Constance S.

Gloriana Margaretta Sanders

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Name on title

Anne Sanders - Bristol - 1811 -

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 triftia vitæ
Solamur cantu.

STAT. SILV. Lib. iv. 4.

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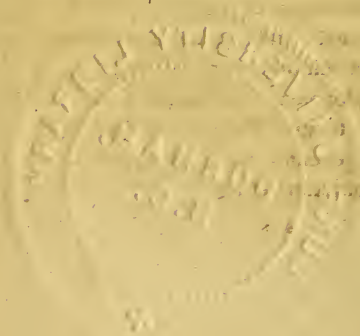
CONTENTS.



PREFACE

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 atention 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 scatter'd 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 hesiate 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 com-

* Ossian.

municate 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 Egoist: 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.

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.

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!

Thine and thy Brothers' favorable lot.
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
Chasing 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 (the praise be His
Who gives us all things) more have yielded me
Permanent shelter : and beside one Friend,
I, as beneath the covert of an Oak,
Have 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,
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.

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.

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-flowr'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'ercanopied by huge roots intertwin'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 ours 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 mien:
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.

KISSES.

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 dews which Evening brings,
Brush'd ftom the Idalian star by faery wings :

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* 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 guadia 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 finish'd work might Envy vainly blame,
And "Kisses" was the precious Compounds' name.
With half the God his Cyprian Mother blest,
And breath'd on SARA's lovelier lips the rest.

TO SARA.

One kiss, dear Maid! I said and sigh'd—
Your scorn the little boon deny'd.
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.

THE SIGH.

I.

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.

II.

And when, as toss'd on waves of woe,
My harrass'd Heart was doom'd to know
The frantic Burst, the 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!

III.

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!

IV.

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.

GENEVIEVE.

Maid of my Love ! sweet GENEVIEVE ! *
In Beauty's light you glide along :
Your eye is like the star of eve,
And sweet your Voice, as Seraph's song.
Yet not your heavenly Beauty gives
This heart with passion soft to glow :
Within your soul a VOICE there lives !
It bids you hear the tale of Woe.
When sinking low the Suff'rer wan
Beholds no hand outstretcht to save,

* This little Poem was written when the Author was a boy.

Fair, as the bosom of the Swan
That rises graceful o'er the wave,
I've seen your breast with pity heave,
And *therefore* love I you, sweet GENEVIEVE !

ABSENCE,

A FAREWELL ODE.

Where grac'd with many a classic spoil
CAM rolls his reverend stream along,
I haste to urge the learned toil
That sternly chides my love-lorn song :
Ah me ! too mindful of the days
Illum'd by PASSION's orient rays,
When Peace, and Chearfulness, and Health
Enrich'd me with the best of wealth.

Ah fair Delights ! that o'er my soul
On Mem'ry's wing, like shadows, fly !

Ah Flowers! which Joy from Eden stole
While Innocence stood smiling by! —
But cease, fond heart! this bootless moan.
Those hours on rapid Pinions flown
Shall yet return, by ABSENCE crown'd,
And scatter livelier roses round.

The SUN, who ne'er remits his fires
On heedless eyes may pour the day:
The MOON, that oft from Heav'n retires,
Endears her renovated ray.
What tho' she leave the sky unblest
To mourn awhile in murky vest?
When she relumes her lovely Light,
We BLESS the Wanderer of the Night.

LINES
TO A BEAUTIFUL SPRING
IN A VILLAGE.

Once more, sweet Stream ! with slow foot wand'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 !

WRITTEN

IN EARLY YOUTH.

THE TIME,

AN AUTUMNAL EVENING.

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 desart 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 bright nectar dips
The flamy rose, and plants it on her lips !
Tender, serene, and all devoid of guile,
Soft is her soul, as sleeping infant's smile :
She speaks ! and hark that passion-warbled song—
Still, Fancy ! still those mazy notes prolong.
Sweet as th' angelic harps, whose rapturous falls
Awake 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 soothe 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 a 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.

TO A

YOUNG LADY,

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 suffering 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' Alcœan 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'ry's night-shade: as he feels, he sings.

September, 1794.

IMITATED

FROM OSSIAN,

The stream with languid murmur creeps,
In LUMIN's *flowery* vale:
Beneath the dew the Lily weeps
Slow-waving to the gale.

