And early, ere the odorous breath of morn
 Awakes the slumb'ring leaves or tassel'd horn
 Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,
 Number my ranks, and visit every sprout
 With puissant words, and murmurs made to bless:
 But else in deep of night, when drowsiness
 Has lock'd up mortal sense, then listen I
 To the celestial Sirens' harmony
 That sit upon the nine infolded spheres,
 And sing to those that hold the vital shears,
 And turn the adamantine spindle round,
 On which the fate of Gods and men is wound.
 Such sweet compulsion does in music lie
 To lull the Daughters of Necessity,
 And keep unsteady nature to her law,
 And the low world in measured motion draw
 After the heavenly tune, which none can hear
 Of human mould with gross unpurged ear.

MILTON.

686 RAPT in ecstatic thought my soul surveys
 The pride of Greece in long-forgotten days.
 Hark! great Alcæus strikes the Lesbian lyre,
 And Sappho breathes the song of soft desire;
 Anacreon warms his frozen age with wine,
 With rosy braids his silver locks entwine:
 With loftier front and conscious greatness move
 Callimachus that hymn'd immortal Jove,
 Theocritus who told in Doric strains
 The loves and labours of Sicilian swains,
 The mighty Theban whose aspiring Muse
 On eagle wing her dauntless flight pursues,
 The awful band, whose sacred numbers flow
 In wildest ecstasy of tragic woe,
 Of sad Prometheus tell the endless pain,
 Or sing the horrors of the Theban plain:

And see! the rival of his later years
In pride majestic Sophocles appears,
And he whose mournful numbers taught the stage
Medea's wrongs, and Phædra's impious rage.

AKENSIDE.

687 HERE should my wonder dwell, and here my praise,
But my fix'd thoughts my wandering eye betrays,
Viewing a neighbouring hill, whose top of late
A chapel crown'd, till in the common fate
Th' adjoining abbey fell (may no such storm
Fall on our times, where ruin must reform!)
Tell me, my Muse, what monstrous dire offence
What crime, could any Christian king incense
To such a rage? Was't luxury, or lust?
Was he so temperate, so chaste, so just?
Were these their crimes? They were his own much more,
But wealth is crime enough to him that's poor;
Who, having spent the treasure of his crown,
Condemns their luxury to feed his own.
And yet this act, to varnish o'er the shame
Of sacrilege, must bear Devotion's name.
No crime so bold but would be understood,
A real, or at least a seeming, good:
And thus to th' ages past he makes amends,
Their charity destroys, their faith defends.

688 THEN did religion in a lazy cell
In empty airy contemplation dwell;
And like the block, unmoved lay: but ours,
As much too active, like the stork devours.
Is there no temperate region can be known
Betwixt their frigid and our torrid zone?
Could we not wake from that lethargic dream,
But to be restless in a worse extreme?
Can knowledge have no bound but must advance
So far, to make us wish for ignorance;
And rather in the dark to grope our way,
Than led by a false guide to err by day?

Who sees these dismal heaps, but would demand
 What barbarous invader sack'd the land?
 But when he hears no Goth, no Turk did bring
 This desolation, but a Christian king;
 When nothing but the name of zeal appears
 Twixt our best actions and the worst of theirs;
 What does he think our sacrilege would spare,
 When such the effects of our devotions are?

SIR JOHN DENHAM.

689 MIND, mind alone, bear witness earth and heaven,
 The living fountains in itself contains
 Of beauteous and sublime: here hand in hand
 Sit paramount the Graces, here enthroned
 Celestial Venus, with divinest airs,
 Invites the soul to never-fading joy.
 Look then abroad through Nature, to the range
 Of planets, suns, and adamantine spheres,
 Wheeling unshaken through the void immense:
 And speak, O man! does this capacious scene
 With half that kindling majesty dilate
 Thy strong conception, as when Brutus rose
 Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate,
 Amid the crowd of patriots; and his arm
 Aloft extending, like eternal Jove,
 When guilt brings down the thunder, called aloud
 On Tully's name, and shook his crimson steel,
 And bade the father of his country, hail!
 For lo! the tyrant prostrate on the dust,
 And Rome again is free.

AKENSIDE.

690

As bees

In spring-time, when the sun with Taurus rides,
 Pour forth their populous youth about the hive
 In clusters; they among fresh dews and flowers
 Fly to and fro, or on the smoothed plank,
 The suburb of their straw-built citadel,
 New rubb'd with balm, expatiate and confer

Their state-affairs. So thick the aery croud
Swarmed and were straitened; till the signal given,
Behold a wonder! they but now who seemed
In bigness to surpass earth's giant sons,
Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room
Throng numberless, like that pygmean race
Beyond the Indian mount, or faery elves,
Whose midnight revels by a forest side
Or fountain some belated peasant sees
Or dreams he sees, while over-head the moon
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth
Wheels her pale course, they on their mirth and dance
Intent, with jocund music charm his ear;
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.

MILTON.

691 So Zembla's rocks (the beauteous work of frost)
Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast;
Pale suns, unfelt, at distance roll away,
And on th' impassive ice the lightnings play;
Eternal snows the growing mass supply,
Till the bright mountains prop th' incumbent sky;
As Atlas fix'd, each hoary pile appears,
The gather'd winter of a thousand years.
On this foundation Fame's high temple stands;
Stupendous pile! not rear'd by mortal hands.
Whate'er proud Rome or artful Greece beheld,
Or elder Babylon, its frame excell'd.
Four faces had the dome, and every face
Of various structure, but of equal grace!
Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,
Salute the different quarters of the sky.
Here fabled chiefs in darker ages born,
Or worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn,
Who cities rais'd, or tam'd a monstrous race,
The walls in venerable order grace:
Heroes in animated marble frown,
And legislators seem to think in stone.

POPE.

692

—“BE not of us afraid,
 Poor kindred man! thy fellow-creatures, we
 From the same Parent-power our beings drew,
 The same our Lord, and laws, and great pursuit.
 Once, some of us, like thee, through stormy life
 Toil'd, tempest-beaten, ere we could attain
 This holy calm, this harmony of mind,
 Where purity and peace immingle charms.
 Then fear not us; but with responsive song,
 Amid these dim recesses, undisturb'd
 By noisy folly and discordant vice,
 Of nature sing with us, and nature's God.
 Here frequent, at the visionary hour,
 When musing midnight reigns, or silent noon,
 Angelic harps are in full concert heard,
 And voices chanting from the wood-crown'd hill,
 The deepening dale, or inmost sylvan glade:
 A privilege bestow'd by us alone,
 On contemplation, or the hallow'd ear
 Of poet, swelling to seraphic strain.”

THOMSON.

693 So spake he, half in anger, half in scorn,
 And one loud cry of grief and of amaze
 Broke from his sorrowing people: so he spake;
 And turning, left them there; and with brief pause,
 Girt with a throng of revellers, bent his way
 To the cool region of the groves he lov'd—
 There by the river-banks he wander'd on,
 From palm-grove on to palm-grove, happy trees,
 Their smooth tops shining sunwards and beneath
 Burying their unsunn'd stem in grass and flowers:
 Where in one dream the feverish time of Youth
 Might fade in slumber, and the feet of joy
 Might wander all day long and never tire!
 Here came the king, holding high feast, at morn,
 Rose-crowned: and ever, when the sun went down,
 A hundred lamps beam'd in the tranquil gloom,

And plunges deep into the wildest wood:
 If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the track,
 Hot-steaming, up behind him come again
 The inhuman rout, and from the shady depth
 Expel him, circling through his every shift.
 He sweeps the forest oft, and sobbing sees
 The glades, mild opening to the golden day;
 Where, in kind contest, with his butting friends
 He wont to struggle, or his loves enjoy.
 Oft in the full-descending flood he tries
 To lose the scent, and lave his burning sides:
 Oft seeks the herd; the watchful herd, alarmed,
 With selfish care avoids a brother's woe.

THOMSON.

696 SAD night at once, with all her deep-dyed shades,
 Falls black and boundless o'er the scene. Suspense
 And terror rule the hour. Behold, from far,
 Imploring heaven with supplicating hands
 And streaming eyes, in mute amazement fixed,
 Yon peopled city stands; each saddened face
 Turned toward that threatening hill: and hark! once more
 The rising tempest shakes its sounding vaults,
 Now faint in distant murmurs, now more near
 Rebounding horrible, with all the roar
 Of winds and seas. At once the labouring mount
 Is torn with agonizing throes—at once,
 Forth from its side disparted, blazing pours
 A mighty river, burning in prone waves,
 That glimmer through the night, to yonder plain,
 Resistless. Villages, and woods, and rocks,
 Fall flat before their sweep. The region round,
 Where myrtle-walks and groves of golden fruit
 Rose fair, where harvest waved in all its pride,
 And where the vineyard spread her purple store,
 Lies buried under fire, a glowing sea!

MALLET.

697 IN that fair clime, the lonely herdsman, stretched
On the soft grass through half a summer's day,
With music lulled his indolent repose:
And, in some fit of weariness, if he,
When his own breath was silent, chanced to hear
A distant strain, far sweeter than the sounds
Which his poor skill could make, his fancy fetched,
Even from the blazing chariot of the sun,
A beardless youth, who touched a golden lute,
And filled the illumined groves with ravishment.
The nightly hunter, lifting a bright eye
Up towards the crescent moon, with grateful heart
Called on the lovely wanderer who bestowed
That timely light, to share his joyous sport:
And hence, a beaming goddess with her nymphs,
Across the lawn and through the darksome grove
(Not unaccompanied with tuneful notes
By echo multiplied from rock or cave)
Swept in the storm of chase; as moon and stars
Glance rapidly along the clouded heaven,
When winds are blowing strong.

WORDSWORTH.

698 BETWEENE two rockes, (immortall, without mother,)
That stand as if out-facing one another,
There ran a creeke up, intricate and blinde,
As if the waters hid them from the winde,
Which never wash'd, but at a higher tyde,
The frizled coates which doe the mountaines hide,
Where never gale was longer knowne to stay
Than from the smooth wave it had swept away
The new-divorced leaves, that from each side
Left the thicke boughes to dance out with the tyde;
At further end the creeke, a stately wood
Gave a kinde shadow (to the brackish flood)
Made up of trees, not lesse kend by each skiffe
Than that sky-scaling pike of Tenerife,
Upon whose tops the hernesheew bred her young,
And hoary mosse upon their branches hung;

Whose rugged ryndes sufficient were to show,
 Without their height, what time they 'gan to grow,
 And if dry eld by wrinckled skinne appeares,
 None could allot them lesse than Nestor's yeares.
 As under their command the thronged creeke
 Ran lessened up.

BROWNE.

699 АН, then, how pleasant was it to look up
 (If thou didst too) from the green glebe supine,
 And drink the breath of all sweet herbs, and watch
 The last rays run along the level clouds,
 Until they kindle into living forms
 And sweep with golden net the western sky.
 Meanwhile thou notedst the dense troop of crows
 Returning at one track and at one hour
 In the same darkened intervals of heaven.
 Then mutual faith was manifest, but glad
 Of fresh avowal; then securely lay
 Pleasure, reposing on the crop she reapt.
 The oleaster of the cliff; the vine
 Of leaf pellucid, clusterless, untamed;
 The tufts of cytissus, that half-concealed
 The craggy cavern, narrow, black, profound;
 The scantier bloom below it, that betray'd
 Those two white fawns to us... what now are they?
 How the pine's whispers, how the simpering brook's,
 How the bright vapour trembling o'er the grass
 Could I enjoy, unless my Pity took
 My hand and show'd me them?

W. S. LANDOR.

700 No sooner had the Almighty ceas'd, but all
 The multitude of angels, with a shout
 Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
 As from blest voices, uttering joy, Heaven rung
 With jubilee and loud Hosannas fill'd
 The eternal regions: lowly reverent

Towards either throne they bow, and to the ground
With solemn adoration down they cast
Their crowns inwove with amaranth and gold ;
Immortal amaranth, a flower which once
In Paradise fast by the tree of life
Began to bloom ; but soon for man's offence
To heav'n removed, where first it grew, there grows
And flowers aloft shading the fount of life,
And where the river of bliss, through the midst of heaven,
Rolls o'er Elysian flowers its amber stream :
With these that never fade, the spirits elect
Bind their resplendent locks enwreath'd with beams,
Now in loose garlands thick thrown off : the bright
Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,
Impurpled with celestial roses smiled.

MILTON.

701 CHILD of the mountains, among shepherds reared,
I learnt to dream of Sicily ; and lo !
A pleasant promise, wafted from her shores,
Comes o'er my heart : in fancy I behold
Her seas yet smiling, her once happy vales ;
Nor can my tongue give utterance to a name
Of note belonging to that honoured isle,
That doth not yield a solace to my grief :
And, O Theocritus, so far have some
Prevailed among the powers of heaven and earth,
By their endowments, good or great, that they
Have had, as thou reportest, miracles
Wrought for them in old time : yea, not unmoved,
When thinking on my own beloved friend,
I hear thee tell how bees with honey fed
Divine Comates, by his impious lord
Within a chest imprisoned ; how they came
Laden from blooming grove or flowery field,
And fed him there, alive, month after month,
Because the goatherd, blessed man ! had lips
Wet with the Muses' nectar.

WORDSWORTH.

702 So said, he, o'er his sceptre bowing, rose
 From the right-hand of glory, where he sat;
 And the third sacred morn began to shine,
 Dawning through heaven. Forth rush'd with whirl-
 wind sound
 The chariot of Paternal Deity,
 Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,
 Itself instinct with spirit, but convoy'd
 By four cherubic shapes; four faces each
 Had wondrous; as with stars, their bodies all
 And wings were set with eyes; with eyes the wheels
 Of beryl, and careering fires between.
 Over their heads a crystal firmament,
 Whereon a sapphire throne, inlaid with pure
 Amber and colours of the showery arch.
 He, in celestial panoply all arm'd
 Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,
 Ascended; at his right hand Victory
 Sat eagle-wing'd; beside him hung his bow,
 And quiver with three-bolted thunder stor'd;
 And from about him fierce effusion roll'd
 Of smoke and bickering flame and sparkles dire.

MILTON.

703 ΟΙΝΟΣ μὲν πρότιστα θοὴν ἀνὰ νῆα μέλαιναν
 ἠδύποτος κελάρυζ' εὐώδης, ὄρνυτο τ' ὀδμή
 ἀμβροσίη· ναύτας δὲ τάφος λάβε πάντας ἰδόντας.
 αὐτίκα δ' ἀκρότατον παρὰ ἰστίον ἐξετανύσθη
 ἄμπελος ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα, κατεκρημνῶντο δὲ πολλοὶ
 βότρυες· ἀμφ' ἰστὸν δὲ μέλας εἰλίσσεται κισσὸς
 ἄνθεσι τηλεθάων, χαρίεις δ' ἐπὶ καρπὸς ὀρώρει
 πάντες δὲ σκαλμοὶ στεφάνους ἔχον. οἱ δὲ ἰδόντες
 νῆ' ἤδη τότε ἔπειτα κυβερνήτην ἐκέλευον
 γῆ πελάαν. ὁ δ' ἄρα σφι λέων γένετ' ἔνδοθι νηὸς
 δεινὸς ἐπ' ἀκροτάτης, μέγα δ' ἔβραχεν· ἐν δ' ἄρα μέσση
 ἄρκτου ἐποίησεν λασιαύχενά, σήματα φαίνων·
 ἂν δ' ἔστη μεμαυία, λεῶν δ' ἐπὶ σέλματος ἄκρου
 δεινὸν ὑπόδρα ἰδῶν. οἱ δ' ἐς πρύμνην ἐφόβηθεν,

ἀμφὶ κυβερνήτην δὲ σαόφρονα θυμὸν ἔχοντα
 ἔσταν ἄρ' ἐκπληγέντες· ὁ δ' ἐξαπίνης ἐπορούσας
 ἀρχὸν ἔλ'. οἱ δὲ θύραζε κάκον μόρον ἐξαλύοντες
 πάντες ὁμῶς πήδησαν, ἐπεὶ ἴδον, εἰς ἅλα δῖαν,
 δελφῖνες δ' ἐγένοντο· κυβερνήτην δ' ἐλέησας
 ἔσχεθε καὶ μιν ἔθηκε πανόλβιον, εἶπέ τε μῦθον.
 “Θάρσει, δῖε κάτωρ, τῷ ἐμῷ κεχαρισμένε θυμῷ.”

HOMERIC HYMN.

704 THERE lies a vale in Ida, lovelier
 Than all the valleys of Ionian hills.
 The swimming vapour slopes athwart the glen,
 Puts forth an arm, and creeps from pine to pine,
 And loiters, solely drawn. On either hand
 The lawns and meadow-ledges midway down
 Hang rich in flowers, and far below them roars
 The long brook falling through the clov'n ravine
 In cataract after cataract to the sea.
 Behind the valley topmast Gargarus
 Stands up and takes the morning: but in front
 The gorges, opening wide apart, reveal
 Troas and Ilion's column'd citadel,
 The crown of Troas.

Hither came at noon
 Mournful CEnone, wandering forlorn
 Of Paris, once her playmate on the hills.
 Her cheek had lost the rose, and round her neck
 Floated her hair or seem'd to float in rest.
 She, leaning on a fragment twined with vine,
 Sang to the stillness, till the mountain-shade
 Sloped downward to her seat from the upper cliff.

A. TENNYSON.

705 NOR be the then triumphant state forgot;
 The seeming god-built city! which my hand
 Deep in the bosom fix'd of wondering seas.
 Astonish'd mortals sail'd, with pleasing awe,

Around the sea-girt walls, by Neptune fenced,
 And down the briny street; where on each hand
 Amazing seen amid unstable waves,
 The splendid palace shines; and rising tides,
 The green steps marking, murmur at the door.
 To this fair Queen of Adria's stormy gulf,
 The mart of nations! long obedient seas
 Roll'd all the treasure of the radiant East.
 But now no more. Than one great tyrant worse,
 Each subject tearing, many tyrants rose:
 The least the proudest. Join'd in dark cabal,
 They zealous, watchful, silent, and severe,
 Cast o'er the whole indissoluble chains:
 The softer shackles of luxurious ease
 They likewise added, to secure their sway.
 Thus Venice fainter shines; and commerce thus
 Of toil impatient, flags the drooping sail.

THOMSON.

706 THE wrathful winter hast'ning on apace,
 With blust'ring blasts had all ybar'd the treen;
 And old Saturnus, with his frosty face,
 With chilling cold had pierc'd the tender green;
 The mantle's rent, wherein enwrapped been
 The gladsome groves that now lay overthrown,
 The tapets torn, and every tree down blown.

