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THE
COLERIDGE
COLLECTION

FRANCES E. BENNETT.

POEMS,

BY

S. T. COLERIDGE,

SECOND EDITION.

TO WHICH ARE NOW ADDED

POEMS

By CHARLES LAMB,

AND

CHARLES LLOYD.

Duplex nobis vinculum, et amicitiae et similibus
junctarumque Camænarum; quod utinam neque mors
solvat, neque temporis longinquitas!

Græscoll. Epist. ad Car. Utenhov. et Ptol. Lux. Tast.

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1797.

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Poems,

by

S. T. Coleridge.

Felix curarum, cui non Heliconia cordi
Serta, nec imbelles Parnassi e vertice laurus!
Sed viget ingenium, et magnos accinctus in usus
Fert animus quascunque vices.—Nos tristia vitæ
Solamur cantu.

STAT. SILV. Lib. iv. 4.

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DEDICATION.

To the Reverend GEORGE COLERIDGE,

OF

OTTERY ST. MARY,

DEVON.

Notus in fratres animi paterni.

Hor. Carm. Lib. II. 2.

A blessed Lot hath he, who having past
His youth and early manhood in the stir
And turmoil of the world, retreats at length,
With cares that move, not agitate the heart,
To the same Dwelling where his Father dwelt;
And haply views his tottering little ones
Embrace those aged knees and climb that lap,
On which first kneeling his own Infancy
Lisp'd its brief prayer. Such, O my earliest Friend!

Thy Lot, and such thy Brothers too enjoy.
 At distance did ye climb Life's upland road,
 Yet cheer'd and cheering : now fraternal Love
 Hath drawn you to one centre. Be your days
 Holy, and blest and blessing may ye live !

To me th' Eternal Wisdom hath dispens'd
 A different fortune and more different mind—
 Me from the spot where first I sprang to light,
 Too soon transplanted, ere my soul had fix'd
 Its first domestic loves ; and hence through life
 Chacing chance-started Friendships. A brief while
 Some have preserv'd me from life's pelting ills ;
 But, like a Tree with leaves of feeble stem,
 If the clouds lasted, or a sudden breeze
 Ruffled the boughs, they on my head at once
 Dropt the collected shower : and some most false,
 False and fair-foliag'd as the Manchineel,

Have tempted me to slumber in their shade
 E'en mid the storm ; then breathing subtlest damps,
 Mix'd their own venom with the rain from heaven,
 That I woke poison'd ! But, all praise to Him
 Who gives us all things, more have yielded me
 Permanent shelter : and beside one Friend,
 Beneath th' impervious covert of one Oak,
 I've rais'd a lowly shed, and know the names
 Of Husband and of Father ; nor unhearing
 Of that divine and nightly-whispering VOICE,
 Which from my childhood to maturer years
 Spake to me of predestinated wreaths,
 Bright with no fading colours !

Yet at times

My soul is sad, that I have roam'd through life
 Still most a Stranger, most with naked heart

At mine own home and birth-place : chiefly then,
When I remember thee, my earliest Friend !
Thee, who didst watch my boy-hood and my youth ;
Didst trace my wanderings with a father's eye ;
And boding evil yet still hoping good
Rebuk'd each fault and wept o'er all my woes.
Who counts the beatings of the lonely heart,
That Being knows, how I have lov'd thee ever,
Lov'd as a Brother, as a Son rever'd thee !
O tis to me an ever-new delight,
My eager eye glist'ning with mem'ry's tear,
To talk of thee and thine ; or when the blast
Of the shrill winter, ratt'ling our rude sash,
Endears the cleanly hearth and social bowl ;
Or when, as now, on some delicious eve,
We in our sweet sequester'd Orchard-plot
Sit on the Tree crook'd earth-ward ; whose old boughs,

That hang above us in an arborous roof,
 Stirr'd by the faint gale of departing May
 Send their loose blossoms slanting o'er our heads !

Nor dost not *thou* sometimes recall those hours,
 When with the joy of hope thou gav'st thine ear
 To my wild firstling lays. Since then my song
 Hath sounded deeper notes, such as beseem
 Or that sad wisdom, folly leaves behind ;
 Or the high raptures of prophetic Faith ;
 Or such, as tun'd to these tumultuous times
 Cope with the tempest's swell !

These various songs,
 Which I have fram'd in many a various mood,
 Accept my BROTHER ! and (for some perchance
 Will strike discordant on thy milder mind)

If aught of Error or intemperate Truth
Should meet thine ear, think thou that riper Age
Will calm it down, and let thy Love forgive it !

S. T. COLERIDGE,

May 26th, 1797.

Nether-Stowey, Somerset.

PREFACE

To the FIRST EDITION.

COMPOSITIONS resembling those of the present volume are not unfrequently condemned for their querulous Egotism. But Egotism is to be condemned then only when it offends against Time and Place, as in an History or an Epic Poem. To censure it in a Monody or Sonnet is almost as absurd as to dislike a circle for being round. Why then write Sonnets or Monodies? Because they give me pleasure when perhaps nothing else could. After the more violent emotions of Sorrow, the mind demands amusement, and can find it in employment alone; but full of its late sufferings, it can endure no employment not in some measure connected with them. Forcibly to turn away our attention to general subjects is a painful and most often an unavailing effort:

But O! how grateful to a wounded heart
 The tale of Misery to impart—
 From others' eyes bid artless sorrows flow,
 And raise esteem upon the base of Woe!

SHAW.

The communicativeness of our Nature leads us to describe our own sorrows; in the endeavour to describe them, intellectual activity is exerted; and from intellectual activity there results a pleasure, which is gradually associated, and mingles as a corrective, with the painful subject of the description. "True!" (it may be answered) "but how are the PUBLIC interested in your Sorrows or your Description?" We are for ever attributing personal Unities to imaginary Aggregates.—What is the PUBLIC, but a term for a number of scattered Individuals? Of whom as many will be interested in these sorrows, as have experienced the same or similar.

"Holy be the lay

Which mourning soothes the mourner on his way."

If I could judge of others by myself, I should not hesitate to affirm, that the most interesting passages in our most interesting Poems are those, in which the Author developes his own feelings.

The sweet voice of *Cona never sounds so sweetly, as when it speaks of itself; and I should almost suspect that man of an unkindly heart, who could read the opening of the third book of the Paradise Lost without peculiar emotion. By a law of our Nature, he, who labours under a strong feeling, is impelled to seek for sympathy; but a Poet's feelings are all strong.—*Quicquid amet valde amat.*—Akenside therefore speaks with philosophical accuracy, when he classes Love and Poetry, as producing the same effects :

“ Love and the wish of Poets when their tongue
 Would teach to others' bosoms, what so charms
 Their own.”

PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

There is one species of Egotism which is truly disgusting; not that which leads us to communicate our feelings to others, but that which would reduce the feelings of others to an identity with our own. The Atheist, who exclaims, “ pshaw !” when he glances his eye on the praises of Deity, is an Egotist : an old man, when he speaks contemptuously of Love-

verses, is an Egotist : and the sleek Favorites of Fortune are Egotists, when they condemn all “ melancholy, discontented ” verses. Surely, it would be candid not merely to ask whether the poem pleases ourselves, but to consider whether or no there may not be others, to whom it is well-calculated to give an innocent pleasure.

I shall only add, that each of my readers will, I hope, remember, that these Poems on various subjects, which he reads at one time and under the influence of one set of feelings, were written at different times and prompted by very different feelings ; and therefore that the supposed inferiority of one Poem to another may sometimes be owing to the temper of mind, in which he happens to peruse it.

S. T. C.

P R E F A C E

To the SECOND EDITION.

I RETURN my acknowledgments to the different Reviewers for the assistance, which they have afforded me, in detecting my poetic deficiencies. I have endeavoured to avail myself of their remarks: one third of the former Volume I have omitted, and the imperfections of the republished part must be considered as errors of taste, not faults of carelessness. My poems have been rightly charged with a profusion of double-epithets, and a general turgidness. I have pruned the double-epithets with no sparing hand; and used my best efforts to tame the swell and glitter both of thought and diction. This latter fault however had insinuated itself into my Religious Musings with such intricacy of union, that sometimes I have omitted to disentangle the weed from the fear of snapping the flower. A third and heavier

accusation has been brought against me, that of obscurity; but not, I think, with equal justice. An Author is obscure, when his conceptions are dim and imperfect, and his language incorrect, or unappropriate, or involved. A poem that abounds in allusions, like the Bard of Gray, or one that impersonates high and abstract truths, like Collins's Ode on the poetical character; claims not to be popular—but should be acquitted of obscurity. The deficiency is in the Reader. But this is a charge which every poet, whose imagination is warm and rapid, must expect from his *contemporaries*. Milton did not escape it; and it was adduced with virulence against Gray and Collins. We now hear no more of it; not that their poems are better understood at present, than they were at their first publication; but their fame is established; and a critic would accuse himself of frigidity or inattention, who should profess not to understand them. But a living writer is yet sub judice; and if we cannot follow his conceptions or enter into his feelings, it is more consoling to our pride to consider him as lost beneath, than as soaring above, us. If any

man expect from my poems the same easiness of style which he admires in a drinking-song, for him I have not written. *Intelligibilia, non intellectum adfero.*

I expect neither profit or general fame by my writings; and I consider myself as having been amply repayed without either. Poetry has been to me its own "exceeding great reward:" it has soothed my afflictions, it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments; it has endeared solitude; and it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the Good and the Beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me.

There were inserted in my former Edition, a few Sonnets of my Friend and old School-fellow, CHARLES LAMB. He has now communicated to me a complete Collection of all his Poems; *quæ qui non prorsus amet, illum omnes et Virtutes et Veneres odore.* My friend, CHARLES LLOYD, has likewise joined me; and has contributed every poem of his, which he deemed worthy of preservation. With respect to my own share of the Volume, I have omitted a third of the former Edition, and added almost

an equal number. The Poems thus added are marked in the Contents by Italics.

STOWEY,
May, 1797.

S. T. C.

Ode

on the

Departing Year.

Ιου, ιου, ω ω κακα.

Υπ' αυ με δεινος ορθομαντειας πονος

Στροβει, ταρασσων φροιμοις εφημοις.

- - - - -

Το μελλον ηξει και συ μην ταχει παρων

Αγαν γ' αληθομαντιν μ' ερεις.

ÆSCHY. AGAMEM. 1225.

ARGUMENT.

The Ode commences with an Address to the Divine Providence, that regulates into one vast Harmony all the events of time however calamitous some of them may appear to mortals. The Second Strophe calls on men to suspend their private joys and sorrows, and devote them for a while to the cause of human nature in general. The first Epode speaks of the Empress of Russia, who died of an Apoplexy on the 17th of November, 1796; having just concluded a subsidiary treaty with the Kings combined against France. The first and second Antistrophe describe the Image of the departing year, &c. as in a vision. The second Epode prophesies in anguish of spirit, the downfall of this Country.

O D E

on the

DEPARTING YEAR.

STROPHE I.

SPIRIT! who sweepest the wild Harp of Time,
It is most hard with an untroubled Ear
Thy dark inwoven Harmonies to hear!
Yet, mine eye fixt on Heaven's unchanging clime,
Long had I listened, free from mortal fear,
With inward stillness, and a bowed mind:
When lo! far onwards waving on the wind
I saw the skirts of the DEPARTING YEAR!

“*Ode on the Departing Year.*”—This Ode was written on the 24th, 25th, and 26th days of December, 1796; and published separately on the last day of the year.

Starting from my silent sadness
 Then with no unholy madness,
 Ere yet the entered cloud forbade my sight,
 I rais'd th' impetuous song, and solemnized his flight.

STROPHE II.

Hither from the recent tomb ;
 From the prison's direr gloom ;
 From Poverty's heart-wasting languish ;
 From Distemper's midnight anguish :
 Or where his two bright torches blending
 Love illumines Manhood's maze ;
 Or where o'er cradled infants bending
 Hope has fix'd her wishful gaze :
 Hither, in perplexed dance,
 Ye WOES, and young-eyed JOYS, advance !
 By Time's wild harp, and by the Hand
 Whose indefatigable Sweep

Forbids its fateful strings to sleep,
 I bid you haste, a mixt tumultuous band !
 From every private bower,
 And each domestic hearth,
 Haste for one solemn hour ;
 And with a loud and yet a louder voice,
 O'er Nature struggling in portentous birth,
 Weep and rejoice !
 Still echoes the dread Name that o'er the earth
 Let slip the storm and woke the brood of Hell :
 And now advance in saintly Jubilee
 JUSTICE and TRUTH : they too have heard the spell,
 They too obey thy Name, divinest LIBERTY !

EPODE.

I mark'd Ambition in his war-array ;
 I heard the mailed Monarch's troublous cry—
 “ Ah ! wherefore does the Northern Conqueress stay ?

“ Groans not her Chariot o'er its onward way ?”

Fly, mailed Monarch, fly !

Stunn'd by Death's “ twice mortal ” mace,

No more on MURDER's lurid face

Th' insatiate Hag shall gloat with drunken eye !

Manes of th' unnumbered Slain !

Ye that gasp'd on WARSAW's plain !

Ye that erst at ISMAIL's tower,

When human ruin chok'd the streams,

Fell in Conquest's glutt'd hour

Mid Women's shrieks and Infants' screams ;

Whose shrieks, whose screams were vain to stir

Loud-laughing, red-eyed Massacre !

Spirits of th' uncoffin'd Slain,

Sudden blasts of Triumph swelling

Oft, at night, in misty train

Rush around her narrow Dwelling !

Th' exterminating Fiend is fled—

(Foul her Life and dark her doom !)
 Mighty Army of the Dead,
 Dance, like Death-fires, round her Tomb !
 Then with prophetic song relate
 Each some scepter'd Murderer's fate !

ANTISTROPHE I.

DEPARTING YEAR ! 'twas on no earthly shore
 My Soul beheld thy Vision. Where, alone,
 Voiceless and stern, before the Cloudy Throne
 Aye MEMORY sits ; there, garmented with gore,
 With many an unimaginable groan
 Thou storiedst thy sad Hours ! Silence ensued :
 Deep silence o'er th' ethereal Multitude,
 Whose wreathed Locks with snow-white Glories shone,
 Then, his eye wild ardors glancing,
 From the choired Gods advancing,
 The SPIRIT of the EARTH made reverence meet,
 And stood up beautiful before the Cloudy Seat !

ANTISTROPHE II.

On every Harp, on every Tongue,
 While the mute Enchantment hung ;
 Like Midnight from a thunder-cloud,
 Spake the sudden SPIRIT loud—
 “ Thou in stormy Blackness throning
 “ Love and uncreated Light,
 “ By the Earth’s unsolac’d groaning
 “ Seize thy terrors, Arm of Might !
 “ By Belgium’s corse impeded flood !
 “ By Vendee steaming Brother’s blood !
 “ By PEACE with proffer’d insult scar’d,
 “ Masked hate and envying scorn !
 “ By Years of Havoc yet unborn ;
 “ And Hunger’s bosom to the frost-winds bar’d !

“ *By Belgium’s corse-impeded flood !* ”—The Rhine.

“ But chief by Afric’s wrongs

“ Strange, horrible, and foul !

“ By what deep Guilt belongs

“ To the deaf Senate, “ full of gifts and lies !”

“ By Wealth’s insensate laugh ! By Torture’s howl !

“ Avenger, rise !

“ For ever shall the bloody Island scowl ?

“ For aye, unbroken, shall her cruel Bow

“ Shoot Famine’s arrows o’er thy ravaged World ?

“ Hark ! how wide NATURE joins her groans below—

“ Rise, God of Nature, rise ! Ah why those bolts unhurl’d ?

EPODE II.

The voice had ceas’d, the Phantoms fled,

Yet still I gasp’d and reel’d with dread.

And ever when the dream of night

Renews the vision to my sight,

Cold sweat-damps gather on my limbs ;

My Ears throb hot ; my eye-balls start ;
 My Brain with horrid tumult swims ;
 Wild is the tempest of my Heart ;
 And my thick and struggling breath
 Imitates the toil of Death !
 No stranger agony confounds
 The Soldier on the war-field spread,
 When all foredone with toil and wounds
 Death-like he dozes among heaps of Dead !
 (The strife is o'er, the day-light fled,
 And the Night-wind clamours hoarse ;
 See ! the startful Wretch's head
 Lies pillow'd on a Brother's Corse !)

O doom'd to fall, enslav'd and vile,
 O ALBION ! O my mother Isle !
 Thy valleys, fair as Eden's bowers,
 Glitter green with sunny showers ;

Thy grassy Uplands' gentle swells
 Echo to the Bleat of Flocks ;
 (Those grassy Hills, those glitt'ring Dells
 Proudly ramparted with rocks)
 And Ocean mid his uproar wild
 Speaks safety to his Island-child.
 Hence for many a fearless age
 Has social Quiet lov'd thy shore ;
 Nor ever sworded Foeman's rage

Or sack'd thy towers, or stain'd thy fields with gore.

Disclaim'd of Heaven ! mad Av'rice at thy side
 At coward distance, yet with kindling pride—

“ *Disclaim'd of Heaven !* ”——The Poet from having considered the peculiar advantages, which this Country has enjoyed, passes in rapid transition to the uses, which we have made of these advantages. We have been preserved by our insular situation, from suffering the actual horrors

Safe 'mid thy herds and corn fields thou hast stood,
 And join'd the yell of Famine and of Blood.

All nations curse thee : and with eager wond'ring
 Shall hear **DESTRUCTION**, like a vulture, scream !

Strange-eyed **DESTRUCTION**, who with many a dream
 Of central fires thro' nether seas upthund'ring

of War ourselves, and we have shewn our gratitude to Providence for this immunity by our eagerness to spread those horrors over nations less happily situated. In the midst of plenty and safety we have raised or joined the yell for famine and blood. Of the one hundred and seven last years, fifty have been years of war.—Such wickedness cannot pass unpunished. We have been proud and confident in our alliances and our fleets—but God has prepared the canker-worm, and will smite the *gourds* of our pride. “ Art thou better than populous **NO**, that was situate among the rivers, that had the waters round about it, whose rampart was the Sea ? Ethiopia and Egypt were her strength, and it was infinite : Put and Lubim were her helpers. Yet she was carried away, she went into captivity :

Soothes her fierce solitude ; yet, as she lies
 By livid fount, or roar of blazing stream,
 If ever to her lidless dragon eyes,
 O ALBION ! thy predestin'd ruins rise,
 The Fiend-hag on her perilous couch doth leap,
 Mutt'ring distemper'd triumph in her charmed sleep.

and they cast lots for her honourable men, and all her great men were bound in chains. Thou also shalt be drunken : all thy strong-holds shall be like fig trees with the first ripe figs ; if they be shaken, they shall ever fall into the mouth of the eater. Thou hast multiplied thy merchants above the stars of heaven. Thy crowned are as the locusts ; and thy captains as the great grasshoppers which camp in the hedges in the cool-day ; but when the Sun ariseth, they flee away, and their place is not known where they are. There is no healing of thy bruise ; thy wound is grievous : all, that hear the report of thee, shall clap hands over thee : for upon whom hath not thy wickedness passed continually ?”

Nahum, Chap. III.

Away, my soul, away !

In vain, in vain, the birds of warning sing—
And hark ! I hear the famish'd brood of prey
Flap their lank pennons on the groaning wind !

Away, my soul, away !

I unpartaking of the evil thing,
With daily prayer, and daily toil
Soliciting for food my scanty soil,
Have wail'd my country with a loud lament.
Now I recenter my immortal mind
In the deep sabbath of blest self-content ;
Cleans'd from the fears and anguish that bedim
God's Image, Sister of the Seraphim.

Monody

on the

Death of Chatterton.

M O N O D Y

ON THE

DEATH of CHATTERTON.

W H E N faint and sad o'er Sorrow's desert wild
 Slow journeys onward poor Misfortune's child ;
 When fades each lovely form by Fancy drest,
 And inly pines the self-consuming breast ;
 (No scourge of scorpions in thy right arm dread,
 No helmed terrors nodding o'er thy head,)
 Assume, O DEATH ! the cherub wings of PEACE,
 And bid the heart-sick Wanderer's anguish cease !

Thee, CHATTERTON ! yon unblest stones protect
 From Want, and the bleak Freezings of neglect !

Escap'd the sore wounds of Affliction's rod
 Meek at the Throne of Mercy, and of God,
 Perchance, thou raisest high th' enraptur'd hymn
 Amid the blaze of Seraphim !

Yet oft ('tis nature's call)
 I weep, that heaven-born Genius *so* should fall ;
 And oft, in Fancy's saddest hour, my soul
 Averted shudders at the poison'd bowl.
 Now groans my sickening heart, as still I view
 Thy corse of livid hue ;
 And now a flash of indignation high
 Darts thro' the tear, that glistens in mine eye !

Is this the land of song-ennobled Line ?
 Is this the land, where Genius ne'er in vain
 Pour'd forth his lofty strain ?

Ah me ! yet SPENSER, gentlest bard divine,

Beneath chill Disappointment's shade,
 His weary limbs in lonely anguish lay'd :
 And o'er her darling dead
 PITY hopeless hung her head,
 While " mid the pelting of that merciless storm,"
 Sunk to the cold earth OTWAY'S famish'd form!

Sublime of thought, and confident of fame,
 From vales where AVON winds the MINSTREL* came.
 Light-hearted youth ! he hastes along,
 And meditates the future song,
 How dauntless Ælla fray'd the Dacyan foes ;
 See, as floating high in air
 Glitter the sunny visions fair,
 His eyes dance rapture, and his bosom glows !

* *Avon*, a river near Bristol ; the birth place of Chatterton,

Yes! Clad in Nature's rich array,
 And bright in all her tender hues,
 Sweet tree of Hope! thou loveliest child of Spring
 Most fair didst thou disclose thine early bloom,
 Loading the west-winds with its soft perfume!
 And Fancy, elfin form of gorgeous wing,
 On every blossom hung her fostering dew,
 That, changeful, wanton'd to the orient day!
 But soon upon thy poor unsheltered head
 Did Penury her sickly mildew shed:
 And soon the scathing Light'ning bade thee stand
 In frowning horror o'er the blighted land!