* The flower hangs its head waving at times to the gale. Why dost thou awake me, O Gale! it seems to say, I am covered with the drops of Heaven. The time of my fading is near, the blast that shall scatter my leaves. To-morrow shall the traveller come, he that saw me in my beauty shall come. His eyes will search the field, they will not find me. So shall they search in vain for the voice of Cona, after it has failed in the field. ——— BERRATHON, see Ossian's Poems, vol. 2.

"Cease, restless gale! it seems to say,
"Nor wake me with thy sighing!
"The honors of my vernal day
"On rapid wing are flying.

"To-morrow shall the Trav'ller come
"Who late beheld me blooming:
"His searching eye shall vainly roam
"The *dreary* vale of LUMIN."

With eager gaze and wetted cheek
My wonted haunts along,
Thus, faithful Maiden! *thou* shalt seek
The Youth of simplest song.

But I along the breeze shall roll
  The voice of feeble power;
And dwell, the Moon-beam of thy soul,
  In Slumber's nightly hour.

THE

*COMPLAINT of NINATHOMA.**

How long will ye round me be swelling,
O ye blue-tumbling waves of the Sea ?
Not always in Caves was my dwelling,
Nor beneath the cold blast of the Tree.
Thro' the high-sounding halls of Cathlóma
In the steps of my Beauty I stray'd;
The Warriors beheld Ninathóma,
And they blessed the white-bosom'd Maid !

* How long will ye roll around me, blue-tumbling waters of ocean? My dwelling was not always in caves, nor beneath the whistling tree. My feast was spread in Torthoma's Hall. The youths beheld me in my loveliness. They blessed the dark-haired Nina-thomà.

BERRATHON.

A GHOST ! by my Cavern it darted !
In moon-beams the Spirit was drest—
For lovely appear the DEPARTED
When they visit the dreams of my Rest !
But disturb'd by the Tempest's commotion
Fleet the shadowy forms of Delight—
Ah cease, thou shrill blast of the Ocean !
To howl thro' my Cavern by Night.

IMITATED

FROM THE WELCH.

If, while my passion I impart,
You deem my words untrue,
O place your hand upon my heart——
Feel how it throbs for *you !*

Ah no ! reject the thoughtless claim
In pity to your Lover !
That thrilling touch would aid the flame,
It wishes to discover.

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 the 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* its 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.

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
Awake thy eager grasp and young desire:
Alike the Good, the Ill offend thy sight,
And rouse the stormy Sense of shrill Affright!
Untaught, yet wise! mid all 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 tetchy 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!

EPITAPH

ON

AN INFANT.

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

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
Lst'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.

LINES

Written at the KING's-ARMS, ROSS,

Formerly the House of the

"MAN OF ROSS."

Richer than MISERS o'er their countless hoards,
Nobler than KINGS, or king-polluted LORDS,
Here dwelt the MAN OF ROSS! O Trav'ller, hear!
Departed Merit claims a reverent tear.
If 'neath this roof thy wine-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.
But if, like mine, 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!

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 even from Friendship's eye will shrink asham'd.
O! I have woke at midnight, and have wept,
Because SHE WAS NOT!—Cheerily, dear CHARLES!
Thou thy best friend shalt cherish many a year:
Such warm presagings 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.

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 wirh 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 :
Onward we move 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' inchanted 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 oft sit 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
Energic 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.

Monody

on the

Death of Chatterton.

MONODY

ON THE

DEATH of CHATTERTON.

When faint and sad o'er Sorrow's desart 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.

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 that 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 hadst 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 ev'ry 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! *he* 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 shapeless tomb ;
But dare no longer on the sad theme muse,
Lest kindred woes persuade a kindred doom !

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 moonlight 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.

Sonnets.

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 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 necessary, 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 comprised 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 επιγραμματα.

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 kind 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 grievous 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 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 such only as seemed not beneath mediocrity. Whatever more is said of them, *ponamus lucro.*

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 snnny showers of spring!
For hence not callous to the mourner's pains
Thro' Youth's gay prime and thornless paths I went:
Aud 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 consign'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 shouldst have lov'd it most, when most oppprest.
And nurs'd it with an agony of Care,
E'vn 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.

SONNET 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.

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 sores !

SONNET VI.

Pale Roamer thro' the Night ! thou poor forlorn !
Remorse that man on his death-bed possess,
Who in the credulous hour of tenderness
Betray'd, 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 kindred, when they see thee, turn aside,
And Vice alone will shelter Wretchedness !
O ! I am sad to think, that there should be
Men, born of woman, who endure to place
Foul offerings on the shrine of Misery,
And force from FAMINE the caress of LOVE !
Man has no feeling for thy sore Disgrace :
Keen blows the Blast upon the moulting Dove !