The soil that erst so seemly was to seen,
 Was all despoilèd of her beauties' hue;
 And soot fresh flowers (wherewith the summer's Queen
 Had clad the earth) now Boreas' blasts down blew.
 And small fowls flocking, in their song did rue
 The winter's wrath, wherewith each thing defac'd,
 In woeful wise bewail'd the summer past.

Hawthorn had lost his motley livery;
 The naked twigs were shivering all for cold;

And dropping down the tears abundantly,
Each thing (methought) with weeping eye me told
The cruel season; bidding me withhold
Myself within, for I was gotten out
Into the fields, whereas I walk'd about.

SACKVILLE.

707 THE sky is overcast
With a continuous cloud of texture close,
Heavy and wan, all whitened by the Moon,
Which through that veil is indistinctly seen,
A dull, contracted circle, yielding light
So feebly spread, that not a shadow falls,
Chequering the ground—from rock, plant, tree or tower.
At length a pleasant instantaneous gleam
Startles the pensive traveller while he treads
His lonesome path, with unobserving eye
Bent earthwards; he looks up,—the clouds are split
Asunder,—and above his head he sees
The clear Moon, and the glory of the heavens.
There, in a black blue vault she sails along,
Followed by multitudes of stars, that, small
And sharp, and bright, along the dark abyss
Drive as she drives: how fast they wheel away,
Yet vanish not!—the wind is in the tree,
But they are silent;—still they roll along
Immeasurably distant; and the vault,
Built round by those white clouds, enormous clouds,
Still deepens its unfathomable depth.

WORDSWORTH.

708 WHEN the gay sun first breaks the shades of night,
And strikes the distant eastern hills with light,
Colour returns, the plains their livery wear,
And a bright verdure clothes the smiling year;
The blooming flowers with opening beauties glow,
And grazing flocks their milky fleeces show;
The barren cliffs with chalky fronts arise,
And a pure azure arches o'er the skies.

But when the gloomy reign of night returns,
 Stript of her fading pride, all nature mourns ;
 The trees no more their wonted verdure boast,
 But weep, in dewy tears, their beauty lost.
 No distant landscapes draw our curious eyes,
 Wrapt in night's robe the whole creation lies ;
 Yet still, even now, while darkness clothes the land,
 We view the traces of the Almighty hand.
 Millions of stars in heaven's wide vault appear,
 And with new glories hang the boundless sphere :
 The silver moon her western couch forsakes,
 And o'er the skies her nightly circle makes ;
 Her solid globe beats back the sunny rays,
 And to the world her borrowed light repays.

JOHN GAY.

709 WRAPT into future times the bard begun,
 A virgin shall conceive, a virgin bear a Son !
 From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
 Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies :
 Th' æthereal Spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
 And on its top descends the mystic dove.
 Ye heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,
 And in soft silence shed the kindly shower !
 The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
 From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
 All crime shall cease and ancient fraud shall fail ;
 Returning justice lift aloft her scale ;
 Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend, *
 And white-rob'd innocence from heaven descend.
 Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn !
 O spring to light, auspicious babe be born !
 See nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
 With all the incense of the breathing spring :
 See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
 See nodding forests on the mountains dance,
 See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,
 And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the skies.

POPE.

710 LONE isle! though storms have round thy turrets rode—
Though their red shafts have sear'd thy marble brow—
Thou wert the temple of the living God,
And taught earth's millions at his shrine to bow.
Though desolation wraps thy glories now,
Still thou wilt be a marvel through all time
For what thou hast been; and the dead who rot
Around the fragments of thy towers sublime
Once taught the world, and sway'd the realm of thought,
And ruled the warriors of each northern clime.

Around thee sleeps the blue sky; and the sun
Laughs—and will laugh for aye on thy decay.
Thou'rt in the world like some benighted one—
Home of the mighty—that have passed away!
A thousand years upon the world have done
Dreadful destruction! yet a happier day
Once bless'd thy sacred mansions—and the ray
Of Christianity blazed forth, and won
The Druid from his darkness; from thee ran
That fire which lit creation in her youth,
That turned the wandering savage into Man,
And show'd him the omnipotence of Truth.

MOORE.

711 HARK! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers!
Prepare the way! a GOD, a GOD appears!
A GOD! a GOD! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo earth receives him from the bending skies!
Sink down ye mountains, and ye valleys rise;
With heads declin'd, ye cedars homage pay;
Be smooth ye rocks: ye rapid floods give way!
The Saviour comes, by ancient bards foretold;
Hear him ye deaf; and all ye blind behold!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day;
'Tis he th' obstructed path of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear:

The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
 And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
 No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear,
 From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.
 In adamantine chains shall death be bound,
 And hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound.

POPE.

712 LED by the Muses' hand in sightless trance
 I see the chief of Epic song advance ;
 A golden fillet binds the locks of snow
 That thinly crown his venerable brow—
 Wildly his hand explores the sacred shell,
 And Nature trembling owns the powerful spell ;
 Around him throng to catch the soothing strain,
 The brave who fought on Ilion's fatal plain.
 Near these in radiant arms the heroes stand,
 Whose later valour freed their native land :
 Triumphant chiefs and victims of renown,
 Whom cypress wreaths or myrtle chaplets crown !
 Each on the circle of his batter'd shield
 Bears the device of some victorious field.
 Behold the dauntless few, whose trophies tell
 How at Thermopylæ they nobly fell !
 And those at Marathon who fought and bled,
 Before whose arms the vanquish'd satrap fled,
 Or where Plataea spreads her wat'ry plain,
 Or Salamis expels the Ægean main !
 And him, the son of Thebes, whose warlike pride
 Rose with his arm and perished when he died !

713 HE look'd, and saw wide territory spread
 Before him, towns, and rural works between,
 Cities of men with lofty gates and towers,
 Concourse in arms, fierce faces threat'ning war,
 Giants of mighty bone and bold emprise ;
 Part wield their arms, part curb the foaming steed,
 Single or in array of battle rang'd

Both horse and foot, nor idly must'ring stood;
One way a band select from forage drives
A herd of beeves, fair oxen and fair kine,
From a fat meadow ground; or fleecy flock,
Ewes and their bleating lambs, over the plain,
Their booty; scarce with life the shepherds fly,
But call in aid, which makes a bloody fray;
With cruel tournament the squadrons join;
Where cattle pastur'd late, now scattered lies
With carcasses and arms th' insanguin'd field
Deserted: others to a city strong
Lay siege, encamp'd; by battery, scale, and mine,
Assaulting; others from the wall defend
With dart and javelin, stones and sulphurous fire;
On each hand slaughter and gigantic deeds.

MILTON.

714 ANOTHER part, in squadrons and gross bands,
On bold adventure to discover wide
That dismal world, if any clime perhaps
Might yield them easier habitation, bend
Four ways their flying march, along the banks
Of four infernal rivers, that disgorge
Into the burning lake their baleful streams:
Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate;
Sad Acheron, of sorrow, black and deep;
Cocytus, named of lamentation loud
Heard on the rueful stream; fierce Phlegethon,
Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.
Far off from these, a slow and silent stream,
Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls
Her watery labyrinth, whereof who drinks,
Forthwith his former state and being forgets,
Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.
Beyond this flood a frozen continent
Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms
Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land
Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems
Of ancient pile.

MILTON.

715 BUT we, th' inglorious common herd of man,
 Sail without compass, toil without a plan;
 In Fortune's varying storms for ever tost,
 Shadows pursue, that in pursuit are lost;
 Mere infants all till life's extremest day,
 Scrambling for toys, then tossing them away.
 Who rests of Immortality assur'd,
 Is safe, whatever ills are here endur'd:
 He hopes not vainly in a world like this
 To meet with pure uninterrupted bliss;
 For good and ill in this imperfect state
 Are ever mix'd by the decrees of fate,
 With Wisdom's richest harvest Folly grows,
 And baleful hemlock mingles with the rose;
 All things are blended, changeable and vain,
 No hope, no wish we perfectly obtain;
 God may perhaps (might human Reason's line
 Pretend to fathom infinite design)
 Have thus ordain'd things, that the restless mind
 No happiness complete on earth may find;
 And, by this friendly chastisement made wise,
 To heaven her safest best retreat may rise.

SOAME JENYNS.

716 Now come, ye Naiads, to the fountain lead;
 With holy reverence I approach the rocks,
 Whence glide the streams renown'd in ancient song.
 Where from the desert down the rumbling steep
 First springs the Nile; here bursts the sounding Po
 In angry waves; Euphrates hence devolves
 A mighty flood to water half the east;
 And there, in Gothic solitude reclined,
 The cheerless Tanais pours his hoary urn.
 What solemn twilight, what stupendous shades,
 Inwrap these infant floods! Thro' ev'ry nerve
 A sacred horror thrills, a pleasing fear
 Glides o'er my frame. The forest deepens round;
 And, more gigantic still, th' impending trees
 Stretch their extravagant arms athwart the gloom.

Are these the confines of some fairy world,
A land of Genii? Say, beyond these wilds
What unknown nations, if indeed beyond
Aught habitable lies? And, whither leads,
To what strange regions or of bliss or pain,
That subterraneous way? Propitious maids,
Conduct me, while with fearful steps I tread
That trembling ground.

ARMSTRONG.

717 YET half his strength he put not forth, but check'd
His thunder in mid volley; for he meant
Not to destroy, but root them out of Heaven:
The overthrown he raised, and as a herd
Of goats or timorous flock together thronged
Drove them before him thunder-struck, pursued
With terrors and with furies to the bounds
And crystal wall of Heaven; which, opening wide,
Rolled inward, and a spacious gap disclosed
Into the wasteful deep: The monstrous sight
Struck them with horror backward, but far worse
Urged them behind: headlong themselves they threw
Down from the verge of Heaven; eternal wrath
Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.
Hell heard the unsufferable noise, Hell saw
Heaven ruining from Heaven, and would have fled
Affrighted; but strict Fate had cast too deep
Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound.
Nine days they fell: confounded Chaos roared,
And felt tenfold confusion in their fall
Through his wild anarchy, so huge a rout
Incumbered him with ruin: Hell at last
Yawning received them whole, and on them closed.

MILTON.

718 Now when fair morn orient in Heaven appeared,
Up rose the victor Angels, and to arms
The matin trumpet sung: in arms they stood
Of golden panoply, refulgent host,

Soon banded; others from the dawning hills
 Looked round, and scouts each coast light-armed scour,
 Each quarter, to descry the distant foe,
 Where lodged, or whither fled, or if for fight,
 In motion or in halt: him soon they met
 Under spread ensigns moving nigh, in slow
 But firm battalion; back with speediest sail
 Zophiel, of Cherubim the swiftest wing,
 Came flying, and in mid air aloud thus cried.
 "Arm, Warriors, arm for fight; the foe at hand,
 Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit
 This day; fear not his flight; so thick a cloud
 He comes, and settled in his face I see
 Sad resolution and secure: let each
 His adamantine coat gird well, and each
 Fit well his helm, gripe fast his orb'd shield,
 Borne even or high; for this day will pour down,
 If I conjecture ought, no drizzling shower,
 But rattling storm of arrows barbed with fire."

MILTON.

-
- 719 HE was a chieftain of renown; from youth
 To green old age, the glory of his tribe,
 The terror of their enemies; in war
 An Alexander, and in peace an Alfred,
 From morn till night he went to wield the spear
 With indefatigable arm, or watch
 From eve till dawn in ambush for his quarry,
 Human or brute; not less in chase than fight,
 For strength, skill, prowess, enterprise, unrivall'd.
 He seized the she-bear's whelps; and, when the dam,
 With miserable cries and insane rage,
 Pursued to rescue them, would turn and strike
 One blow, but one, to break her heart for ever:
 From sling and bow he sent upon death-errands
 The stone or arrow through the trackless air,
 To overtake the fleetest foot, or lay
 The loftiest pinion fluttering in the dust.
 But 'twas the hero's mind that made him great:

His eye, his lip, his hand, were clothed with thunder;
Thrones, crowns, and sceptres give not more ascendance,
Backed with arm'd legions, fortified with towers,
Than this imperial savage, all alone,
From Nature's pure beneficence derived.

720

IN his native vale
Such and so glorious did this Youth appear;
A sight that kindled pleasure in all hearts
By his ingenuous beauty, by the gleam
Of his fair eyes, by his capacious brow,
By all the graces with which nature's hand
Had lavishly arrayed him. As old bards
Tell in their idle songs of wandering gods,
Pan or Apollo, veiled in human form:
Yet, like the sweet-breathed violet of the shade
Discovered in their own despite to sense
Of mortals (if such fables without blame
May find chance-mention on this sacred ground),
So, through a simple rustic garb's disguise,
And through the impediment of rural cares,
In him revealed a scholar's genius shone;
And so, not wholly hidden from men's sight,
In him the spirit of a hero walked
Our unpretending valley.—How the quoit
Whizzed from the Stripling's arm! If touched by him,
The inglorious foot-ball mounted to the pitch
Of the lark's flight,—or shaped a rainbow curve,
Aloft, in prospect of the shouting field!

WORDSWORTH.

721 RISE, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thine eyes!
See, a long race thy spacious courts adorn:
See, future sons and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!

See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend!
 See, thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
 And heap'd with products of Sabeian springs!
 For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
 And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
 See, Heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
 And break upon thee in a flood of day!
 No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
 Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn;
 But lost dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
 One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
 O'erflow thy courts; the Light himself shall shine
 Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
 The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away,
 But fixed his word, his saving power remains,
 Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!

POPE.

722

WHAT, though not all
 Of mortal offspring can attain the heights
 Of envied life; though only few possess
 Patrician treasures or imperial state;
 Yet Nature's care, to all her children just,
 With richer treasures and an ampler state,
 Endows at large whatever happy man
 Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp,
 The rural honours his. Whate'er adorns
 The princely dome, the column and the arch,
 The breathing marbles and the sculptured gold,
 Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim,
 His tuneful breast enjoys. For him the Spring
 Distils her dews, and from the silken gem
 Its lucid leaves unfolds; for him the hand
 Of autumn tinges every fertile branch
 With blooming gold and blushes like the morn.
 Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings;
 And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,

And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain
From all the tenants of the warbling shade
Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake
Fresh pleasure, unreproved.

AKENSIDE.

723 THE knights past through the castles largest gate,
(Tho' round about an hundred ports there shine)
The door-leaves fram'd of carved silver plate,
Upon their golden hinges turn and twine,
They staid to view this work of wit and state,
The workmanship excell'd the substance fine,
For all the shapes in that rich metal wrought,
Save speech of living bodies, wanted nought.

Alcides there sate telling tales and spun
Among the feeble troops of damsels milde,
He that the fiery gates of hell had won
And heav'n upheld; false love stood by and smilde:
Arm'd with his club fair Iolee forth run,
His club with blood of Monsters foul defilde,
And on her back his lions skin had she,
Too rough a bark for such a tender tree.

Beyond was made a sea, whose azure flood
The hoary froth crusht from the surges blew,
Wherein two navies great well ranged stood
Of warlike ships, fire from their arms out-flew,
The waters burnt about their vessels good,
Such flames the gold therein enchased threw,
Cæsar his Romans hence, the Asian kings,
Thence Antonie, and Indian princes bring.

SPENSER.

724 Now morn her rosy steps in the eastern clime
Advancing, sowed the earth with orient pearl,
When Adam waked, so customed; for his sleep
Was aery-light, from pure digestion bred,

And temperate vapours bland, which the only sound
 Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,
 Lightly dispers'd, and the shrill matin song
 Of birds on every bough; so much the more
 His wonder was to find unwaken'd Eve,
 With tresses discompos'd and glowing cheek,
 As through unquiet rest: He on his side
 Leaning, half-raised, with looks of cordial love
 Hung over her enamoured, and beheld
 Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,
 Shot forth peculiar graces; then with voice
 Mild, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
 Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus: Awake,
 My fairest, my espoused, my latest found,
 Heaven's last best gift, my ever new delight!
 Awake; The morning shines, and the fresh field
 Calls us; we lose the prime, to mark how spring
 Our tended plants, how blows the citron grove,
 What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
 How Nature paints her colours, how the bee
 Sits on the bloom, extracting liquid sweet.

MILTON.

-
- 725 THE subtle spoiler, of the beaver kind,
 Far off perhaps, where ancient alders shade
 The deep still pool, within some hollow trunk
 Contrives his wicker couch: whence he surveys
 His long purlieu, lord of the stream, and all
 The finny shoals his own. But you, brave youths,
 Dispute the felon's claim; try every root,
 And every reedy bank; encourage all
 The busy spreading pack, that fearless plunge
 Into the flood and cross the rapid stream.
 Bid rocks and caves, and each resounding shore,
 Proclaim your bold defiance; loudly raise
 Each cheering voice, till distant hills repeat
 The triumphs of the vale. On the soft sand
 See there his seal impress'd! and on that bank
 Behold the glittering spoils, half-eaten fish,

Scales, fins and bones, the leavings of his feast.
Ah! on that yielding sag-bed, see, once more
His seal I view. O'er yon dank rushy marsh
The sly goose-footed prowler bends his course,
And seeks the distant shallows. Huntsman, bring
Thy eager pack and trail him to his couch.
Hark! the loud peal begins, the clamorous joy,
The gallant chiding, loads the trembling air.

SOMERVILE.

726 'I COME, I come, fair angel,' Saul exclaims,
'Give me my shepherd's weeds, my crook and staff,
Aid me to cast these cumbrous trappings off;
Yet stay.' But swift at once the vision gone
Mocks him evanishing. Groans then and sighs
And bitterness of anguish such as felt
Of him, who on Helvetia's heights a boy
Sung to the Alpine lark; and saw beneath
Prone cataracts and silver lakes and vales,
Romantic, and now paces his night watch,
Hoar veteran, on the tented fields. Not him
Fresh slaughter fuming on the plain: not him
The groan of death familiar to his ear,
Disquiet; but if haply heard the breeze
Bring from the distant mountain low of kine
With pipe of shepherd leading on his flock
To fold—oh! then on his remembrance rush
Those days so sweet, that roof beneath the rock,
Which cradled him when sweeping snow-storm burst,
And those within the peaceful household hearth
With all its innocent pleasures. Him far off
Regret consumes and inly wasting grief,
That knows no solace till in life's last hour,
When o'er his gaze in trance of bliss once more
Helvetia and her piny summits float.

SOTHEBY.

727 THEY heard, and were abashed, and up they sprung
 Upon the wing; as when men went to watch
 On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,
 Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.
 Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
 In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;
 Yet to their general's voice they soon obeyed,
 Innumerable. As when the potent rod
 Of Amram's son, in Egypt's evil day,
 Waved round the coast, up called a pitchy cloud
 Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,
 That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
 Like night and darkened all the land of Nile:
 So numberless were those bad angels seen
 Hovering on wing under the cope of hell,
 'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires;
 Till, at a signal given the uplifted spear
 Of their great sultan waving to direct
 Their course, in even balance down they light
 On the firm brimstone and fill all the plain:
 A multitude, like which the populous north
 Poured never from her frozen loins, to pass
 Rhene or the Danaw, when her barbarous sons
 Came like a deluge on the south and spread
 Beneath Gibraltar to the Libyan sands.