Ah! where are fled the charms of vernal Grace,
 And Joy's wild gleams, light-flashing o'er thy face?
 YOUTH of tumultuous soul, and haggard eye!
 Thy wasted form, thy hurried steps I view,
 On thy cold forehead starts the anguish'd dew:
 And dreadful was that bosom-rending sigh!

Such were the struggles of the gloomy hour,
 When CARE, of wither'd brow,
 Prepar'd the poison's power :
 Already to thy lips was rais'd the bowl,
 When near thee stood AFFECTION meek
 (Her bosom bare, and wildly pale her cheek)
 Thy sullen gaze she bade thee roll
 On scenes that well might melt thy soul ;
 Thy native cot she flash'd upon thy view,
 Thy native cot, where still, at close of day,
 PEACE smiling sate, and listen'd to thy lay ;
 Thy Sister's shrieks she bade thee hear,
 And mark thy Mother's tear ;
 See, see her breast's convulsive throe,
 Her silent agony of woe !
 Ah ! dash the poison'd chalice from thy hand !
 And thou had'st dash'd it, at her soft command,
 But that DESPAIR and INDIGNATION rose,

And told again the story of thy woes ;
 Told the keen insult of th' unfeeling heart ;
 The dread dependence on the low-born mind ;
 Told every pang, with which thy soul must smart,
 Neglect, and grinning Scorn, and Want combin'd !
 Recoiling quick, thou bad'st the friend of pain
 Roll the black tide of Death thro' every freezing vein !

Ye woods ! that wave o'er Avon's rocky steep,
 To Fancy's ear sweet is your murm'ring deep !
 For *here* she loves the cypress wreath to weave ;
 Watching, with wistful eye, the sad'ning tints of eve.
 Here, far from men, amid this pathless grove,
 In solemn thought the Minstrel wont to rove,
 Like star-beam on the slow sequester'd tide
 Lone-glittering, thro' the high tree branching wide.
 And here, in INSPIRATION's eager hour,
 When most the big soul feels the mad'ning pow'r,

These wilds, these caverns roaming o'er,
 Round which the screaming sea-gulls soar,
 With wild unequal steps he pass'd along
 Oft pouring on the winds a broken song :
 Anon, upon some rough rock's fearful brow
 Would pause abrupt—and gaze upon the waves below.
 POOR CHATTERTON ! *be* sorrows for thy fate
 Who would have prais'd and lov'd thee, ere too late.
 POOR CHATTERTON ! farewell ! of darkest hues
 This chaplet cast I on thy unshap'd tomb ;
 But dare no longer on the sad theme muse,
 Lest kindred woes persuade a kindred doom :
 For oh ! big gall-drops, shook from FOLLY's wing,
 Have blacken'd the fair promise of my spring ;
 And the stern FATE transpierc'd with viewless dart
 The last pale Hope, that shiver'd at my heart !
 Hence, gloomy thoughts ! no more my soul shall dwell
 On joys that were ! No more endure to weigh

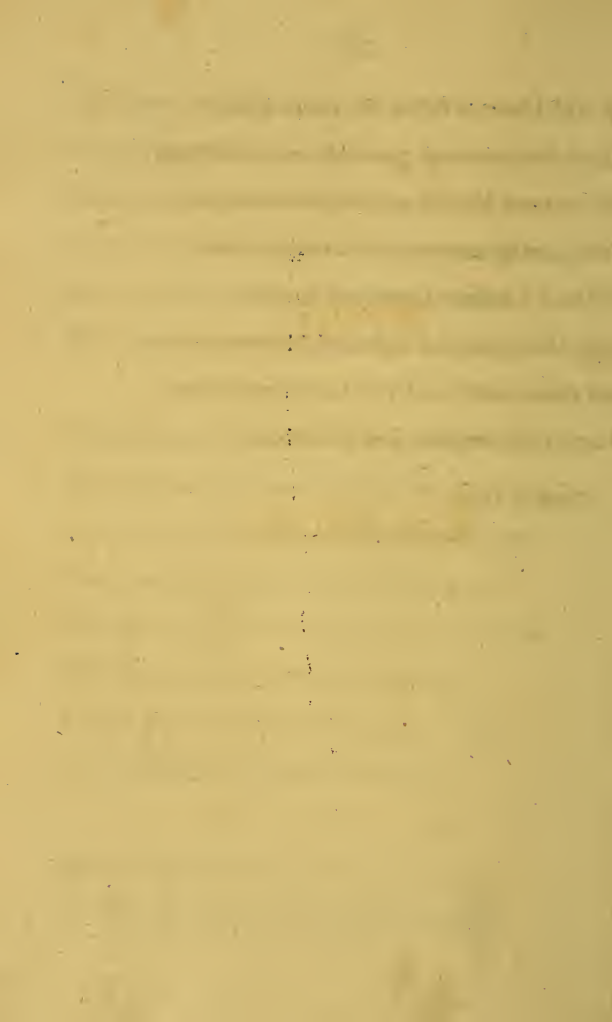
The shame and anguish of the evil day,
 Wisely forgetful ! O'er the ocean swell
 Sublime of Hope I seek the cottag'd dell
 Where VIRTUE calm with careless step may stray ;
 And, dancing to the moon-light roundelay,
 The wizard PASSIONS weave an holy spell !

O CHATTERTON ! that thou wert yet alive !
 Sure thou would'st spread the canvass to the gale,
 And love, with us, the tinkling team to drive
 O'er peaceful Freedom's UNDIVIDED dale ;
 And we, at sober eve, would round thee throng,
 Hanging, enraptur'd, on thy stately song !
 And greet with smiles the young-eyed POESY
 All deftly mask'd, as hoar ANTIQUITY.

Alas vain Phantasies ! the fleeting brood
 Of Woe self-solac'd in her dreamy mood !

Yet will I love to follow the sweet dream,
Where Susquehannah pours his untam'd stream ;
And on some hill, whose forest-frowning side
Waves o'er the murmurs of his calmer tide,
Will raise a solemn CENOTAPH to thee,
Sweet Harper of time-shrouded MINSTRELSY !
And there, sooth'd sadly by the dirgeful wind,
Muse on the sore ills I had left behind.

October, 1794.



Songs

OF

The Pixies.

The PIXIES, in the superstition of Devonshire, are a race of beings invisibly small, and harmless or friendly to man. At a small distance from a village in that county, half way up a wood-cover'd hill, is an excavation, called the Pixies' Parlour. The roots of old trees form its ceiling; and on its sides are innumerable cyphers, among which the Author discovered his own cypher and those of his brothers, cut by the hand of their childhood. At the foot of the hill flows the river Otter.

To this place the Author conducted a party of young Ladies, during the Summer months of the year 1793; one of whom, of stature elegantly small, and of complexion colourless yet clear, was proclaimed the Fairy Queen: On which occasion, and at which time, the following Irregular Ode was written.

SONGS

OF

THE PIXIES.

I.

WHOM the untaught Shepherds call

PIXIES in their madrigal,

Fancy's children, here we dwell :

Welcome, LADIES ! to our cell.

Here the wren of softest note

Builds it's nest and warbles well ;

Here the blackbird strains his throat :

Welcome, LADIES ! to our cell.

C

II.

II.

When fades the moon all shadowy-pale
And scuds the cloud before the gale,
Ere MORN with living gems bedight
Streaks the east with purple light,
We sip the furze-flower's fragrant dews
Clad in robes of rainbow hues
Richer than the deepen'd bloom
That glows on Summer's scented plume :
Or sport amid the rosy gleam
Sooth'd by the distant-tinkling team,
While lusty LABOR scouting sorrow
Bids the DAME a glad good-morrow,
Who jogs th' accustom'd road along,
And paces cheery to her cheering song.

III.

But not our filmy pinion
We scorch amid the blaze of day,

When NOONTIDE's fiery-tressed minion

Flashes the fervid ray.

Aye from the sultry heat

We to the cave retreat

O'er-canopied by huge roots interwin'd

With wildest texture, blacken'd o'er with age :

Round them their mantle green the ivies bind,

Beneath whose foliage pale

Fann'd by the unfrequent gale

We shield us from the Tyrant's mid-day rage.

IV.

Thither, while the murm'ring throng

Of wild-bees, hum their drowsy song,

By Indolence and Fancy brought,

A youthful BARD, " unknown to Fame,"

Wooes the Queen of Solemn Thought,

And heaves the gentle mis'ry of a sigh

Gazing with tearful eye,

As round our sandy grot appear

Many a rudely sculptur'd name

To pensive MEM'RY dear!

Weaving gay dreams of sunny-tinctur'd hue

We glance before his view :

O'er his hush'd soul our soothing witch'ries shed,

And twine our faery garlands round his head.

V.

When EVENING's dusky car

Crown'd with her dewy star

Steals o'er the fading sky in shadowy flight ;

On leaves of aspen trees

We tremble to the breeze,

Veil'd from the grosser ken of mortal sight.

Or, haply, at the visionary hour,

Along our wild sequestred walk,

We listen to th' enamour'd rustic's talk ;

Heave with the heavings of the maiden's breast,
 Where young-eyed Loves have built their turtle nest ;
 Or guide of soul-subduing power
 Th' electric flash, that from the melting eye
 Darts the fond question and the soft reply.

VI.

Or thro' the mystic ringlets of the vale
 We flash our faery feet in gamesome prank ;
 Or, silent-sandal'd, pay our defter court
 Circling the SPIRIT of the WESTERN GALE,
 Where, wearied with his flower-caressing sport,
 Supine he slumbers on a violet bank ;
 Then with quaint music hymn the parting gleam,
 By lonely OTTER's sleep-persuading stream ;
 Or where his wave with loud unquiet song
 Dash'd o'er the rocky channel froths along ;

Or where, his silver waters smooth'd to rest,
The tall tree's shadow sleeps upon his breast.

VII.

Hence ! thou lingerer, LIGHT !

EVE saddens into NIGHT.

Mother of wildly-working dreams ! we view
The SOMBRE HOURS, that round thee stand
With down-cast eyes (a duteous band !)
Their dark robes dripping with the heavy dew.

SORCERESS of the ebon throne !

Thy power the PIXIES own,

When round thy raven brow

Heaven's lucent roses glow,

And clouds, in watry colours drest,

Float in light drapery o'er thy sable vest ;

What time the pale moon sheds a softer day

Mellowing the woods beneath its pensive beam :

For mid the quiv'ring light 'tis our's to play,
Aye-dancing to the cadence of the stream.

VIII.

Welcome, LADIES! to the cell,

Where the blameless PIXIES dwell.

But thou, sweet Nymph! proclaim'd our Faery Queen,

With what obeisance meet

Thy presence shall we greet?

For lo! attendant on thy steps are seen

Graceful EASE in artless stole,

And white-rob'd PURITY of soul,

With HONOR's softer mein :

MIRTH of the loosely-flowing hair,

And meek ey'd PITY eloquently fair,

Whose tearful cheeks are lovely to the view,

As snow-drop wet with dew.

IX.

Unboastful Maid ! tho' now the LILY pale
Transparent grace thy beauties meek ;
Yet ere again along th' impurpling vale,
The purpling vale and elfin-haunted grove,
Young Zephyr his fresh flowers profusely throws,
We'll tinge with livelier hues thy cheek ;
And, haply, from the nectar-breathing ROSE
Extract a BLUSH for LOVE !



THE ROSE.

AS late each flower that sweetest blows
I pluck'd, the Garden's pride!
Within the petals of a Rose
A sleeping Love I spied.

Around his brows a beamy wreath
Of many a lucent hue;
All purple glow'd his cheek, beneath,
Inebriate with dew.

I softly seiz'd th' unguarded Power,
Nor scar'd his balmy rest;
And plac'd him, cag'd within the flower,
On spotless SARA's breast.

But when unweeting of the guile
Awoke the pris'ner sweet,
He struggled to escape awhile
And stamp'd his faery feet.

Ah! soon the soul-entrancing sight
Subdued th' impatient boy!
He gaz'd! he thrill'd with deep delight!
Then clapp'd his wings for joy.

And ô! he cried—"Of magic kind
"What charms this Throne endear!
"Some other LOVE let Venus find——
"I'll fix *my* empire here."

T H E K I S S .

ONE kiss, dear Maid ! I said and sigh'd—
Your scorn the little boon denied.
Ah why refuse the blameless bliss ?
Can danger lurk within a kiss ?

Yon viewless Wand'rer of the vale,
The *SPIRIT* of the Western Gale,
At Morning's break, at Evening's close
Inhales the sweetness of the *ROSE*,
And hovers o'er th' uninjur'd Bloom
Sighing back the soft perfume.
Vigor to the Zephyr's wing
Her nectar-breathing *KISSES* fling ;
And He the glitter of the Dew

Scatters on the ROSE's hue.

Bashful lo! she bends her head,

And darts a blush of deeper Red!

Too well those lovely lips disclose

The Triumphs of the op'ning Rose:

O fair! O graceful! bid them prove

As passive to the breath of Love.

In tender accents, faint and low,

Well-pleas'd I hear the whisper'd "No!"

The whisper'd "No" — how little meant!

Sweet Falsehood, that endears Consent!

For on those lovely lips the while

Dawns the soft relenting smile,

And tempts with feign'd dissuasion coy

The gentle violence of Joy.

TO A YOUNG ASS.

ITS MOTHER BEING TETHERED NEAR IT.

POOR little Foal of an oppressed Race!
 I love the languid Patience of thy face :
 And oft with gentle hand I give thee bread,
 And clap thy ragged Coat, and pat thy head.
 But what thy dulled Spirits hath dismay'd,
 That never thou dost sport along the glade ?
 And (most unlike the nature of things young)
 That earth-ward still thy moveless head is hung ?
 Do thy prophetic Fears anticipate,
 Meek Child of Misery ! thy future fate ? —
 The starving meal, and all the thousand aches
 “ Which patient Merit of th' Unworthy takes ?”
 Or is thy sad heart thrill'd with filial pain
 To see thy wretched MOTHER's shorten'd Chain ?

And truly, very piteous is *her* Lot —
 Chain'd to a Log within a narrow spot
 Where the close-eaten Grass is scarcely seen,
 While sweet around her waves the tempting Green !
 Poor Ass ! thy Master should have learnt to shew
 Pity—best taught by fellowship of Woe !
 For much I fear me, that *He* lives, like thee,
 Half-famish'd in a land of Luxury !
 How *askingly* it's footsteps hither bend ?
 It seems to say, “ And have I then *one* Friend ? ”
 Innocent Foal ! thou poor despis'd Forlorn !
 I hail thee BROTHER—spite of the fool's scorn !
 And fain would take thee with me, in the Dell
 Of Peace and mild Equality to dwell,
 Where TOIL shall call the charmer HEALTH his Bride,
 And LAUGHTER tickle PLENTY's ribless side !
 How thou wouldst toss thy heels in gamesome play,
 And frisk about, as Lamb or Kitten gay !

Yea ! and more musically sweet to me
Thy dissonant harsh Bray of Joy would be,
Than warbled Melodies that sooth to rest
The aching of pale FASHION's vacant breast !

December, 1794.



DOMESTIC PEACE.

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 scepter'd State,
 From the Rebel's noisy hate.
 In a cottaged vale She dwells
 List'ning to the Sabbath bells !
 Still around her steps are seen
 Spotless **HONOR**'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.



THE SIGH.

WHEN Youth his faery reign began
Ere Sorrow had proclaim'd me man ;
While Peace the present hour beguil'd,
And all the lovely Prospect smil'd ;
Then, MARY ! 'mid my lightsome glee
I heav'd the painless SIGH for thee.
And when, along the waves of woe,
My harass'd Heart was doom'd to know
The frantic Burst of Outrage keen,
And the slow Pang that gnaws unseen ;
Then shipwreck'd on Life's stormy sea
I heav'd an anguish'd SIGH for thee !
But soon Reflection's power imprest
A stiller sadness on my breast ;

And sickly Hope with waning eye
 Was well content to droop and die :
 I yielded to the stern decree,
 Yet heav'd a languid SIGH for thee !
 And tho' in distant climes to roam,
 A Wanderer from my native home,
 I fain would sooth the sense of Care
 And lull to sleep the Joys, that were !
 Thy Image may not banish'd be—
 Still, MARY ! still I SIGH for thee.

JUNE, 1794.

E P I T A P H

O N

A N I N F A N T.

ERE Sin could blight or Sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care ;
The opening bud to Heaven convey'd
And bade it blossom there.



L I N E S

Written at the KING'S-ARMS, ROSS,

Formerly the House of the

“*MAN OF ROSS.*”

RICHER than MISER o'er his countless hoards,
 Nobler than KINGS, or king-polluted LORDS,
 Here dwelt the MAN OF ROSS! O Trav'ler, hear!
 Departed Merit claims a reverent tear.
 Beneath this roof if thy cheer'd moments pass,
 Fill to the good man's name one grateful glass:
 To higher zest shall MEM'RY wake thy soul,
 And VIRTUE mingle in th' ennobled bowl.
 Friend to the friendless, to the sick man health,
 With generous joy he view'd his modest wealth;
 He hears the widow's heaven-breath'd prayer of praise,

He marks the shelter'd orphan's tearful gaze,
Or where the sorrow-shrivel'd captive lay,
Pours the bright blaze of Freedom's noon-tide ray.
But if, like me, thro' life's distressful scene
Lonely and sad thy pilgrimage hath been ;
And if, thy breast with heart-sick anguish fraught,
Thou journeyest onward tempest-tost in thought ;
Here cheat thy cares ! in generous visions melt,
And dream of Goodness, thou hast never felt !



LINES

TO A BEAUTIFUL SPRING

IN A VILLAGE.

ONCE more, sweet Stream! with slow foot wan-
d'ring near

I bless thy milky waters cold and clear.

Escap'd the flashing of the noontide hours

With one fresh garland of Pierian flowers

(Ere from thy zephyr-haunted brink I turn)

My languid hand shall wreath thy mossy urn.

For not thro' pathless grove with murmur rude

Thou soothest the sad wood-nymph, SOLITUDE:

Nor thine unseen in cavern depths to well,

The HERMIT-FOUNTAIN of some dripping cell!

Pride of the Vale ! thy useful streams supply
 The scatter'd cots and peaceful hamlet nigh.
 The elfin tribe around thy friendly banks
 With infant uproar and soul-soothing pranks,
 Releas'd from school, their little hearts at rest,
 Launch paper navies on thy waveless breast.
 The rustic here at eve with pensive look
 Whistling lorn ditties leans upon his crook,
 Or starting pauses with hope-mingled dread
 To list the much-lov'd maid's accustom'd tread.
 She, vainly mindful of her dame's command,
 Loiters, the long-fill'd pitcher in her hand.
 Unboastful Stream ! thy fount with pebbled falls
 The faded form of past delight recalls,
 What time the morning sun of Hope arose,
 And all was joy ; save when another's woes
 A transient gloom upon my soul imprest,
 Like passing clouds impictur'd on thy breast.

Life's current then ran sparkling to the noon
Or silv'ry stole beneath the pensive Moon.
Ah! now it works rude brakes and thorns among,
Or o'er the rough rock bursts and foams along!



LINES

On a FRIEND,

WHO DIED OF A FRENZY FEVER,

Induced by Calumnious Reports.

EDMUND! thy grave with aching eye I scan,
 And inly groan for Heaven's poor outcast, Man!
 'Tis tempest all or gloom: in early youth
 If gifted with the Ithuriel lance of Truth
 We force to start amid her feign'd caress
 VICE, siren-hag! in native ugliness,
 A Brother's fate will haply rouse the tear,
 And on we go in heaviness and fear!
 But if our fond hearts call to PLEASURE'S bower
 Some pigmy FOLLY in a careless hour,

The faithless guest shall stamp th' enchanted ground
 And mingled forms of Mis'ry rise around :
 Heart-fretting FEAR, with pallid look aghast,
 That courts the future woe to hide the past ;
 REMORSE, the poison'd arrow in his side ;
 And loud lewd MIRTH, to Anguish close allied :
 Till FRENZY, fierce-ey'd child of moping pain,
 Darts her hot lightning flash athwart the brain.

Rest, injur'd shade ! Shall SLANDER squatting near
 Spit her cold venom in a DEAD MAN'S ear ?
 'Twas thine to feel the sympathetic glow
 In Merit's joy, and Poverty's meek woe ;
 Thine all, that cheer the moment as it flies,
 The *zoneless* CARES, and smiling COURTESIES.
 Nurs'd in thy heart the firmer Virtues grew,
 And in thy heart they wither'd ! Such chill dew
 Wan INDOLENCE on each young blossom shed ;

And VANITY her filmy net-work spread,
 With eye that roll'd around in asking gaze,
 And tongue that traffick'd in the trade of praise.
 Thy follies such ! the hard world mark'd them well—
 Were they more wise, the PROUD who never fell ?
 Rest, injur'd shade ! the poor man's grateful prayer
 On heaven-ward wing thy wounded soul shall bear.
 As oft at twilight gloom thy grave I pass,
 And sit me down upon its recent grass,
 With introverted eye I contemplate
 Similitude of soul, perhaps of — Fate !
 To me hath Heaven with bounteous hand assign'd
 Energetic Reason and a shaping mind,
 The daring ken of Truth, the Patriot's part,
 And Pity's sigh, that breathes the gentle heart.
 Sloth-jaundic'd all ! and from my graspless hand
 Drop Friendship's precious pearls, like hour glass sand.

I weep, yet stoop not ! the faint anguish flows,
A dreamy pang in Morning's fev'rish doze.

Is this pil'd earth our Being's passless mound ?
Tell me, cold grave ! is Death with poppies crown'd ?
Tir'd Centinel ! mid fitful starts I nod,
And fain would sleep, though pillow'd on a clod !

November, 1794.



TO A
Y O U N G L A D Y,

WITH A POEM

On the FRENCH REVOLUTION.

MUCH on my early youth I love to dwell,
Ere yet I bade that friendly dome farewell,
Where first, beneath the echoing cloisters pale,
I heard of guilt and wonder'd at the tale!
Yet tho' the hours flew by on careless wing,
Full heavily of Sorrow would I sing.
Aye as the star of evening flung its beam
In broken radiance on the wavy stream,
My soul amid the pensive twilight gloom

Mourn'd with the breeze, O * LEE BOO! o'er thy tomb.
 Where'er I wander'd, PITY still was near,
 Breath'd from the heart and glisten'd in the tear :
 No knell that toll'd, but fill'd my anxious eye,
 And suff'ring Nature wept that *one* should die ! †

Thus to sad sympathies I sooth'd my breast,
 Calm, as the rainbow in the weeping West :
 When slumb'ring FREEDOM rous'd by high DISDAIN
 With giant fury burst her triple chain !
 Fierce on her front the blasting Dog-star glow'd ;
 Her Banners, like a midnight Meteor, flow'd ;

* LEE BOO, the son of ABBA THULE, Prince of the Pelew Islands, came over to England with Captain Wilson, died of the small-pox, and is buried in Greenwich Church-yard. See Keate's Account.