SONNET VII.

As late I lay in slumber's shadowy vale,
With wetted cheek and in a mourner's guise
I saw the sainted form of FREEDOM rise :
She spake ! not sadder moans the autumnal gale.
" Great Son of Genius ! sweet to me thy name,
" Ere in an evil hour with alter'd voice
" Thou bad'st Oppression's hireling crew rejoice
" Blasting with wizard spell my laurell'd fame.
" Yet never, BURKE ! thou drank'st Corruption's bowl !
" Thee stormy Pity and the cherish'd lure
" Of Pomp, and proud Precipitance of soul
" Wilder'd with meteor fires. Ah Spirit pure !
" That error's mist had left thy purged eye :
" So might I clasp thee with a Mother's joy !"

SONNET VIII.

Not always should the tear's ambrosial dew
Roll its soft anguish down thy furrow'd cheek !
Not always heaven-breath'd tones of suppliance meek
Beseem thee, MERCY ! Yon dark Scowler view,
Who with proud words of dear-lov'd Freedom came—
More blasting than the mildew from the South !
And kiss'd his country with Iscariot mouth
(Ah ! foul apostate from his Father's fame !)
Then fix'd her on the cross of deep distress,
And at safe distance marks the thirsty lance
Pierce her big side ! But ô ! if some strange trance
The eye-lids of thy stern-brow'd Sister press,
Seize, MERCY ! thou more terrible the brand,
And hurl her thunderbolts with fiercer hand !

SONNET IX.

Tho' rous'd, by that dark Visir RIOT rude
Have driven our PRIESTLY o'er the ocean swell;
Tho' SUPERSTITION and her wolfish brood
Bay his mild radiance, impotent and fell;
Calm in his halls of Brightness he shall dwell!
For lo! RELIGION at his strong behest
Starts with mild anger from the Papal spell,
And flings to Earth her tinsel-glittering vest,
Her mitred state and cumbrous pomp unholy;
And JUSTICE wakes to bid th' Oppressor wail
Insulting aye the wrongs of patient folly;
And from her dark retreat by Wisdom won
Meek NATURE slowly lifts her matron veil
To smile with fondness on her gazing son!

SONNET X.

When British Freedom for an happier land
Spread her broad wings, that flutter'd with affright,
ERSKINE ! thy voice she heard, and paus'd her flight
Sublime of hope ! For dreadless thou didst stand
(Thy censer glowing with the hallow'd flame)
An hireless Priest before th' insulted shrine,
And at her altar pourd'st the stream divine
Of unmatch'd eloquence. Therefore thy name
Her Sons shall venerate, and cheer thy breast
With blessings heaven-ward breath'd. And when the doom
Of Nature bids thee rise beyond the tomb
Thy light shall shine : as sunk beneath the West
Tho' the great Summer Sun eludes our gaze,
Still burns wide Heaven with his distended blaze.

SONNET XI.

It was some spirit, SHERIDAN! that breath'd
O'er thy young mind such wildly-various power!
My soul hath mark'd thee in her shaping hour,
Thy temples with *Hymettian flowrets wreath'd:

* Hymettian Flowrets. Hymettus a mountain near Athens, celebrated for its honey. This alludes to Mr. Sheridan's classical attainments, and the following four lines to the exquisite sweetness and almost *Italian* delicacy of his Poetry. —— In Shakespeare's "Lover's Complaint" there is a fine Stanza almost prophetically characteristic of Mr. Sheridan.

So on the tip of his subduing tongue
All kind of argument and question deep,
All replication prompt and reason strong
For his advantage still did wake and sleep
To make the weeper laugh, the laugher weep:
He had the dialect and different skill,
Catching all passions in his craft of will:
That he did in the general bosom reign
Of young and old.

And sweet thy voice, as when o'er Laura's bier
Sad music trembled thro' Vauclusa's glade;
Sweet, as at dawn the love-lorn Serenade
That wafts soft dreams to Slumber's list'ning ear.
Now patriot Rage and Indignation high
Swell the full tones! And now thine eye-beams dance
Meanings of Scorn and Wit's quaint revelry!
Writhes inly from the bosom-probing glance
Th' Apostate by the brainless rout ador'd,
As erst that elder Fiend beneath great Michael's sword.