MILTON.

728 NOR yet will every soil with equal stores
 Repay the tiller's labour; or attend
 His will, obsequious, whether to produce
 The olive or the laurel. Different minds
 Incline to different objects: one pursues
 The vast alone, the wonderful, the wild;
 Another sighs for harmony, for grace
 And gentlest beauty. Hence when lightning fires
 The arch of heaven and thunder rocks the ground,
 When furious whirlwinds rend the howling air,
 And ocean groaning from his lowest bed
 Heaves his tempestuous billows to the sky;

Amid the mighty uproar, while below
The nations tremble, Shakespeare looks abroad
From some high cliff superior and enjoys
The elemental war. But Waller longs
All on the margin of some flowery stream
To spread his careless limbs amid the cool
Of plantane shades, and to the listening deer
The tale of slighted vows and love's disdain
Resounds soft-warbling all the live-long day:
Consenting Zephyr sighs: the weeping rill
Joins in his plaint, melodious; mute the groves;
And hill and dale with all their echoes mourn.
Such and so various are the tastes of men.

AKENSIDE.

729

Down thither prone in flight
He speeds, and through the vast ethereal sky
Sails between worlds and worlds, with steady wing
Now on the polar winds, then with quick fan
Winnows the buxom air; till, within soar
Of towering eagles, to all the fowls he seems
A phoenix, gazed by all, as that sole bird,
When, to enshrine his reliques in the sun's
Bright temple, to Egyptian Thebes he flies.
At once on the eastern cliff of Paradise
He lights, and to his proper shape returns
A Seraph winged; Six wings he wore, to shade
His lineaments divine; the pair that clad
Each shoulder broad, came mantling o'er his breast
With regal ornament; the middle pair
Girt like a starry zone his waist, and round
Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold
And colours dipt in Heaven; the third his feet
Shadowed from either heel with feathered mail,
Sky-tinctured grain. Like Maia's son he stood,
And shook his plumes, that heavenly fragrance filled
The circuit wide. Straight knew him all the bands

Of Angels under watch ; and to his state,
 And to his message high, in honour rise ;
 For on some message high they guessed him bound.

MILTON.

730 ISLAND of bliss ! amid the subject seas,
 That thunder down thy rocky coasts, set up,
 At once the wonder, terror, and delight,
 Of distant nations ; whose remotest shores
 Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm ;
 Not to be shook thyself, but all assaults
 Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud sea-wave.

O thou ! by whose Almighty nod the scale
 Of empire rises, or alternate falls,
 Send forth the saving Virtues round the land,
 In bright patrol : white Peace, and social Love ;
 The tender-looking Charity, intent
 On gentle deeds, and shedding tears through smiles ;
 Undaunted Truth, and Dignity of mind :
 Courage compos'd, and keen ; sound Temperance,
 Healthful in heart and look ; clear Chastity,
 With blushes reddening as she moves along,
 Disorder'd at the deep regard she draws ;
 Rough Industry ; Activity untir'd,
 With copious life inform'd and all awake :
 While in the radiant front, superior shines
 That first paternal virtue, Public Zeal ;
 Who throws o'er all an equal wide survey,
 And, ever musing on the common weal,
 Still labours glorious with some great design.

THOMSON.

731 THE sun, when he hath spread his rays,
 And show'd his face ten thousand ways,
 Ten thousand things do then begin
 To show the life that they are in.
 The heaven shows lively art and hue,
 Of sundry shapes and colours new,

And laughs upon the earth; anon,
The earth as cold as any stone,
Wet in the tears of her own kind,
'Gins then to take a joyful mind.
For well she feels that out and out,
The sun doth warm her round about,
And dries her children tenderly;
And shows them forth full orderly:
The mountains high, and how they stand!
The valleys, and the great mainland!
The trees, the herbs, the towers strong,
The castles, and the rivers long.
The hunter then sounds out his horn,
And rangeth straight through wood and corn.
On hills then show the ewe and lamb,
And every young one with his dam.
Then tune the birds their harmony;
Then flock the fowl in company;
Then every thing doth pleasure find
In that, that comforts all their kind.

EARL OF SURREY.

732 At last a soft and solemn breathing sound
Rose like a stream of rich distilled perfumes,
And stole upon the air, that even silence
Was took ere she was ware, and wisht she might
Deny her nature and be never more,
Still to be so displaced. I was all ear,
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of Death: but O! ere long
Too well I did perceive it was the voice
Of my most honoured lady, your dear sister.
Amazed I stood, harrowed with grief and fear,
And, O poor hapless Nightingale, thought I,
How sweet thou singest, how near the deadly snare!
Then down the lawns I ran with headlong haste,
Through paths and turnings often trod by day,
Till guided by my ear I found the place
Where that damned wizard hid in sly disguise,

(For so by certain signs I knew) had met
 Already, ere my best speed could prevent,
 The aidless innocent Lady his wisht prey,
 Who gently asked if he had seen such two,
 Supposing him some neighbour villager:
 Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guessed
 Ye were the two she meant; with that I sprung
 Into swift flight, 'till I had found you here.
 But further know I not.

MILTON.

733 FIVE thousand warriors—O the rapturous day!
 Each crowned with flowers, and armed with spear and
 shield,
 Or ruder weapon which their course might yield,
 To Syracuse advance in bright array.
 Who leads them on?—The anxious people see
 Long-exiled Dion marching at their head,
 He also crowned with flowers of Sicily,
 And in a white, far-beaming, corslet clad!
 Pure transport undisturbed by doubt or fear
 The gazers feel; and rushing to the plain,
 Salute those strangers as a holy train
 Or blest procession (to the Immortals dear)
 That brought their precious liberty again.
 Lo! when the gates are entered, on each hand,
 Down the long streets, rich goblets filled with wine,
 In seemly order stand,
 On tables set, as if for rites divine;—
 And, as the great Deliverer marches by,
 He looks on festal ground with fruits bestrown;
 And flowers are on his person thrown
 In boundless prodigality;
 Nor doth the general voice abstain from prayer,
 Invoking Dion's tutelary care,
 As if a very Deity he were!

WORDSWORTH.

734

BRIGHTEST progeny of Heaven!

How shall I trace thy features? where select
 The roseate hues to emulate thy bloom?
 Haste, then, my song, thro' Nature's wide expanse,
 Haste then, and gather all her comeliest wealth,
 Whate'er bright spoils the florid earth contains,
 Whate'er the waters, or the liquid air,
 To deck thy lovely labour. Wilt thou fly
 With laughing Autumn to the Atlantic isles,
 And range with him the Hesperian field, and see
 Where'er his fingers touch the fruitful grove,
 The branches shoot with gold; where'er his step
 Marks the glad soil, the tender clusters grow
 With purple ripeness, and invest each hill
 As with the blushes of an evening sky?
 Or wilt thou rather stoop thy vagrant plume,
 Where gliding thro' his daughter's honoured shades,
 The smooth Penéus from his glassy flood
 Reflects purpleal Tempe's pleasant scene?
 Fair Tempe! haunt beloved of sylvan Powers,
 Of Nymphs and Fauns; where in the golden age
 They played in secret on the shady brink
 With ancient Pan: while round their choral steps
 Young Hours and genial Gales with constant hand
 Showered blossoms, odours, showered ambrosial dews,
 And spring's Elysian bloom.

AKENSIDE.

735

HE scarce had said, when the bare Earth, till then
 Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorned,
 Brought forth the tender grass, whose verdure clad
 Her universal face with pleasant green;
 Then herbs of every leaf, that sudden flowered
 Opening their various colours, and made gay
 Her bosom, smelling sweet; and, these scarce blown,
 Forth flourished thick the clustering vine, forth crept
 The swelling gourd, up stood the corny reed
 Imbattered in her field; and the humble shrub,
 And bush with frizzled hair implicit: last

Rose as in dance the stately trees, and spread
 Their branches hung with copious fruit, or gemmed
 Their blossoms: with high woods the hills were crowned,
 With tufts the valleys and each fountain side,
 With borders long the rivers: that Earth now
 Seemed like to Heaven, a seat where Gods might dwell,
 Or wander with delight, and love to haunt
 Her sacred shades: though God had yet not rain'd
 Upon the Earth, and man to till the ground
 None was; but from the Earth a dewy mist
 Went up, and water'd all the ground, and each
 Plant of the field, which ere it was in the Earth,
 God made, and every herb, before it grew
 On the green stem; God saw that it was good:
 So ev'n and morn recorded the third day.

MILTON.

736 'Tis earth shall lead destruction; she shall end.
 The stars shall wonder why she comes no more
 On her accustomed orbit, and the sun
 Miss one of his eleven of light; the moon,
 An orphan orb, shall seek for earth for aye
 Through time's untrodden depths, and find her not.
 No more shall morn, out of the holy east,
 Stream o'er the amber air her level light;
 Nor evening, with the spectral fingers, draw
 Her star-sprent curtain round the head of earth;
 Her footsteps never thence again shall grace
 The blue sublime of heaven. Her grave is dug,
 I see the stars, night-clad, all gathering
 In long and dark procession. Death's at work.
 And, one by one, shall all yon wandering worlds,
 Whether in orb'd path they roll, or trail,
 In an inestimable length of light,
 Their golden train of tresses after them,
 Cease; and the sun, centre and sire of light,
 The keystone of the world-built arch of Heaven,
 Be left in burning solitude. The stars,
 Which stand as thick as dewdrops on the fields

Of heaven, and all they comprehend, shall pass.
The spirits of all worlds shall all depart
To their great destinies; and thou and I,
Greater in grief than worlds, shall live as now.

737 FROM the moist meadow to the wither'd hill,
Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs,
And swells, and deepens, to the cherish'd eye.
The hawthorn whitens; and the juicy groves
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,
Till the whole leafy forest stands display'd,
In full luxuriance to the sighing gales;
Where the deer rustle through the twining brake,
And the birds sing concealed. At once array'd
In all the colours of the flushing year,
By Nature's swift and secret working hand,
The garden glows, and fills the liberal air
With lavish fragrance; while the promised fruit
Lies yet a little embryo, unperceived,
Within its crimson folds. Now from the town,
Buried in smoke and sleep and noisome damps,
Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,
Where freshness breathes, and dash the trembling drops
From the bent bush, as through the verdant maze
Of sweet-briar hedges I pursue my walk;
Or taste the smell of dairy; or ascend
Some eminence, Augusta, in thy plains,
And see the country, far diffus'd around,
One boundless blush, one white empurpled shower
Of mingled blossoms; where the raptur'd eye
Hurries from joy to joy, and, hid beneath
The far profusion, yellow Autumn spies.

THOMSON.

738 IT was an hill plaste in an open plaine,
That round about was borderd with a wood
Of matchlesse hight, that seemd th' earth to disdain;
In which all trees of honour stately stood,

And did all winter as in summer bud,
 Spredding pavilions for the birds to bowre,
 Which in their lower braunches sung aloud ;
 And in their tops the soring hauke did towre,
 Sitting like king of fowles in majesty and powre :

And at the foote thereof a gentle flud
 His silver waves did softly tumble downe,
 Unmard with ragged mosse or filthy mud ;
 Ne mote wylde beastes, ne mote the ruder clowne,
 Thereto approch ; ne filth mote therein drowne :
 But nymphes and faeries by the bancks did sit
 In the wood's shade which did the waters crowne,
 Keeping all noysome things away from it,
 And to the waters fall tuning their accents fit.

And on the top thereof a spacious plaine
 Did spred itselke, to serve to all delight,
 Either to daunce, when they to daunce would faine,
 Or else to course about their bases light ;
 Ne ought there wanted, which for pleasure might
 Desired be, or thence to banish bale :
 So pleasauntly the hill with equall hight
 Did seeme to overlooke the lowly vale ;
 Therefore it rightly cleeped was Mount Acidale.

SPENSER.

-
- 739 MILD-BREATHING Zephyr, father of the spring,
 Who in the verdant meads doth reign sole king,
 Hath roused himself, and shook his feathers wet
 With purple swelling odours, and hath let
 The sweet and fruitful dew fall on this ground,
 To force out all the flowers that might be found.
 I have not seen the place could more surprise,
 More beautiful in nature's varied dyes.
 The balmy west wind blows, and every sense
 Is sooth'd and courted:—trees have got their heads,
 The fields their coats, the dewy shining meads
 Do boast the pansy, lily, and the rose,
 And every flower doth laugh as zephyr blows.

The seas are now more even than the earth,
Or gently swell as curled by zephyr's breath;
The rivers run as smoothed by his hand;
The wanton heifer through the grassy land
Plays wildly free, her horns scarce budding yet;
While in the sunny fields the new-dropt lambs
Gambol, rejoicing round their milky dams.
Hark! how each bough a several music yields;
The lusty throstle, early nightingale,
Accord in tune, though vary in their tale,
The chirping swallow, called forth by the sun,
And crested lark doth her division run,
The yellow bees the air with music fill,
The finches carol and the turtles bill.

BEN JONSON.

740 THUS saying, from her husband's hand her hand
Soft she withdrew, and like a Wood-nymph light,
Oread or Dryad, or of Delia's train,
Betook her to the groves; but Delia's self
In gait surpass'd, and goddess-like deport,
Though not as she with bow and quiver armed,
But with such gardening tools as art yet rude,
Guiltless of fire, had form'd, or angels brought.
To Pales or Pomona, thus adorned,
Likest she seem'd, Pomona when she fled
Vertumnus; or to Ceres in her prime,
Yet virgin of Proserpina from Jove.
Her long with ardent look his eye pursued
Delighted, but desired more her stay.
Oft he to her his charge of quick return
Repeated, she to him as oft engaged
To be returned by noon amid the bower,
And all things in best order to invite
Noon-tide repast, or afternoon's repose.
O much deceived, much failing, hapless Eve,
Of thy presumed return! event perverse!
Thou never from that hour in Paradise
Found'st either sweet repast or sound repose;

Such ambush hid among sweet flowers and shades
 Waited with hellish rancour imminent
 To intercept thy way, or send thee back
 Despoil'd of innocence, of faith, of bliss.

MILTON.

741 WELL then, the promis'd hour is come at last,
 The present age of wit obscures the past:
 Strong were our sires, and as they fought they writ,
 Conquering with force of arms, and dint of wit:
 Theirs was the giant race, before the flood:
 And thus, when Charles return'd, our empire stood.
 Like Janus he the stubborn soil manur'd,
 With rules of husbandry the rankness cur'd;
 Tam'd us to manners, when the stage was rude;
 And boisterous English wit with art indu'd.
 Our age was cultivated thus at length;
 But what we gain'd in skill we lost in strength.
 Our builders were with want of genius curs'd;
 The second temple was not like the first:
 Till you, the best Vitruvius, come at length;
 Our beauties equal, but excel our strength.
 Firm Doric pillars found your solid base:
 The fair Corinthian crowns the higher space:
 Thus all below is strength, and all above is grace.
 In easy dialogue is Fletcher's praise;
 He mov'd the mind, but had not power to raise.
 Great Jonson did by strength of judgment please;
 Yet, doubling Fletcher's force, he wants his ease.
 In differing talents both adorn'd their age;
 One for the study, t'other for the stage.
 But both to Congreve justly shall submit,
 One match'd in judgment, both o'ermatch'd in wit.

DRYDEN.

742 OR if desire of honour was the base
 On which the building of the Roman Empire
 Was raised up to this height: if, to inflame
 The noble youth with an ambitious heat

To endure the frost of danger, nay of death,
To be thought worthy the triumphal wreath
By glorious undertakings, may deserve
Reward or favour from the commonwealth,
Actors may put in for as large a share
As all the sects of the philosophers;
They which could precepts (perhaps seldom read)
Deliver, what an honourable thing
The active virtue is. But does that fire
The blood, or swell the veins with emulation
To be both good and great, equal to that
Which is presented on our theatres?
Let a good actor in a lofty scene
Shew great Alcides honour'd in the sweat
Of his twelve labours; or a bold Camillus
Forbidding Rome to be redeemed with gold
From the insulting Gauls; or Scipio
After his victories imposing tribute
On conquered Carthage:—If done to the life,
As if they saw their dangers, and their glories,
And did partake with them in their rewards,
All that have any spark of Roman in them,
The slothful arts laid by, contend to be
Like those they see presented.

MASSINGER.

743 THERE is a gentle nymph not far from hence,
That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream,
Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure;
Whilome she was the daughter of Lochrine,
That had the scepter from his father Brute.
She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit
Of her enraged stepdame Guendolen,
Commended her fair innocence to the flood,
That staid her flight with his cross-flowing course.
The water-nymphs that in the bottom play'd,
Held up their pearled wrists and took her in,
Bearing her straight to aged Nereus' hall,
Who, piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head,

And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
 In nectar'd lavers strew'd with asphodel,
 And through the porch and inlet of each sense
 Dropt in ambrosial oils till she reviv'd,
 And underwent a quick immortal change,
 Made goddess of the river; still she retains
 Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve
 Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,
 Helping all urchin blasts, and ill-luck signs
 That the shrewd meddling elf delights to make,
 Which she with precious vial'd liquors heals;
 For which the shepherds at their festivals
 Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays,
 And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream
 Of pansies, pinks and gaudy daffodils.

MILTON.

744 OBLIVIOUS Sleep, calm Virtue's tranquil guest,
 Who shunn'st, in every state, the guilty breast;
 Who 'midst a world enslaved couldst free remain,
 And tyrants mock, who sighed for thee in vain!
 Deaf to the flattery and the force of power,
 Thou fledst the downy couch and guarded tower,
 To smooth th' o'erlaboured peasant's rugged bed,
 And lightly shake thy poppies o'er his head;
 Or lull the ship-boy cradled in the shrouds,
 While tempests howl'd and lightnings rent the clouds;
 While o'er his head hoarse roaring bursts the wave,
 And deep beneath him gaped the watery grave.
 By dangers compassed, and by ills oppressed,
 Thou soothest the wandering hero's tranquil breast;
 Enticed alone by Virtue's simple lure,
 A heart benignant, and a conscience pure.
 Stretched on the couch, released from care he lay,
 Till shrilly sweet the lark proclaimed the day;
 Then sudden from the lowly mat he sprung,
 Again his harp he o'er his shoulders hung;
 Again 'midst woods and meads pursues his way,
 While orient sun-beams through the foliage play;

While glittering dew-drops spangle every thorn,
And brighter shine, as brighter dawns the morn;
Till, warmer as the verdant landscape glows,
And richer fragrance scents the blushing rose;
Absorb'd in air they slowly waste away,
And vanish in the pearly haze of day.