† Southey's Retrospect.

Amid the yelling of the storm-rent skies
 She came, and scatter'd battles from her eyes!
 Then EXULTATION wak'd the patriot fire
 And swept with wilder hand th' Alcæan lyre:
 Red from the Tyrants' wound I shook the lance,
 And strode in joy the reeking plains of France!

Fall'n is th' oppressor, friendless, ghastly, low,
 And my heart akes, tho' MERCY struck the blow.
 With wearied thought once more I seek the shade,
 Where peaceful Virtue weaves the MYRTLE braid.
 And ô! if EYES, whose holy glances roll,
 Swift messengers, and eloquent of soul;
 If SMILES more winning, and a gentler MIEN
 Than the love-wilder'd Maniac's brain hath seen
 Shaping celestial forms in vacant air,
 If these demand th' empassion'd Poet's care—
 If MIRTH, and soften'd SENSE, and WIT refin'd,

The blameless features of a lovely mind ;
Then haply shall my trembling hand assign
No fading wreath to BEAUTY'S saintly shrine.
Nor, SARA ! thou these early flowers refuse——
Ne'er lurk'd the snake beneath their simple hues :
No purple bloom the Child of Nature brings
From Flatt'rys night-shade : as he feels, he sings.

September, 1794.



To a FRIEND,

TOGETHER WITH

AN UNFINISHED POEM.

THUS far my scanty brain hath built the rhyme
 Elaborate and swelling : yet the heart
 Not owns it. From thy spirit-breathing powers
 I ask not now, my friend ! the aiding verse,
 Tedious to thee, and from thy anxious thought
 Of dissonant mood. In fancy (well I know)
 From business wand'ring far and local cares,
 Thou creepest round a dear-lov'd Sister's bed
 With noiseless step, and watchest the faint look,
 Soothing each pang with fond solicitude,

And tenderest tones medicinal of love.

I too a SISTER had, an only Sister——

She lov'd me dearly, and I doted on her!

To her I pour'd forth all my puny sorrows,

(As a sick Patient in his Nurse's arms)

And of the heart those hidden maladies

That shrink ashamed from even Friendship's eye.

O! I have woken at midnight, and have wept,

Because SHE WAS NOT!—Cheerily, dear CHARLES!

Thou thy best friend shalt cherish many a year:

Such warm presages feel I of high Hope.

For not uninterested the dear maid

I've view'd—her soul affectionate yet wise,

Her polish'd wit as mild as lambent glories,

That play around a sainted infant's head.

He knows (the SPIRIT that in secret sees,

Of whose omniscient and all spreading Love

Aught to † *implore* were impotence of mind)
 That my mute thoughts are sad before his throne,
 Prepar'd, when he his healing ray vouchsafes,
 To pour forth thanksgiving with lifted heart,
 And praise Him Gracious with a BROTHER'S Joy!

December, 1794.

† I utterly recant the sentiment contained in the Lines

Of whose omniscient and all-spreading Love
 Aught to *implore* were impotence of mind,

it being written in Scripture, “*Ask*, and it shall be given you,” and my human reason being moreover convinced of the propriety of offering *petitions* as well as thanksgivings to Deity.

Sonnets,

ATTEMPTED IN THE MANNER

OF THE

REV. W. L. BOWLES.

*Non ita certandi cupidus, quam propter amorem
Quod te IMITARI aueo.*

LUCRET.

INTRODUCTION TO THE SONNETS.

THE composition of the Sonnet has been regulated by Boileau in his Art of Poetry, and since Boileau, by William Preston, in the elegant preface to his Amatory Poems: the rules, which they would establish, are founded on the practice of Petrarch. I have never yet been able to discover either sense, nature, or poetic fancy in Petrarch's poems; they appear to me all one cold glitter of heavy conceits and metaphysical abstractions. However, Petrarch, although not the inventor of the Sonnet, was the first who made it popular; and his countrymen have taken *his* poems as the model. Charlotte Smith and Bowles are they who first made the Sonnet popular among the present English: I am justified therefore by analogy in deducing its laws from *their* compositions.

The Sonnet then is a small poem, in which some lonely feeling is developed. It is limited to a *particular* number of lines, in order that the reader's mind having expected the close at the place in which he finds it, may rest satisfied; and that so the poem may acquire, as it were, a *Totality*,—in plainer phrase, may become a *Whole*. It is confined to fourteen lines, because as some particular number is neces-

sary, and that particular number must be a small one, it may as well be fourteen as any other number. When no reason can be adduced against a thing, Custom is a sufficient reason for it. Perhaps, if the Sonnet were comprized in less than fourteen lines, it would become a serious Epigram; if it extended to more, it would encroach on the province of the Elegy. Poems, in which no lonely feeling is developed, are not Sonnets because the Author has chosen to write them in fourteen lines: they should rather be entitled Odes, or Songs, or Inscriptions. The greater part of Warton's Sonnets are severe and masterly likenesses of the style of the Greek *ἐπιγράμματα*.

In a Sonnet then we require a developement of some lonely feeling, by whatever cause it may have been excited; but those Sonnets appear to me the most exquisite, in which moral Sentiments, Affections, or Feelings, are deduced from, and associated with, the scenery of Nature. Such compositions generate a habit of thought highly favourable to delicacy of character. They create a sweet and indissoluble union between the intellectual and the material world. Easily remembered from their briefness, and interesting alike to the eye and the affections, these are the poems which we can "lay up in our heart, and our soul," and repeat them "when we walk by the way, and when we lie down, and when we rise up." Hence, the Sonnets of BOWLES derive their marked superiority over all other Sonnets; hence they domesticate with the heart, and become, as it were, a part of our identity.

Respecting the metre of a Sonnet, the Writer should consult his own convenience.—Rhymes, many or few, or no rhymes at all—whatever the chastity of his ear may prefer, whatever the rapid expression of his feelings will permit;—all these things are left at his own disposal. A sameness in the final sound of its words is the great and greivous defect of the Italian language. That rule therefore, which the Italians have established, of exactly *four* different sounds in the Sonnet, seems to have arisen from their wish to have *as many*, not from any dread of finding *more*. But surely it is ridiculous to make the *defect* of a foreign language a reason for our not availing ourselves of one of the marked excellencies of our own. “The Sonnet (says Preston) will ever be cultivated by those who write on tender pathetic subjects. It is peculiarly adapted to the state of a man violently agitated by a real passion, and wanting composure and vigor of mind to methodize his thought. It is fitted to express a momentary burst of passion,” &c. Now, if there be one species of composition more difficult and artificial than another, it is an English Sonnet on the Italian Model. Adapted to the agitations of a real passion! Express momentary bursts of feeling in it! I should sooner expect to write pathetic *Axes* or *pour forth extempore Eggs and Altars*! But the best confutation of such idle rules is to be found in the Sonnets of those who have observed them, in their inverted sentences, their quaint phrases, and incongruous mixture of obsolete and spenserian words: and when, at last, the thing

thing is toiled and hammered into fit shape, it is in general racked and tortured Prose rather than any thing resembling Poetry.

The Sonnet has been ever a favorite species of composition with me; but I am conscious that I have not succeeded in it. From a large number I have retained ten only, as not beneath mediocrity. Whatever more is said of them, ponamus lucro.

S. T. COLERIDGE.



SONNET I.

MY heart has thank'd thee, BOWLES ! for those
soft strains

Whose sadness soothes me, like the murmuring
Of wild-bees in the sunny showers of spring !
For hence not callous to the mourner's pains
Thro' Youth's gay prime and thornless paths I went :
And when the *darker* day of life began,
And I did roam, a thought-bewilder'd man !
Their mild and manliest melancholy lent
A mingled charm, which oft the pang confign'd
To slumber, tho' the big tear it renew'd :
Bidding such strange mysterious pleasure brood
Over the wavy and tumultuous mind,
As made the soul enamour'd of her woe :
No common praise, dear Bard ! to thee I owe !

SONNET II.

On a Discovery made too late.

THOU bleedest, my poor HEART ! and thy distress
 Reas'ning I ponder with a scornful smile
 And probe thy sore wound sternly, tho' the while
 Swoln be mine eye and dim with heaviness.
 Why didst thou listen to Hope's whisper bland ?
 Or list'ning, why forget the healing tale,
 When Jealousy with fev'rish fancies pale
 Jarr'd thy fine fibres with a maniac's hand ?
 Faint was that HOPE, and rayless !—Yet 'twas fair
 And sooth'd with many a dream the hour of rest :
 Thou should'st have lov'd it most, when most opprest.
 And nurs'd it with an agony of Care,
 Ev'n as a Mother her sweet infant heir,
 That wan and sickly droops upon her breast !

SONNET III.

THOU gentle LOOK, that didst my soul beguile,
Why hast thou left me ? Still in some fond dream
Revisit my sad heart, auspicious SMILE !
As falls on closing flowers the lunar beam :
What time, in sickly mood, at parting day
I lay me down and think of happier years ;
Of Joys, that glimmer'd in Hope's twilight ray,
Then left me darkling in a vale of tears.
O pleasant days of Hope—for ever flown !
Could I recall you !—But that thought is vain.
Availeth not Persuasion's sweetest tone
To lure the fleet-wing'd Travellers back again :
Yet fair, tho' faint, their images shall gleam
Like the bright Rainbow on an evening stream.

S O N N E T IV.

To the River Otter.

DEAR native Brook! wild Streamlet of the West!
 How many various-fated Years have past,
 What blissful and what anguish'd hours, since last
 I skimm'd the smooth thin stone along thy breast,
 Numbering its light leaps! Yet so deep imprest
 Sink the sweet scenes of Childhood, that mine eyes
 I never shut amid the sunny blaze,
 But strait with all their tints thy waters rise,
 Thy crossing plank, thy margin's willowy maze,
 And bedded sand that vein'd with various dies
 Gleam'd thro' thy bright transparence to the gaze!
 Visions of Childhood! oft have ye beguil'd
 Lone Manhood's cares, yet waking fondest sighs,
 Ah! that once more I were a careless Child!

SONNET V.

Composed while climbing the left ascent of

BROCKLEY-COOMB,

IN THE COUNTY OF SOMERSET,

MAY, 1795.

WITH many a pause and oft reverted eye
 I climb the Coomb's ascent: sweet songsters near
 Warble in shade their wild-wood melody:
 Far off th' unvarying Cuckoo soothes my ear.
 Up scour the startling stragglers of the Flock
 That on green plots o'er precipices browze:
 From the forc'd fissures of the naked rock
 The Yew tree bursts! Beneath its dark green boughs
 (Mid which the May-thorn blends its blossoms white)
 Where broad smooth stones jut out in mossy seats,

I rest.—And now have gain'd the topmost site.

Ah ! what a luxury of landscape meets

My gaze ! Proud Towers, and Cots more dear to me ;

Elm-shadow'd Fields, and prospect-bounding Sea !

Deep sighs my lonely heart : I drop the tear :

Enchanting spot ! O were my SARA here !



SONNET VI.

SWEET Mercy ! how my very heart has bled
 To see thee, poor **OLD MAN** ! and thy grey hairs
 Hoar with the snowy blast ; while no one cares
 To cloathe thy shrivell'd limbs and palsied head.
 My **FATHER** ! throw away this tatter'd vest
 That mocks thy shiv'ring ! take my garment—use
 A young man's arm ! I'll melt these frozen dews
 That hang from thy white beard and numb thy breast.
 My **SARA** too shall tend thee, like a Child :
 And thou shalt talk, in our fire side's recess,
 Of purple Pride, that scowls on Wretchedness.—
 He did not scowl, the **GALILÆAN** mild,
 Who met the Lazar turn'd from rich man's doors,
 And call'd him Friend, and wept upon his sorés !

SONNET VII.

PALE Roamer thro' the Night ! thou poor Forlorn !
 Remorse that man on his death-bed possess,
 Who in the credulous hour of tenderness
 Betrayed, then cast thee forth to Want and Scorn !
 The world is pityless ; the Chaste one's pride,
 Mimic of Virtue, scowls on thy distress :
 Thy Loves and they, that envied thee, deride :
 And Vice alone will shelter Wretchedness !
 O ! I am sad to think, that there should be
 Cold-bosom'd lewd ones, who endure to place
 Foul offerings on the shrine of Misery,
 And force from FAMINE the caress of LOVE !
 May He shed healing on thy sore disgrace,
 He, the great COMFORTER that rules above !

SONNET VIII.

To the Author of "THE ROBBERS."

SCHILLER! * that hour I would have wish'd to die,
 If thro' the shudd'ring midnight I had sent
 From the dark Dungeon of the Tower time-rent
 That fearful voice, a famish'd Father's cry—
 That in no after moment aught less vast
 Might stamp me mortal ! A triumphant shout
 Black HORROR scream'd and all her *goblin* rout
 From

* One night in Winter, on leaving a College-friend's room, with whom I had supped, I carelessly took away with me "The Robbers" a drama, the very name of which I had never before heard of:—A Winter midnight—the wind high—and "The Robbers" for the first time!—The readers of SCHILLER will conceive what I felt. SCHILLER introduces no supernatural beings ; yet his human beings agitate and astonish, more than all the *goblin* rout—even of Shakespeare.

From the more with'ring scene diminish'd past.

Ah! Bard tremendous in sublimity!

Could I behold thee in thy loftier mood,

Wand'ring at eve with finely frenzied eye

Beneath some vast old tempest-swinging wood!

Awhile with mute awe gazing I would brood,

Then weep aloud in a wild extacy!



SONNET IX.

Composed on a journey homeward; the Author having received intelligence of the Birth of a Son, September 20, 1796.

OFT o'er my brain does that strange fancy roll . . .
 Which makes the present (while the flash doth last)
 Seem a mere semblance of some unknown past,
 Mix'd with such feelings, as perplex the soul
 Self-question'd in her sleep: and some * have said
 We liv'd, ere yet this fleshy robe we wore.
 O my sweet Baby! when I reach my door,
 If heavy looks should tell me, thou wert dead
 (As sometimes, thro' excess of hope, I fear)

F 3

I

* Ην που ημων η ψυχη πριν εν τωδε τω ανθρωπινω
 ειδει γενεσθαι. Plat. in Phædon.

I think, that I should struggle to believe
Thou wert a Spirit, to this nether sphere
Sentenc'd for some more venial crime to grieve;
Didst scream, then spring to meet Heaven's quick
 reprieve,
While we wept idly o'er thy little bier!

SONNET X.

*To a Friend, who asked how I felt, when the Nurse first
presented my Infant to me.*

CHARLES! my slow heart was only sad, when first
I scann'd that face of feeble infancy :
For dimly on my thoughtful spirit burst
All I had been, and all my babe might be !
But when I saw it on its Mother's arm,
And hanging at her bosom (she the while
Bent o'er its features with a tearful smile)
Then I was thrill'd and melted, and most warm
Impress'd a Father's kiss : and all beguil'd
Of dark remembrance, and presageful fear
I seem'd to see an Angel's form appear.—
'Twas even thine, beloved Woman mild !
So for the Mother's sake the Child was dear,
And dearer was the Mother for the Child.

ODE TO SARA,

Written at SHURTON BARS, near Bridgwater,

SEPTEMBER, 1795,

IN ANSWER TO A LETTER

FROM BRISTOL.

Note.—The first Stanza alludes to a Passage in the Letter.

NOR travels my meand'ring eye

The starry wilderness on high ;

Nor now with curious sight

I mark the glow-worm, as I pass,

Move with "green* radiance" thro' the grass,

An EMERALD of Light.

* The expression "green radiance" is borrowed from Mr. WORDSWORTH, a Poet whose versification is occasionally harsh, and his diction too frequently obscure : but whom I deem unrivalled among the writers of the present day, in manly sentiment, novel imagery, and vivid colouring.

O ever-present to my view !

My wafted spirit is with you,

And soothes your boding fears :

I see you all opprest with gloom

Sit lonely in that cheerless room—

Ah me ! You are in tears !

Beloved Woman ! did you fly

Chill'd Friendship's dark disliking eye,

Or Mirth's untimely din ?

With cruel weight these trifles press

A temper sore with Tenderness,

When akes the Void within.

But why with sable wand unblest

Should Fancy rouse within my breast

Dim-visag'd shapes of Dread ?

Untenanting its beauteous clay

My SARA'S soul has wing'd it's way,

And hovers round my head !

I felt it prompt the tender Dream,
 When slowly sunk the day's last gleam ;
 You rous'd each gentler sense
 As sighing o'er the Blossom's bloom
 Meek Evening wakes it's soft perfume
 With viewless influence.

And hark, my Love ! The sea-breeze moans
 Thro' yon reft house ! O'er rolling stones
 With broad impetuous sweep
 The fast incroaching tides supply
 The silence of the cloudless sky
 With mimic thunders deep.

Dark-red'ning from the channel'd* Isle
 (Where stands one solitary pile
 Unslated by the blast)
 The Watchfire, like a sullen star,
 Twinkles to many a dozing Tar
 Rude-cradled on the mast.

* The Holmes, in the Bristol Channel.

Ev'n there—beneath that light-house tower—

In the tumultuous evil hour

Ere Peace with SARA came,

Time was, I should have thought it sweet

To count the echoings of my feet,

And watch the troubled flame.

And there in black and jaundic'd fit

A sad gloom-pamper'd Man to sit,

And listen to the roar :

When mountain Surges bellowing deep

With an uncouth monster leap

Plung'd foaming on the shore.

Then by the Lightning's blaze to mark

Some toiling tempest-shatter'd bark :

Her vain distress-guns hear :

And when a second sheet of light

Flash'd o'er the blackness of the night—

To see *no* Vessel there !

But Fancy now more gaily sings ;
 Or if awhile she droop her wings,
 As sky-larks mid the corn,
 On summer fields she grounds her breast :
 Th' oblivious Poppy o'er her nest
 Nods, till returning morn.

O mark those smiling tears, that swell
 The open'd Rose ! From heaven they fell,
 And with the sun-beam blend ;
 Blest visitations from above :
 Such are the tender woes of Love
 Fost'ring the heart, they bend !

When stormy Midnight howling round
 Beats on our roof with clatt'ring sound,
 To me your arms you'll stretch :
 Great God ! you'll say — To us so kind,
 O shelter from this loud bleak wind
 The houseless, friendless wretch !

The tears that tremble down your cheek,
 Shall bathe my kisses chaste and meek

In Pity's dew divine;

And from your heart the sighs that steal

Shall make your rising bosom feel

The answ'ring swell of mine!

How oft, my Love! with shapings sweet

I paint the moment, we shall meet!

With eager speed I dart ——

I seize you in the vacant air,

And fancy, with a Husband's care

I press you to my heart!

'Tis said, on Summer's evening hour

Flashes the* golden-colour'd flower

* *LIGHT from plants.* In Sweden a very curious phenomenon has been observed on certain flowers by M. Haggern, lecturer in natural history. One evening he perceived a faint flash of light repeatedly dart from a

A fair electric flame :

And so shall flash my love-charg'd eye

marigold. Surprized at such an uncommon appearance, he resolved to examine it with attention ; and, to be assured it was no deception of the eye, he placed a man near him, with orders to make a signal at the moment when he observed the light. They both saw it constantly at the same moment.

The light was most brilliant on marigolds of an orange or flame colour ; but scarcely visible on pale ones.

The flash was frequently seen on the same flower two or three times in quick successon ; but more commonly at intervals of several minutes ; and when several flowers in the same place emitted their light together, it could be observed at a considerable distance.

This phenomenon was remarked in the months of July and August at sun-set, and for half an hour, when the atmosphere was clear ; but after a rainy day, or when the air was loaded with vapours nothing of it was seen.

The following flowers emitted flashes, more or less vivid, in this order :

1. The marigold, *galendula officinalis*.
2. Monk's-hood, *tropæum majus*.

When all the heart's big ecstasy
Shoots rapid thro' the frame!

3. The orange-lily, *lilium bulbiferum*.

4. The Indian pink, *tagetes patula* & *erecta*.

From the rapidity of the flash, and other circumstances, it may be conjectured that there is something of electricity in this phenomenon.



COMPOSED at CLEVEDON,

SOMERSETSHIRE.

MY pensive SARA ! thy soft cheek reclin'd
 Thus on mine arm, most soothing sweet it is
 To sit beside our cot, our cot o'er grown
 With white-flower'd Jasmin, and the broad-leav'd
 Myrtle,
 (Meet emblems they of Innocence and Love !)
 And watch the clouds, that late were rich with light,
 Slow-sad'ning round, and mark the star of eve
 Serenely brilliant (such should wisdom be)
 Shine opposite ! How exquisite the scents
 Snatch'd from yon bean-field ! and the world so hush'd !
 The stilly murmur of the distant Sea
 Tells us of Silence. And that simplest Lute

Plac'd length-ways in the clasping casement, hark !
 How by the desultory breeze caress'd,
 Like some coy Maid half-yielding to her Lover,
 It pours such sweet upbraidings, as must needs
 Tempt to repeat the wrong ! And now its strings
 Boldlier swept, the long sequacious notes
 Over delicious surges sink and rise
 Such a soft floating witchery of sound
 As twilight Elfins make, when they at eve
 Voyage on gentle gales from Faery Land,
 Where *Melodies* round honey-dropping flowers
 Footless and wild, like birds of Paradise,
 Nor pause nor perch, hov'ring on untam'd wing.
 And thus, my Love ! as on the midway slope
 Of yonder hill I stretch my limbs at noon,
 Whilst thro' my half-clos'd eyelids I behold
 The sunbeams dance, like diamonds, on the main,

And tranquil muse upon tranquillity ;
Full many a thought uncall'd and undetain'd,
And many idle flitting phantasies,
Traverse my indolent and passive brain,
As wild and various as the random gales
That swell or flutter on this subject Lute !
And what if all of animated nature
Be but organic Harps diversly fram'd,
That tremble into thought, as o'er them sweeps,
Plastic and vast, one intellectual Breeze,
At once the Soul of each, and God of all ?—
But thy more serious eye a mild reproof
Darts, O beloved Woman ! nor such thoughts
Dim and unhallow'd dost thou not reject,
And biddest me walk humbly with my God.
Meek Daughter in the Family of Christ,
Well hast thou said and holily disprais'd
These shapings of the unregenerate mind,

Bubbles that glitter as they rise and break
 On vain Philosophy's aye-babbling spring,
 For never guiltless may I speak of Him,
 Th' INCOMPREHENSIBLE ! save when with awe
 I praise him, and with Faith that inly* *feels* ;
 Who with his saving mercies healed me,
 A sinful and most miserable man
 Wilder'd and dark, and gave me to possess
 PEACE, and this COT, and THEE, heart-honor'd Maid !