SONNET XII.

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!

SONNET XIII.

As when far off the warbled strains are heard
That soar on Morning's wing the vales among,
Within his cage th' imprison'd matin bird
Swells the full chorus with a generous song :
He bathes no pinion in the dewy light,
No Father's joy, no Lover's bliss he shares,
Yet still the rising radiance cheers his sight—
His Fellows' freedom soothes the Captive's cares !
Thou, FAYETTE ! who didst wake with startling voice
Life's better Sun from that long wintry night,
Thus in thy Country's triumphs shalt rejoice
And mock with raptures high the dungeon's might :
For lo ! the morning struggles into day,
And Slavery's spectres shriek and vanish from the ray!

SONNET XIV.

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 trees 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 XV.

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 the more with'ring scene diminish'd past.
Ah ! Bard tremendous in sublimity !
  Could I behold thee in thy loftier mood,

* The Father of MOOR, in the Play of the *Robbers.*

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 XVI.

Not, STANHOPE ! with the Patriot's doubtful name
I mock thy worth—FRIEND OF THE HUMAN RACE !
Since scorning Faction's low and partial aim
Aloof thou wendest in thy stately pace,
Thyself redeeming from that leprous stain,
NOBILITY : and aye unterrify'd
Pourest thine Abdiel warnings on the train
That sit complotting with rebellious pride
'Gainst* *Her,* who from the Almighty's bosom leapt
With whirlwind arm, fierce Minister of Love !
Wherefore, ere Virtue o'er thy tomb hath wept,
Angels shall lead thee to the Throne above :
And thou from forth it's clouds shalt hear the voice,
Champion of FREEDOM and her God ! rejoice !

* Gallic Liberty.

SONNET XVII.

Composed on a journey homeward; the Author having received intelligence of the Birth of a Son, Sept. 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)

* 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 re-
prieve,
While we wept idly o'er thy little bier.

SONNET XVIII.

TO THE AUTUMNAL MOON.

Mild Splendor of the various-vested Night!
Mother of wildly-working visions! hail!
I watch thy gliding, while with watry light
Thy weak eye glimmers thro' a fleecy veil;
And when thou lovest thy pale orb to shroud
Behind the gather'd blackness lost on high;
And when thou dartest from the wind-rent cloud
Thy placid lightning o'er th' awaken'd sky.
Ah such is HOPE! as changeful and as fair!
Now dimly peering on the wistful sight;
Now hid behind the dragon-wing'd Despair:
But soon emerging in her radiant might
She o'er the sorrow-clouded breast of Care
Sails, like a meteor kindling in its flight.

SONNET XIX.

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.

TO THE

NIGHTINGALE.

Sister of love-lorn Poets, Philomel!
How many Bards in city garret pent,
While at their window they with downward eye
Mark the faint Lamp-beam on the kennell'd mud,
And listen to the drowsy cry of Watchmen,
(Those hoarse unfeather'd Nightingales of TIME!)
How many wretched Bards address *thy* name,
And Her's, the full-orb'd Queen that shines above.
But I *do* hear thee, and the high bough mark,
Within whose mild moon-mellow'd foliage hid
Thou warblest sad thy pity-pleading strains.
O! I have listen'd, till my working soul,

Wak'd by those strains to thousand phantasies,
Absorb'd hath ceas'd to listen! Therefore oft,
I hymn thy name: and with a proud delight
Oft will I tell thee, MINSTREL of the MOON!
"Most musical, most melancholy" Bird!
That all thy soft diversities of tone,
Tho' sweeter far than the delicious airs
That vibrate from a white-arm'd Lady's harp,
What time the languishment of lonely love
Melts in her eye, and heaves her breast of snow,
Are not so sweet as is the voice of her,
My SARA—best belov'd of human Kind!
When breathing the pure soul of Tenderness
She thrills me with the HUSBAND's promis'd name!

In the MANNER of SPENCER.

O PEACE, that on a lilied 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 fluttering 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.

TO THE

AUTHOR of POEMS,*

Published anonymously at BRISTOL, in September, 1795.

Unboastful BARD! 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

* Mr. Joseph Cottle.

Its coal-black waters from OBLIVION's fount:
The vapour-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' unlabring 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;
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 sunk 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!

* War a Fragment. † John the Baptist, a poem.
‡ Monody on John Henderson.

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.

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.

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 its 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 its 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 Holmes, in the Bristol Channel.