Low the woods

745
Bow their hoar heads; and, ere the languid sun
Faint from the West emits his evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep-hid, and chill,
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of man. Drooping, the labourer-ox
Stands covered o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
Which Providence assigns them. One alone,
The red-breast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of th' embroiling sky,
In joyless fields, and thorny thickets, leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first
Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights
On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is;
Till more familiar grown, the table-crumbs
Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
Though timorous of heart, and hard beset
By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,
And more unpitying men, the garden seeks,
Urged on by fearless want. The bleating kine
Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth,
With looks of dumb despair; then, sad-dispersed,
Dig for the withered herb through heaps of snow.

THOMSON.

746 As thus the snows arise, and foul and fierce
 All Winter drives along the darkened air,
 In his own loose-revolving fields, the swain
 Disaster'd stands ; sees other hills ascend,
 Of unknown joyless brow ; and other scenes,
 Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain :
 Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
 Beneath the formless wild ; but wanders on
 From hill to dale, still more and more astray ;
 Impatient flouncing thro' the drifted heaps,
 Stung with the thoughts of home. The thoughts of home
 Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
 In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul !
 What black despair, what horror fills his heart !
 When for the dusky spot, which Fancy feign'd
 His tufted cottage rising thro' the snow,
 He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
 Far from the tract, and blest abode of man ;
 While round him night resistless closes fast,
 And every tempest, howling o'er his head,
 Renders the savage wilderness more wild !
 Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
 Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
 A dire descent ! beyond the power of frost ;
 Of faithless bogs ; of precipices huge,
 Smooth'd up with snow ; and, what is land, unknown,
 What water, of the still unfrozen spring,
 In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
 Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
 These check his fearful steps ; and down he sinks
 Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
 Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
 Mix'd with the tender anguish Nature shoots
 Thro' the wrung bosom of the dying man,—
 His wife, his children and his friends unseen.

THOMSON.

747 MEAN while the tepid caves, and fens, and shores,
 Their brood as numerous hatch, from the egg, that soon

Bursting with kindly rupture forth disclosed
Their callow young; but feathered soon and fledge
They summed their pens; and, soaring the air sublime,
With clang despised the ground, under a cloud
In prospect; there the eagle and the stork
On cliffs and cedar tops their eyries build;
Part loosely wing the region, part more wise
In common, ranged in figure wedge their way,
Intelligent of seasons, and set forth
Their aery caravan, high over seas
Flying, and over lands, with mutual wing
Easing their flight; so steers the prudent crane
Her annual voyage, borne on winds; the air
Floats as they pass, fanned with unnumbered plumes:
From branch to branch the smaller birds with song
Solaced the woods, and spread their painted wings
Till even; nor then the solemn nightingale
Ceased warbling, but all night tuned her soft lays:
Others, on silver lakes and rivers, bathed
Their downy breast; the swan with arched neck,
Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows
Her state with oary feet; yet oft they quit
The dank, and, rising on stiff pennons, tower
The mid aëreal sky: others on ground
Walked firm; the crested cock whose clarion sounds
The silent hours, and the other whose gay train
Adorns him, coloured with the florid hue
Of rainbows and starry eyes.

MILTON.

748 A SINGLE step, that freed me from the skirts
Of the blind vapour, opened to my view
Glory beyond all glory ever seen
By waking sense or by the dreaming soul!
The Appearance, instantaneously disclosed,
Was of a mighty City—boldly say
A wilderness of building, sinking far
And self-withdrawn into a wondrous depth,
Far sinking into splendor—without end!

Fabric it seemed of diamond and of gold,
 With alabaster domes, and silver spires,
 And blazing terrace upon terrace high
 Uplifted; here, serene pavilions bright,
 In avenues disposed; there, towers begirt
 With battlements that on their restless fronts
 Bore stars—illumination of all gems!
 By earthly nature had the effect been wrought
 Upon the dark materials of the storm
 Now pacified; on them, and on the coves
 And mountain-steeps and summits, whereunto
 The vapours had receded, taking there
 Their station under a cerulean sky.
 O, 'twas an unimaginable sight!
 Clouds, mists, streams, watery rocks and emerald turf—
 Clouds of all tincture, rocks and sapphire sky—
 Confused, commingled, mutually inflamed,
 Molten together, and composing thus,
 Each lost in each, that marvellous array
 Of temple, palace, citadel, and huge
 Fantastic pomp of structure without name,
 In fleecy folds voluminous enwrapp'd.

WORDSWORTH.

749

EVEN as a flower,
 Poppy or hyacinth, on its broken stem
 Languidly raises its encumbered head,
 And turns it to the gentle evening sun,
 So feebly rose, so turned that Boy his face
 Unto the well-known voice: twice raised his head,
 Twice it fell back in powerless heaviness;
 Even at that moment from the dark wood came
 His chariot coursers, heavily behind
 Dragging the vacant car. Caswallon knew,
 And he leaped up; the Boy his bloodless lips
 With a long effort opened. Was it well,
 Father, at this my first, my earliest fight,
 To mock me with a baffled hope of fame?
 Well was it, to defraud me of my right

To noble death?—and speaking thus he died.
—Awhile above him leaned the Father, then
Leaped up, within the chariot placed the corpse,
And with his lash fierce rent the steeds: swift on
As with their master's ire instinct they flew,
Making a wide road through the hurtling fray.
Kinsman or stranger, friend or foe alike,
One undistinguishing lust of carnage filled
The Master and the Horses; so wild groans
Followed where'er he moved, 'twas all to him,
Slaughter dripped and reeked from the chok'd scythes.—
I' the Eastern wars as under his broad tower
Moves stately the huge Elephant, a shaft
Haply casts down his friendly rider, wont
To lead him to the tank: awhile he droops
Affectionate his loose and moaning trunk:
Then in his grief and vengeance bursts, and bears
In his feet's trampling rout and disarray
To either host, and shakes the sandy plain.

MILMAN.

750 How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of
people! how is she become as a widow! she that was great
among the nations, and princess among the provinces, how
is she become tributary! She weepeth sore in the night,
and her tears are on her cheeks: among all her lovers she
hath none to comfort her: all her friends have dealt trea-
cherously with her, they are become her enemies. Judah
is gone into captivity because of affliction, and because of
great servitude: she dwelleth among the heathen, she find-
eth no rest: all her persecutors overtook her between the
straits. The ways of Zion do mourn, because none come
to the solemn feasts: all her gates are desolate: her priests
sigh, her virgins are afflicted, and she is in bitterness. Her
adversaries are the chief, her enemies prosper; for the Lord
hath afflicted her for the multitude of her transgressions:
her children are gone into captivity before the enemy.

JEREMIAH.

751 AND from the daughter of Zion all her beauty is departed: her princes are become like harts that find no pasture, and they are gone without strength before the pursuer. Jerusalem remembered in the days of her affliction and of her miseries all her pleasant things that she had in the days of old, when her people fell into the hand of the enemy, and none did help her: the adversaries saw her, and did mock at her sabbaths. Jerusalem hath grievously sinned; therefore she is removed: all that honoured her despise her, because they have seen her nakedness: yea, she sigheth, and turneth backward. Her filthiness is in her skirts; she remembereth not her last end; therefore she came down wonderfully: she had no comforter. O Lord, behold my affliction: for the enemy hath magnified himself.

JEREMIAH.

752 THE adversary hath spread out his hand upon all her pleasant things: for she hath seen that the heathen entered into her sanctuary, whom thou didst command that they should not enter into thy congregation. All her people sigh, they seek bread; they have given their pleasant things for meat to relieve the soul: see, O Lord, and consider; for I am become vile. Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow, which is done unto me, wherewith the Lord hath afflicted me in the day of his fierce anger. From above hath he sent fire into my bones, and it prevaieth against them: he hath spread a net for my feet, he hath turned me back: he hath made me desolate and faint all the day. The yoke of my transgressions is bound by his hand: they are wreathed, and come up upon my neck: he hath made my strength to fall, the Lord hath delivered me into their hands, from whom I am not able to rise up.

JEREMIAH.

753

FAR, far from here,
 The Adriatic breaks in a warm bay
 Among the green Illyrian hills: and there
 The sunshine in the happy glens is fair,
 And by the sea and in the brakes.
 And there, they say, two bright and aged Snakes,
 Who once were Cadmus and Harmonia,
 Bask in the glens or on the warm sea-shore,
 In breathless quiet, after all their ills.
 Nor do they see their country, nor the place
 Where the Sphinx liv'd among the frowning hills,
 Nor the unhappy palace of their race,
 Nor Thebes nor the Ismenus, any more.

There those two live, far in the Illyrian brakes.
 They had staid long enough to see,
 In Thebes, the billow of calamity.
 Over their own dear children roll'd,
 A grey old man and woman, yet of old
 The gods had to their marriage come,
 And at the banquet all the Muses sang.

M. ARNOLD.

754 THOUGH till now ungraced in story, scant although thy
 waters be,
 Alma, roll those waters proudly, proudly roll them to the
 sea.
 Yesterday, unnamed, unhonoured, but to wandering Tartar
 known,
 Now thou art a voice for ever, to the world's four corners
 blown.
 In two nations' annals graven, thou art now a deathless
 name,
 And a star for ever shining in their firmament of fame.
 Many a great and ancient river, crowned with city, tower,
 and shrine,
 Little streamlet, knows no magic, boasts no potency like
 thine,

Cannot shed the light thou sheddest around many a living
 head,
 Cannot lend the light thou lendest to the memories of the
 dead.
 Yea, nor all unsoothed their sorrow, who can, proudly
 mourning, say—
 When the first strong burst of anguish shall have wept itself
 away—
 ‘He has past from us, the loved one; but he sleeps with
 them that died
 By the Alma, at the winning of that terrible hill side.’
 Yes, and in the days far onward, when we all are cold as
 those,
 Who beneath thy vines and willows on their hero-beds
 repose,
 Thou on England’s banners blazoned with the famous fields
 of old,
 Shalt, where other fields are winning, wave above the brave
 and bold:
 And our sons unborn shall nerve them for some great deed
 to be done,
 By that twentieth of September, when the Alma’s heights
 were won.
 O thou river! dear for ever to the gallant, to the free,
 Alma, roll thy waters proudly, proudly roll them to the sea.

R. C. TRENCH.

755 No tree that is of count in greenewood growes,
 From lowest juniper to cedar tall,
 No flowre in field, that daintie odour throwes,
 And deckes his branch with blossomes over all,
 But there was planted or grew naturall:
 Nor sense of man so curious nice,
 But there mote find to please itselfe withall:
 Nor hart could wish for any queint device,
 But there it present was, and did fraile sense entice.
 Fresh shadowes fit to shroud from sunny ray;
 Faire lawnds to take the sunne in season dew;

Sweet springs in which a thousand nymphs did play,
 Soft-rombling brookes, that gentle slomber drew;
 High-reared mounts the londes about to view:
 Low-looking dales disloignd from common gaze:
 Delightfull bowers to solace lovers trew:
 False labyrinthes fond runners eyes to daze;
 All which by nature made did nature's self amaze.

And all without were walkes and alleyes dight
 With divers trees enranged in even rankes;
 And here and there were pleasant arbours pight,
 And shadie seates, and sundry flowring bankes.

SPENSER.

756 THE flying Mede, his shaftless broken bow;
 The fiery Greek, his red pursuing spear;
 Mountains above, Earth's, Ocean's plain below;
 Death in the front, Destruction in the rear!
 Such was the scene—what now remaineth here?
 What sacred trophy marks the hallowed ground,
 Recording Freedom's smile and Asia's tear?
 The rifled urn, the violated mound,
 The dust thy courser's hoof, rude stranger! spurns around.

Yet to the remnants of thy splendour past
 Shall pilgrims, pensive, but unwearied, throng:
 Long shall the voyager, with the Ionian Blast,
 Hail the bright clime of battle and of song:
 Long shall thine annals and immortal tongue
 Fill with thy fame the youth of many a shore:
 Boast of the aged! lesson of the young!
 Which sages venerate, and bards adore,
 As Pallas and the muse unveil their awful lore.

BYRON.

757 THESE are the forgeries of jealousy;
 And never, since the middle summer's spring,
 Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
 By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,
 Or on the beached margent of the sea,

To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
Therefore, the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs; which, falling in the land,
Have every pelting river made so proud,
That they have overborne their continents:
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat; and the green corn
Hath rotted, ere his youth attained a beard:
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrain flock;
The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud;
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
For lack of tread, are undistinguishable;
The human mortals want their winter here,
No night is now with hymn or carol blest:—
Therefore, the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound:
And thorough this distemperature, we see
The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
And on old Hyems' chin, and icy crown,
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set: The spring, the summer,
The chiding autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries; and the mazed world,
By their increase, now knows not which is which:
And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our dissension;
We are their parents and original.

SHAKESPERE.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

	PAGE
A FAIRER person lost not Heaven ; he seem'd	192
A goatherd fed his flocks on many a steep	96
A man so various that he seemed to be	207
A sable vest each round her flings	112
A single step, that freed me from the skirts	349
A spring there is, whose silver waters show	73
A strait long entry to the temple led	264
A sylvan scene with various greens was drawn	236
Above his head four lily stalks	294
Above the rest a rural nymph was famed	185
Above the sky was calm and fair	52
Above the subtle foldings of the sky	250
Above them all the golden Sun	222
Adieu, adieu ! my native shore	87
Affliction then is ours	4
Ah ! de ses fils perdus la Grèce est attristée	114
Ah, gentle shepherd, thine the lot to tend	243
Ah, passing few are they who speak	149
“Ah! say,” the fair Louisa cried	169
Ah, then, how pleasant was it to look up	316
Ah ! why, unfeeling Winter, why	87
Ah, woe is me ! Winter is come and gone	269
Airs, that wander and murmur round	132
Alas, delicious spring	304
Alas for Sicily ! rude fragments now	257
Alas ! in every clime a flying ray	32
Alas ! they had been friends in youth	130
All are but parts of one stupendous whole	234
All night he will pursue, but his approach	198
All these divine Philosophy explores	298
Also, when he would taste the spicy wreaths	242
Ἄλσος δ' ὡς ἰκόμεσθα βαθύσκιον, εὔρομεν ἔνδον	193
Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes	198
Amid heaps of mountain-wreck	297
An honest man, when Fortune's storms begin	224
And as the new-abashed nightingale	193
And either tropic now 'gan thunder	313
And forth they pass, with pleasure forward led	282
And from the daughter of Zion all her beauty is departed	352
And hence that calm delight the portrait gives	31

	PAGE
And I have sinuous shells of pearly hue	194
And many a Nymph both of the wood and brooke	25
And in the thickest covert of that shade	197
And is there care in heaven? And is there love	270
And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace	80
And now in faith our nest we've made	14
And now the nightingale, not distant far	219
And now, too late, he wishes for the fight	272
And such is Human Life!—so gliding on	190
And yet how lovely in thine age of woe	197
Anon out of the earth a fabric huge	246
Another part, in squadrons and gross bands	325
April hath come on	209
Arethusa arose	186
Around, around, in ceaseless circles wheeling	198
Around these wonders as I cast a look	127
As I came o'er the distant hills	168
As bees in spring-time	310
As gentle shepheard in sweet euen-tide	201
As on the height of some huge eminence	238
As shakes the bough of trembling leaf	263
As shepherds through the vapours grey	34
As some lone miser, visiting his store	152
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form	2
As the fond bird through night and morn	34
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care	274
As those we love decay, we die in part	8
As thus the snows arise, and foul and fierce	348
As when a cloud of gathering hail	206
As when a scout	196
As when a shepherd of the Hebrid isles	200
As when a sudden storm of hail and rain	189
As when almighty Love, in wrathfull mood	300
As when around the clear bright moon the stars	190
As when some hunter in the spring hath found	304
At last a soft and solemn breathing sound	337
At once on the eastern cliff of Paradise	254
At summer's eve, when Heaven's ethereal bow	46
Aurora now in radiant purple drest	301
Awake, my fairest, my espoused, my latest found	201
Åyr gurgling kiss'd his pebbly shore	10
'Αὖς ἀντέλλοισα καλὸν διέφαινε πρόσωπον	131
Back, back;—he fears not foaming flood	100
Bear me ye winds, indulgent to my pains	66
Be not of us afraid	312
Be taught, vain man! how fleeting all thy joys	43
Before the starry threshold of Jove's court	300
Behind her neck her comely tresses tyed	307

	PAGE
Behold! and look away your low despair	213
Behold, how soon what flourish'd once, decays	2
Beloved age of innocence and smiles	28
Beneath that tree's great shadow on the plain	293
Beneath the chilling airs, when I behold	36
Beneath the silent chambers of the earth	251
Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade	141
Between two worlds life hovers like a star	191
Between two rocks (immortal, without mother)	315
Beyond, a well, dark, gleaming	212
Bird of the broad and sweeping wing	121
Birds that are long in cages aw'd.	10
Blessed through love are the Gods above	78
Bless'd youth, regardful of thy doom	159
Blest, who, from guilt and error free	113
Blows not a blossom on the breast of Spring	57
Born in yon blaze of orient sky	64
Breathes there the man, with soul so dead	99
Bride of Paris, such art thou	129
Bright be the place of thy soul	77
Brightest progeny of Heaven	339
Busy, curious, thirsty fly	28
But as the waters of the Northern Sea	236
But canst thou wield the sword and bend the bow	47
But Fame, with golden wings, aloft doth flie	192
But hark, the din of arms! no time for sorrow	83
But his proud head the airy mountain hides.	262
But I deserved;—for all that time.	93
But little now avail'd	277
But Man is born to suffer. On the door	269
But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs	202
But we, th'inglorious common herd of man	326
But when our country's cause provokes to arms	220
But who shall bide Thy tempest? who shall face	247
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed	261
By long wars shaken Greece hath sunk at last	33
By chance conducted or by thirst constrained	295
Cease, O Ulysses! cease at length to mourn	252
Cease, then, nor order imperfection name	234
<i>Χέλματος ἡνεμέντος ἀπ' αἰθέρος οἰχομένοιο</i>	156
Child of the mountains, among shepherds reared	317
Child of the sun! pursue thy rapturous flight	208
Clear had the day been from the dawn	13
Come, friendly bird, by Winter's storm pursued	175
Come live with me and be my love	12
Come, sister, come! (it said or seem'd to say)	6
Come, take thy harp; 'tis vain to muse	61
Come then my friend! my Genius! come along	283