* L'athée n'est point à mes yeux un faux esprit ; je puis vivre avec lui aussi bien et mieux qu'avec le dévot, car il raisonne davantage, mais il lui manque un sens, et mon ame ne se fond point entièrement avec la sienne : il est froid au spectacle le plus ravissant, et il cherche un syllogisme lorsque je rends un action de grace.

“ Appel a l'impartiale postérité, par la Citoyenne Roland,” troisieme partic, p. 67.

REFLECTIONS

ON HAVING LEFT A PLACE OF RETIREMENT.

Sermoni propria.—HOR.

LOW was our pretty Cot : our tallest Rose
 Peep'd at the chamber-window. We could hear
 At silent noon, and eve, and early morn,
 The Sea's faint murmur. In the open air
 Our Myrtles blossom'd ; and across the porch
 Thick Jasmins twin'd : the little landscape round
 Was green and woody and refresh'd the eye.
 It was a spot, which you might aptly call
 The VALLEY of SECLUSION ! Once I saw
 (Hallowing his Sabbath-day by quietness)
 A wealthy son of Commerce saunter by,
 Bristowa's citizen : Methought, it calm'd

His thirst of idle gold, and made him muse
 With wiser feelings : for he paus'd, and look'd
 With a pleas'd sadness, and gaz'd all around,
 Then eyed our cottage, and gaz'd round again,
 And sigh'd, and said, *it was a blessed place.*
 And we *were* blessed. Oft with patient ear
 Long-listening to the viewless sky-lark's note
 (Viewless, or haply for a moment seen
 Gleaming on sunny wing) in whisper'd tones
 I've said to my Beloved, " Such, sweet Girl !
 " The inobtrusive song of HAPPINESS—
 " Unearthly minstrelsy ! then only heard
 " When the Soul seeks to hear ; when all is hush'd
 " And the Heart listens ! "

But the time, when first
 From that low Dell steep up the stony Mount

I climb'd with perilous toil and reach'd the top,
 O what a goodly scene! *Here* the bleak Mount,
 The bare bleak Mountain speckled thin with sheep;
 Grey Clouds, that shadowing spot the sunny fields;
 And River, now with bushy rocks o'erbrow'd
 Now winding bright and full, with naked banks;
 And Seats, and Lawns, the Abbey, and the Wood,
 And Cots, and Hamlets, and faint City-spire:
 The Channel *there*, the Islands and white Sails,
 Dim Coasts, and cloud-like Hills, and shoreless Ocean—
 It seem'd like Omnipresence! God, methought,
 Had built him there a Temple: the whole World
 Seem'd *imag'd* in its vast circumference.
 No *wish* profan'd my overwhelmed Heart.
 Blest hour! It was a Luxury—to be!

Ah quiet Dell! dear Cot! and Mount sublime!
 I was constrain'd to quit you. Was it right,

While my unnumber'd Brethren toil'd and bled,
 That I should dream away the trusted Hours
 On rose-leaf Beds, pamp'ring the coward Heart
 With feelings all too delicate for use?
 Sweet is the Tear that from some Howard's eye
 Drops on the cheek of One, he lifts from earth:
 And He, that works me good with unmov'd face,
 Does it but half: he chills me while he aids,
 My Benefactor, not my Brother Man!
 Yet even this, this cold Beneficence
 Seizes my Praise, when I reflect on those,
 The sluggard Pity's vision-weaving Tribe!
 Who sigh for Wretchedness, yet shun the Wretched,
 Nursing in some delicious solitude
 Their slothful loves and dainty Sympathies!
 I therefore go, and join head, heart, and hand,
 Active and firm, to fight the bloodless fight
 Of Science, Freedom, and the Truth in CHRIST.

Yet oft when after honourable toil
Rests the tir'd mind, and waking loves to dream,
My Spirit shall revisit thee, dear Cot !
Thy Jasmin and thy window-peeping Rose,
And Myrtles fearless of the mild sea-air.
And I shall sigh fond wishes—sweet Abode !
Ah—had none greater ! And that all had such !
It might be so—but the time is not yet.
Speed it, O FATHER ! Let thy Kingdom come !



TO AN

UNFORTUNATE WOMAN,

Whom the Author had known in the days of her
Innocence.

MYRTLE leaf, that ill besped
Pinest in the gladsome ray,
Soil'd beneath the common tread
Far from thy protecting spray !

When the Rustic o'er his sheaf
Caroll'd in the yellow vale,
Sad, I saw thee, headless leaf !
Love the dalliance of the gale.

Lightly didst thou, foolish thing !
Heave and flutter to his sighs,

While the Flatt'rer on his wing
Woo'd and whisper'd thee to rise.

Gaily from thy mother stalk
Wert thou danc'd and wafted high ;
Soon on this unshelter'd walk
Flung to fade, to rot and die !



L I N E S

ON OBSERVING A BLOSSOM

On the First of February, 1796.

WRITTEN NEAR SHEFFIELD.

SWEET Flower! that peeping from thy russet stem,
 Unfoldest timidly (for in strange sort
 This dark, freeze-coated, hoarse, teeth-chattering Month
 Hath borrow'd Zephyr's voice, and gaz'd upon thee
 With blue voluptuous eye) alas poor Flower!
 These are but flatteries of the faithless Year.
 Perchance escap'd its unknown polar cave
 Ev'n now the keen North-East is on its way.
 Flower, that must perish! shall I liken thee
 To some sweet Girl of too, too rapid growth
 Nipp'd by Consumption mid untimely charms?

Or to Bristowa's *Bard, the wond'rous boy !
 An Amaranth, which Earth scarce seem'd to own,
 Blooming mid poverty's drear wintry waste,
 Till Disappointment came and pelting Wrong
 Beat it to earth ? Or with indignant grief
 Shall I compare thee to poor POLAND'S Hope,
 Bright flower of hope kill'd in the opening bud ?
 Farewell, sweet Blossom ! better fate be thine
 And mock my boding ! dim similitudes
 Weaving in moral strains, I've stolen one hour
 From black anxiety that gnaws my heart
 For her who droops far off on a sick bed :
 And the warm woings of this sunny day
 Tremble along my frame and harmonize
 Th' attemper'd brain, that ev'n the saddest thoughts
 Mix with some sweet sensations, like harsh tunes
 Play'd deftly on a soft-ton'd instrument.

THE HOUR

WHEN WE SHALL MEET AGAIN.

(Composed during Illness, and in Absence.)

DIM Hour ! that sleep'st on pillowing clouds afar,
O rise and yoke the Turtles to thy car !
Bend o'er the traces, blame each lingering Dove,
And give me to the bosom of my Love !
My gentle Love, caressing and carest,
With heaving heart shall cradle me to rest ;
Shed the warm tear-drop from her smiling eyes,
Lull with fond woe, and med'cine me with sighs :
While finely-flushing float her kisses meek,
Like melted rubies, o'er my pallid cheek.
Chill'd by the night, the drooping Rose of May
Mourns the long absence of the lovely Day ;

Young Day returning at her promis'd hour
Weeps o'er the sorrows of her fav'rite Flower ;
Weeps the soft dew, the balmy gale she sighs,
And darts a trembling lustre from her eyes.
New life and joy th' expanding flowret feels :
His pitying Mistress mourns, and mourning heals !



To C. LLOYD,

ON HIS PROPOSING TO DOMESTICATE
WITH THE AUTHOR.

A MOUNT, not wearisome and bare and steep,
But a green Mountain variously up-pil'd,
Where o'er the jutting rocks soft mosses creep
Or color'd lichens with slow oozing weep;
Where cypress and the darker yew start wild;
And mid the summer torrent's gentle dash
Dance brighten'd the red clusters of the ash;
Beneath whose boughs, by stilly sounds beguil'd,
Calm PENSIVENESS might muse herself to sleep;
Till haply startled by some fleecy dam,
That rustling on the bushy cliff above

With melancholy bleat of anxious love
 Made meek enquiry for her wand'ring lamb :
 Such a green Mountain 'twere most sweet to climb
 E'en while the bosom ach'd with loneliness—
 How heavenly sweet, if some dear Friend should bless
 Th' advent'rous toil, and up the path sublime.
 Now lead, now follow ; the glad landscape round,
 Wide and more wide, increasing without bound !

O then 'twere loveliest sympathy, to mark
 The berries of the half up-rooted ash
 Dripping and bright ; and list the torrent's dash—
 Beneath the cypress or the yew more dark,
 Seated at ease, on some smooth mossy rock ;
 In social silence now, and now t' unlock
 The treasur'd heart ; arm link'd in friendly arm,
 Save if the one, his muse's witching charm
 Mutt'ring brow-bent, at unwatch'd distance lag ;

Till high o'er head his beck'ning Friend appears,
 And from the forehead of the topmost crag
 Shouts eagerly : for haply *there* uprears
 That shadowing PINE its old romantic limbs,
 Which latest shall detain th' enamoured sight
 Seen from below, when Eve the valley dims,
 Ting'd yellow with the rich departing light ;
 And haply, bason'd in some unsunn'd cleft,
 A beauteous spring, the rock's collected tears,
 Sleeps shelter'd there, scarce wrinkled by the gale !
 Together thus, the world's vain turmoil left,
 Stretch'd on the crag, and shadowed by the pine,
 And bending o'er the clear delicious fount,
 Ah dearest LLOYD ! it were a lot divine
 To cheat our noons in moralizing mood,
 While west-winds fann'd our temples toil-bedew'd :
 Then downwards slope, oft-pausing, from the mount,

To some low mansion in some woody dale,
 Where smiling with blue eye DOMESTIC BLISS
 Gives *this* the husband's, *that* the brother's kiss !

Thus rudely vers'd in allegoric lore,
 The hill of knowledge I essay'd to trace ;
 That verd'rous hill with many a resting place,
 And many a stream, whose warbling waters pour
 To glad, and fertilize the subject plains ;
 That hill with secret springs, and nooks untrod,
 And many a fancy-blest and holy sod
 Where INSPIRATION, his diviner strains
 Low-murm'ring, lay ; and starting from the rocks
 Stiff evergreens, whose spreading foliage mocks
 Want's barren soil, and the bleak frosts of age,
 And mad oppression's thunder-clasping rage !
 O meek retiring Spirit ! we will climb,
 Cheering and cheer'd, this lovely hill sublime ;

And from the stirring world uplifted high
 (Whose noises faintly wafted on the wind
 To quiet musings shall attune the mind,
 And oft the melancholy *theme* supply)
 There while the prospect thro' the gazing eye
 Pours all its healthful greenness on the soul,
 We'll laugh at wealth, and learn to laugh at fame,
 Our hopes, our knowledge, and our joys the same,
 As neighb'ring fountains image, each the whole :
 Then when the mind has drank its fill of truth,
 We'll discipline the heart to pure delight,
 Rekindling sober joy's domestic flame.
 She, whom I love, shall love thee. Honor'd youth,
 Now may Heaven realize this vision bright !



Religious Musings.

What tho' first,
In years unseason'd, I attun'd the Lay
To idle Passion and unreal Woe?
Yet serious Truth her empire o'er my song
Hath now asserted: Falshood's evil brood,
Vice and deceitful Pleasure, she at once
Excluded, and my Fancy's careless toil
Drew to the better cause!

AKENSIDE.

ARGUMENT.

Introduction. Person of Christ. His Prayer on the Cross. The process of his Doctrines on the mind of the Individual. Character of the Elect. Superstition. Digression to the present War. Origin and Uses of Government and Property. The present State of Society. French Revolution. Millenium. Universal Redemption. Conclusion.

RELIGIOUS MUSINGS.

A

DESULTORY POEM,

Written on the Christmas Eve of 1794.

THIS is the time, when, most divine to hear,
 The voice of Adoration rouses me,
 As with a Cherub's trump: and high upborne,
 Yea, mingling with the Choir, I seem to view
 The vision of the heavenly multitude, 5
 Who hymn'd the song of Peace o'er Bethlehem's fields!

Yet thou more bright than all the Angel blaze,
 That harbinger'd thy birth, Thou, Man of Woes!
 Despised Galilæan! For the GREAT

INVISIBLE (by symbols only seen)

10

With a peculiar and surpassing light
 Shines from the visage of th' oppress'd good Man,
 When heedless of himself the scourged Saint
 Mourns for th' Oppressor. Fair the vernal Mead,
 Fair the high Grove, the Sea, the Sun, the Stars; 15
 True Impress each of their creating Sire!
 Yet nor high Grove, nor many-coloured Mead,
 Nor the green Ocean with his thousand Isles,
 Nor the starr'd Azure, nor the sovran Sun,
 E'er with such majesty of portraiture 20
 Imag'd the supreme beauty uncreate,
 As thou, meek Saviour! at the fearful hour
 When thy insulted Anguish wing'd the prayer
 Harp'd by Archangels, when they sing of Mercy!
 Which when th' ALMIGHTY heard, from forth his
 Throne, 25
 Diviner light fill'd Heaven with extacy!
 Heav'n's hymnings paus'd: and Hell her yawning mouth
 Clos'd a brief moment.

Lovely was the Death
 Of Him, whose Life was Love! Holy with power 30
 He on the thought-benighted Sceptic beam'd
 Manifest Godhead, melting into day
 What floating mists of dark Idolatry
 Broke and misshap'd the Omnipresent Sire :
 And first by FEAR uncharm'd the droused Soul, 35
 Till of its nobler Nature it 'gan feel
 Dim recollections; and thence soar'd to HOPE,
 Strong to believe whate'er of mystic good
 Th' Eternal dooms for his Immortal Sons.
 From HOPE and firmer FAITH to perfect LOVE 40
 Attracted and absorb'd : and center'd there

Note to Line 35.

Το Νοητον διηρηκασιν εις πολλων
 Θεων ιδιοτητας.

DAMAS. DE MYST. ÆGYPT.

God only to behold, and know, and feel,

Till by exclusive Consciousness of God

All self-annihilated it shall make

God its Identity : God all in all !

45

We and our Father ONE !

And blest are they,

Who in this fleshly World, the elect of Heaven,

Their strong eye darting thro' the deeds of Men,

Adore with stedfast unpresuming gaze

50

Him, Nature's Essence, Mind, and Energy !

Note to Line 44.

See this *demonstrated* by Hartley, vol. 1. p. 114, and vol. 2, p. 329. See it likewise proved, and freed from the charge of Mysticism, by Pistorius in his Notes and Additions to part second of Hartley on Man. Addition the 18th, the 653d page of the third Volume of Hartley. Octavo Edition.

And gazing, trembling, patiently ascend
 Treading beneath their feet all visible things
 As steps, that upward to their Father's Throne
 Lead gradual—else nor glorified nor lov'd. 55

THEY nor Contempt imbosom nor Revenge :
 For THEY dare know of what may seem deform
 The SUPREME FAIR sole Operant : in whose sight
 All things are pure, his strong controlling Love
 Alike from all educing perfect good. 60

Their's too celestial courage, inly arm'd —
 Dwarfing Earth's giant brood, what time they muse
 On their great Father, great beyond compare !
 And marching onwards view high o'er their heads
 His waving Banners of Omnipotence. 65

Who the Creator love, created might
 Dread not : within their tents no Terrors walk.

For they are Holy Things before the Lord
 Aye-unprofan'd, tho' Earth should league with Hell!
 GOD'S Altar grasping with an eager hand 70
 FEAR, the wild-visag'd, pale, eye-starting wretch,
 Sure-refug'd hears his hot pursuing fiends
 Yell at vain distance. Soon refresh'd from Heaven
 He calms the throb and tempest of his heart.
 His countenance settles : a soft solemn bliss 75
 Swims in his eye : his swimming eye uprais'd :
 And Faith's whole armour glitters on his limbs !
 And thus transfigur'd with a dreadless awe,
 A solemn hush of soul, meek he beholds
 All things of terrible seeming : yea, unmov'd 80
 Views e'en th' immitigable ministers
 That shower down vengeance on these latter days,
 For kindling with intenser Deity
 From the celestial MERCY-SEAT they come,
 And at the renovating Wells of LOVE 85

Have fill'd their Vials with salutary Wrath,
 To sickly Nature more medicinal
 That what soft balm the weeping good man pours
 Into the lone despoiled trav'ler's wounds !

Thus from th' Elect, regenerate thro' faith, 90
 Pass the dark Passions and what thirsty Cares
 Drink up the spirit and the dim regards
 Self-center. Lo they vanish ! or acquire
 New names, new features—by supernal grace

Note to Line 91.

Our evil Passions under the influence of Religion, become innocent, and may be made to animate our virtue—in the same manner as the thick mist melted by the Sun, increases the light which it had before excluded. In the preceding paragraph, agreeably to this truth, we had allegorically narrated the transfiguration of Fear into holy Awe.

Enrob'd with Light, and naturaliz'd in Heaven. 95

As when a Shepherd on a vernal morn

Thro' some thick fog creeps tim'rous with slow foot,

Darkling he fixes on th' immediate road

His downward eye : all else of fairest kind

Hid or deform'd. But lo ! the bursting Sun ! 100

Touch'd by th' enchantment of that sudden beam

Strait the black vapor melteth, and in globes

Of dewy glitter gems each plant and tree ;

On every leaf, on every blade it hangs !

Dance glad the new-born intermingling rays, 105

And wide around the landscape streams with glory !

There is one Mind, one omnipresent Mind,

Omnific. His most holy name is LOVE.

Truth of subliming import ! with the which

Who feeds and saturates his constant soul, 110

He from his small particular orbit flies

With blest outstarting ! From HIMSELF he flies,
 Stands in the Sun, and with no partial gaze
 Views all creation ; and he loves it all,
 And blesses it, and calls it very good ! 115
 This is indeed to dwell with the most High !
 Cherubs and rapture-trembling Seraphim
 Can press no nearer to th' Almighty's Throne.
 But that we roam unconscious, or with hearts
 Unfeeling of our universal Sire, 120
 And that in his vast family no Cain
 Injures uninjur'd (in her best-aim'd blow
 Victorious MURDER a blind Suicide)
 Haply for this some younger Angel now
 Looks down on Human Nature : and, behold ! 125
 A sea of blood bestrew'd with wrecks, where mad
 Embattling INTERESTS on each other rush
 With unhelm'd Rage !

'Tis the sublime of man,
 Our noontide Majesty, to know ourselves 130
 Parts and proportions of one wond'rous whole !
 This fraternizes man, this constitutes
 Our charities and bearings. But 'tis God
 Diffus'd thro' all, that doth make all one whole ;
 This the worst superstition, him except 135
 Aught to desire, SUPREME REALITY !

Note to Line 135.

If to make aught but the Supreme Reality the object of final pursuit, be Superstition ; if the attributing of sublime properties to things or persons, which those things or persons neither do or can possess, be Superstition ; then Avarice and Ambition are Superstitions : and he, who wishes to estimate the evils of Superstition, should transport himself, not to the temple of the Mexican Deities, but to the plains of Flanders, or the coast of Africa.—Such is the sentiment conveyed in this and the subsequent lines.

The plenitude and permanence of bliss !

O Fiends of SUPERSTITION ! not that oft

The erring Priest hath stain'd with Brother's blood

Your grisly idols, not for this may Wrath 140

Thunder against you from the Holy One !

But o'er some plain that steameth to the Sun,

Peopled with Death ; or where more hideous TRADE

Loud-laughing packs his bales of human anguish ;

I will raise up a mourning, O ye Fiends ! 145

And curse your spells, that film the eye of Faith,

Hiding the present God ; whose presence lost,

The moral world's cohesion, we become

An Anarchy of Spirits ! Toy-bewitch'd,

Made blind by lusts, disherited of soul, 150

No common center Man, no common sire

Knoweth ! A sordid solitary thing,

Mid countless brethren with a lonely heart

Thro' courts and cities the smooth Savage roams
 Feeling himself, his own low Self the whole ; 155
 When he by sacred sympathy might make
 The whole ONE SELF ! SELF, that no alien knows !
 SELF, far diffus'd as Fancy's wing can travel !
 SELF, spreading still ! Oblivious of its own,
 Yet all of all possessing ! This is FAITH ! 160
 This the MESSIAH's destin'd victory !

But first offences needs must come ! Even now
 (Black Hell laughs horrible—to hear the scoff !)

Note to Line 162.

January 21st. 1794, in the debate on the Address to his Majesty, on the speech from the Throne, the Earl of Guildford moved an Amendment to the following effect: "That the House hoped his Majesty would seize the earliest opportunity to conclude a peace with France &c." This motion was opposed by the Duke of Portland, who "considered the war to be merely

THEE to defend, meek Galilæan! THEE
 And thy mild laws of Love unutterable, 165
 Mistrust and Enmity have burst the bands
 Of social Peace; and list'ning Treachery lurks
 With *pious* fraud to snare a brother's life;
 And childless widows o'er the groaning land
 Wail numberless; and orphans weep for bread! 170
 THEE to defend, dear Saviour of Mankind!
 THEE, Lamb of God! THEE, blameless Prince of Peace!

grounded on one principle—the preservation of the
 CHRISTIAN RELIGION.” May 30th, 1794, the
 Duke of Bedford moved a number of Resolutions, with
 a view to the Establishment of a Peace with France. He
 was opposed (among others) by Lord Abingdon in these
 remarkable words: “The best road to Peace, my Lords,
 is WAR! and WAR carried on in the same manner in
 which we are taught to worship our CREATOR,
 namely, with all our souls, and with all our minds, and
 with all our hearts, and with all our strength.”

From all sides rush the thirsty brood of War!