The Watchfire, like a sullen star,
Twinkles to many a dozing Tar
  Rude-cradled on the mast.

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 soul-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!

To a FRIEND,

IN ANSWER TO

A MELANCHOLY LETTER.

Away, those cloudy looks, that lab'ring sigh,
The peevish offspring of a sickly hour!
Nor meanly thus complain of Fortune's power,
When the blind Gamester throws a luckless die.

Yon setting Sun flashes a mournful gleam
Behind those broken clouds, his stormy train:
To-morrow shall the many-color'd main
In brightness roll beneath his orient beam!

Wild, as th' autumnal gust, the hand of TIME
Flies o'er his mystic lyre ! in shadowy dance
Th' alternate groupes of Joy and Grief advance
Responsive to his varying strains sublime !

Bears on its wing each hour a load of Fate.
The Swain, who, lull'd by Seine's mild murmurs, led
His weary oxen to their nightly shed,
To-day may rule a tempest-troubled State.

Nor shall not Fortune with a vengeful smile
Survey the sanguinary Despot's might,
And haply hurl the Pageant from his height
Unwept to wander in some savage isle.

There shiv'ring sad beneath the tempest's frown
Round his tir'd limbs to wrap the purple vest ;
And mix'd with nails and beads, an equal jest !
Barter for food, the jewels of his crown.

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,
And watch the clouds, that late were rich with light,
Slow-sad'ning round, and mark the star of eve
Shine opposite ! How exquisite the scents
Snatch'd from yon bean-field ! and the world *so* hush'd !
Hark ! the still murmur of the distant sea
Tells us of Silence ! And th' Eolian Lute
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——
Methinks, it should have been impossible
Not to love all things in a World like this,
Where e'en the Breezes of the simple Air
Possess the power and Spirit of Melody!
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," troiseme partic, p. 67.

REFLECTIONS

ON

HAVING LEFT A PLACE OF RETIREMENT.

Sermoni propriora.—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,) "And such," I said,
" 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 entrusted 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!

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 Partridge o'er the sheaf
Whirr'd along the yellow vale,
Sad, I saw thee, heedless 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!

LINES

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 flow'r 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 wooings of this sunny day
Tremble along my frame and harmonize

* Chatterton.

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 !
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 a FRIEND,

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 stillest 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 shadow'd by the pine,
And bending o'er the clear delicious fount,
Ah dearest Charles ! 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.

Ode

on the

Departing Year.

Ιου, ιου, ω ω κακα.
Υπ' αυ με δεινος ορθομαντειας πονος
Στροβει, ταρασσων φροιμιοις εφημιοις.
- - - - - - - - - - - -
Το μελλον ηξει· και συ μην ταχει παρων
Αγαν γ' αληθομαντιν μ' ερεις.

Æschy. Agamem. 1225.

ODE

ON THE

DEPARTING YEAR.

STROPHE I.

BEING! who sweepest the wild Harp of Time,
It is most hard with an untroubled Ear
Thy dark inwoven Harmonies to hear!
Yet, mine eye fix'd on Heaven's unchanging clime,

"*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.—The Ode commences with an address to the great BEING, or Divine Providence, who regulates into one vast Harmony all the Events of Time, however calamitous some of them appear to mortals.

Long had I listen'd, free from mortal fear,
With inward stillness, and submitted mind!
When lo! far onwards waving on the wind
I saw the skirts of the DEPARTING 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:

* The second Strophe calls on men to suspend their private Joys and Sorrows, and to devote their passions for a while to the cause of human Nature in general.

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?"

* The Name of Liberty, which at the commencement of the French Revolution was both the occasion and the pretext of unnumbered crimes and horrors.

† The first Epode refers to the late 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.

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' unnumber'd 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 glutted 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; thy vest profan'd with gore,
Thou with an unimaginable groan
Gav'st reck'ning of thy Hours ! Silence ensued :

* The first Antistrophe describes the Image of the Departing Year, as in a vision; and concludes with introducing the Planetary Angel of the Earth preparing to address the Supreme Being.

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 Thunder from a midnight 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 !
" 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 ravag'd World !

" *By Belgium's corse impeded flood.*" — The Rhine.

"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!

* The Poem concludes with prophecying in anguish of Spirit the Downfall of this Country.

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

O abandon'd of Heaven! mad Av'rice thy Guide
At cowardly distance, yet kindling with pride—

"*O abandon'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 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.