	PAGE
Come track with me this little vagrant rill	232
Confused and struck with silence at the deed	222
Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast	24
Creator Venus, genial power of love	218
Critics I saw, that other names deface	94
Dear as thou wert, and justly dear	120
Dear is my little native vale	42
Deep graved in every British heart	204
Deep in the shady sadness of a vale	291
Departing Summer hath assumed	123
Devouring time, with stealing pace	3
Did I but purpose to embark with thee	12
Disappointed of her game	178
Doomed as we are our native dust	126
Down thither prone in flight	335
Drink to me only with thine eyes	67
Dry your sweet cheek, long drown'd with sorrow's raine	28
Each evening I behold the setting sun	51
Early wert thou taken, Mary	76
E'en such is time, that takes on trust	3
Emily ere day	81
Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade	1
Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky	41
Ethereal race, inhabitants of air	65
Even as a flower, poppy or hyacinth	350
Even now while Saturn, rous'd from icy trance,	255
Even so the gentle Tyrian dame	26
Evening now from purple wings	35
Extol not riches then, the toil of fools	288
Fainter her slow step falls from day to day	36
Fair Amoret is gone astray	66
Fair Liberty pursued, and meant a prey	279
Fair was thy blossom, bonny flower	99
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise	233
Far different there from all that charmed before	129
Far, far from here	353
Far from the sun and summer-gale	211
Far in a wild, unknown to public view	305
Farewell! Farewell; the voice you hear	70
Farewell, too little and too lately known	166
Fate gave the word, the arrow sped	55
Father! thy hand	287
Fired at first sight with what the Muse imparts	235
First in his east the glorious lamp was seen	267
Five thousand warriors—O the rapturous day	338
Flattered with promise of escape	110

	PAGE
Flow on, thou shining river	107
Fond soother of my infant tear	141
For deedes doe die, how ever noblie donne	49
For he could pipe, and daunce, and caroll sweet	24
For, while I sit with thee, I seem in heav'n	194
For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey	9
Fresh as the bordering flower's her bloom	103
Friendship, peculiar boon of Heaven	188
From the birth of mortal man, the sov'reign Maker said	204
From the moist meadow to the wither'd hill	341
Fruit of Aurora's tears, fair rose	91
Full in the centre of these wondrous works	240
Full oft the rivals met, and neither spar'd	268
Full oft we've seen an envious cloud	12
Gather ye Rose-buds while ye may	68
Gay lordlings sought her for their bride	104
Gem of the crimson-coloured eve	139
Go forth, for she is gone	88
Go, lovely rose	134
Go tell Amynta, gentle swain	110
Go then, forgetful of its toil and strife	221
Go tuneful bird, that glad'st the skies	18
Go, wiser thou, and in thy scale of sense	198
Good Heaven! what sorrows gloomed that parting day	25
Green o'er the copses spring's soft hues are spreading	139
Had I a heart for falsehood framed	17
Had thy great destiny but given thee skill	213
Hail Universal Goodness! in full stream	281
Happy the man who his whole time doth bound	177
Happy the man, of mortals happiest he	239
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers	323
Hark! o'er the camp the venom'd tempest sings	194
Hark! the bee winds her small but mellow horn	231
Hark, what low sound from Cintra rock! the air	199
Haste, my reindeer; and let us nimbly go	71
Hast thou a charm to stay the morning-star	256
Have ye beheld the young God of the Seas	227
He ended: and the archangel soon drew nigh	212
He enter'd, but he enter'd full of wrath	255
He heard it, but he heeded not; his eyes	195
He left his home with a swelling sail	156
He look'd and saw wide territory spread	324
He making speedy way thro' spersed ayre	280
He saw, and straight was with amazement strook	201
He scarce had said, when the bare Earth, till then	339
He shall not dread Misfortune's angry mien	11
He the gay garden round about doth fly	258

	PAGE
He was a chieftain of renown ; from youth	328
He went into the woods a laughing boy	21
Hence flourished Greece, and hence a race of men	206
Hence gifted bards	273
Hence through the continent Ten Thousand Greeks	296
Her arms across her breast she laid	82
Her short performance was no sooner tried	231
Her tears fell with the dews at even	21
Here I could frequent	266
Here, in cool grot and mossy cell	158
Here rests his head upon the lap of earth	20
Here should my wonder dwell, and here my praise	309
High in front advanced	276
Him fortune cannot sink or much elate	215
His eyes he open'd and beheld a field	295
His mother from the window look'd	92
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow	265
His spear, to equal which the tallest pine	221
Home they brought her warrior dead	80
Hope elevates and joy	201
How beautiful this night !- the balmiest sigh	256
How dear to me the hour when daylight dies	5
How did'st thou grieve then, Adam, to behold	195
How doth the city sit solitary	351
How has kind heaven adorn'd the happy land	246
How liquid, yet how sweet the strain	163
How pleasant is the opening year	58
How richly glows the water's breast	95
How sleep the brave, who sink to rest	43
How sweet thy modest light to view	140
How vain that second life in other's breath	95
I am the daughter of earth and water	19
I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers	18
I cannot change as others do	68
I care not, Fortune, what you me deny	34
'I come, I come, fair angel,' Saul exclaims	333
I do remember me, that in my youth	284
I have a garden of my own	69
I have found out a gift for my fair	165
I loved my home, but tremble now	51
I ne'er could any lustre see	137
I saw the virtuous man contend	53
I see ambition never pleas'd	38
I see before me the gladiator lie	195
I spoke, when rising through the darkened air	225
I stood, methought, betwixt earth, seas and skies	33
I' th' Library a few choice authors stood	281
I've hung upon the ridgy steep	27

	PAGE
I've seen sae mony changefu' years	117
I weigh not Fortune's frown or smile	38
Icarius, though their love he had approv'd	294
If all the world and love were young	12
If I had thought thou could'st have died	182
If Jove should make a Queen of flowers	40
If the Gods command my marriage	217
If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright	119
Ἰλιῶ ἀίπεινα Πάρις οὐ γάμον, ἀλλὰ τιν' ἔταν	86
Illustrious souls! if any tender cares	226
In all my wanderings round this world of care	88
In climes beyond the solar road	224
In his native vale	329
In other part stood one, who at the forge	207
In summers day, when Phœbus fairly shone	299
In that fair clime, the lonely herdsman, stretched	315
In that soft season, when descending show'rs	33
In the high-towering poplar thus swinging	136
In this small tomb tho' now two bodies lie	2
In vain to me the smiling mornings shine	19
In working well, if travel you sustain	26
Is this a time to be cloudy and sad	102
Island of bliss! amid the subject seas	336
It is a favour'd isle. Famine or blight	245
It is the hour when from the boughs	45
It was an hill plaste in an open plaine	341
J'ai vécu, j'ai passé ce désert de la vie	146
Just guardian of man's social bliss, for thee	47
Leaves have their time to fall	132
Led by the Muses' hand in sightless trance	324
Like one who, doom'd o'er distant seas	107
Like the gale that sighs along	5
Like to the falling of a star	15
Lo! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps	30
Lo streams that April could not check	102
Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutor'd mind	29
Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd hours	37
Lo! where this silent marble weeps	76
Lone isle! though storms have round thy turrets rode	323
Long time in even scale	266
Look downward on that globe, whose hither side	216
Look Nature through, 'tis revolution all	237
Lord of the boundless realm of air	121
Love gives the roses of thy lips	79
Love is an April's doubtful day	21
Love is like the shadow, seen	5
Love still has something of the sea	147

	PAGE
Low in a grassy dingle he was laid	213
Low the woods	347
Low walks the Sun, and broadens by degrees	203
Lyke as a ship, that through the Ocean wyde	48
Mais toujours repasser par une même route	115
Man superior walks	206
Me, let the tender office long engage	2
Meantime o'er rocky Thrace, and the deep vales	238
Mean while the tepid caves, and fens, and shores	348
Meanwhile the south-wind rose, and with black wings	272
Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array	101
Mild arch of promise ! on the ev'ning sky	202
Mild-breathing Zephyr, father of the spring	342
Mind, mind alone, bear witness earth and heaven	310
Mine be a cot beside the hill	69
Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn	169
Mourns't thou, that <i>here</i> the time-worn sufferer ends	90
Much he the place admir'd, the person more	229
My banks they are furnished with bees	55
My boast is not, that I deduce my birth	8
My boyish days are nearly gone	120
My Chloris, mark how green the groves	100
My conscience is my crown	39
My coursers are fed with the lightning	23
My dear and only Love, I pray	182
My eye descending from the hill, surveys	261
My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead	170
My mother's grave! my mother's grave	149
My soul is dark—Oh! quickly string	60
Nations behold, remote from Reason's beams	189
No fish stir in our heaving net	124
No forest fell	247
No more the morn with tepid rays	25
No princely pompe, nor welthie store	125
No product here the barren hills afford	151
No sister e'er hath been to thee with pearly eyes of love	219
No sooner had the Almighty ceas'd, but all	316
No tree that is of count in greenewood growes	354
No unexpected inundations spoil	262
Noon-day and midnight shall at once be seen	14
Nor be the then triumphant state forgot	319
Nor less at hand the loosen'd tempest reigns	297
Nor on beds of fading flowers	7
Nor vain their hope; bright beaming thro' the sky	302
Nor yet when moist Arcturus clouds the sky	253
Nor yet will every soil with equal stores	334

	PAGE
Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note	179
Not seldom, clad in radiant vest	96
Now blooms the lily by the bank	63
Now came still evening on, and twilight grey	215
Now come, ye Naiads, to the fountain lead	326
Now in their turn assisting, they repay	203
Now morn her rosy steps in the eastern clime	331
Now nature hangs her mantle green	62
Now spring returns: but not to me returns	64
Now spring has clad the groves in green	61
Now storming fury rose	244
Now that the winter's gone, the earth hath lost	237
Now the bright morning-star, day's harbinger	205
Now the world is all before us	116
Now through the hall melodious music stole	200
Now when fair morn orient in Heaven appeared	327
Now when fierce Winter, arm'd with wasteful power	108
Now when the height of heaven bright Phœbus gains	228
O Cordoba	264
O gin my love were yon red rose	101
O mother, hear me yet before I die	238
O, Peace! thou source and soul of social life	298
O shore more sweet than life! O hated sea	39
O, sweeter than the marriage-feast	105
O you that bathe in courtly blisse	82
O you, the boldest of the nations, fired	225
Oblivious Sleep, calm Virtue's tranquil guest	346
O'er the wide prospect as I gazed around	33
Of old sat Freedom on the heights	40
Of the bright things in earth and air	150
Oft in the piping shrouds had Leonard heard	293
Oft in the stilly night	67
Oft may the spirits of the dead descend	209
Oft morning dreams presage approaching fate	64
Often would the lad watch with sad fixedness	220
Oh, be thou blest with all that Heaven can send	131
Oh! blest retirement, friend to life's decline	89
Oh! bright occasions of dispensing good	248
Oh! by yonder mossy seat	155
Oh! dismal dole, when the secret soul	6
Oh friendship, cordial of the human heart	151
Oh God, whose thunder shakes the sky	180
Oh! knew he but his happiness, of men	216
Oh! many a dream was in the ship	158
Oh Memory! thou fond deceiver	7
Oh my lost love! no tomb is plac'd for thee	171
Oh partner of my infant griefs and joys	98
Oh! passing beautiful in this wild spot	245

	PAGE
Oh pensive Autumn! how I grieve	22
Oh Phœbus, down the western sky	154
Oh sacred star of evening, tell	157
Oh shame to men! Devil with devil damn'd	200
Oh! who can tell, save those whose hearts have known	48
Oh! woman in our hours of ease	3
ὦ παῖδες, ἢ τοι Κύπρις οὐ Κύπρις μόνον	114
Ὀἶνος μὲν πρῶτιστα θοὴν ἀνὰ νῆα μέλαιναν	318
On parent knees a naked newborn child	1
On thy grey bark, in witness of my flame	48
Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer remember	208
Or if desire of honour was the base	344
Other part prone torrents on the ærial precipice	197
Ὀὐκ ἔθανες, Πρώτη, μετέβης δ' ἐς ἀμείνονα χῶρον	191
Οὐδὲν ἐν ἀνθρώποισι μένει χρῆμ' ἔμπεδον αἶει	90
Our little world, the image of the great	98
Παντοῖην βίβτοιο τάμοις τρίβον· εἰν ἀγορῇ μὲν	37
Part, on the plain, or in the air sublime	290
Peace, babbling Muse	26
Perhaps, in this neglected spot is laid	214
Phyllis, would you have me love you	17
Piled on a hundred arches, ridge by ridge	210
Pleasures are like poppies spread	4
Ποίην τις βίβτοιο τάμοι τρίβον; εἰν ἀγορῇ μὲν	37
Powers celestial, whose protection	72
Queen of the silver bow! by thy pale beam	50
Rapt in ecstatic thought my soul surveys	308
Reader! if to thy bosom cling the pain	36
Reft of thy sons, amid thy foes forlorn	252
Rejoice, O Albion! sever'd from the world	253
Resolved to dust intombed heere lieth Love	130
Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise	329
River, that rollest by the ancient walls	142
Roll on, ye stars! exult in youthful prime	235
Rome's tribes, her census, see; her generous troops	290
Sad night at once, with all her deep-dyed shades	314
Say, doth the dull soil	226
Say, Myra, why is gentle love	44
Scarce the third glass of measured hours was run	260
See, Flavia, see that budding rose	161
See! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs	195
See how beneath the moonbeam's smile	9
See how the feather'd blossoms through the air	29
Shall I be left forgotten in the dust	214

	PAGE
She comes! the Goddess! through the whispering air	227
She dwelt among the untrodden ways	23
She lay among the myrtles on the cliff	306
She leaves us: many a gentler breast	137
She looks upon his lips, and they are pale	289
She was not fair to outward view	39
She woos her embryo-flowers in vain	71
Shun delays, they breed remorse	85
Since our country, our God—Oh, my sire	148
Sir Cauline just lifte up his eye	147
Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race be run	125
Small are my treasures, my domain is small	7
Smooth to the shelving brink a copious flood	248
Smoothly flowing through verdant vales	74
So every spirit, as it is most pure	192
So fast he flies, that his reviewing eye	271
So glides along the wanton brook	31
So he with difficulty and labour hard	221
So her disembowelled web	254
So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name	30
So said, he, o'er his sceptre bowing, rose	318
So spake he, and was buckling tighter black Auster's band	303
So spake he, half in anger, half in scorn	312
So spake the grisly Terror, and in shape	299
So Scotia's queen, as slowly dawned the day	194
So the sad mother at the noon of night	217
So the struck eagle, stretcht upon the plain	191
So the tall stag, upon the brink	209
So to the dark-brow'd wood, or sacred mount	11
So Zembla's rocks (the beauteous work of frost)	192, 311
Song should breathe of scent and flowers	75
Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew	249
Soul of the just! companion of the dead	278
Sound of vernal showers	45
Statesman, yet friend to truth, of soul sincere	3
Stay, rivulet, nor haste to leave	142
Stella and Flavia every hour	109
Stern o'er each bosom Reason holds her state	205
Stiff with cternal ice and hidden snow	229
Still glides the gentle streamlet on	74
Still is the toiling hand of Care	134
Still to be neat, still to be drest	23
Stone walls doe not a prison make	4
Strong god of arms! whose iron sceptre sways	265
Such feelings Nature prompts, and hence your rites	302
Such were the notes that from the pirate's isle	105
Suns that set, and moons that wane	54
Sure thou didst flourish once	10
Sweet to the morning traveller	136

	PAGE
Sweet bird, that sing'st away the early hours	49
Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright	78
Sweet nurslings of the vernal skies	92
Sweet was the scene! apart, the cedars stood	278
Sweetly breathing vernal Air	128
Take, holy earth, all that my soul holds dear	20
Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean	240
Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind	22
Tell me, on what holy ground	15
Tell me, thou soul of her I love	86
That Saturn's sons received the three-fold empire.	257
That there's a self, which after death shall live	251
The adorning thee with so much art	1
The adversary hath spread out his hand upon all her pleasant things	352
The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold	166
The Autumn skies are flush'd with gold	19
The bird let loose in Eastern skies	59
The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power	214
The boatmen shout, 'Tis time to part	70
The clouds that wrap the setting sun	65
The colour from the flower is gone	13
The crowd are gone, the revellers are at rest	288
The current, that with gentle murmur glides	236
The dead are in their silent graves	152
The dewdrop, that at first of day	31
The envious snows came down in haste	1
The fields which with covetous spirit we sold	146
The first fresh dawn then waked the gladdened race	243
The flying Mede, his shaftless broken bow	355
The Fury heard, while on Cocytus' brink	233
The hills and dales and the delightful woods	249
The house was a large square: but plain and low	283
The knights past through the castles largest gate	331
The lark that shuns on lofty boughs to build	190
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day	1
The little flow'ret's peaceful lot	62
The lonely shepherd on the mountain's side	10
The lopped tree in time may grow again	167
The man to solitude accustom'd long	234
The Minstrel Boy to the war is gone	106
The mind contemplative finds nothing here	189
The misty clouds that fall sometime	6
The morning hath not lost her morning blush	220
The morning-lark, the messenger of day	81
The night it was still, and the moon it shone	143
The night was winter in his roughest mood	292
The night of sorrow now is turned to day	15
The praiser stint of Arcita the stronge	267

	PAGE
The purblind hare, mark the poor wretch	223
The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes	259
The rites derived from ancient days	75
The rose was sick and smiling died	77
The sailor sighs as sinks his native shore	181
The silent moon had scaled the vaulted skies	144
The sky is changed!—and such a change! O night	286
The sky is overcast	321
The smiling morn, the breathing spring	83
The smiling Spring comes in rejoicing	54
The soote season, that bud and bloom forth brings	32
The sounds and seas, each creek and bay	228
The stag now conscious of his fatal growth	271
The stag too, singled from the herd, where long	313
The strife is o'er—the pangs of Nature close	204
The subtle spoiler, of the beaver kind	332
The sun beholds no mirror in his race	211
The sun is careering in glory and might	27
The sun is couch'd, the sea-fowl gone to rest	207
The sun, when he hath spread his rays.	336
The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there	208
The swain in barren deserts with surprise	275
The visions of my youth are past	161
The Warrior here, in arms no more	16
The way was long, the wind was cold	172
The weary mariner so fast not flies	46
The wide-spread ruins, still august	199
The wide world's accidents are apt to change	114
The wild swan's death-hymn took the soul	241
The wind blew hollow frae the hills	116
The wind, that beats the mountain, blows	50
The winds are high, and Helle's tide	84
The wished-for wind was given:—I then revolved	124
The wrathful winter hast'ning on apace	320
The wretch condemned with life to part	6
Their groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon	57
Then came the smallest tribe I yet had seen	94
Then did he set her by that snowy one	276
Then did religion in a lazy cell	309
Then other joys invite	273
Then with a glance of fancy to survey.	217
Thence to the coverts and the conscious groves	271
There is a cave	230
There is a gentle nymph not far from hence.	345
There's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream	97
There lies a vale in Ida, lovelier	319
There lives and works a soul in all things	225
There was a poet whose untimely tomb	275
There was a time when Ætna's silent fire	282