AUSTRIA, and that foul WOMAN of the NORTH,

The lustful Murd'ress of her wedded Lord! 175

And he, connatural Mind! whom (in their songs

So bards of elder time had haply feign'd)

Some Fury fondled in her hate to man,

Bidding her serpent hair in mazy surge

Lick his young face, and at his mouth inbreathe 180

Horrible sympathy! And leagued with these

Each petty German princeling, nurs'd in gore!

Soul-harden'd barterers of human blood!

Death's prime Slave-merchants! Scorpion-whips of Fate!

Nor least in savagery of holy zeal, 185

Apt for the yoke, the race degenerate,

Whom Britain erst had blush'd to call her sons!

THEE to defend the Moloch Priest prefers

The prayer of hate, and bellows to the herd

That Deity, ACCOMPLICE Deity 190

In the fierce jealousy of waken'd wrath
 Will go forth with our armies and our fleets
 To scatter the red ruin on their foes!
 O blasphemy! to mingle fiendish deeds
 With blessedness!

195

Lord of unsleeping Love,
 From everlasting Thou! We shall not die.

Note to Line 196.

Art thou not from everlasting, O Lord, mine Holy One? We shall not die. O Lord, thou hast ordained them for Judgment, &c. Habakkuk, I. 12. In this paragraph the Author recalls himself from his indignation against the instruments of Evil, to contemplate the *uses* of these Evils in the great process of divine Benevolence. In the first age, Men were innocent from ignorance of vice; they fell, that by the knowledge of consequences they might attain intellectual security, i. e. Virtue, which is a wise and strong-nerv'd Innocence.

These, even these, in mercy didst thou form,
 Teachers of Good thro' Evil, by brief wrong
 Making Truth lovely, and her future might 200
 Magnetic o'er the fix'd untrembling heart.

In the primeval age a dateless while
 The vacant Shepherd wander'd with his flock
 Pitching his tent where'er the green grass wav'd.
 But soon Imagination conjur'd up 205
 An host of new desires: with busy aim,
 Each for himself, Earth's eager children toil'd.
 So PROPERTY began, twy-streaming fount,
 Whence Vice and Virtue flow, honey and gall.
 Hence the soft couch, and many-colour'd robe, 210
 The timbrel, and arch'd dome and costly feast,
 With all th' inventive arts, that nurs'd the soul
 To forms of beauty, and by sensual wants
 Unsensualiz'd the mind, which in the means

Learnt to forget the grossness of the end, 215

Best pleasur'd with its own activity.

And hence Disease that withers manhood's arm,

The dagger'd Envy, spirit-quickening Want,

Warriors, and Lords, and Priests—all the sore ills

That vex and desolate our mortal life. 220

Wide-wasting ills! yet each th' immediate source

Of mightier good. Their keen necessities

To ceaseless action goading human thought

Have made Earth's reasoning animal her Lord;

And the pale-featur'd Sage's trembling hand 225

Strong as an host of armed Deities,

Such as the blind Ionian fabled erst.

From Avarice thus, from Luxury and War
Sprang heavenly Science; and from Science Freedom.

O'er waken'd realms Philosophers and Bards 230

Spread in concentric circles: they whose souls

Conscious of their high dignities from God
 Brook not Wealth's rivalry ; and they who long
 Enamour'd with the charms of order hate
 Th' unseemly disproportion : and whoe'er 235
 Turn with mild sorrow from the victor's car
 And the low puppetry of thrones, to muse
 On that blest triumph, when the PATRIOT SAGE
 Call'd the red lightnings from th' o'er-rushing cloud
 And dash'd the beauteous Terrors on the earth 240
 Smiling majestic. Such a phalanx ne'er
 Measur'd firm paces to the calming sound
 Of Spartan flute ! These on the fated day,
 When, stung to rage by Pity, eloquent men
 Have rous'd with pealing voice th' unnumber'd tribes 245
 That toil and groan and bleed, hungry and blind,
 These hush'd awhile with patient eye serene
 Shall watch the mad careering of the storm ;
 Then o'er the wild and wavy chaos rush

And tame th' outrageous mass, with plastic might 250

Moulding Confusion to such perfect forms,

As erst were wont, bright visions of the day!

To float before them, when, the Summer noon,

Beneath some arch'd romantic rock reclin'd

They felt the sea-breeze lift their youthful locks; 255

Or in the month of blossoms, at mild eve,

Wandering with desultory feet inhal'd

The wafted perfumes, and the flocks and woods

And many-tinted streams and setting Sun

With all his gorgeous company of clouds 260

Extatic gaz'd! then homeward as they stray'd

Cast the sad eye to earth, and inly mus'd

Why there was Misery in a world so fair.

Ah far remov'd from all that glads the sense,

From all that softens or ennobles Man, 265

The wretched Many! Bent beneath their loads

They gape at pageant Power, nor recognize

Their cots' transmuted plunder ! From the tree
 Of Knowledge, ere the vernal sap had risen
 Rudely disbranch'd ! *Blessed Society* ! 270
 Fitliest depictur'd by some sun-scorcht waste,
 Where oft majestic thro' the tainted noon
 The SIMOOM sails, before whose purple pomp
 Who falls not prostrate dies ! And where, by night,
 Fast by each precious fountain on green herbs 275
 The lion couches ; or hyæna dips
 Deep in the lucid stream his bloody jaws ;
 Or serpent plants his vast moon-glittering bulk,
 Caught in whose monstrous twine Behemoth yells,
 His bones loud-crashing ! 280

Note to Line 279.

Behemoth in Hebrew signifies wild beasts in general.
 Some believe it is the Elephant, some the Hippopotamus ;
 some affirm it is the Wild-Bull. Poetically, it designates
 any large Quadruped.

O ye numberless,

Whom foul Oppression's ruffian gluttony

Drives from life's plenteous feast! O thou poor

Wretch,

Who nurs'd in darkness and made wild by want

Roamest for prey, yea thy unnatural hand 285

Dost lift to deeds of blood! O pale-eyed Form,

The victim of seduction, doom'd to know

Polluted nights and days of blasphemy;

Who in loath'd orgies with lewd wassailers

Must gaily laugh, while thy remember'd Home 290

Gnaws like a viper at thy secret heart!

O aged Women! ye who weekly catch

The morsel tost by law-forc'd Charity,

And die so slowly, that none call it murder!

O loathly Suppliants! ye, that unreceived 295

Totter heart-broken from the closing gates

Of the full Lazar-house; or, gazing, stand

Sick with despair! O ye to Glory's field
 Forc'd or ensnar'd, who, as ye gasp in death,
 Bleed with new wounds beneath the Vulture's beak! 300
 O thou poor Widow, who in dreams dost view
 Thy Husband's mangléd corse, and from short doze
 Start'st with a shriek: or in thy half-thatch'd cot
 Wak'd by the wintry night-storm, wet and cold,
 Cowr'st o'er thy screaming baby! Rest awhile, 305
 Children of Wretchedness! More groans must rise,
 More blood must steam, or ere your wrongs be full.
 Yet is the day of Retribution nigh:
 The Lamb of God hath open'd the fifth seal;
 And upward rush on swiftest wing of fire 310
 Th' innumerable multitude of Wrongs
 By man on man inflicted! Rest awhile,
 Children of Wretchedness! The hour is nigh:
 And lo! the Great, the Rich, the Mighty Men,
 The Kings and the Chief Captains of the World, 315

With all that fix'd on high like stars of Heaven
 Shot baleful influence, shall be cast to earth,
 Vile and down-trodden, as the untimely fruit
 Shook from the fig-tree by a sudden storm.

Ev'n now the storm begins : each gentle name, 320

Faith and meek Piety, with fearful joy

Tremble far-off—for lo ! the Giant FRENZY

Uprooting empires with his whirlwind arm

Mocketh high Heaven ; burst hideous from the cell

Where the old Hag, unconquerable, huge, 325

Creation's eyeless drudge, black RUIN, sits

Nursing th' impatient earthquake.

Note to Line 320.

This passage alludes to the French Revolution : And the subsequent paragraph to the downfall of Religious Establishments. I am convinced that the Babylon of the Apocalypse does not apply to Rome exclusively ; but to the union of Religion with Power and Wealth, wherever it is found.

O return!

Pure FAITH! meek PIETY! The abhorred Form
 Whose scarlet robe was stiff with earthly pomp, 330
 Who drank iniquity in cups of Gold,
 Whose names were many and all blasphemous,
 Hath met the horrible judgment! Whence that cry?
 The mighty army of foul Spirits shriek'd,
 Disherited of earth! For She hath fallen 335
 On whose black front was written MYSTERY;
 She that reel'd heavily, whose wine was blood;
 She that work'd whoredom with the DÆMON POWER
 And from the dark embrace all evil things
 Brought forth and nurtur'd: mitred ATHEISM; 340
 And patient FOLLY who on bended knee
 Gives back the Steel that stabb'd him; and pale
 FEAR
 Hunted by ghaselier shapings, than surround
 Moon-blasted Madness when he yells at midnight!

Return pure FAITH! return meek PIETY! 345
 The kingdoms of the world are your's: each heart
 Self-govern'd, the vast family of Love
 Rais'd from the common earth by common toil
 Enjoy the equal produce. Such delights
 As float to earth, permitted visitants! 350
 When in some hour of solemn jubilee
 The massy gates of Paradise are thrown
 Wide open, and forth come in fragments wild
 Sweet echoes of unearthly melodies,
 And odors snatch'd from beds of Amaranth, 355
 And they, that from the chrystal river of life
 Spring up on freshen'd wing, ambrosial gales!
 The favor'd good man in his lonely walk
 Perceives them, and his silent spirit drinks
 Strange bliss which he shall recognize in heaven. 360
 And such delights, such strange beatitude
 Seize on my young anticipating heart

When that blest future rushes on my view !
 For in his own and in his Father's might
 The SAVIOUR comes ! While as the THOUSAND
 YEARS

365

Lead up their mystic dance, the DESERT shouts !
 Old OCEAN claps his hands ! The mighty Dead
 Rise to new life, who'er from earliest time
 With conscious zeal had urg'd Love's wondrous plan,

Note to Line 365.

The Millenium :—in which I suppose, that Man will continue to enjoy the highest glory, of which his human nature is capable.—That all who in past ages have endeavoured to ameliorate the state of man, will rise and enjoy the fruits and flowers, the imperceptible seeds of which they had sown in their former Life : and that the wicked will during the same period, be suffering the remedies adapted to their several bad habits. I suppose that this period will be followed by the passing away of this Earth, and by our entering the state of pure intellect ; when all Creation shall rest from its labours.

Coadjutors of God. To MILTON's trump 370
 The high Groves of the renovated Earth
 Unbosom their glad echoes : inly hush'd
 Adoring NEWTON his serener eye
 Raises to heaven : and he of mortal kind
 Wisest, he* first who mark'd the ideal tribes 375
 Up the fine fibres thro' the sentient brain.
 LO ! PRIESTLEY there, Patriot, and Saint, and Sage,
 Him, full of years, from his lov'd native land
 Statesmen blood-stain'd and Priests idolatrous
 By dark lies mad'ning the blind multitude 380
 Drove with vain hate. Calm, pitying he retir'd,
 And mus'd expectant on these promis'd years.

O Years ! the blest preeminence of Saints !
 Ye sweep athwart my gaze, so heavenly-bright,

* David Hartley.

The wings that veil the adoring Seraph's eyes, 385
 What time he bends before the Jasper Throne
 Reflect no lovelier hues! yet ye depart,
 And all beyond is darkness! Heights most strange,
 Whence Fancy falls, fluttering her idle wing.
 For who of woman born may paint the hour, 390
 When seiz'd in his mid course, the Sun shall wane
 Making noon ghastly! Who of woman born
 May image in the workings of his thought,
 How the black-visag'd, red-eyed Fiend outstretcht

Note to Line 386.

Rev. Chap. iv, v. 2, and 3.—And immediately I was in the Spirit: and behold, a Throne was set in Heaven, and one sat on the Throne. And he that sat was to look upon like a jasper and sardine stone, &c.

Note to Line 394.

The final Destruction impersonated.

Beneath the unsteady feet of Nature groans, 395
 In feverish slumbers—destin'd then to wake,
 When fiery whirlwinds thunder his dread name
 And Angels shout, DESTRUCTION! How his arm
 The last great Spirit lifting high in air
 Shall swear by Him, the ever-living ONE, 400
 TIME IS NO MORE!

Believe thou, O my soul,
 Life is a vision shadowy of Truth ;
 And vice, and anguish, and the wormy grave,
 Shapes of a dream! The veiling clouds retire, 405

Note to Line 402.

This paragraph is intelligible to those, who, like the
 Author, believe and feel the sublime system of Berkley ;
 and the doctrine of the final Happiness of all men.

And lo! the Throne of the redeeming God
 Forth flashing unimaginable day
 Wraps in one blaze earth, heaven, and deepest hell.

Contemplant Spirits! ye that hover o'er
 With untir'd gaze th' immeasurable fount 410
 Ebullient with creative Deity!

And ye of plastic power, that interfus'd
 Roll thro' the grosser and material mass
 In organizing surge! Holies of God!
 (And what if Monads of the infinite mind?) 415

I haply journeying my immortal course
 Shall sometime join your mystic choir! Till then
 I discipline my young noviciate thought
 In ministeries of heart-stirring song,
 And aye on Meditation's heaven-ward wing 420
 Soaring aloft I breathe th' empyreal air
 Of LOVE, omnific, omnipresent LOVE,

Whose day-spring rises glorious in my soul
As the great Sun, when he his influence
Sheds on the frost-bound waters—The glad stream 425
Flows to the ray and warbles as it flows.



Poems,

by

Charles Lloyd.

SECOND EDITION.

“ I wrap me in the mantle of distress,
And tell my poor heart this is happiness.”

BOWLES.

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THE

MELANCHOLY MAN.

I.

WHAT means this tumult of thy soul,
Those feelings words could ne'er define ;
Those languid eyes that vacant roll,
Those cherish'd thoughts that inly pine ?
Why dost thou wildly love to stray
Where dimly gleams the doubtful day,
And all-unconscious muse with pensive pace ?
Or why in lorn dejected mood
Bend o'er the melancholy flood,
And with unmeaning gaze the heedless current trace ?

II.

Ah ! why, thou poor, distracted thing !
Those muttered accents, broken, low ;

Those visionary tears that spring
 From unintelligible woe ?

Why does the rose that deck'd thy cheek
 Pal'd o'er with care, no more bespeak
 The lovely flush of life's luxuriant morn ?
 Or o'er thy shrunk, ambiguous face
 Bereft of youth's untutor'd grace
 Thy locks all wildly hang, neglected and forlorn ?

III.

Should eve's meek star with paly eye
 Peep lonely o'er the mountain's head,
 While on the blue translucent sky
 Some feathery clouds are lightly spread ;
 Why wilt thou seek the rushy heath,
 And listen as the gale's low breath
 Murmurs forlorn the moss-clad waste along ?
 When from the white-thorn's blossom'd spray
 The red-breast sings his latest lay,

Why with bent downcast brows stand list'ning to the
 song ?

IV.

Why does the tear unbidden start,
 And why those sighs that wildly swell ?
 Why flutters thy tumultuous heart,
 Thy looks unspoken feelings tell,
 If chance beneath thy devious feet
 Thou see'st the lover's last retreat,
 The cold and unblest grave of pale despair ?
 Why dost thou drop a feeling tear
 Upon the flowret lurking near,
 And bid it ever droop, a meek memento there ?

V.

Why with unwonted longings yearn
 O'er this, the last resource of man,
 And with mysterious envy turn
 Thy only shelter, Worth ! to scan ?

Why dost thou, to Affliction true,
 When April sheds her chilly dew,
 Bend o'er the spot, ere peeps the weeping day ?
 When Eve's unrealizing gleam
 Confounds the gaze in visual dream,
 Why dost thou love to hear the curfew die away ?

VI.

Where (monument of past delight,
 And truer type of joy's brief reign)
 The RUIN gleams, and dim Affright
 Shivers the homeward-plodding swain ;
 Why dost thou love alone to tread
 Fragments with ivy overspread,
 And mark the grey-tower half enshrin'd in trees ;
 Or listen, as in vaults beneath
 From viewless forms deep murmurs breathe,
 And sighs on mossy walls the melancholy breeze ?

VII.

Why dost thou loiter on the beach

Where rippling dies the bright-blue wave,

And often with fantastic speech

To the deaf ocean idly rave ?

Why dost thou bid the billow bear

Thy frame unnerv'd by fancied care

To realms more pure, where genial souls inspire ?

Why dost thou view the little skiff,

Which flutters near the frowning cliff,

With many an "aching wish" and impotent desire ?

VIII.

When in the crowded walks of men,

'Mid festive scenes thou'rt doom'd to mix,

Why on some distant lonely glen

Thy ill-attuned spirit fix ?

Why dost thou spurn alluring mirth,

And bend unconscious to the earth,

Mute and unknowing, absent and unknown ?

Why dost thou frown on every sport,

And curse indignant those that court

The motley phantom Joy, on Folly's tinsel throne ?

IX.

And wherefore, when the trump of fame

Inflames the soul to glory's deed,

Such deed with cynic sternness blame,

And quaintly mock th' ephemeral meed ?

Why now with misanthropic eye

The springs of action keenly try

Through the pure medium of eternal truth ?

Now rais'd above this nether sphere

A mere spectator, judge severe,

Nor chill'd by fears of age, nor warm'd by hopes of youth ?

X.

Is it because each tie is gone

That bound thee to this fragile state ?

Because thou'rt left forlorn, alone,
 No friend to love!—no foe to hate?
 Has keen affection often brought
 The pleasures of a tender thought,
 And is such thought for ever now bereft?
 Say, hast thou felt an ardent flame
 Which not eternity could tame,
 And are its joys expir'd, and all its vigour left?

XI.

Has fancy to thy madden'd gaze
 Display'd th' elysian dells of bliss,
 Say, did her secret wonders raise
 A wish for happier worlds than this?
 And is the wanton faery flown,
 And left thee chill'd to conscious stone,
 At this cold prospect of unmeaning care?
 And is Hope's lustre fled afar,

Nor haply from her pilot star
Gleams one congenial ray, repellent of despair ?

XII.

Is it that thou didst love mankind
With ardour warm as angels feel ;
And did they spurn thy generous mind,
And wanton wound—nor wish to heal ?
—If causes dark as these have wrought
The puzzling wreck of splendid thought,
I weep !—and meekly turn from this low earth ;
Yet sometimes muse, why miscreants bloom,
While Sorrow's bleak untimely gloom
Blights, ere his powers expand, the trembling child
of Worth !

THE
MANIAC.

THOSE gestures so wild and forlorn,
Those looks uninform'd by the soul,
Those laughters of objectless scorn,
Those eye-balls that vacantly roll,

Those garments that negligent hang,
That pace so unequal and slow—
They tell of a past-suffer'd pang,
Yet of feelings now callous to woe!

Those sighs that so piteously swell
Heave a breast all unconscious of strife!

Those tears that unwittingly fell

They drain not the sluices of life !

That bosom exposed and bare

It solicits the pitiless blast !

That form unprotected by care

On the cold earth is heedlessly cast !

Yet that form so neglected and wan

Which no friend shall assiduously nurse,

It forgets that its title—is Man !

And cancels Humanity's curse !

Poor Maniac, I envy thy state

When with sorrow and anguish I shrink ;

When shall I *be wise*—and forget !

For 'tis *madness* to feel and to think !

These throbs of emotion 'tis true

They appear all enchanting and fair ;

But how soon shall we piteously rue

That the charm was in league with despair.

And Hope, that disease of the mind,

Which wakes the keen throb of desire,

Alas ! what a blank shall it find

When its fondly-shap'd transports expire !

What a blank shall it find !—When in Youth

The credulous feelings can bless,

We wish, and imagine it truth,

We dream, and believe we possess.

But the tears that voluptuously start,

The charm of th' unspeakable sigh,

The rapture that seizes the heart

When a kindred companion is nigh,

The immortal aspirings of worth,

Are feelings all fruitlessly given !

These feelings must perish on earth !

And they scarcely are fabled in heaven !



L I N E S

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

THE languid notes of lonesome bird
From yonder coppice sweetly wind,
And thro' the scene are faintly heard
Sounds that are silence to the mind.

As slow my devious feet advance
Thro' Eve's unrealizing gloom,
Mine eyes peruse with eager glance
An Infant's solitary tomb.

'Tis simple! yet the green sod here
That seems to court no stranger's eye,

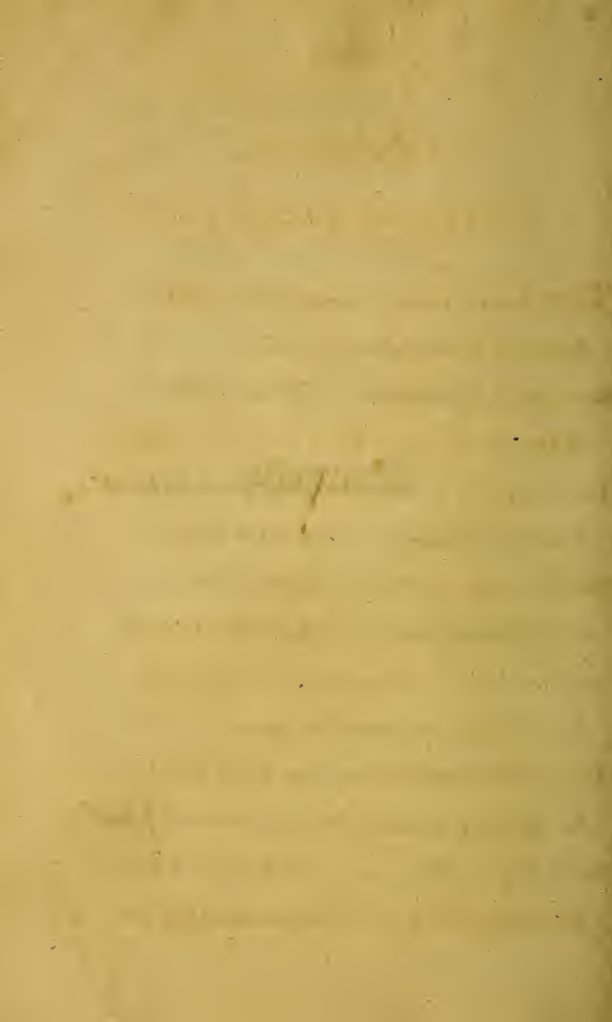
Than marble claims a tenderer tear,
Than sculpture moves a softer sigh !