Mid thy Corn-fields and Herds thou in plenty hast
stood,
And join'd the loud yellings of Famine and Blood.

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: 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 even 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.

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

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 blest sabbath of high self-content;
Cleans'd from bedimming Fear, and Anguish weak and
blind.

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 Host,
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 starred 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 the 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

Note to Line 35.

Το Νοητον διηρηκασιν εις πολλων
Θεων ιδιοτητας.

DAMAS. DE MYST. ÆGYPT.

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
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!
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

They cannot dread created might, who love
God, the Creator ! — fair and lofty thought !

It lifts and swells my heart! And as I muse,
Behold! a VISION gathers in my soul,
Voices and shadowy shapes! In human guise 70
I seem to see the phantom, FEAR, pass by,
Hotly-pursued, and pale! From rock to rock
He bounds with bleeding feet, 'and thro' the swamp,
The quicksand, and the groaning wilderness,
Struggles with feebler and yet feebler flight. 75
But lo! an altar in the wilderness,
And eagerly yet feebly lo! he grasps
The altar of the living God! and there
With wan reverted face the trembling wretch
All wildly list'ning to his Hunter-fiends 80
Stands, till the last faint echo of their yell
Dies in the distance. Soon refresh'd from Heaven
He calms the throb and tempest of his heart.
His countenance settles: a soft solemn bliss

Swims in his eyes : his swimming eyes uprais'd : 85
And Faith's whole armour girds his limbs ! And thus
Transfigur'd, with a meek and dreadless awe,
A solemn hush of Spirit he beholds
All things of terrible seeming : yea, unmov'd
Views e'en th' immitigable ministers 90
That shower down vengeance on these latter days.
For even these on wings of healing come,
Yea, kindling with intenser Deity
From the celestial MERCY SEAT they speed,
And at the renovating Wells of LOVE 95
Have fill'd their Vials with salutary Wrath,
To sickly Nature more medicinal
Than what sweet balm the weeping good man pours
Into the lone, despoiled trav'ller's wounds !

Thus from th' Elect, regenerate thro' faith, 100

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
Enrob'd with Light, and naturalized in Heaven. 105
As when a Shepherd on a vernal morn
Thro' some thick fog creeps tim'rous with slow foot,
Darkling with earnest eyes he traces out
Th' immediate road, all else of fairest kind
Hid or deform'd. But lo ! the burning Sun ! 110

Note to Line 101.

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.

Touch'd by the enchantment of that sudden beam
Strait the black vapour 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, 115
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, 120
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! 125

This is indeed to dwell with the Most High!
The Cherubs and the trembling Seraphim
Can press no nearer to th' Almighty's Throne.
But that we roam unconscious, or with hearts
Unfeeling of our universal Sire, 130
Haply for this some younger Angel now
Looks down on Human Nature: and, behold!
A sea of blood bestrew'd with wrecks, where mad
Embattling INTERESTS on each other rush
With unhelm'd Rage! 135

'Tis the sublime of man,
Our noontide Majesty, to know ourselves
Parts and proportions of one wond'rous whole!
This fraternizes man, this constitutes 140
Our charities and bearings. But 'tis God
Diffus'd thro' all, that doth make all one whole;

This the worst superstition, him except
Aught to desire, SUPREME REALITY !
The plenitude and permanence of bliss ! 145
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
Thunder against you from the Holy One !
But o'er some plain that steameth to the Sun, 150
Peopled with Death ; or where more hideous TRADE
Loud-laughing packs his bales of human anguish ;

Note to Line 143.

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.

I will raise up a mourning, O ye Fiends!
And curse your spells, that film the eye of Faith,
Hiding the present God; whose presence lost, 155
The moral world's cohesion, we become
An Anarchy of Spirits! Toy-bewitch'd,
Made blind by lusts, disherited of soul,
No common center Man, no common sire
Knoweth! A sordid solitary thing, 160
Mid countless brethren with a lonely heart
Thro' courts and cities the smooth Savage roams
Feeling himself, his own low Self the whole;
When he by sacred sympathy might make
The whole ONE SELF! SELF, that no alien knows! 165
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!
This the MESSIAH's destin'd victory!

But first offences needs must come! Even now
(Black Hell laughs horrible—to hear the scoff!)
THEE to defend, meek Galilæan! THEE
And thy mild laws of Love unutterable,

Note to Line 170.

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 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."