	PAGE
Therefore they might not taste of fleshly food	285
These are the forgeries of jealousy	355
These are thy glorious works, Parent of good	286
They fell devoted, but undying	5
They heard, and were abashed, and up they sprung	334
They tell us of an Indian tree	41
This is the hour, the hour of rest	108
This is the sable stone, this is the cave	60
This morning, timely rapt with holy fire	82
Thou art perched aloft on the beetling crag	121
Thou as a gallant bark from Albion's coast	145
Thou, Calpe, saw'st their coming; ancient rock	242
Thou didst, O mighty God, exist	171
Thou rising sun, whose gladsome ray	160
Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and soul	196
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though small	284
Though till now ungraced in story, scant although thy waters be	353
Thoughtless of beauty, she was Beauty's self	193
Thrice the sad father tore thee from his heart	164
Through groves sequestered, dark and still	56
Thus by himself compelled to live each day	112
Thus having reached a bridge that overarched	239
Thus kings by grasping more than they could hold	279
Thus may that lovely bloom for ever glow	41
Thus saying, from her husband's hand her hand	343
Thus then to man the voice of nature spake	274
Thus they pursued	263
Thus they their doubtful consultations dark	199
Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride	11
Thus the gay moth by sun and vernal gales	190
Thus was peace in vain	253
Thy braes were bonny, Yarrow stream	91
Thy fair ideas, thy delightful forms	258
Thy trees, fair Windsor! now shall leave their woods	292
Thyrsis, when we parted, swore	42
Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour	17
Time, fly with greater speed away	89
Time wears all his locks before	85
'Tis believed that this Harp, which I wake now for thee	106
'Tis done! dread Winter spreads his latest glooms	287
'Tis earth shall lead destruction	340
'Tis midnight: on the mountains brown	174
'Tis morn: with gold the verdant mountain glows	218
'Tis past: the iron north has spent his rage	63
'Tis past—the struggle now is o'er	153
'Tis sung in ancient minstrelsy	113
To fix her, 'twere a task as vain	154
To him who in an hour must die	44
To hope where hope is vain	115

	PAGE
To me most happy therefore he appears	280
To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell	291
True, thou art rich, art powerful!—through thine isle	306
Turn, gentle hermit of the dale	176
Turn we a moment Fancy's rapid flight	305
'Twas on a lofty vase's side	183
'Twas when the seas were roaring	163
Unbending midst the wintry skies	11
Under his proud survey the city lies	229
Under the hollow hanging of this hill	301
Underneath this marble herse	3
Vital spark of heavenly flame	123
Waft me, some soft and cooling breeze	73
Waked by his warmer ray, the reptile young	260
Was nought around but images of rest	126
We wandered to the Pine Forest	135
Weep no more, nor sigh, nor groan	8
Weep not over poet's wrong	52
Weigh me the fire, or canst thou find	94
Well then the promis'd hour is come at last	344
We've trod the maze of error round	109
What are the gay parterre, the chequer'd shade	4
What art thou, Love? thou great, mysterious thing	210
What does not fade? The tower that long had stood	225
What doth it serve to see the sun's bright face	16
What, if the breath, that kindled those grim fires	268
What though no weeping loves thy ashes grace	14
What though not all of mortal offspring	330
Whate'er adorns the princely dome	211
Whatever greens the spring	216
When evening grey doth rise, I fetch my round	308
When fair Serena first I knew	104
When forc'd the fair nymph to forego	103
When from the heart where sorrow sits	35
When from the pallid sky the sun descends	232
When he, who adores thee, has left but the name	93
When I think on your truth, I doubt you no more	45
When if a sudden gust of wind arise	250
When lovely woman stoops to folly	35
When marshall'd on the nightly plain	162
When Neptune towering o'er her Adrian wave	4
When o'er the blasted heath the day declined	127
When tempests with their train impend on high	202
When the fresh spring in all her state is crown'd	230
When the gay sun first breaks the shades of night	321

	PAGE
When the tree waves and bends, we know	2
When the warm sun, that brings	138
When the winter wind whistles along the wild moor	144
When thy last breath, ere nature sunk to rest	35
When Venus from her orb descends in showers	241
Where, doomed to poverty's sequestered dell	128
Where now the haughty Empire that was spread	196
Where the remote Bermudas ride	174
Where these rude rocks on Bernard's summit nod	29
Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch	38
While hunters bold ride homeward with the spoil	9
While musing thus, with contemplation fed	259
While sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes	223
While the winds whistle round my cheerless room	111
Who train'd thee up in arms but I	244
Why fearest thou thy outward foe	53
Why sitt'st thou by that ruined hall	56
Why would'st thou leave me, oh! gentle child	122
Winde, gentle evergreen to form a shade	9
Winds, whisper gently while she sleeps	58
Wish not for beauty's darling features	43
With every bounding keel, that dares my rage	226
With head reclin'd, the snowdrop see	59
With more than mortal powers endowed	173
Woman, the gift of Heav'n, demands our love	2
Woods, hills, and rivers, now are desolate	84
Wrapt into future times the bard begun	322
Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon	111
Ye birds! for whom I reared the grove	72
Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow	241
Ye learned heads, whom ivy garlands grace	210
Ye scattered birds, that faintly sing	117
Ye shining hosts, that navigate a sea	258
Yestreen the mountain's rugged brow	285
Yet awhile, sweet Sleep, deceive me	7
Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check'd	327
Yet what avails the sanguine poet's hope	205
You meaner beauties of the night	133

WORKS

EDITED FOR THE SYNDICS

OF THE

Cambridge University Press.

SOLD BY

DEIGHTON, BELL & CO. CAMBRIDGE,

AND BY

GEORGE COX, CAMBRIDGE WAREHOUSE,

32 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

Pearson's Exposition of the Creed, edited by TEMPLE CHEVALLIER, B.D. Professor of Mathematics in the University of Durham, and late Fellow and Tutor of St Catharine's College, Cambridge. Second Edition. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Select Discourses, by John Smith, late Fellow of Queens' College, Cambridge. Edited by H. G. WILLIAMS, B.D. Professor of Arabic in the University. Royal 8vo. 10s. 6d.

The Works of Isaac Barrow, compared with the Original MSS. enlarged with Materials hitherto unpublished. A new Edition, by A. NAPIER, M.A. of Trinity College, Vicar of Holkham, Norfolk. 9 Vols. Demy Octavo. £4 14s. 6d.

A Treatise of the Pope's Supremacy, and a Discourse concerning the Unity of the Church, by ISAAC BARROW. One Volume, 8vo. 12s.

The Mathematical Works of Isaac Barrow, D.D. Edited for Trinity College by W. WHEWELL, D.D. Master of the College. Just Published, Demy 8vo. cloth boards, Price 15s.

University of Cambridge Local Examinations. Examination Papers, with lists of Syndics and Examiners, and the Regulations, &c. for the Examination in 1859. With the Regulations for 1860. Demy Octavo. 2s. By Post 2s. 2d.

The Examination Papers for 1860 also ready. Demy octavo. 2s. By Post 2s. 2d.

The Class Lists for 1859 and 1860, Price 6d. each, or by Post for Seven Stamps.

First Annual Report of the Syndicate presented to the Senate. Price 1s. or by Post for Thirteen Stamps.

Second Report. Price 1s. or by Post for Thirteen Stamps.

Wheatly on the Common Prayer, edited by G. E. CORRIE, D.D. Master of Jesus College, Examining Chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Ely. 12s. 6d.

Sancti Irenæi Episcopi Lugdunensis Libros quinque adversus Hæreses textu Græco in locis nonnullis locupletato, versione Latina cum Codicibus Claromontano ac Arundeliano denuo collata, præmissa de placitis Gnosticorum prolusione, fragmenta necnon Græce, Syriace, Armeniace, commentatione perpetua et indicibus variis edidit W. WIGAN HARVEY, S.T.B. Collegii Regalis olim socius. 2 Vols. Demy Octavo. 36s.

The Gospel according to Saint Matthew in Anglo-Saxon and Northumbrian Versions, synoptically arranged : with Collations of the best Manuscripts. By J. M. KEMBLE, M.A. and Archdeacon HARDWICK, late Christian Advocate. 10s.

Cambridge Greek and English Testament, in Parallel Columns on the same page. Edited by J. SCHOLEFIELD, M.A. late Regius Professor of Greek in the University. A new Edition printed on Demy 4to. Writing Paper, with large margin for MS. notes. 12s.

Cambridge Greek and English Testament, in Parallel Columns on the same page. Edited by J. SCHOLEFIELD, M.A. late Regius Professor of Greek in the University. Fourth Edition. Small Octavo. 7s. 6d.

Cambridge Greek Testament. Ex editione Stephani tertia, 1550. Small Octavo. 3s. 6d.

*A Catalogue of the Manuscripts preserved in the Library of the University of Cambridge. Vol. I. Demy Octavo. 30s. Vol. II. 20s. Vol. III. 25s.
Vol. IV. In the Press.*

Catalogus Bibliothecæ Burckhardtianæ, cum Appendice librorum aliorum Orientalium in Bibliotheca Academiæ Cantabrigiæ asservatorum. Jussu Syndicorum Preli Academici confecit T. PRESTON, A.M. Collegii SS. Trinitatis Socius. Demy 4to. 5s.

M. T. Ciceronis de Officiis Libri tres, with Marginal Analysis, an English Commentary, and copious Indices, by H. A. HOLDEN, M.A. Head Master of Ipswich School, late Fellow and Assistant Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge. Post 8vo. 9s. 6d.

- M. T. Ciceronis *Oratio pro Tito Annio Milone*, with a Translation of Asconius' Introduction, Marginal Analysis, and English Notes, by J. S. PURTON, M.A. President and Tutor of St Catharine's College. Post Octavo. 3s. 6d.
- M. Minucii Felicis *Octavius*. *The text newly revised* from the Original MS. with an English Commentary, Analysis, Introduction, and Copious Indices. Edited by H. A. HOLDEN, M.A. Head Master of Ipswich School, late Fellow and Assistant Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge. Crown Octavo. 9s. 6d.
- Cæsar Morgan's *Investigation of the Trinity of Plato*, and of Philo Judæus, and of the effects which an attachment to their writings had upon the principles and reasonings of the Fathers of the Christian Church. A new Edition, revised by H. A. HOLDEN, M.A. Head Master of Ipswich School, late Fellow and Assistant Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge. Crown Octavo. 4s.
- Theophili *Episcopi Antiochensis Libri Tres ad Autolyicum*. Edidit, Prolegomenis Versione Notulis Indicibus instruxit GULIELMUS GILSON HUMPHRY, S.T.B. Collegii Sanctiss. Trin. apud Cantabrigienses quondam Socius. Post Octavo. 6s.
- De Obligatione Conscientiæ Prælectiones Decem* Oxonii in Schola Theologica habitæ a ROBERTO SANDERSON, SS. Theologiæ ibidem Professore Regio. With English Notes, including an abridged Translation, by W. WHEWELL, D.D. Master of Trinity College. Octavo. 9s.
- Grotius *de Jure Belli et Pacis*, with the notes of Barbeyrac and others; accompanied by an abridged Translation of the Text, by W. WHEWELL, D.D. Master of Trinity College. Three Volumes, Octavo, 42s. The translation separate, 14s.
- The Homilies, with Various Readings, and the Quotations from the Fathers given at length in the Original Languages*. Edited by G. E. CORRIE, D.D. Master of Jesus College, Examining Chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Ely. Octavo. 10s. 6d.
- Archbishop Usher's Answer to a Jesuit, with other Tracts on Popery*. Edited by J. SCHOLEFIELD, M.A. late Regius Professor of Greek in the University. Octavo. 13s. 6d.

Wilson's *Illustration of the Method of explaining the New Testament*, by the early opinions of Jews and Christians concerning Christ. Edited by T. TURTON, D.D. Lord Bishop of Ely. Octavo. 8s.

Lectures on Divinity delivered in the University of Cambridge. By John Hey, D.D. Third Edition, by T. TURTON, D.D. Lord Bishop of Ely. 2 vols. 8vo. 30s.

Theophylacti in Evangelium S. Matthæi Commentarius. Edited by W. G. HUMPHRY, B.D. Prebendary of St Paul's, and Vicar of St Martin's-in-the-Fields, London, late Fellow of Trinity College. Octavo. 14s.

Tertullianus de Corona Militis, de Spectaculis, de Idololatria, with Analysis and English Notes, by GEORGE CURREY, B.D. Preacher at the Charter House, late Fellow and Tutor of St John's College. Crown Octavo. 7s. 6d.

Astronomical Observations, for the Years 1849, 1850, and 1851, made at the Observatory of Cambridge, by the Rev. JAMES CHALLIS, M.A. Plumian Professor of Astronomy and Experimental Philosophy in the University of Cambridge, and late Fellow of Trinity College. Royal 4to. Ready. 25s.

Astronomical Observations, for the Years 1846, 1847, and 1848, made at the Observatory of Cambridge, by the Rev. JAMES CHALLIS, M.A. Plumian Professor of Astronomy and Experimental Philosophy in the University of Cambridge, and late Fellow of Trinity College. Royal 4to, 420 pages, 25s.

* * * The Publishers are directed to offer a limited number of Copies of the Cambridge Observations of former years at the following reduced prices :—

For the years		For the years	
1828 and 29	at 4s. } each	1839.....	at 11s. 6d.
1830, 31, 32, 33, 34, and 35 ...	5s. } year	1840 and 1841	17s. 6d.
1836	8s. 6d.	1842	17s.
1837	10s. 6d.	1843	15s.
1838	14s.	1844 and 1845	8s.

Cambridge : DEIGHTON, BELL AND CO.

London : GEORGE COX, CAMBRIDGE WAREHOUSE,
32 PATERNOSTER ROW.

MESSRS.

DEIGHTON, BELL, AND CO.'S

LIST OF BOOKS.

CLASSICAL.

Cambridge Greek and Latin Texts. Carefully
reprinted from the best Editions :

This Series is intended to supply for the use of schools and students cheap and accurate editions of the Classics, which shall be superior in mechanical execution to the small German editions now current in this country, and more convenient in form. The Texts of the *Bibliotheca Classica* and Grammar-school Classics, so far as they have been published, will be adopted. These editions have taken their place among scholars as valuable contributions to the classical literature of this country, and are admitted to be good examples of the judicious and practical nature of English scholarship; and as the editors have formed their texts from a careful examination of the best editions extant, it is believed that no texts better for general use can be found. The volumes will be well printed at the Cambridge University Press, in 16mo. size, and will be issued at short intervals, neatly bound in cloth.

NOVUM TESTAMENTUM GRÆCUM, TEXTUS STEPHANICI, 1550. Accedunt variæ lectiones editionum Bezae, Elzeviri, Lachmanni, Tischendorfii, et Tregellesii. Curante F. H. SCRIVENER, A.M. 4s. 6d.

An Edition on Writing Paper, for Notes, 4to. half-bound. 12s.

ÆSCHYLUS, ex novissima recensione F. A. PALEY, A.M. 3s.

CÆSAR DE BELLO GALLICO, ex recensione G. LONG, A.M. 2s.

CICERO DE SENECTUTE et DE AMICITIA, recensuit G. LONG, A.M. 1s. 6d.

EURIPIDES, ex recensione F. A. PALEY, A.M. 3 Vols. Vol. I. 3s. 6d. Vol. II. 3s. 6d. Vol. III. 3s. 6d.

HERODOTUS, recensuit J. W. BLAKESLEY, S.T.B. 2 vols. 7s.

HORATIUS, ex recensione A. J. MACLEANE, A.M. 2s. 6d.

LUCRETIUS, recognovit H. A. J. MUNRO, M.A. 2s. 6d.

THUCYDIDES, recensuit J. G. DONALDSON, S.T.P. 2 vols. 7s.

VERGILIUS, ex recensione J. CONINGTON, A.M. 3s. 6d.

XENOPHONTIS EXPEDITIO CYRI, recensuit J. F. MACMICHAEL, A.B.
[In the Press.]

Others in Preparation.

Passages in Prose and Verse from English

Authors for Translation into Greek and Latin; together with selected Passages from Greek and Latin Authors for Translation into English: forming a regular course of Exercises in Classical Composition. By H. ALFORD, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. 8vo. 6s.

Gems of Latin Poetry. With Translations by various Authors, to which are added Notes and Illustrations. By A. AMOS, Esq., late Downing Professor of the Laws of England. 8vo. 12s.

Arundines Cami. Sive Musarum Cantabrigiensium Lusum Canori. Collegit atque ed. H. DRURY, A.M. *A New and cheaper Edition (the Fifth), revised and corrected.* Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Demosthenes de Falsa Legatione. *Second Edition, carefully revised.* By R. SHILLETTO, M.A. 8vo. 8s. 6d.

Demosthenes, Select Private Orations of. After the Text of DINDORF, with the various Readings of REISKE and BEKKER. With English Notes. For the use of Schools. By C. T. PENROSE, A.M. *Second Edition.* 12mo. 4s.

A Complete Latin Grammar. *Second Edition.* Very much enlarged, and adapted for the use of University Students. By J. W. DONALDSON, D.D. 8vo. 14s.

The enlarged Edition of the Latin Grammar has been prepared with the same object as the corresponding work on the Greek Language. It is, however, especially designed to serve as a convenient handbook for those students who wish to acquire the habit of writing Latin; and with this view it is furnished with an Antibarbarus, with a full discussion of the most important synonyms, and with a variety of information not generally contained in works of this description.

A Complete Greek Grammar. *Second Edition.* Very much enlarged and adapted for the use of University Students. By J. W. DONALDSON, D.D. 8vo. 16s.

This enlarged Edition has been prepared with the intention of placing within the reach of Students at the Universities, and in the highest classes at Schools, a Manual of Instruction and Reference, which, without exceeding the limits of the most popular Works of the kind, would exhibit a more exact and philosophical arrangement of the materials than any similar book; would connect itself more immediately with the researches of comparative Philologists; and would contain the sort of information which the Author's long experience as a Teacher and Examiner has indicated to him as most likely to meet the actual wants of those who are engaged in the critical study of the best Greek authors.

Without being formally based on any German Work, it has been written with constant reference to the latest and most esteemed of Greek Grammars used on the Continent.