A lonely primrose lifts its head,
And here and there pale violets peep,
And if no venal tears are shed
The dews from many a daisy weep.

And Pity here is often seen
To prompt the nameless pilgrim's sighs,
For Pity loves to haunt the scene
Where Grief is stript of Art's disguise.

Farewell sweet spot ! my soul I feel
Entranc'd in sorrow's softest mood,
These pensive shades that o'er me steal
They shall not lightly be withstood.

Sonnets.



SONNET I.

To *CRAIG-MILLAR CASTLE.*

THIS hoary labyrinth, the wreck of Time,
 Solicitous with timid step I tread,
 Scale the stern battlement, or vent'rous climb
 Where the rent watch-tower bows its grassy head :
 These dark, damp caverns breathe mysterious dread,
 Haply still foul with tinct of ancient crime ;
 Methinks some spirit of th' ennobled dead
 High-bosom'd maid, or warrior-chief sublime
 Haunts them : the flappings of the heavy bird
 Imagin'd warnings fearfully impart,
 And the dull breeze below, that feebly stirr'd,
 Seem'd the deep breathing of an o'ercharg'd heart !
 Proud Tower, thy halls now stable the lean herd,
 And musing MERCY smiles that such thou art !

SONNET II.

TO SCOTLAND.

SCOTLAND! when thinking on each heathy hill—
 O'er whose bleak breast the billowy vapours sweep,
 While sullen winds imprison'd murmur deep
 Mid' their dim caves, such thoughts my bosom fill,
 I cannot chuse but sigh! Oft wandering wild
 I've trac'd thy torrents to their haunted source,
 Whence down some huge rock with fantastic course,
 Their sheeted whiteness pouring, they beguil'd
 The meek dishearten'd One, in solitude
 Who sought relief. Beneath some aged tree
 Thy white cots dimly seen yielded to me
 Solace most sweet: nor seldom have I view'd
 Their low thatch wishfully, and paus'd to bless
 The uncultur'd children of lone Quietness!

SONNET III.

TO NOVEMBER.

DISMAL November ! me it soothes to view
 At parting day, the scanty foliage fall
 From the wet fruit tree ; or the grey stone wall
 Whose cold films glisten with unwholesome dew ;
 To watch the sweepy mists from the dank earth
 Enfold the neighbouring copse ; while, as they pass,
 The silent rain-drop bends the long rank grass,
 Which wraps some blossom's unmatured birth.
 And thro' my Cot's lone lattice glimmering grey
 Thy damp chill evenings have a charm for me,
 Dismal November ! for strange vacancy
 Summoneth then my very heart away !
 'Till from mist-hidden spire comes the slow knell
 And says, that in the still air Death doth dwell !

SONNET IV.

To a FRIEND.

~~~~~

*Congiunte eran gl' alberghi,  
Ma più congiunti i cori :  
Conforme era l'etate,  
Ma'l pensier più conforme.*

~~~~~

OFT when I sit me down musing on those
Whom I should love in a low cot to greet ;
Whose quiet spirits make retirement sweet,
And simple souls : Fancy, my THOMAS ! goes
To thee most cheerily ; for kindness,
Yea, all that my heart seeks for, when I bend
O'er the warm hearth imagining a Friend,
Endear Thee to me ! Yet Thou wilt not bless
The healthsome board of meek equality !
Still when my heart is fullest, and I brood

On the tear-mingled smiles of sympathy,

Thy name with feelings not to be withstood
Shall tremble on my tongue ; and I will send
Many kind wishes to my **PUREST FRIEND !**



SONNET V.

I HAD been sad, and droop'd like one forlorn,
When, as it might befall, I threw mine eye
Athwart the sunny plain ; a breeze past by
Pure and inspiriting, as newly born,
The viewless messenger of some far glen !
It breath'd methought faint tones of distant peace !
Sighing I turn'd me from the haunts of men,
And bodied forth some dell, where care might cease.
I gaz'd (a lone tear stealing down my cheek)
And wish'd that I knew One whom I could throw
Mine arms around, and snatching Her from woe
Yield Her my heart ; and in some simple cell
Where I might win the solace of the meek,
Pray for the hard world where I once did dwell !

SONNET VI.

WHEN witching evening wove her shadows dim,
 Those big-swoln broodings oft I sought to wake
 Which made my lone-heart fancifully ache ;
 And wayward tears unnotic'd still would swim
 Filling each " idle orb !" And I have lov'd
 This mystic transport ; me the wildering hour
 Sooth'd ; and dim-vested Silence seem'd to pour
 Balm, such as might befit a wretch that rov'd
 Sicklied with thought. Nor was not this my lot !
 Now was I maz'd with strange perplexities,
 And now to my transc'd spright such dreams would rise
 That when I wak'd, I wept " to find them not !"

Wept that stern Reason chaced with blasting eye
 The feverish mind's fantastic imagery !

SONNET VII.

'TWERE well methinks in an indignant mood,
 When the heart droops unfriended, when mankind
 With their cold smiles have dup'd thy honest mind,
 On the wet heath to stray, while dimly brood
 The gather'd grey-mists on the distant hill :
 Drear should the prospect be, dreary and wide,
 No second living one be there espied,
 None save thyself ; then would thy soul be still,
 Curbing its sorrows with a proud despair !
 Then would'st thou tread thy path with firmer pace,
 Nor let one scowl on thy resolved face
 Blab to the elements thy puny care,
 But sooth'd to think, that solitude can bless,
 Muse on the world with lofty quietness.

SONNET VIII.

YE overflowings of a restless heart

Why thus torment me? wishes undefin'd

Why thro' my breast so vehemently dart,

Waking convuls'd commotions of the mind?

Oh, stubborn feelings why do ye refuse

The high-wrought intercourse of souls to bless?

Why pampering lonesome anguish idly muse,

Or mutter workings of obscure distress?

Almighty Parent! what a thing am I!

Shuddering with ecstasy yet dumb the while!

Thou, only Thou with chaos-piercing eye

Can'st see me as I am! My Father, rise

Sublime in love, and with thy calming smile

Hush Thou my spirit's stormy phantasies!

SONNET IX.

IF the low breathings of the poor in heart,
 If the still gratitude of wretchedness
 Reliev'd when least expecting, have access
 To Thee, the Almighty Parent, thou wilt dart
 Thy loving kindness on the offering meek
 My spirit brings, opprest with thankfulness,
 At this lone hour : for thou dost ever bless
 The stricken soul, that sighs and cannot speak !
 Omniscient Father ! I have been perplex'd
 With scoffers link'd ! Yea called them my friends
 Who snare the soul ! But now by doubt unvex'd
 My heart uplifts itself ; its aim extends
 To Heaven, where thou thy brighter dwelling hast,
 Oh omnipresent Thou, first, midst, and last !

L I N E S

Addressed to

S. T. COLERIDGE.

MY COLERIDGE! oft I muse upon the cot
 To which our footsteps bend; I envy not
 The enrobed son of wealth, the heir of fame,
 Or the more happy youth whose ardent flame
 The yielding maid returns, when I can dwell
 On the pure pleasures of our simple cell!
 For tho' mine eye with no keen rapture swim,
 Nor fervent Passion thrill each nerveless limb,
 Yet I shall love where love alone can bless,
 And learn to steep mine heart in quietness;
 Shall taste the sweetness of a temperate choice,
 And list, Oh Conscience! thy most healing voice,

Which steals to him who sanctifies his lot,
 Whispering meek comforts that the earth owns not !
 Where from the beaten pathway to recede
 Reason had taught, Folly's fantastic weed
 To rend indignant, and the impassion'd swell
 Of Pleasure's voice (bidding the bosom dwell
 On softest themes) to scorn with deafen'd ear—
 Where I this perform'd—yet dropt a tear !
 I now shall gird me cheerily to part
 From these disarmed tempters of the heart !
 For Truth might e'en the coldest breast surprise
 Wafted in Friendship's gentle melodies.

I well remember when (on life afar
 Seen like the radiance of a trembling star
 Thro' eve's grey dimness) I was wont to fly
 To weak similitudes of extasy !
 When I did bring howe'er the scene were bleak

The deep-wrought burnings to mine eager cheek
 Dwelling on Passion's most convulsed thrill ;
 And shap'd each object with a wayward skill,
 Till I had given strange potency to bless
 E'en to the dismal uncouth wilderness !
 I found a tongue in every passing wind :
 The mist that swept along to my full mind
 Was dimly character'd, and seem'd to bring
 Mysterious portents on its silent wing.
 But all is fled ! My dreams have had their scope !
 I seek for Comfort on the grave of Hope !

My COLERIDGE ! take the wanderer to thy breast,
 The youth who loves thee, and who faint would rest
 (Oft rack'd by hopes that frenzy and expire)
 In the long sabbath of subdued desire !

CHRISTMAS.

THIS is the time when every vacant breast
 Expands with simplest mirth. Mem'ry, thou nurse
 Of mingled feeling, trace the former years
 And count each jolly festival!

My heart

Scarce knew to feel ere it more lively beat,
 When I beheld the evergreen enwreathe
 The ice-emblazon'd lattice, or aloft
 Shadowing the comely fitch that jovial branch
 Beneath whose licens'd shade the honest swain
 Imprints the kiss unblam'd: and even now
 Something like joy steals to my quicken'd pulse
 When Friends bid "merry Christmas."

Oh! 'tis good

To hear the voice of hospitality ;
 To feel the hearty grasp of love, to quit
 For a brief interval the forms and pressures
 Of life's tame intercourse.

And now I glean

The remnants that I may of parted joys
 To deck this forlorn year, stealing from hours
 Long past and flush with jollity.

There is a time

When first sensation paints the burning cheek,
 Fills the moist eye, and quickens the keen pulse,
 That mystic meanings half conceiv'd invest
 The simplest forms, and all doth speak, all lives
 To the eager heart ! At such a time to me

Thou cam'st, dear holiday ! Thy twilight glooms
 Mysterious thoughts awaken'd, and I mus'd
 As if possess, yea felt as I had known
 The dawn of inspiration. Then the days
 Were sanctified by feeling, all around
 Of an indwelling presence darkly spake.
 Silence had borrow'd sounds to cheat the soul !
 And to the toys of life the teeming brain
 Impregning them with its own character
 Gave preternatural import ; the dull face
 Was eloquent, and e'en the idle air
 Most potent shapes, varying and yet the same,
 Substantially express'd.

• But soon my heart
 Unsatisfied with blissful shadows felt
 Achings of vacancy, and own'd the throb
 Of undefin'd desire, while lays of love

Firstling and wild stole to my trem'lous tongue:
 To me thy rites were mock'ry then, thy glee
 Of little worth. More pleas'd I trod the waste
 Sear'd with the sleety wind, and drank its blast;
 Deeming thy dreary shapes most strangely sweet,
 Mist-shrouded winter! In mute loneliness
 I wore away the day which others hail'd
 So cheerily, still usher'd in with chaunt
 Of carol, and the merry ringer's peal,
 Most musical to the good man that wakes
 And praises God in gladness.

But soon fled

The dreams of love fantastic! Still the Friend,
 The Friend, the wild roam o'er the drifted snows
 Remain unsung! Then when the wintry view
 Objectless, mist-hidden, or in uncouth forms
 Prank'd by the arrowy flake might aptly yield

New stores to shaping phantasy, I rov'd
 With him my lov'd companion! Oh! 'twas sweet;
 Ye who have known the swell that heaves the breast
 Pregnant with loftiest poesy, declare
 Is aught more soothing to the charmed soul
 Than friendship's glow, the independent dream
 Gathering when all the frivolous shews are fled
 Of artificial life, when the wild step
 Boundeth wide existence, unbeheld,
 Uncheck'd, and the heart fashioneth its hope
 In Nature's school, while Nature bursts around,
 Nor Man her spoiler meddles in the scene!
 Farewell, dear day, much hath it sooth'd my heart
 To chaunt thy frail memorial.

Now advance

The darkening years, and I do sojourn, home!
 From thee afar. Where the broad-bosom'd hills,

Swept by perpetual clouds, of Scotland, rise,
 Me fate compels to tarry.

Ditty quaint

Or custom'd carol, there my vacant ear
 Ne'er blest ! I thought of home and happier days !
 And as I thought, my vexed spirit blam'd
 That austere race, who mindless of the glee
 Of good old festival, coldly forbade
 Th' observance which of mortal life relieves
 The languid sameness, seeming too to bring
 Sanction from hoar antiquity and years
 Long past !

For me a plain and simple man,
 I rev'rence my forefathers, and would hold
 Their pious ord'nance sacred ! Much I hate
 The coxcomb innovator who would raze

The deeds of other times ! Most sweet to me
These chroniclers of life ; oft round them twine
Dear recollections of the past, the sum
Of all those comforts which the poor heart feels
While struggling here, bearing with holy care
Its little stock of intermediate joy
To bless the circle of domestic love.
And now farewell ! Thus former years have fed
My retrospective lays ! Sad barrenness
Scowls' o'er the present time ! No boyish sports,
No youthful dreams, or hopes fantastic, now
Endear thy festival ! Rapture is fled,
And all that nourish'd high poetic thought
Vanish'd afar ; yet Resignation meek
Chastens past pleasure with her evening hues,
And lends a sober charm, mild as the shade
Mantling the scene, which glisten'd late beneath
Day's purple radiance, when grey twilight falls

Soft harmonizing. Rich variety
 Pales to a sadden'd sameness!

Nor can I

Forget what I have lost since last I hail'd
 Thy jolly tide! The aged Friend is dead!
 The Friend who mingled in my boyish sports!
 The Friend who solac'd my eccentric heart!
 The Friend by whose mild suffrage unimpell'd
 I ne'er could taste of joy! Yes, She is dead!
 So be it! Yet 'tis hard to smile, and know
 So sad a loss! I bend before my God,
 And silent at the past, commune henceforth
 Of days in store, "of righteousness to come,"
 Of faith, of hope, and of a better world!



Poems,

ON

The Death of PRISCILLA FARMER,

By her GRANDSON

CHARLES LLOYD.

*Death ! Thou hast visited that pleasant Place,
Where in this hard World I have happiest been.*

BOWLES.

S O N N E T.

THE piteous sobs that choak the Virgin's breath
 For him, the fair betrothed Youth, who lies
 Cold in the narrow dwelling, or the cries
 With which a Mother wails her Darling's death,
 These from our Nature's common impulse spring
 Unblam'd, unprais'd ; but o'er the piled earth,
 Which hides the sheeted corse of grey-hair'd Worth,
 If droops the soaring Youth with slacken'd wing ;
 If He recall in saddest minstrelsy
 Each tenderness bestow'd, each truth imprest ;
 Such Grief is Reason, Virtue, Piety !
 And from the Almighty Father shall descend
 Comforts on his late Evening, whose young breast
 Mourns with no transient love the Aged Friend.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

DEDICATORY LINES

TO THE

AUTHOR'S BROTHER.

MY JAMES! to whom can I more fitly bring
These rhymes which I have written sorrowing,
Than to a Brother who did once possess
With me an equal share of kindness
From Her departed! and whose tears will swell
At these, my dirgelike melodies, that tell
How good She was.—Thou sportedst once with me
A careless infant round her aged knee,
And aye at welcome eve didst haste to share
Her pious greetings and her simple fare.
When Manhood's maze trac'd by wild-footed Hope
Seem'd all inviting, towards our upward slope

How did She often turn her moisten'd eye,
That but for us were fix'd beyond the sky ;
And ah ! how feelingly would She express
The aid that Virtue brings to Happiness.
And when She droop'd, we both, my James, did bend
O'er a lost Parent, Confessor, and Friend !
My Brother, I have sought that He who gave
And took our Friend, her virtues may engrave
Deep in our bosoms ; as we journey on
Cheerily sometimes, oftner woe-begone,
Still may we think on her with holiest sighs,
And " struggle to believe," from yonder skies
Her children She regards ; and when we fare
Hardly on this bleak road, our mutual prayer
Shall rise, that we in heaven may repossess
Our earliest Guide to heavenly happiness !

CHARLES LLOYD.

SONNET I.

MY pleasant Home ! where erst when sad and faint
 I sought maternal friendship's sheltering arms,
 My pleasant Home ! where is the rev'renc'd Saint
 Whose presence gave thee thy peculiar charms ?
 Ah me ! when slow th' accusom'd doors unfold,
 No more her looks affectionate and mild
 Beam on my burthen'd heart ! O, still and cold
 The cherish'd spot where Welcome sat and smil'd !
 My spirit pines not nursing fancied ill ;
 'Tis not the fev'rish and romantic tie
 Which now I weep dissever'd ; not a form
 That woke brief passion's desultory thrill :
 I mourn the Cherisher of Infancy !
 The dear Protectress from life's morning storm !

SONNET II.

OH, I have told thee every secret care,
 And crept to thee when pale with sickliness !
 Thou didst provide my morrow's simple fare,
 And with meek love my elfin wrongs redress.
 My Grandmother ! when pondering all alone
 Fain would I list thy footstep ! but my call
 Thou dost not hear ; nor mark the tears that fall
 From my dim eyes ! No, Thou art dead and gone !
 How can I think that Thou didst mildly spread
 Thy feeble arms, and clasp me o'er and o'er
 Ere infant Gratitude one tear could shed !
 How think of thee, to whom its little store
 My bosom owes, nor tempted by Despair
 Mix busy anguish with imperfect prayer !

SONNET III.

Written at the HOTWELLS, near BRISTOL.

MEEK Friend ! I have been traversing the steep
 Where when a frolic boy with patient eye
 Thou heededst all my wand'rings, (I could weep
 To think perchance thy Shade might hover nigh,
 Marking thy alter'd child) ; how little then
 Dreamt I, that Thou, a tenant of the grave,
 No more shouldst smile on me, when I might crave
 Some little solace 'mid the hum of men !
 Those times had joys which I no more shall know,
 And e'en their saddest moments now seem sweet :
 Such comforts mingle with remember'd woe !
 Now with this Hope I prompt my onward feet,
 That He, who took thee, pitying my lone heart,
 Will reunite us where Friends never part !

SONNET IV.

ERST when I wander'd far from those I lov'd,
 If weariness o'ertook me, if my heart
 Heav'd big with sympathy, and ach'd t' impart
 Its secret treasures, much have I been mov'd
 Thinking of those most dear; and I have known
 It very sweet all feelingly to pour
 Of youthful phantasies th' eccentric store
 Thro' the warm line: nor didst Thou seldom own
 The tender gratulation, earliest Friend!
 And now when heavily the lone hours roll
 Stealeth an Image on my cheated soul
 No other than Thyself! and I would send
 Tidings of love—till the mind starts from sleep
 As it had heard thy knell!—I pause, and weep!

SONNET V.

WHEN Thou that agonized Saint dost see
Worn out, and trembling on the verge of death,
Murmur meek praises with convulsed breath,
And sanctify each rending agony,
Deeming it a dim Minister of Grace
Medicinal, and stealing her from all
That subtly might her ling'ring spirit thrall ;
When Thou dost read in her unearthly face,
How She doth keep in thankful quietness
Her bowed soul, dar'st Thou thy *best Friend* deem
As one deceiv'd by a most idle dream ?
Ah, surely no ! if Thou at all possess
A humanized heart ; e'en if thy mind
Hate not the only hopes of humankind !

SONNET VI.

OFT when I brood on what my heart has felt,
And think on former friends, of whom, alas !
She the most dear, sleeps where th' autumnal grass
To the wet night-wind flags, I inly melt ;
And oft I seem (my spring-tide fled away,
While the heart's anguish darkens on my brow)
Likest the lone leaf on the wintry bough
That pines for the glad season's parted ray !
Such thoughts as these, when the dull hours pass by
Shroud them in hues of saddest sickliness !
Yet oft I wiselier muse, yea almost bless
The shiverings of departed extasy ;
Thinking that He who thus my spirit tries
Draws it to Heaven a cleansed sacrifice !

SONNET VII.

MY Bible, scarcely dare I open thee !
Rememb'ring how each eve I wont to give
Thy due texts holily, while She did live,
The pious Woman ! What tho' for the meek
Thou treasurest glad tidings, still to me
Of her I lov'd thou dost so plainly speak,
And kindling virtue dost so amply tell
Of her most virtuous, that 'twere hard to quell
The pang which thou wilt wake ! Yet hallow'd Book,
Tho' for a time my bosom thou wilt wring
Thy great and precious promises will bring
Best consolation ! Come then, I will look
In thy long-clasped volume, there to find
Haply, tho' lost her form, my best friend's mind !

SONNET VIII.

WHEN from my dreary home I first mov'd on,
 After my Friend was in her grave-clothes drest,
 A dim despondence on my spirit prest,
 As all my pleasant days were come and gone !
 Strange whispers parted from th' entombing clay,
 The thin air murmur'd, each dumb object spake,
 Bidding my overwhelmed bosom ache :
 Oft did I look to Heaven, but could not pray !
 " How shall I leave thee, quiet scene ?" said I,
 " How leave the passing breeze that loves to sweep
 " The holy sod where my due footsteps creep ?
 " The passing breeze ? 'Twas She ! The Friend pass'd by !"
 But the time came ; the passing breeze I left :
 " Farewell !" I sigh'd, and seem'd of all bereft !

SONNET IX.

OH, She was almost speechless ! nor could hold
Awakening converse with me ! (I shall bless
No more the modulated tenderness
Of that dear voice !) Alas, 'twas shrunk and cold
Her honour'd face ! yet when I sought to speak,
Through her half-open'd eye-lids She did send
Faint looks, that said " I would be yet thy friend !"
And (O my choak'd breast !) e'en on that shrunk cheek
I saw one slow tear roll ! my hand She took,
Placing it on her heart—I heard her sigh
" 'Tis too, too much !" 'Twas Love's last agony !
I tore me from Her ! 'Twas her latest look,
Her latest accents—Oh my heart, retain
That look, those accents, till we meet again !

SONNET X.