Mistrust and Enmity have burst the bands
Of social Peace; and list'ning Treachery lurks 175
With *pious* fraud to snare a brother's life;
And childless widows o'er the groaning land
Wail numberless; and orphans weep for bread!
THEE to defend, dear Saviour of Mankind!
THEE, Lamb of God! THEE, blameless Prince of Peace!
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!
And he, connatural Mind! whom (in their songs
So bards of elder time had haply feign'd) 185
Some Fury fondled in her hate to man,
Bidding her serpent hair in mazy surge
Lick his young face, and at his mouth inbreathe
Horrible sympathy! And leagued with these
Each petty German princeling, nurs'd in gore! 190

Soul-harden'd barterers of human blood!
Death's prime Slave-merchants! Scorpion-whips of Fate!
Nor least in savagery of holy zeal,
Apt for the yoke, the race degenerate,
Whom Britain erst had blush'd to call her sons! 195
THEE to defend the Moloch Priest prefers
The prayer of hate, and bellows to the herd
That Deity, ACCOMPLICE Deity
In the fierce jealousy of waken'd wrath
Will go forth with our armies and our fleets 200
To scatter the red ruin on their foes!
O blasphemy! to mingle fiendish deeds
With blessedness!

Lord of unsleeping Love,

Note to Line 204.

Art thou not from everlasting, O Lord, mine Holy One?

From everlasting Thou! We shall not die. 205
These, even these, in mercy didst thou form,
Teachers of Good thro' Evil, by brief wrong
Making Truth lovely, and her future might
Magnetic o'er the fix'd untrembling heart.

In the primeval age a dateless while 210
The vacant Shepherd wander'd with his flock
Pitching his tent where'er the green grass waved.
But soon Imagination conjur'd up

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.

An host of new desires: with busy aim,
Each for himself, Earth's eager children toil'd. 215
So PROPERTY began, twy-streaming fount,
Whence Vice and Virtue flow, honey and gall.
Hence the soft couch, and many-colour'd robe,
The timbrel, and arch'd dome and costly feast,
With all th' inventive arts, that nurs'd the soul 220
To forms of beauty, and by sensual wants
Unsensualiz'd the mind, which in the means
Learn'd to forget the grossness of the end,
Best pleasur'd with its own activity.
And hence Disease that withers manhood's arm,
The dagger'd Envy, spirit-quenching Want,
Warriors, and Lords, and Priests—all the sore ills
That vex and desolate our mortal life:
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
Strong as an host of armed Deities.

From Avarice thus, from Luxury and War 235
Sprang heavenly Science; and from Science Freedom.
O'er waken'd realms Philosophers and Bards
Spread in concentric circles: they whose souls
Conscious of their high dignities from God
Brook not Wealth's rivalry; and they, who long 240
Enamour'd with the charms of order hate
Th' unseemly disproportion: and whoe'er
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 245
Call'd the red lightnings from th' o'er-rushing cloud

And dash'd the beauteous Terrors on the earth
Smiling majestic. Such a phalanx ne'er
Measur'd firm paces to the calming sound
Of Spartan flute! These on the fated day, 250
When, stung to rage by Pity, eloquent men
Have rous'd with pealing voice th' unnumber'd tribes
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; 255
Then o'er the wild and wavy chaos rush
And tame th' outrageous mass, with plastic might
Moulding Confusion to such perfect forms,
As erst were wont, bright visions of the day!
To float before them, when, the Summer noon, 260
Beneath some arch'd romantic rock reclin'd
They felt the sea-breeze lift their youthful locks;
Or in the month of blossoms, at mild eve,

Wandering with desultory feet inhal'd
The wafted perfumes, gazing on the woods, 265
The many-tinted streams, and setting Sun
With all his gorgeous company of clouds,
In extacy! 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. 270

Ah far remov'd from all that glads the sense,
From all that softens or ennobles Man,
The wretched Many! Bent beneath their loads
They gape at pageant Power, nor recognize
Their cots' transmuted plunder! From the tree 275
Of Knowledge, ere the vernal sap had risen
Rudely disbranch'd! Evil Society!
Fitliest depictur'd by some sun-scorcht waste,
Where oft majestic thro' the tainted noon

The SIMOOM sails, before whose purple pomp 280
Who falls not prostrate dies! And where, by night,
Fast by each precious fountain on green herbs
The lion couches; or hyæna dips
Deep in the lucid stream his gore-stain'd jaws;
Or serpent plants his vast moon-glittering bulk, 285
Caught in whose monstrous twine Behemoth yells,
His bones loud-crashing!