Varronianus. A Critical and Historical Introduction to the Philological Study of the Latin Language. *Third Edition, considerably enlarged.* By J. W. DONALDSON, D.D. 8vo. 16s.

Independently of the original matter which will be found in almost every page, it is believed that this book presents a collection of known facts respecting the old languages of Italy which will be found in no single work, whether British or foreign, and which must be gleaned from a considerable number of rare and expensive publications; and while the lists of Oscan and Etruscan glosses, and the reprint of fragments and inscriptions, may render the treatise an indispensable addition to the dictionary, and a convenient manual for the professed student of Latin, it is hoped that the classical traveller in Italy will find the information amassed and arranged in these pages, sufficient to spare him the trouble of carrying with him a voluminous library of reference in regard to the subjects of which it treats.

The Theatre of the Greeks. A Treatise on the

History and Exhibition of the Greek Drama: with various Supplements. By J. W. DONALDSON, D.D. *Seventh Edition*, revised, enlarged, and in part remodelled; with numerous illustrations from the best ancient authorities. 8vo. 14s.

Classical Scholarship and Classical Learning con-

sidered with especial reference to Competitive Tests and University Teaching. A Practical Essay on Liberal Education. By J. W. DONALDSON, D.D. Crown 8vo. 5s.

A Treatise on Hannibal's Passage of the Alps, in

which his Route is traced over the Little Mont Cenis. By R. ELLIS, B.D., Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. With Maps. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Euripides. Fabulæ Quatuor. Scilicet, Hippo-

lytus Coronifer, Alcestis, Iphigenia in Aulide, Iphigenia in Tauris. Ad fidem Manuscriptorum ac veterum Editionum emendavit et Annotationibus instruxit J. H. MONK, S.T.P. *Editio nova*. 8vo. 12s.

Separately—HIPPOLYTUS. 8vo. cloth, 5s. ALCESTIS. 8vo. sewed, 4s. 6d.

Euripides. Tragœdiæ Priores Quatuor, ad fidem

Manuscriptorum emendatæ et brevibus Notis instructæ. Edidit R. PORSON, A.M., &c. recensuit suasque notulas subjecit J. SCHOLEFIELD, A.M. *Editio tertia*. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Foliorum Silvula. Part I. Being Select Passages

for Translation into Latin Elegiac and Heroic Verse. Arranged and Edited by H. A. HOLDEN, M.A., Head Master of Queen Elizabeth's School, Ipswich, late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. *Second Edition*. Post 8vo. 6s.

Foliorum Silvula. Part II. Being Select Passages

for Translation into Latin Lyric and Greek Verse. By H. A. HOLDEN, M.A. *Second Edition*. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Foliorum Centuriæ. Selections for Translation into

Latin and Greek Prose, chiefly from the University and College Examination Papers. By H. A. HOLDEN, M.A. *Second Edition*. Post 8vo. 8s.

Hyperides, The Funeral Oration of, over Leosthe-

nes and his Comrades in the Lamian War. The Fragments of the Greek Text edited with Notes and an Introduction, and an engraved Facsimile of the whole Papyrus. By C. BABINGTON, B.D. *Second Edition, corrected*. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Imperial 4to. Edition, with 7 tinted plates, in imitation of the Papyrus. 15s.

Hyperides, The Oration of, against Demosthenes

respecting the Treasure of Harpalus. The Fragments of the Greek Text, now first edited from the Facsimile of the MS. discovered at Egyptian Thebes in 1847; together with other Fragments of the same Oration cited in Ancient Writers. With a Preliminary Dissertation and Notes, and a Facsimile of a portion of the MS. By C. BABINGTON, B.D. 4to. 6s. 6d.

Progressive Exercises in Greek Tragic Senarii, followed by a Selection from the Greek Verses of Shrewsbury School, and prefaced by a short Account of the Iambic Metre and Style of Greek Tragedy. For the use of Schools and Private Students. Edited by B. H. KENNEDY, D.D., Head Master of Shrewsbury School. *Second Edition, altered and revised.* 8vo. 8s.

Dissertations on the Eumenides of Æschylus, from the German of C. O. MÜLLER. With Critical Remarks and an Appendix. Translated from the German. *Second Edition.* 8vo. 6s. 6d.

Platonis Protagoras. The Protagoras of Plato. The Greek Text revised, with an Analysis and English Notes. By W. WAYTE, M.A., Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and Assistant Master at Eton. 8vo. 5s. 6d.

M. A. Plautus. Aulularia. Ad fidem Codicum qui in Bibliotheca Musei Britannici exstant aliorumque nonnullorum recensuit, Notisque et Glossario locuplete instruxit J. HILDYARD, A.M. *Editio Altera.* 8vo. 7s. 6d.

M. A. Plautus. Menæchmei. Ad fidem Codicum qui in Bibliotheca Musei Britannici exstant aliorumque nonnullorum recensuit, Notisque et Glossario locuplete instruxit J. HILDYARD, A.M. *Editio Altera.* 7s. 6d.

Sex Aurelii Propertii Carmina. The Elegies of Propertius. With English Notes and a Preface on the State of Latin Scholarship. By F. A. PALEY, Editor of Æschylus, &c. With copious Indices. 10s. 6d.

Sophocles, The Œdipus Coloneus of, with Notes, intended principally to explain and defend the Text of the Manuscripts as opposed to conjectural emendation. By the Rev. C. E. PALMER, M.A. 9s.

Cornelii Taciti Opera, ad Codices antiquissimos exacta et emendata, Commentario critico et exegetico illustrata. 4 vols. 8vo. Edidit F. RITTER, Prof. Bonnensis. 1l. 8s.

MATHEMATICS.

ARITHMETIC AND ALGEBRA.

Principles and Practice of Arithmetic. By the Rev. J. HIND, M.A. *Eighth Edition*, with Questions. 4s. 6d.

A Second Appendix of Miscellaneous Questions, (many of which have been taken from the Examination Papers given in the University during the last few years,) has been added to the present edition of this work, which the Author considers will conduce greatly to its practical utility, especially for those who are intended for mercantile pursuits.

** KEY, with Questions for Examination. *Second Edition.* 5s.

Principles and Practice of Arithmetical Algebra,
with Examples. By the Rev. J. HIND, M.A. *Third Edition.* 12mo. 5s.

Designed as a sequel to the Arithmetic, and affording an easy transition from Arithmetic to Algebra—the process being fully exemplified from the Cambridge Examination Papers.

Elements of Algebra. By the Rev. J. HIND, M.A.
Sixth Edition, revised. 540 pp. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Treatise on Algebra. By GEORGE PEACOCK, D.D.,
late Dean of Ely. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.

Treatise on the Theory of Algebraical Equations.
By the Rev. J. HYMERS, D.D. *Third Edition.* 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Collection of Examples in Arithmetic, Algebra,
Geometry, Logarithms, Trigonometry, Conic Sections, Mechanics, &c.,
with Answers and Occasional Hints. By the Rev. A. WRIGLEY, M.A.
Fifth Edition. 8vo. 8s. 6d.

A Companion to Wrigley's Collection of Ex-
amples and Problems, being Illustrations of Mathematical Processes and
Methods of Solution. By J. PLATTS, Esq., and Rev. A. WRIGLEY, M.A.
Nearly Ready.

Elementary Course of Mathematics. By the
Very Rev. HARVEY GOODWIN, D.D., Dean of Ely. *Fifth Edition.*
8vo. 15s.

Collection of Problems and Examples, adapted to
the Elementary Course of Mathematics. By H. GOODWIN, D.D. *Second
Edition.* 8vo. 6s.

TRIGONOMETRY.

Elements of Plane and Spherical Trigonometry.
By the Rev. J. HIND, M.A. *Fifth Edition.* 12mo. 6s.

Designed to enable the Student to become acquainted with the principles and applications of Trigonometry, without requiring of him anything more than a knowledge of the Elements of Geometry and a facility in the common operations of Arithmetic and Algebra.

Solutions of the Trigonometrical Problems pro-
posed at St. John's College, Cambridge, from 1829 to 1846. By the Rev.
T. GASKIN, M.A. 8vo. 9s.

Syllabus of a Course of Lectures upon Trigo-
nometry and the Application of Algebra to Geometry. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

MECHANICS AND HYDROSTATICS.

Elementary Hydrostatics for Junior Students.

By R. POTTER, M.A., late Fellow of Queens' College, Cambridge, Professor of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy in University College, London. 7s. 6d.

Written to supply a Text-book for a Junior Mathematical Class, and to include the various Propositions that can be solved without a Differential Calculus.

The author has endeavoured to meet the wants of students who may look to hydraulic engineering as their profession, as well as those who learn the subject in the course of scientific education.

The Propositions in Mechanics and Hydrostatics

which are required for those who are not Candidates for Honours. By A. C. BARRETT, M.A. *Second Edition.* Crown 8vo. 6s.

Mechanical Euclid. Containing the Elements of

Mechanics and Hydrostatics. By W. WHEWELL, D.D. *Fifth Edition.* 5s.

Elementary Statics. By C. J. ELLICOTT, B.A.

8vo. 4s. 6d.

Elementary Statics. By the Very Rev. H.

GOODWIN, D.D., Dean of Ely. Crown 8vo. 6s.

Elementary Dynamics. By H. GOODWIN, D.D.

Crown 8vo. 5s.

A Treatise on Statics. By the Rev. S. EARNSHAW,

M.A. *Fourth Edition.* 8vo. 10s.

Dynamics, or, a Treatise on Motion. By the

Rev. S. EARNSHAW, M.A. *Third Edition.* 8vo. 14s.

A Treatise on the Dynamics of a Rigid Body.

By the Rev. W. N. GRIFFIN, M.A. 8vo. 6s. 6d.

* * * SOLUTIONS OF THE EXAMPLES. 8vo. 6s.

Problems in illustration of the Principles of Theo-

retical Mechanics. By W. WALTON, M.A. *Second Edition.* 8vo. 18s.

Treatise on the Motion of a Single Particle and

of two Particles acting on one another. By A. SANDEMAN. 8vo. 8s. 6d.

Of Motion. An Elementary Treatise. By the

Rev. J. R. LUNN, M.A., Fellow and Lady Sadleir's Lecturer of St. John's College. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

This Book is adapted to those who have not a knowledge of the Differential Calculus, as well as to those who, having a knowledge of it, wish to confine themselves to the Elementary portions of the Science of Motion. An Appendix contains certain Geometrical properties of the Cycloid, and a number of Problems from recent Examination-Papers in the Senate House and St. John's College.

Treatise on Hydrostatics and Hydrodynamics.

W. H. BESANT, M.A. 8vo. 9s.

In compiling this Treatise, the author has endeavoured to place before the reader the course of study in Theoretical Hydrostatics and Hydrodynamics, which is usually required in the Examination for the Mathematical Tripos. The Examples have been chosen almost entirely from the Senate-house Papers of the last few years and from the Examination Papers of St. John's College and Caius College.

The Principles of Hydrostatics. By T. WEBSTER,

M.A. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Problems in illustration of the Principles of Theoretical Hydrostatics and Hydrodynamics. By W. WALTON, M.A. 8vo.

10s. 6d.

Collection of Elementary Problems in Statics and Dynamics. Designed for Candidates for Honours, first three days.

By W. WALTON, M.A. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

CONIC SECTIONS AND ANALYTICAL
GEOMETRY.

Conic Sections. Their principal Properties proved

Geometrically. By W. WHEWELL, D.D., Master of Trinity. *Third Edition.* 8vo. 2s. 6d.

The Geometrical Construction of a Conic Section.

By the Rev. T. GASKIN, M.A. 8vo. 3s.

Treatise on Conic Sections. By the Rev. J.

HYMERS, D.D. *Third Edition.* 8vo. 9s.

A Treatise on the Application of Analysis to

Solid Geometry. By D. F. GREGORY, M.A., and W. WALTON, M.A. *Second Edition.* 8vo. 12s.

The Elements of Conic Sections. By J. D.

HUSTLER, B.D. *Fourth Edition.* 8vo. 4s. 6d.

A Treatise on Plane Co-ordinate Geometry. By

the Rev. M. O'BRIEN, M.A. 8vo. 9s.

A Treatise on Analytical Geometry of Three

Dimensions. By J. HYMERS, D.D. *Third Edition,* 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Problems in illustration of the Principles of

Plane Co-ordinate Geometry. By W. WALTON, M.A. 8vo. 16s.

Solutions of the Geometrical Problems proposed

at St. John's College, from 1830 to 1846. By the Rev. T. GASKIN, M.A. 8vo. 12s.

DIFFERENTIAL AND INTEGRAL CALCULUS.

An Elementary Treatise on the Differential Calculus. By W. H. MILLER, M.A. *Third Edition.* 8vo. 6s.

Elementary Treatise on the Differential Calculus, in which the method of Limits is exclusively made use of. By the Rev. M. O'BRIEN, M.A. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

A Manual of the Differential Calculus. With Simple Examples. By HOMERSHAM COX, B.A. 4s.

Treatise on the Differential Calculus. By W. WALTON, M.A. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

A Treatise on the Integral Calculus. By the Rev. J. HYMERS, D.D. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Geometrical Illustrations of the Differential Calculus. By M. B. PELL. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

Examples of the Principles of the Differential and Integral Calculus. Collected by D. F. GREGORY. *Second Edition.* Edited by W. WALTON, M.A. 8vo. 18s.

ASTRONOMY.

Brünnow's Spherical Astronomy. Part I. Including the Chapters on Parallax, Refraction, Aberration, Precession, and Nutation. Translated by the Rev. R. MAIN, M.A., F.R.S., Radcliffe Observer at Oxford. 8vo. 8s. 6d.

Elementary Chapters on Astronomy from the "Astronomie Physique" of Biot. By the Very Rev. HARVEY GOODWIN, D.D. Dean of Ely. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Elements of the Theory of Astronomy. By the Rev. J. HYMERS, D.D. 8vo. 14s.

Newton's Principia. First Three Sections, with Appendix, and the Ninth and Eleventh Sections. By the Rev. J. H. EVANS, M.A. *Fourth Edition.* 8vo. 6s.

A Treatise on Heat. By P. KELLAND, M.A. 8vo. 9s.

Figures illustrative of Geometrical Optics. From SCHELLBACH. By the Rev. W. B. HOPKINS. *Plates.* Folio. 10s. 6d.

A Treatise on Crystallography. By W. H. MILLER, M.A. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Mathematical Tracts. By M. O'BRIEN, M.A. On Laplace's Coefficients; the Figure of the Earth; the Motion of a Rigid Body about its Centre of Gravity, Precession and Nutation. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

Physical Optics. Part II. The Corpuscular Theory of Light discussed Mathematically. By RICHARD POTTER, M.A. late Fellow of Queens' College, Cambridge, Professor of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy in University College, London. 7s. 6d.

THEOLOGICAL.

GREEK TESTAMENT.

The Greek Testament: with a Critically revised Text; a Digest of various Readings; Marginal References to Verbal and Idiomatic Usage; Prolegomena; and a Critical and Exegetical Commentary. For the Use of Theological Students and Ministers. By HENRY ALFORD, D.D., Dean of Canterbury. 8vo.

Vol. I. FOURTH EDITION, containing the Four Gospels. 17. 8s.

Vol. II. FOURTH EDITION, containing the Acts of the Apostles, the Epistles to the Romans and Corinthians. 17. 4s.

Vol. III. SECOND EDITION, containing the Epistles to the Galatians, Ephesians, Philippians, Colossians, Thessalonians,—to Timotheus, Titus and Philemon. 18s.

Vol. IV. Part I. SECOND EDITION. The Epistle to the Hebrews: The Catholic Epistles of St. James and St. Peter. 18s.

Vol. IV. Part II. The Epistles of St. John and St. Jude, and the Revelation. 14s.

Novum Testamentum Græcum, Textus Stephanici, 1500. Accedunt variæ lectiones editionum Bezae, Elzeviri, Lachmanni, Tischendorffii, et Tregellesii. Curante F. H. SCRIVENER, A.M. 16mo. 4s. 6d.

An Edition on Writing-paper, for Notes. 4to. half-bound. 12s.

Bentleii Critica Sacra. Notes on the Greek and Latin Text of the New Testament, extracted from the Bentley MSS. in Trinity College Library. With the Abbé Rulotta's Collation of the Vatican MS., a specimen of Bentley's intended Edition, and an account of all his Collations. Edited, with the permission of the Master and Seniors, by the Rev. A. A. ELLIS, M.A., late Fellow and Junior Dean of Trinity College, Cambridge. *Nearly Ready.*

A Plain Introduction to the Criticism of the New Testament. With numerous facsimiles. For the use of Biblical Students. By F. H. SCRIVENER, A.M. *Nearly Ready.*

Hints for some Improvements in the Authorized Version of the New Testament. By the late J. SCHOLEFIELD, M.A., Regius Professor of Greek in the University. *Fourth Edition.* Fcap. 8vo. 4s.

Notes on the Proposed Amendment of the Authorized Version of the Holy Scriptures. By W. SELWYN, B.D. 8vo. 1s.

A Companion to the New Testament. Designed for the use of Theological Students and the Upper Forms in Schools. By A. C. BARRETT, M.A. Fep. 8vo. 5s.

A General Introduction to the Apostolic Epistles, with a Table of St. Paul's Travels, and an Essay on the State after Death. *Second Edition, enlarged.* To which are added a Few Words on the Athanasian Creed, on Justification by Faith, and on the Ninth and Seventeenth Articles of the Church of England. By A BISHOP'S CHAPLAIN. 8vo. 8s. 6d.

Annotations on the Acts of the Apostles. Designed principally for the use of Candidates for the Ordinary B.A. Degree, Students for Holy Orders, &c., with College and Senate-House Examination Papers. By the Rev. T. R. MASKEW. *Second Edition, enlarged.* 12mo. 5s.

On The Imitation of Christ. A New Translation. By the Very Rev. the DEAN OF ELY. 18mo. 3s. 6d.

Butler's Three Sermons on Human Nature, and Dissertation on Virtue. Edited by W. WHEWELL, D.D. With a Preface and a Syllabus of the Work. *Third Edition.* Fcp. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Butler's Six Sermons on Moral Subjects. A Sequel to the "Three Sermons on Human Nature." Edited by W. WHEWELL, D.D., with a Preface and Syllabus of the Work. Fcp. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

A Translation of the Epistles of Clement of Rome, Polycarp, and Ignatius; and of the Apologies of Justin Martyr and Tertullian; with an Introduction and Brief Notes illustrative of the Ecclesiastical History of the First Two Centuries. By T. CHEVALLIER, B.D. *Second Edition.* 8vo. 12s.