AS o'er the dying embers oft I cower,
When my tir'd spirits rest, and my heart swells
Lull'd by domestic quiet, Mem'ry dwells
On that blest tide, when Thou the evening hour
Didst gladden : while upon th' accustom'd chair
I look, it seems as if Thou still wert there ;
Kirtled in snowy apron thy dear knees
Propt on the fender'd hearth my fancy sees,
O'er which exchanging souls we wont to bend !
And as I lift my head, thy features send
A cheering smile to me—but, in its flight,
O'er my rain-pelted sash a blast of night
Sweeps surlily ! I start, and fain would creep
To the bleak dwelling where thy cold limbs sleep !

L I N E S

Written on a FRIDAY, the Day in each Week formerly devoted by the Author and his Brothers and Sisters to the Society of their GRANDMOTHER.

THIS is the day we children went to go
 In best attire, with gay high-swelling hearts,
 And infant pride, to the belov'd repast
 Of her, our rev'renc'd Grandmother ! the time
 By us delighted infants still was call'd
 An holiday ! E'en ere the shadowy morn
 Peep'd dimly thro' our half-drawn curtains, we
 Would tell each other of the day, and hail
 With one accord, and interchange of soul,
 The heartsome festival of home-born love !
 Our matin task, with o'ercharg'd restless souls
 That wearily suppress'd joy's giddiness,

How ill perform'd ! Learning's dull mockery o'er
How did we shout, and rend the air with cries
Of glad deliverance ! For the hour was come,
The hour of Joy ! Faint-heard the rumbling wheels
Proclaim the kind conveyance sent by her,
The watchful Friend, to bear the feeble ones :
Perchance some babe that still in helplessness
Clings to its Mother's breast, or one that left
But now its Nurse's lap, another yet
That scarcely lisps its benefactress' name,
Yet calls itself in pride of infancy,
Woman or Man ! Ah, enviable state,
When in simplicity of heart we're pleas'd
With misery-meaning names ! The mother still
With kisses fond, or smiles of anxious hope
Tended affection's tott'ring troop : while we,
By pedant watch'd, hurried along with step
Measuring back half its way, all anxious now

To reach the lov'd abode, yet oft repress'd
By him the surly tyrant of those years
When freedom seems most precious. But the tree
First seen that screen'd that spot, how eagerly
We hail'd it, beat our hearts, our froward steps
Now quicken'd, now untractable, in spite
Of threaten'd durance, bore us on, till soon,
A happy train ! athwart the lawn we rush'd,
Mounted the steps, burst swiftly thro' each door
In vain our course impeding, and at last
Threw our fond arms around the much-lov'd form
That smil'd our welcome, bright'ning every face
With kind reflection of propitious Love !
Oh ! 'twas a scene that fill'd the happy heart !
A scene, which when my musing memory feigns,
Starts a warm tear unwittingly, a sigh
Rises within, for it will ne'er return !

The welcome o'er, and intercourse of looks
 Anxiously smiling, interrupted oft
 By quaint enquiry, and meek playfulness,
 Each hastens to his sport. This to a spot
 Trimly defended from the intruding step,
 Hight by the busy urchin who had there
 Exhausted all his little store of taste,
 A Garden!—There he weekly brought some flower,
 Primrose or violet, or, of costlier kind,
 The rose tree, or the tulip's gaudy gloss;
 For all his scanty hoard unsparingly
 This tiny scene engross'd—the well-earn'd gift
 Was here expended, and he oft would gaze
 With big-swoln heart, exulting at the thought
 That he might call the spot belov'd *his own!*

It was a faery scene! the utmost range
 Of some soft sylph that guards infantine bliss,

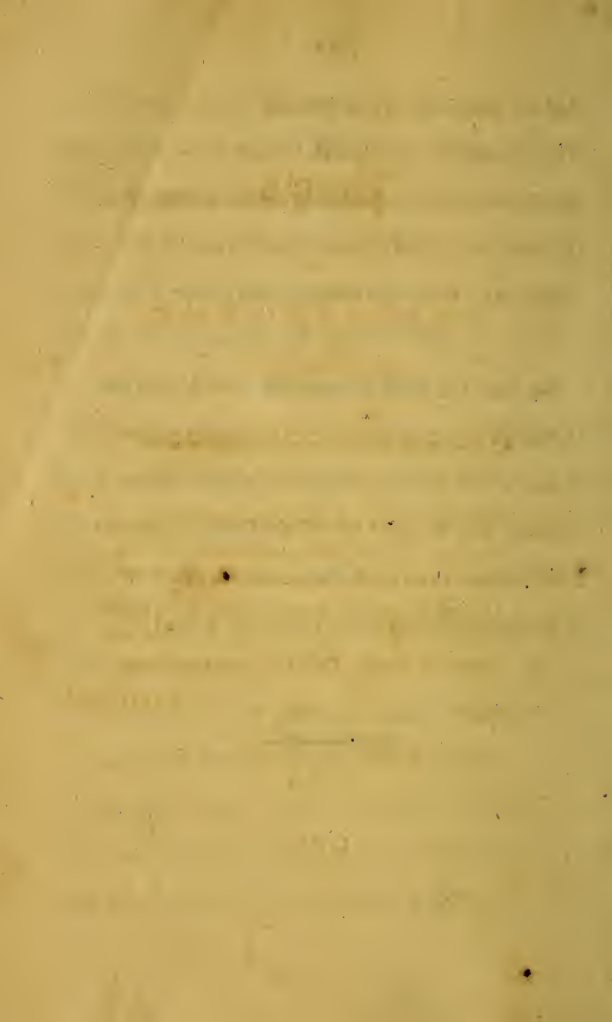
And prompts its nascent dreams ! Aloft in air
 Some tempt th' adventurous swing, while others waft
 The shapely kite. Thus pleasing still and pleas'd
 The day pass'd on : the hospitable meal
 (Where circulated looks affectionate)
 Employ'd no tedious hour, for all around
 Was childish mirth, and warm solicitude !
 To me the savory morsel proffer'd still
 Hinted the lurking preference : the thought
 Glow'd at my heart, and almost made me weep !
 So fled 'twixt cares of friendliness and joys
 Heartfelt and unrestrain'd, all cheerily,
 In sanctity of bliss, the simple day !
 'Twere not misnam'd if call'd a little Sabbath !

To me, when frisking in the sports which now
 Memory tenacious dwells on, 'twas I ween
 A prodigality of bliss ! But, ah !

I elder than the train that gather'd there
 Joy's infant buds, earlier their blight deplor'd !
 When ran the urchins to their sports, for me
 Ere youth to manhood all reluctantly
 Resign'd its sway ; or evanescent, ere
 The tremulous dimple to the rigid line,
 The woe-fix'd character of countenance,
 Had yielded quite ; how oft unblest and restless,
 Slow, and with ling'ring gaze reverted still,
 I've wander'd from the scene, the simple scene.
 That once engross'd me wholly ; and would pine
 Troubled with wishes, and perplex'd desires,
 Then all mysterious. Often would I weep
 Still wond'ring at my tears, and sigh, and sigh—
 Yet could my fancy feign no rapt'ring object
 Apt for my hopes. Nor seldom would I brood
 On vision'd bliss seen dimly. Thus consum'd
 My days inactive : thus my infant powers

Fed on imagination's airy stores,
 Till all reality was anguish ! Now
 Manhood advanc'd, bringing the unsumm'd ills
 Of Life, and bleak disaster claim'd my tear
 While yet I wept o'er fancy-pictur'd woe.

For *Sbe*, the Friend, departed !—died, and left
 Her child but half matur'd ! (for manly years
 Produc'd not manly thought)—I can no more !
 Farewell best Friend ! ah, holy Friend farewell !
 This day was once with thee enjoyed, 'tis now
 In sad remembrance more than ever thine !



Poems,

BY

CHARLES LAMB,

Of the India-House.

This Beauty in the blossom of my Youth,
When my first fire knew no adulterate incense,
Nor I no way to flatter but my fondness,
In the best language my true tongue could tell me,
And all the broken sighs my sick heart lend me,
I sued and served. Long did I love this Lady.

MASSINGER.

THE FEW FOLLOWING POEMS,
CREATURES OF THE FANCY AND THE FEELING,
IN LIFE'S MORE *vacant* HOURS;
PRODUCED, FOR THE MOST PART, BY
LOVE IN IDLENESS;

ARE

WITH ALL A BROTHER'S FONDNESS,

INSCRIBED TO

MARY ANN LAMB,

THE

AUTHOR'S BEST FRIEND AND SISTER.

SONNET I.

WAS it some sweet Delight of Faery
That mock'd my steps with many a lonely glade
And fancied wand'rings with a fair-hair'd maid?
Have these things been? Or what rare witchery
(Impregning with delights the charmed air)
Enlighted up the semblance of a smile
In those fine eyes? Methought, they spake the while
Soft soothing things, which might enforce Despair
To drop the murdering knife, and let go by
His foul resolve. And does the lonely glade
Still court the footsteps of the fair-hair'd maid?
Still in her locks the gales of summer sigh?
While I forlorn do wander, heedless where,
And 'mid my wanderings meet no Anna there!

SONNET II.

METHINKS, how dainty sweet it were, reclin'd
 Beneath the vast o'ershadowing branches high
 Of some old wood, in careless sort to lie,
 Nor of the busier scenes we left behind
 Aught envying. And, O Anna! mild-eyed maid!
 Beloved! I were well content to play
 With thy free tresses the long summer day,
 Cheating the time beneath the green-wood shade.
 Or we might sit, and tell some tender tale
 Of faithful vows repaid by cruel scorn,
 A tale of true love, or of friends forgot;
 And I would teach thee, Lady, how to rail,
 In gentle sort, on those who practise not
 Or Love or pity, tho' of woman born.

SONNET III.

WHEN last I rov'd these winding wood-walks green,
Green winding walks, and shady pathways sweet,
Oft-times would Anna seek the silent scene,
Shrouding her beauties in the lone retreat.
No more I hear her footsteps in the shade :
Her image only in these pleasant ways
Meets me self-wandering, where in happier days
I held free converse with the fair-hair'd maid.
I pass'd the little cottage which she lov'd,
The cottage which did once my all contain ;
It spake of days which ne'er must come again—
Spake to my heart, and much my heart was mov'd.
“ Now fair befall thee, gentle maid !” said I,
And from the cottage turn'd me with a sigh.

SONNET IV.

A Timid grace sits trembling in her eye,
As loth to meet the rudeness of men's sight,
Yet shedding a delicious lunar light,
That steeps in kind oblivious ecstasy
The care-craz'd mind, like some still melody :
Speaking most plain the thoughts which do possess
Her gentle sprite—faith, and meek quietness,
And innocent loves, and maiden purity :
A look whereof might heal the cruel smart
Of changed friends, or fortune's wrongs unkind ;
Might to sweet deeds of mercy move the heart
Of him who hates his brethren of mankind.
Turn'd are those lights from me, who fondly yet
Past joys, vain loves, and buried hopes regret.

SONNET V.

O! I could laugh to hear the midnight wind,
 That rushing on its way with careless sweep
 Scatters the ocean waves ; and I could weep
 E'en as a child ! for now to my 'rapt mind
 On wings of winds comes wild-eyed Phantasy,
 And her rude visions give a dread delight.
 O winged bark ! how swift along the night
 Pass'd thy proud keel ! Nor shall I let go by
 Lightly of that drear hour the memory,
 When wet and chilly on thy deck I stood,
 Unbonnetted, and gaz'd upon the flood,
 And almost wish'd it were no crime to die !

* * * * *
 * * * * *

SONNET VI.

IF from my lips some angry accents fell,
 Peevish complaint, or harsh reproof unkind,
 'Twas but the error of a sickly mind
 And troubled thoughts, clouding the purer well,
 And waters clear, of Reason ; and for me
 Let this my verse the poor atonement be—
 My verse, which thou to praise wert ever inclin'd
 Too highly, and with a partial eye to see
 No blemish. Thou to me didst ever shew
 Kindest affection, and wouldst oft-times lend
 An ear to the desponding love-sick lay,
 Weeping my sorrows with me, who repay
 But ill the mighty debt of love I owe,
 MARY, to thee, my sister, and my friend.

SONNET VII.

WE were two pretty babes ; the youngest she,
The youngest, and the loveliest far (I ween)
And INNOCENCE her name : the time has been
We two did love each other's company ;
Time was, we two had wept to have been apart.
But when, by shew of seeming good beguil'd,
I left the garb and manners of a child,
And my first love for man's society,
Defiling with the world my virgin heart—
My lov'd companion dropt a tear, and fled,
And hid in deepest shades her awful head.
Beloved ! who shall tell me, where thou art ?
In what delicious Eden to be found ?
That I may seek thee, the wide world around.

SONNET VIII.

AS when a child on some long winter's night
Affrighted clinging to its Grandam's knees
With eager wond'ring and perturb'd delight
Listens strange tales of fearful dark decrees
Mutter'd to wretch by necromantic spell ;
Or of those hags, who at the witching time
Of murky midnight ride the air sublime,
And mingle foul embrace with fiends of Hell :
Cold Horror drinks its blood ! Anon the tear
More gentle starts, to hear the Beldame tell
Of pretty babes, that lov'd each other dear,
Murder'd by cruel Uncle's mandate fell :
Ev'n such the shiv'ring joys thy tones impart,
Ev'n so thou, SIDDONS ! meltest my sad heart !

Fragments.

P

1870

C H I L D H O O D .

IN my poor mind it is most sweet to muse
Upon the days gone by ; to act, in thought,
Past seasons o'er, and be again a child ;
To sit, in fancy, on the turf clad slope,
Down which the child would roll ; to pluck gay flowers,
Make posies in the sun, which the child's hand
(Childhood offended soon, soon reconciled,)
Would throw away, and straight take up again,
Then fling them to the winds, and o'er the lawn
Bound with so playful and so light a foot,
That the press'd daisy scarce declin'd her head.

THE GRANDAME.

————— **O**N the green hill top,
 Hard by the house of prayer, a modest roof,
 And not distinguish'd from its neighbour barn,
 Save by a slender-tapering length of spire,
 The Grandame sleeps : a plain stone barely tells
 The name and date to the chance passenger.
 For lowly born was she, and long had eat
 Well-earn'd, the bread of service ;—her's was else
 A mounting spirit, one that entertain'd
 Scorn of base action, deed dishonorable,
 Or aught unseemly. I remember well
 Her reverend image : I remember too,
 With what a zeal she serv'd her Master's house ;
 And how the prattling tongue of garrulous age

Delighted to recount the oft-told tale ;
Or anecdote domestic : Wise she was,
And wond'rous skill'd in genealogies,
And could in apt and voluble terms discourse
Of births, of titles, and alliances ;
Of marriages and intermarriages ;
Relationships remote, or near of kin ;
Of friends offended, family disgraced,
Maiden high born, but wayward, disobeying
Parental strict injunctions, and regardless
Of unmix'd blood, and ancestry remote,
Stooping to wed with one of low degree :
But these are not thy praises : and I wrong
Thy honor'd memory, recording chiefly
Things light or trivial. Better 'twere to tell,
How with a nobler zeal, and warmer love,
She serv'd her *heavenly Master*. I have seen

That reverend form bent down with age and pain,
And rankling malady : yet not for this
Ceas'd she to praise her Maker, or withdraw
Her trust from him, her faith, and humble hope ;
So meekly had she learn'd to bear her cross ;
For she had studied patience in the school
Of Christ ; much comfort she had thence deriv'd,
And was a *follower* of the NAZARENE.



THE SABBATH BELLS.

THE chearful sabbath bells, wherever heard,
Strike pleasant on the sense, most like the voice
Of one, who from the far-off hills proclaims
Tidings of good to Zion : chiefly when
Their piercing tones fall *sudden* on the ear
Of the contemplant, solitary man,
Whom thoughts abstruse or high have chanc'd to lure
Forth from the walks of men, revolving oft,
And oft again, hard matter, which eludes
And baffles his pursuit, thought-sick and tired
Of controversy, where no end appears,
No clue to his research, the lonely man
Half wishes for society again :

Him, thus engaged, the sabbath bells salute
Sudden! his heart awakes : his ears drink in
The chearing music : his relenting soul
Yearns after all the joys of social life ;
And softens with the love of humankind.



FANCY

Employed on DIVINE SUBJECTS.

THE truant Fancy was a wanderer ever,
A lone enthusiast maid : she loves to walk
In the bright visions of empyreal light,
By the green pastures, and the fragrant meads,
Where the perpetual flowers of Eden blow ;
By chrystal streams, and by the living waters
Along whose margin grows the wond'rous tree,
Whose leaves shall heal the nations ; underneath
Whose holy shade a refuge shall be found
From pain and want, and all the ills that wait
On mortal life, from sin and death for ever.

THE TOMB OF DOUGLAS.

See the Tragedy of that name.

WHEN her son, her Douglas died,
 To the steep rock's fearful side
 Fast the frantic Mother hied—

O'er her blooming warrior dead
 Many a tear did Scotland shed,
 And shrieks of long and loud lament
 From her Grampian hills she sent.

Like one awakening from a trance,
 She met the shock of * Lochlin's lance ;

* Denmark.

On her rude invader foe
Return'd an hundred fold the blow,
Drove the taunting spoiler home ;
Mournful thence she took her way
To do observance at the tomb
Where the son of Douglas lay.

Round about the tomb did go
In solemn state and order slow,
Silent pace, and black attire,
Earl, or Knight, or good Esquire ;
Whoe'er by deeds of valour done
In battle had high honours won ;
Whoe'er in their pure veins could trace
The blood of Douglas' noble race.

With them the flower of minstrels came,
And to their cunning harps did frame

In doleful numbers piercing rhymes,
 Such strains as in the older times
 Had sooth'd the spirit of Fingal,
 Echoing thro' his father's hall.

“ Scottish maidens, drop a tear
 O'er the beauteous Hero's bier !
 Brave youth, and comely 'bove compare,
 All golden shone his burnish'd hair ;
 Valour and smiling courtesy
 Play'd in the sun-beams of his eye.
 Clos'd are those eyes that shone so fair,
 And stain'd with blood his yellow hair.
 Scottish maidens, drop a tear
 O'er the beauteous Hero's bier !”

“ Not a tear, I charge you, shed
 For the false Glenalvon dead ;

Unpitied let Glenalvon lie,
Foul stain to arms and chivalry !”

“ Behind his back the traitor came,
And Douglas died without his fame.
Young light of Scotland early spent,
Thy country thee shall long lament ;
And oft to after-times shall tell,
In Hope’s sweet prime my Hero fell.”



To CHARLES LLOYD,

An unexpected Visitor.

ALONE, obscure, without a friend

A cheerless, solitary thing,

Why seeks my LLOYD the stranger out?

What off'ring can the stranger bring?

Of social scenes, home-bred delights,

That him in aught compensate may

For Stowey's pleasant winter nights,

For loves and friendships far away?

In brief oblivion to forego

Friends, such as thine, so justly dear,

And be awhile with me content

To stay, a kindly loiterer, here.

For this a gleam of random joy
 Hath flush'd my unaccustom'd cheek,
 And, with an o'ercharg'd bursting heart,
 I feel the thanks, I cannot speak.

O! sweet are all the Muses' lays,
 And sweet the charm of matin bird—
 'Twas long, since these estranged ears
 The sweeter voice of Friend had heard.

The voice hath spoke: the pleasant sounds
 In memory's ear, in after-time
 Shall live, to sometimes rouse a tear,
 And sometimes prompt an honest rhyme.

For when the transient charm is fled,
 And when the little week is o'er,
 To cheerless, friendless solitude
 When I return, as heretofore—

Long, long, within my aching heart

The grateful sense shall cherish'd be ;

I'll think less meanly of myself,

That **LLOYD** will sometimes think on me.



Supplement.

ADVERTISEMENT.

I Have excepted the following Poems from those, which I had determined to omit. Some intelligent friends particularly requested it, observing, that what most delighted me when I was “young in *writing* poetry, would probably best please those, who are young in *reading* poetry: and a man must learn to be *pleased* with a subject, before he can yield that attention to it, which is requisite in order to acquire a just taste.” I however was fully convinced, that he, who gives to the press what he does not thoroughly approve in his own closet, commits an act of disrespect, both against himself and his fellow-citizens. The request and the reasoning would not therefore have influenced me, had they not been assisted by other motives. The first in order of these verses, which I have thus endeavoured to *reprieve* from immediate oblivion, was originally addressed “To the

Author of Poems published anonymously, at Bristol." A second edition of these poems has lately appeared with the Author's name prefixed: and I could not refuse myself the gratification of seeing the name of that man among my poems, without whose kindness, they would probably have remained unpublished; and to whom I know myself greatly and variously obliged, as a Poet, a Man, and a Christian.

The second is entitled "an Effusion on an Autumnal Evening; written in early youth." In a note to this poem I had asserted, that the tale of Florio in Mr. Roger's "Pleasures of Memory," was to be found in the Lochleven of Bruce. I did (and still do) perceive a certain likeness between the two stories; but certainly not a sufficient one to justify my assertion. I feel it my duty therefore, to apologize to the Author and the Public, for this rashness; and my sense of honesty would not have been satisfied by the bare omission of the note. No one can see more clearly the *littleness* and futility of imagining plagiarisms in the works of men of Genius; but *nemo omnibus horis sapit*; and my mind,

at the time of writing that note, was sick and sore with anxiety, and weakened through much suffering. I have not the most distant knowledge of Mr. Rogers, except as a correct and elegant Poet. If any of my readers should know him personally, they would oblige me by informing him that I have expiated a sentence of unfounded detraction, by an unsolicited and self-originating apology.

Having from these motives re-admitted two, and those the longest of the poems I had omitted, I yielded a passport to the three others, which were recommended by the greatest number of votes. There are some lines too of Lloyd's and Lamb's in this appendix. They had been omitted in the former part of the volume, partly by accident; but I have reason to believe that the Authors regard them, as of inferior merit; and they are therefore rightly placed, where they will receive some beauty from their vicinity to others much worse.

L I N E S

Addressed to

JOSEPH COTTLE.

MY honor'd Friend! whose verse concise yet clear
 Tunes to smooth melody unconquer'd sense
 May your fame fadeless live, as "never-sere"
 The Ivy wreathes yon Oak, whose broad defence
 Embow'rs me from Noon's sultry influence!
 For, like that nameless Riv'let stealing by,
 Your modest verse to musing Quiet dear
 Is rich with tints heaven-borrow'd: the charm'd eye
 Shall gaze undazzled there, and love the soften'd sky.