Pearsoni Præfatio Parænetica ad Vetus Testamentum Græcum ex Versione Septuaginta Interpretum; juxta exemplar Vaticanum Romæ Editum. Cantabrigiæ, 1665. Cum Notulis EDVARDI CHURTON, A.M., Eccl. Ebor. Archidiacon. et Canonici. 8vo. 1s.

On Sacrifice, Atonement, Vicarious Oblation, and Example of Christ, and the Punishment of Sin. Five Sermons, preached before the University of Cambridge, March 1856. By B. M. COWIE, B.D., St. John's College. 8vo. 5s.

Three Plain Sermons, preached in the Chapel of Trinity College, Cambridge, in the course of the year 1859. By the Rev. E. W. BLORE, Fellow of Trinity College. 8vo. 1s. 6d.

Five Sermons preached before the University of Cambridge. By the late J. J. BLUNT, B.D., Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity. 8vo. 5s. 6d.

CONTENTS:—1. The Nature of Sin.—2. The Church of the Apostles.—3. On Uniformity of Ritual.—4. The Value of Time.—5. Reflections on the General Fast-Day (March 1847).

Five Sermons preached before the University of Cambridge. The first Four in November, 1851, the Fifth on Thursday, March 8th, 1849, being the Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. By the late Rev. J. J. BLUNT, B.D.

CONTENTS: 1. Tests of the Truth of Revelation.—2. On Unfaithfulness to the Reformation.—3. On the Union of Church and State.—4. An Apology for the Prayer-Book.—5. Means and Method of National Reform.

Two Introductory Lectures on the Study of the Early Fathers, delivered in the University of Cambridge. By the late J. J. BLUNT, B.D. *Second Edition.* With a brief Memoir of the Author, and a Table of Lectures delivered during his Professorship. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

Examination Questions and Answers on Butler's Analogy. By the Rev. Sir G. W. CRAUFURD, M.A., King's Coll. 18mo. 1s. 6d.

The Church of England on the Fourth Commandment. 2. The Word of God on a Seventh-Day Sabbath. By the Rev. F. EXTON. 8vo. 2s.

A Commentary on the Gospel of S. Matthew.

By the Very Rev. HARVEY GOODWIN, D.D., Dean of Ely. Crown 8vo. 12s.

A Commentary on the Gospel of S. Mark. By

H. GOODWIN, D.D. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Intended for the English Reader, and adapted for either domestic or private use.

The Doctrines and Difficulties of the Christian

Religion contemplated from the Standing-point afforded by the Catholic Doctrine of the Being of our Lord Jesus Christ. Being the Hulsean Lectures for the year 1855. By H. GOODWIN, D.D. 8vo. 9s.

'The Glory of the Only Begotten of the Father

seen in the Manhood of Christ.' Being the Hulsean Lectures for the Year 1856. By H. GOODWIN, D.D. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Four Sermons preached before the University

of Cambridge in the Season of Advent, 1858. By H. GOODWIN, D.D. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

Four Sermons preached before the University of

Cambridge in the month of November 1853. By H. GOODWIN, D.D. 12mo. 4s.

CONTENTS :—1. The Young Man cleansing his way.—2. The Young Man in Religious Difficulties.—3. The Young Man as a Churchman.—4. The Young Man called by Christ.

Christ in the Wilderness. Four Sermons preached

before the University of Cambridge in the month of February 1855. By H. GOODWIN, D.D. 12mo. 4s.

Parish Sermons. 1st Series. By H. GOODWIN, D.D.

Third Edition. 12mo. 6s.

2nd Series. By H. GOODWIN, D.D.

Third Edition. 12mo. 6s.

3rd Series. By H. GOODWIN, D.D.

Second Edition. 12mo. 7s.

4th Series. By H. GOODWIN, D.D.

12mo. 7s.

Short Sermons at the Celebration of the Lord's

Supper. By H. GOODWIN, D.D. *New Edition.* 12mo. 4s.

Lectures upon the Church Catechism. By H.

GOODWIN, D.D. 12mo. 4s.

A Guide to the Parish Church. By H. GOODWIN,

D.D. *Second Edition.* 18mo. 3s. 6d.

Confirmation Day. Being a Book of Instruction

for Young Persons how they ought to spend that solemn day, on which they renew the Vows of their Baptism, and are confirmed by the Bishop with prayer and the laying on of hands. By H. GOODWIN, D.D. *Second Edition.* 2d., or 25 for 3s. 6d.

Plain Thoughts concerning the meaning of Holy

Baptism. By H. GOODWIN, D.D. *Second Edition.* 2d., or 25 for 3s. 6d.

The Worthy Communicant; or, 'Who may come

to the Supper of the Lord?' By H. GOODWIN, D.D. *Second Edition.* 2d., or 25 for 3s. 6d.

A History of the Articles of Religion. To which

is added a series of Documents from A.D. 1536 to A.D. 1615. Together with illustrations from contemporary sources. By CHARLES HARDWICK, B.D., late Archdeacon of Ely. *Second Edition, corrected and enlarged.* 8vo. 12s.

* * A considerable amount of fresh matter has been incorporated, especially in the two Chapters which relate to the construction and revision of our present code of Articles.

Sermons for Young Men on the Grace of Christ.

Preached before the University of Cambridge during the month of February 1853. By W. W. HARVEY, B.D., late Fellow of King's College. 8vo. 4s.

Sermons on some of the Principal Doctrines and

Evidences of the Christian Religion. By W. W. HARVEY, B.D. Foolscap 8vo. 5s.

The History and Theology of the "Three Creeds."

By W. W. HARVEY, B.D. 2 vols. Post 8vo. 14s.

Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ Vindex Catholicus, sive Arti-

colorum Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ cum Scriptis SS. Patrum nova collatio. Cura G. W. HARVEY, B.D., Collegii Regalis Socii. 3 vols. 8vo. Reduced to 16s.

Prælectio in Prov. viii. 22, 23. Quam munus

Lectoris Regii in Literis Hebraicis petendo habuit G. WIGAN HARVEY, A.M., III Id. Octob. 1848. 4to. sewed. 3s.

Apostolic Missions. Five Sermons preached before

the University of Cambridge in May 1852. By W. B. HOPKINS, M.A., late Fellow of St. Catharine's College. 8vo. 5s.

Psalter (The), or Psalms of David in English

Verse. With Preface and Notes. By a Member of the University of Cambridge. Dedicated by permission to the Lord Bishop of Ely, and the Reverend the Professors of Divinity in that University. 5s.

An Historical and Explanatory Treatise on the

Book of Common Prayer. By W. G. HUMPHRY, B.D., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. *Second Edition, enlarged and revised.* Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Liturgiæ Britannicæ, or the several Editions of

the Book of Common Prayer of the Church of England, from its compilation to the last revision, together with the Liturgy set forth for the use of the Church of Scotland, arranged to shew their respective variations. By W. KEELING, B.D., late Fellow of St. John's College. *Second Edition.* 8vo. 12s.

The Seven Words Spoken Against the Lord

Jesus: or, an Investigation of the Motives which led His Contemporaries to reject Him. Being the Hulsean Lectures for the Year 1860. By JOHN LAMB, M.A., Senior Fellow of Gonville and Caius College, and Minister of S. Edward's, Cambridge. 8vo. 5s. 6d.

Twelve Sermons preached on Various Occasions

at the Church of St. Mary, Greenwich. By R. MAIN, M.A. Radcliffe Observer at Oxford. 12mo. 5s.

Lectures on the Catechism. Delivered in the

Parish Church of Brasted, in the Diocese of Canterbury. By the late W. H. MILL, D.D., Regius Professor of Hebrew, Cambridge. Edited by his Son-in-Law, the Rev. B. WEBB, M.A. Fcp. 8vo. 6s. 6d.

Sermons preached in Lent 1845, and on several

former occasions, before the University of Cambridge. By W. H. MILL, D.D. 8vo. 12s.

Four Sermons preached before the University on

the Fifth of November, and the three Sundays preceding Advent, in the year 1848. By W. H. MILL, D.D. 8vo. 5s. 6d.

An Analysis of the Exposition of the Creed,

written by the Right Reverend Father in God, J. PEARSON, D.D., late Lord Bishop of Chester. Compiled, with some additional matter occasionally interspersed, for the use of Students of Bishop's College, Calcutta. By W. H. MILL, D.D. *Third Edition, revised and corrected.* 8vo. 5s.

Christian Advocate's Publications.—1841, The

Historical Character of St. Luke's 1st Chapter. 8vo. 4s.—1842, On the Evangelical Accounts of the Descent and Parentage of the Saviour. 8vo. 4s.—1843, On the Accounts of our Lord's Brethren in the New Testament. 8vo. 4s.—1844, On the Historical Character of the Circumstances of our Lord's Nativity in the Gospel of S. Matthew. 8vo. 4s.

Bishop Pearson's Five Lectures on the Acts of

the Apostles and Annals of St. Paul. Edited in English, with Notes, by J. R. CROWFOOT, B.D. Crown 8vo. 4s.

The Essential Coherence of the Old and New

Testaments. By T. T. PEROWNE, M.A., Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. Crown 8vo. 6s.

A Manual of Prayer for Students. Consisting

mostly of Selections from various Authors. In 3 parts. By R. G. PETER, M.A., late Fellow of Jesus College. 18mo. 1s. 6d.

Phraseological and Explanatory Notes on the

Hebrew Text of the Book of GENESIS. By T. PRESTON, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College. Crown 8vo. 9s. 6d.

The Influence of Christianity on the Language

of Modern Europe. The Essays which obtained the Hulsean Prize for the year 1855. By W. J. REES, St. John's College, and W. AYERST, Caius College. 8vo. 4s.

Sermons preached in the English Church at Heidelberg in the years 1858-59. By S. H. SAXBY, M.A. Fcp. 8vo. 6s.

An Exact Transcript of the CODEx AUGI-ENSIS, a Græco-Latin Manuscript in Uncial Letters of S. Paul's Epistles, preserved in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge. To which is added a full Collation of Fifty Manuscripts containing various portions of the Greek New Testament deposited in English Libraries: with a full Critical Introduction. By F. H. SCRIVENER, M.A. Royal 8vo. 26s.

Contributions to the Criticism of the Greek Testament. Being the Introduction to a Transcript of the Codex Augiensis. By F. H. SCRIVENER, M.A. Royal 8vo. 5s.

Horæ Hebraicæ. Critical and Expository Observations on the Prophecy of Messiah in Isaiah, Chapter IX. and on other Passages of Holy Scripture. By W. SELWYN, B.D., Lady Margaret's Reader in Theology. Revised Edition, with Continuation. 8s.
THE CONTINUATION, separately. 3s.

Excerpta ex Reliquiis Versionum, Aquilæ, Symmachi Theodotionis, a Montefalconia aliisque collectis. GENESIS. Edidit G. SELWYN, S.T.B. 8vo. 1s.

Notæ Criticæ in Versionem Septuagintaviralem. EXODUS, Cap. I.—XXIV. Curante G. SELWYN, S.T.B. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Notæ Criticæ in Versionem Septuagintaviralem. Liber NUMERORUM. Curante G. SELWYN, S.T.B. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

Notæ Criticæ in Versionem Septuagintaviralem. Liber DEUTERONOMII. Curante G. SELWYN, S.T.B. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

Origenis Contra Celsum. Liber I. Curante G. SELWYN, S.T.B. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Testimonia Patrum in Veteres Interpretes, Septuaginta, Aquilam, Symmachum, Theodotionem, a Montefalconio aliisque collecta paucis Additis. Edidit G. SELWYN, S.T.B. 8vo. 6d.

The Will Divine and Human. By T. SOLLY, B.D., late of Caius College, Cambridge. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Tertulliani Liber Apologeticus. The Apology of Tertullian. With English Notes and a Preface, intended as an Introduction to the Study of Patristical and Ecclesiastical Latinity. By H. A. WOODHAM, LL.D. *Second Edition.* 8vo. 8s. 6d.

Three Sermons on the Lord's Supper. With Questions and References. By a Country Curate. Crown 8vo. 1s. 6d.

Parish Sermons, according to the order of the Christian Year. By the late C. A. WEST, B.A. Edited by J. R. WEST, M.A. 12mo. 6s.

Sermons preached in the Chapel of Trinity College, Cambridge. By W. WHEWELL, D.D., Master of the College. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Rational Godliness. After the Mind of Christ and the Written Voices of the Church. By R. WILLIAMS, D.D., Professor of Hebrew at Lampeter. Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Paraméswara-jnyána-goshthi. A Dialogue of the Knowledge of the Supreme Lord, in which are compared the Claims of Christianity and Hinduism, and various questions of Indian Religion and Literature fairly discussed. By R. WILLIAMS, D.D. 8vo. 12s.

A Discourse preached before the University of Cambridge on Commencement Sunday, 1857. With some review of Bishop Ollivant's Charge. By R. WILLIAMS, D.D. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

An earnestly respectful Letter to the Lord Bishop of St. David's, on the Difficulty of Bringing Theological Questions to an Issue; with Special Reference to his Lordship's Charge of 1857, and his Forthcoming Charge of 1860. By R. WILLIAMS, D.D. 8vo. 2s.
A Critical Appendix to the Lord Bishop of St. David's Reply. 1s.

A Charge addressed to the Clergy of the Archdeaconry of Ely, on Thursday, June 13, 1861. By FRANCIS FRANCE, B.D. Archdeacon of Ely, and Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. (Published by request of the Clergy.) 8vo. 1s.

The Historical and Descriptive Geography of the Holy Land, with an Alphabetical List of Places, and Maps. By G. WILLIAMS, B.D., Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. [*Preparing.*]

MISCELLANEOUS.

Athenae Cantabrigienses. By C. H. COOPER, F.S.A. and THOMPSON COOPER, F.S.A.

This work, in illustration of the biography of notable and eminent men who have been members of the University of Cambridge, comprehends notices of: 1. Authors. 2. Cardinals, archbishops, bishops, abbats, heads of religious houses and other Church dignitaries. 3. Statesmen, diplomatists, military and naval commanders. 4. Judges and eminent practitioners of the civil or common law. 5. Sufferers for religious and political opinions. 6. Persons distinguished for success in tuition. 7. Eminent physicians and medical practitioners. 8. Artists, musicians, and heralds. 9. Heads of Colleges, professors, and principal officers of the university. 10. Benefactors to the university and colleges or to the public at large.

Volume I. 1500—1585. 8vo. *cloth.* 18s. Volume II. 1586—1609. 18s.
Volume III. *Preparing.*

Ruins of Time Exemplified in Sir Matthew Hale's History of the Pleas of the Crown. By A. AMOS, Esq., late Downing Professor of the Laws of England in the University of Cambridge. 8vo. 8s.

The English Constitution in the Reign of King Charles the Second. By A. AMOS. 8vo. 10s.

Martial and the Moderns. By A. AMOS. 8vo. 8s.

Observations on the Statutes of the Reign of King Henry VIII. By A. AMOS. 10s.

Cambridge University Calendar. (*Continued annually.*) 12mo. 6s. 6d.

Cambridge Examination Papers, 1859. Being a

Supplement to the Cambridge University Calendar. 12mo. 5s.

Containing those set for the Tyrwhitt's Hebrew Scholarships.—Theological Examinations.—Carus Prize.—Crosse Scholarships.—Law Degree Examination.—Mathematical Tripos.—The Ordinary B.A. Degree.—Smith's Prize.—University Scholarships.—Classical Tripos.—Moral Sciences Tripos.—Chancellor's Legal Medals.—Chancellor's Medals.—Bell's Scholarships.—Natural Sciences Tripos.—Previous Examination.—Theological Examination. With Lists of Ordinary Degrees, and of those who have passed the Previous and Theological Examinations.

The Examination Papers of 1856, price 2s. 6d.; 1857 and 1858, 3s. 6d. may still be had.

The Study of the English Language an Essential

Part of a University Course: An Extension of a Lecture delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain, February 1, 1861. With Coloured Language-Maps of the British Isles and Europe. By ALEXANDER J. D. D'ORSEY, B.D., English Lecturer at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, late Head Master of the English Department in the High School of Glasgow. Crown 8vo. cloth. 2s. 6d.

A Philosophical Critique of the Argument in

Pope's Essay on Man. An Essay which obtained the Burney Prize for the year 1856. By F. EXTON, B.A., late Scholar of St. John's College. 2s. 6d.

Graduati Cantabrigienses: sive Catalogus exhi-

bens nomina eorum quos ab anno academico admissionum 1760 usque ad decimum diem Oct. 1856, Gradu quocunque ornavit Academia Cantabrigienses, e libris subscriptionum desumptus. Cura J. ROMILLY, A.M., Coll. SS. Trin. Socii atque Academica Registrarii. 8vo. 10s.

A Manual of the Roman Civil Law, arranged

according to the Syllabus of Dr. HALLIFAX. Designed for the use of Students in the Universities and Inns of Court. By G. LEAPINGWELL, LL.D. 8vo. 12s.

"Leapingwell's Manual is the only one which has succeeded in combining terseness with exactness, and while it reflects great credit on the learning and assiduity and care of its author, will prove a great assistance to students by whom the want of a work less detailed than the present, has long been felt."—*Preface, Colquhoun's Summary of the Roman Civil Law*, vol. 4.

Livingstone's Cambridge Lectures. With a Pre-

fatory Letter by the Rev. Professor SEDGWICK, M.A., F.R.S., &c., Vice-Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. Edited, with Introduction, Life of Dr. LIVINGSTONE, Notes and Appendix, by the Rev. W. MONK, M.A., F.R.A.S., &c., of St. John's College, Cambridge. With a Portrait and Map, also a larger Map, by Arrowsmith, granted especially for this work by the President and Council of the Royal Geographical Society of London. Crown 8vo. 6s. 6d.

This Edition contains a New Introduction, an Account of Dr. Livingstone's New Expedition, a Series of Extracts from the Traveller's Letters received since he left this country, and a History of the Oxford and Cambridge Mission to Central Africa.

Newton (Sir Isaac) and Professor Cotes, Corre-

spondence of, including Letters of other Eminent Men, now first published from the originals in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge; together with an Appendix containing other unpublished Letters and papers by Newton; with Notes, Synoptical View of the Philosopher's Life, and a variety of details illustrative of his history. Edited by the Rev. J. EDLESTON, M.A. Fellow of Trinity College. 8vo. 10s.

BOSTON COLLEGE



3 9031 01403848 3

11091

11091

Author

Holden, Hubert Ashton comp.

Title

Foliorum silvula part I

Holden

BOSTON COLLEGE LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY HEIGHTS
CHESTNUT HILL, MASS.

Books may be kept for two weeks and may be renewed for the same period, unless reserved.

Two cents a day is charged for each book kept overtime.

If you cannot find what you want, ask the Librarian who will be glad to help you.

The borrower is responsible for books drawn on his card and for all fines accruing on the same.