Circling the base of the Poetic mount
 A stream there is, which rolls in lazy flow
 Its coal-black waters from OBLIVION's fount:
 The vapor-poison'd Birds, that fly too low,
 Fall with dead swoop, and to the bottom go.

Escap'd that heavy stream on pinion fleet
 Beneath the Mountain's lofty-frowning brow,
 Ere aught of perilous ascent you meet,
 A mead of mildest charm delays th' unlab'ring feet.

Not there the cloud-climb'd rock, sublime and vast,
 That like some giant king, o'er glooms the hill ;
 Nor there the Pine-grove to the midnight blast
 Makes solemn music ! But th' unceasing rill
 To the soft Wren or Lark's descending trill
 Murmurs sweet undersong mid jasmin bowers.
 In this same pleasant meadow, at your will,
 I ween, you wander'd—there collecting flow'rs
 Of sober tint, and herbs of med'cinable powers !

There for the monarch-murder'd Soldier's tomb
 You wove th' unfinish'd* wreath of saddest hues ;

* War, a Fragment.

And to that holier † chaplet added bloom
 Besprinkling it with JORDAN's cleansing dews.
 But lo ! your ‡ HENDERSON awakes the Muse——
 His Spirit beckon'd from the mountain's height !
 You left the plain and soar'd 'mid richer views !
 So Nature mourn'd, when sank the first Day's light,
 With stars, unseen before, spangling her robe of night !

Still soar my FRIEND those richer views among,
 Strong, rapid, fervent, flashing Fancy's beam !
 Virtue and Truth shall love your gentler song ;
 But Poesy demands th' impassion'd theme :
 Wak'd by Heaven's silent dews at Eve's mild gleam
 What balmy sweets POMONA breathes around !
 But if the vext air rush a stormy stream
 Or Autumn's shrill gust moan in plaintive sound
 With fruits and flowers she loads the tempest honor'd ground

† John the Baptist, a Poem. ‡ Monody on John Henderson.

AN EFFUSION

On an AUTUMNAL EVENING.

WRITTEN IN EARLY YOUTH.

O Thou wild FANCY, check thy wing ! No more
Those thin white flakes, those purple clouds explore !
Nor there with happy spirits speed thy flight
Bath'd in rich amber-glowing floods of light ;
Nor in yon gleam, where slow descends the day,
With western peasants hail the morning ray !
Ah ! rather bid the perish'd pleasures move,
A shadowy train, across the soul of Love !
O'er Disappointment's wintry desert fling
Each flower, that wreath'd the dewy locks of SPRING,
When blushing, like a bride, from Hope's trim bower
She leapt, awaken'd by the pattering shower.

Now sheds the sinking Sun a deeper gleam,
 Aid, lovely Sorceress ! aid thy Poet's dream !
 With faery wand O bid the MAID arise,
 Chaste Joyance dancing in her bright-blue eyes ;
 As erst when from the Muses' calm abode
 I came, with Learning's meed not unbestow'd :
 When as she twin'd a laurel round my brow,
 And met my kiss, and half return'd my vow,
 O'er all my frame shot rapid my thrill'd heart,
 And every nerve confess'd the electric dart.

O dear Deceit ! I see the Maiden rise,
 Chaste Joyance dancing in her bright-blue Eyes !
 When first the lark high-soaring swells his throat,
 Mocks the tir'd eye, and scatters the loud note,
 I trace her footsteps on the accustom'd lawn,
 I mark her glancing mid the gleams of dawn.
 When the bent flower beneath the night-dew weeps

And on the lake the silver lustre sleeps,
 Amid the paly radiance soft and sad,
 She meets my lonely path in moon-beams clad.
 With her along the streamlet's brink I rove ;
 With her I list the warblings of the grove ;
 And seems in each low wind her voice to float
 Lone-whispering Pity in each soothing note !

SPIRITS of LOVE ! ye heard her name ! Obey
 The powerful spell, and to my haunt repair.
 Whether on clust'ring pinions ye are there,
 Where rich snows blossom on the Myrtle trees,
 Or with fond languishment around my fair
 Sigh in the loose luxuriance of her hair ;
 O heed the spell, and hither wing your way,
 Like far-off music, voyaging the breeze !
 SPIRITS ! to you the infant Maid was given
 Form'd by the wond'rous Alchemy of Heaven !

No fairer Maid does Love's wide empire know,
 No fairer Maid e'er heav'd the bosom's snow.
 A thousand Loves around her forehead fly ;
 A thousand Loves sit melting in her eye ;
 Love lights her smile—in Joy's red nectar dips
 His myrtle flower, and plants it on her lips.
 She speaks ! and hark that passion warbled song—
 Still Fancy ! still that voice, those notes prolong.
 As sweet as when that voice with rapt'rous falls,
 Shall wake the soften'd echoes of Heaven's Halls !

O (have I sigh'd) were mine the wizard's rod,
 Or mine the power of Proteus, changeful God !
 A flower-entangled ARBOUR I would seem
 To shield my Love from Noontide's sultry beam :
 Or bloom a MYRTLE, from whose od'rous boughs
 My Love might weave gay garlands for her brows.
 When Twilight stole across the fading vale,

To fan my Love I'd be the EVENING GALE;
 Mourn in the soft folds of her swelling vest,
 And flutter my faint pinions on her breast!
 On Seraph wing I'd float a DREAM, by night,
 To sooth my Love with shadows of delight:—
 Or soar aloft to be the SPANGLED SKIES,
 And gaze upon her with a thousand eyes!

As when the Savage, who his drowsy frame
 Had bask'd beneath the Sun's unclouded flame,
 Awakes amid the troubles of the air,
 The skiey deluge, and white lightning's glare—
 Aghast he scours before the tempest's sweep,
 And sad recalls the sunny hour of sleep:—
 So tost by storms along Life's wild'ring way,
 Mine eye reverted views that cloudless day,
 When by my native brook I wont to rove
 While Hope with kisses nurs'd the Infant Love.

Dear native brook ! like PEACE, so placidly
Smoothing thro' fertile fields thy current meek !

Dear native brook ! where first young POESY
Star'd wildly-eager in her noontide dream,

Where BLAMELESS PLEASURES dimple QUIET's cheek,
As water-lilies ripple thy slow stream !

Dear native haunts ! where Virtue still is gay :

Where Friendship's fix'd star sheds a mellow'd ray ;

Where LOVE a crown of thornless Roses wears :

Where soften'd SORROW smiles within her tears ;

And Mem'ry, with a VESTAL's chaste employ,

Unceasing feeds the lambent flame of joy !

No more your sky-larks melting from the sight

Shall thrill th' attuned heart-string with delight —

No more shall deck your pensive Pleasures sweet

With wreaths of sober hue my evening seat.

Yet dear to Fancy's eye your varied scene

Of wood, hill, dale, and sparkling brook between !

Yet sweet to Fancy's ear the warbled song,
That soars on Morning's wing your vales among.

Scenes of my Hope ! the aking eye ye leave
Like yon bright hues that paint the clouds of eve !
Tearful and sad'ning with the sadden'd blaze
Mine eye the gleam pursues with wistful gaze :
Sees shades on shades with deeper tint impend,
Till chill and damp the moonless night descend.



In the MANNER of SPENCER.

O PEACE, that on a liliated bank dost love
 To rest thine head beneath an Olive Tree,
 I would, that from the pinions of thy Dove
 One quill withouten pain ypluck'd might be !
 For ô ! I wish my SARA's frowns to flee,
 And fain to her some soothing song would write,
 Lest she resent my rude discourtesy,
 Who vow'd to meet her ere the morning light,
 But broke my plighted word—ah ! false and recreant
 Wight !

Last night as I my weary head did pillow
 With thoughts of my dissevered Fair engross'd,
 Chill Fancy droop'd wreathing herself with willow,
 As tho' my breast entomb'd a pining ghost.

“ From some blest couch, young Rapture’s bridal
boast,

“ Rejected SLUMBER ! hither wing thy way ;

“ But leave me with the matin hour, at most !

“ As night-clos’d flowret to the orient ray,

“ My sad heart will expand, when I the Maid survey.

But LOVE, who “ heard the silence of my thought,”

Contriv’d a too successful wile, I ween :

And whisper’d to himself, with malice fraught—

“ Too long our Slave the Damsel’s *smiles* hath seen :

“ To-morrow shall he ken her alter’d mien !”

He spake, and ambush’d lay, till on my bed

The Morning shot her dewy glances keen,

When as I ’gan uplift my drowsy head—

“ Now, Bard ! I’ll work thee woe !” the laughing

Elfin said.

SLEEP, softly-breathing God ! his downy wing
 Was flutt'ring now, as quickly to depart ;
 When twang'd an arrow from LOVE's mystic string,
 With pathless wound it pierc'd him to the heart.
 Was there some Magic in the Elfin's dart ?
 Or did he strike my couch with wizard lance ?
 For strait so fair a Form did upwards start
 (No fairer deck'd the Bowers of old Romance)
 That Sleep enamour'd grew, nor mov'd from his sweet
 Trance !

My SARA came, with gentlest Look divine ;
 Bright shone her Eye, yet tender was its beam :
 I felt the pressure of her Lip to mine !
 Whisp'ring we went, and Love was all our theme—
 Love pure and spotless, as at first, I deem,
 He sprang from Heaven ! Such joys with Sleep did
 'bide,

That I the living Image of my Dream
Fondly forgot. Too late I woke, and sigh'd—
“ O! how shall I behold my Love at even-tide !”

July, 1795.



The COMPOSITION of a KISS.

CUPID, if storying * Legends tell aright,
 Once fram'd a rich Elixir of delight.
 A Chalice o'er love-kindled flames he fix'd,
 And in it Nectar and Ambrosia mix'd :
 With these the magic dew, which Evening brings,
 Brush'd from the Idalian star by faery wings :

“ Effinxit quondam blandum meditata laborem
 Basia lascivâ Cypria Diva manâ.
 Ambrosiæ succos occultâ temperat arte,
 Fragransque infuso nectare tingit opus.
 Sufficit et partem mellis, quod subdolus olim
 Non impune favis surripuisset Amor.
 Decussos violæ foliis admiscet odores
 Et spolia æstivis plurima rapta rosis.
 Addit et illecebras et mille et mille lepores,
 Et quot Acidalius gaudia Cestus habet.
 Ex his composuit Dea basia ; et omnia libans
 Invenias nitidæ sparsa per ora Cloës.”

Carm. Quad. Vol. II.

Each tender pledge of sacred Faith he join'd,
Each gentler Pleasure of th' unspotted mind—
Day-dreams, whose tints with sportive brightness glow
And Hope, the blameless Parasite of Woe.
The eyeless Chemist heard the process rise,
The steamy Chalice bubbled up in sighs ;
Sweet sounds transpir'd, as when the enamour'd Dove
Pours the soft murm'ring of responsive Love.
The finished work might Envy vainly blame,
And "Kisses" was the precious Compound's name.
With half the God his Cyprian Mother blest,
And breath'd on SARA's lovelier lips the rest.

TO AN INFANT.

AH cease thy Tears and Sobs, my little Life !
I did but snatch away the unclasp'd Knife :
Some safer Toy will soon arrest thine eye
And to quick Laughter change this peevish cry !
Poor Stumbler on the rocky coast of Woe,
Tutor'd by Pain each source of Pain to know !
Alike the foodful fruit and scorching fire,
Or rouse thy screams or wake thy young desire :
Yet art thou wise, for mid thy brief alarms
Thou closely clingest to thy Mother's arms,
Nestling thy little face in that fond breast
Whose anxious Heavings lull thee to thy rest !
Man's breathing Miniature ! thou mak'st me sigh—
A Babe art thou—and such a Thing am I !

To anger rapid and as soon appeas'd,
For trifles mourning and by trifles pleas'd,
Break Friendship's Mirror with a fretful blow
Yet snatch what coals of fire on Pleasure's altar glow !

O thou that rearest with celestial aim
The future Seraph in my mortal frame,
Thrice holy FAITH ! whatever thorns I meet
As on I totter with unpractis'd feet,
Still let me stretch my arms and cling to thee,
Meek Nurse of Souls thro' their long Infancy !

On the CHRISTENING of a Friend's

CHILD.

THIS day among the faithful plac'd

And fed with fontal manna ;

O with maternal title grac'd

Dear Anna's dearest Anna !

While others wish thee wise and fair,

A maid of spotless fame,

I'll breathe this more compendious prayer—

May'st thou deserve thy name !

Thy Mother's name, a potent spell,

That bids the Virtues hie

From mystic grove and living cell

Confest to Fancy's eye ;

Meek QUIETNESS without offence ;

CONTENT in homespun kirtle ;

TRUE LOVE ; and True Love's Innocence,

White Blossom of the Myrtle !

Associates of thy name, sweet Child !

These Virtues may'st thou win ;

With face as eloquently mild

To say, they lodge within.

So, when her tale of days all flown,

Thy Mother shall be miss'd here ;

When Heaven at length shall claim its own,

And Angels snatch their Sister ;

Some hoary-headed Friend, perchance,

★ May gaze with stifled breath ;

And oft, in momentary trance,

Forget the waste of death.

Ev'n thus a lovely rose I view'd
In summer-swelling Pride ;
Nor mark'd the bud, that green and rude
Peep'd at the Rose's side.

It chanc'd, I pass'd again that way
In Autumn's latest hour,
And wond'ring saw the self-same spray
Rich with the self-same flower.—

Ah fond deceit ! the rude green Bud
Alike in shape, place, name,
Had bloom'd, where bloom'd its parent stud,
Another and the same !

ADDRESS

To the GENIUS of SHAKESPEARE.

By CHARLES LLOYD.

WHEN first thine eyes beheld the light,
And Nature bursting on thy sight
Pour'd on thy beating Heart a kindred day;
Genius, the fire-eyed Child of Fame!
Circl'd thy brows with mystic flame,
And warm with hope, pronounc'd this prophet-lay.

Thee, darling Boy! I give to know
Each viewless source of Joy and Woe,
For thee my vivid visions shall unfold;
Each form, that freezes sense to stone;
Each phantom of the world unknown;
Shall flit before thine eyes, and waken thoughts untold.

The bent of purpose unavow'd ;
 Of Hopes and Fears the wildering crowd ;
 The incongruous train of wishes undefin'd ;
 Shall all be subjected to thee !
 The excess of Bliss and Agony
 Shall oft alternate seize thy high-attemper'd mind.

Oft o'er the woody summer vale
 When Evening breathes her balmy gale ;
 Oft by the wild brook's margin shalt thou rove,
 When just above the western line
 The clouds with richer radiance shine,
 Yellowing the dark tops of the mountain-grove.

There Love's warm hopes thy breast shall fill,
 For Nature's charms with kindest skill
 Prepare for Love's delicious extacy ;
 Thy prostrate mind shall sink subdued,
 While in a strange fantastic mood
 The wild power fires thy veins, and mantles in thine eye !

For know where'er my influence dwells,
Each selfish interest it expels,
And wakes each latent energy of soul ;
Indifference of the marble mien
Shall ne'er with lazy spells be seen,
To quench th' immortal wish, that aims perfection's
goal.

There shalt thou burst, whate'er it be
That manacles mortality,
And range thro' scenes by fleshly feet untrod ;
And Inspiration to thine eye
Shall bid futurity be nigh,
And with mysterious power approximate to God.

STANZAS,

Written after a Journey into NORTH WALES,

By CHARLES LLOYD.

YE Powers unseen, whose pure aërial forms
Hover on Cambria's awful mountains hoar,
Who breathe your fury in her raging storms,
And join your deep yells to the tempest's roar
Assist my visionary soul to soar
Once more enraptur'd o'er your prospects drear,
Let each sensation warm my heart once more
That wont to prompt th' enthusiastic tear
And raise my restless soul when your wild scenes were
near !

Sure ye who viewless range those prospects blest,
 And swiftly glance o'er many a heath-clad hill,
 Sure ye oft animate the glowing breast,
 And often warm with many a mystic thrill
 The pure poetic fancy ! Oh ! deign still
 Those high, those speechless pleasures to renew ;
 Let Memory trace each scene with faithful skill,
 And let Imagination's fervour true,
 With no dim tints recall each magic mountain-view !

In all the tedious intercourse of life

Say, is there aught of bliss sublime and high ?
 Amid the fluttering world's unmeaning strife
 Say, is there aught to soothe or satisfy
 The soul aspiring to her kindred sky ?

No ! Nature, thou alone canst boast the power
 To reillumine the melancholy eye,

Cheer the dejection of the restless hour,
 Or bid advent'rous thought to trackless regions tower !

If thou perchance hast ever felt the smart

Of unrequited friendship, go and soothe

In independence wild, thy wearied heart !

The charm of solitary pleasures prove,

Ye who the world's cold scorn may sometimes move

To curse mankind ; and ye that doubt and fear,

Oh ! see how Nature beams with boundless love !

The God of Nature shall instruct you there,

All rapture to the heart, all music to the ear !



A VISION
OF
REPENTANCE.

I SAW a famous fountain in my dream,
Where shady pathways to a valley led ;
A weeping willow lay upon that stream,
And all around the fountain brink were spread
Wide branching trees, with dark green leaf rich clad,
Forming a doubtful twilight desolate and sad.

The place was such, that whoso enter'd in
Disrobed was of every earthly thought,
And straight became as one that knew not sin,
Or to the world's first innocence was brought ;
Ensem'd it now, he stood on holy ground,
In sweet and tender melancholy wrapt around.

A most strange calm stole o'er my soothed sprite ;

Long time I stood, and longer had I staid,

When lo ! I saw, saw by the sweet moonlight,

Which came in silence o'er that silent shade,

Where near the fountain SOMETHING like DESPAIR

Made of that weeping willow garlands for her hair.

And eke with painful fingers she inwove

Many an uncouth stem of savage thorn—

“ The willow garland, *that* was for her Love,”

“ And *these* her bleeding temples would adorn.”

With sighs her heart nigh burst—salt tears fast fell,

As mournfully she bended o'er that sacred well.

To whom when I address myself to speak,

She lifted up her eyes, and nothing said ;

The delicate red came mantling o'er her cheek,

And gathering up her loose attire, she fled

To the dark covert of that woody shade

And in her goings seem'd a timid gentle maid.

Revolving in my mind what this should mean,
 And why that lovely Lady plained so ;
 Perplex'd in thought at that mysterious scene,
 And doubting if 'twere best to stay or go,
 I cast mine eyes in wistful gaze around,
 When from the shades came slow a small and plaintive
 sound :



“ * PSYCHE am I, who love to dwell
 In these brown shades, this woody dell,
 Where never busy mortal came,
 Till now, to pry upon my shame.”

“ At thy feet what thou dost see
 The Waters of Repentance be,
 Which, night and day, I must augment
 With tears, like a true penitent,

If haply so my day of grace
 Be not yet past ; and this lone place,
 O'er-shadowy, dark, excludeth hence
 All thoughts but grief and penitence."

*" Why dost thou weep, thou gentle maid!
 And wherefore in this barren shade
 Thy hidden thoughts with sorrow feed?
 Can thing so fair repentance need?"*

" O ! I have done a deed of shame,
 And tainted is my virgin fame,
 And stain'd the beauteous maiden white
 In which my bridal robes were dight."

*" And who the promis'd spouse declare
 And what those bridal garments were ?"*

" Severe and saintly righteousness
 Compos'd the clear white bridal dress ;
 JESUS, the son of Heaven's high King
 Bought with his blood the marriage ring."

" A wretched sinful creature, I
 Deem'd lightly of that sacred tye,
 Gave to a treacherous WORLD my heart,
 And play'd the foolish wanton's part."

" Soon to these murky shades I came
 To hide from the Sun's light my shame—
 And still I haunt this woody dell,
 And bathe me in that healing well,
 Whose waters clear have influence
 From sin's foul stains the soul to cleanse ;
 And night and day I them augment

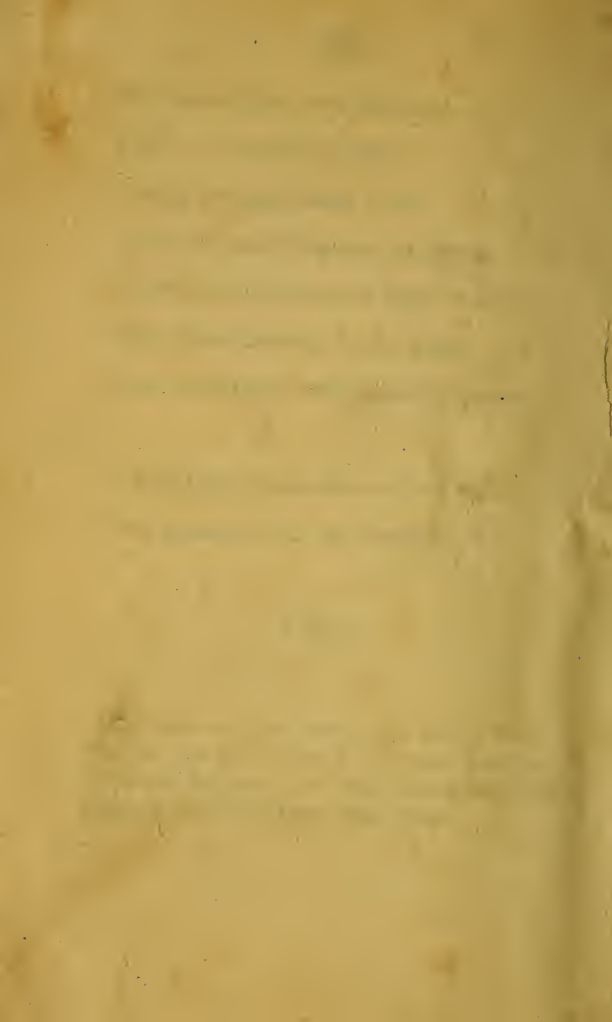
With tears, like a true Penitent,
 Until, due expiation made,
 And fit atonement fully paid,
 The Lord and Bridegroom me present
 Where in sweet strains of high consent,
 God's throne before, the Seraphim
 Shall chaunt the extatic marriage hymn."

"*Now Christ restore thee soon*"—I said,
 And thenceforth all my dream was fled.

E N D.

ERRATA.—In the Poem to the MAN of ROSS, from the *fifth* to the *eighth* line should have been placed after the *fourteenth*.—Two or three typographical errors the reader will correct as they occur.







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