O ye numberless,
Ye, whom Oppression's ruffian gluttony

Note to Line 286.

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.

Drives from the Feast of Life! O thou poor Wretch,
Who nurs'd in darkness and made wild by want
Roamest for prey, yea thy unnatural hand
Dost lift to deeds of blood! O pale-eyed Form,
The victim of seduction, doom'd to know
Nights of Pollution, Days of Blasphemy; 290
Who in thy orgies with loath'd wassailers
Must gaily laugh, while thy remember'd Home
Gnaws like a viper at thy secret heart!
O aged Women! ye who weekly catch
The morsel tost by law-forc'd Charity, 295
And die so slowly, that none call it murder!
O loathly Suppliants! ye, that unreceiv'd
Totter heart-broken from the closing gates
Of the full Lazar-house; or, gazing, stand
Sick with despair! O ye to Glory's field 300
Forc'd or ensnar'd, who, as ye gasp in death,

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

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 320
Shook from the fig-tree by a sudden storm.
Ev'n now the storm begins: each gentle name,
Faith and meek Piety, with fearful joy
Tremble far off—for lo! the Giant FRENZY
Uprooting empires with his whirlwind arm 325
Mocketh high Heaven; burst hideous from the cell
Where the old Hag, unconquerable, huge,

Note to Line 322.

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.

Creation's eyeless drudge, black RUIN, sits
Nursing th' impatient earthquake.

O return! 330
Pure FAITH! meek PIETY! The abhorred Form
Whose scarlet robe was stiff with earthly pomp,
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
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;
And patient FOLLY who on bended knee

Gives back the Steel that stabb'd him; and pale FEAR
Hunted by ghastlier shapings, than surround 345
Moon-blasted Madness when he yells at midnight!
Return pure FAITH! return meek PIETY!
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 350
Enjoy the equal produce. Such delights
As float to earth, permitted visitants!
When in some hour of solemn jubilee
The massy gates of Paradise are thrown
Wide open, and forth come in fragments wild 355
Sweet echoes of unearthly melodies,
And odors snatch'd from beds of Amaranth,
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 360

Perceives them, and his silent spirit drinks
Strange bliss which he shall recognize in heaven.
And such delights, such strange beatitude
Seize on my young anticipating heart
When that blest future rushes on my view ! 365
For in his own and in his Father's might
The SAVIOUR comes! While as the THOUSAND YEARS

Note to Line 367

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.

Lead up their mystic dance, the DESERT shouts!
Old OCEAN claps his hands! The mighty Dead
Rise to new life, whoe'er from earliest time 370
With conscious zeal had urg'd Love's wondrous plan,
Coadjutors of God. To MILTON's trump
The high Groves of the renovated Earth
Unbosom their glad echoes: inly hush'd
Adoring NEWTON his serener eye 375
Raises to heaven: and he of mortal kind
Wisest, he* first who mark'd the ideal tribes
Up the fine fibres thro' the sentient brain
Pass in fine surges. Pressing on his steps
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

* David Hartley.

By dark lies mad'ning the blind multitude
Drove with vain hate. Calm, pitying he retir'd,
And mus'd expectant on these promis'd years. 385

O Years ! the blest preeminence of Saints !
Ye sweep athwart my gaze, so heavenly-bright,
The wings that veil the adoring Seraph's eyes,
What time he bends before the Jasper Throne,
Reflect no lovelier hues ! yet ye depart, 390
And all beyond is darkness ! Heights most strange,
Whence Fancy falls, fluttering her idle wing.

Note to Line 389.

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.

For who of woman born may paint the hour,
When seiz'd in his mid course, the Sun shall wane
Making noon ghastly! Who of woman born 395
May image, how the red-eyed Fiend outstretcht
Beneath the unsteady feet of Nature groans,
In feverish slumbers—destined then to wake,
When fiery Whirlwinds thunder his dread name,
DESTRUCTION! when the Sons of Morning shout, 400
The Angels shout, DESTRUCTION!—How his arm
The last great Spirit lifting high in air
Shall swear by him, the ever-living ONE,
TIME IS NO MORE!

Note to Line 396.

The final Destruction impersonated.

Believe thou, O my soul, 405
Life is a vision shadowy of Truth;
And vice, and anguish, and the wormy grave,
Shapes of a dream! The veiling clouds retire,
And lo! the Throne of the redeeming God
Wraps in one Light earth, heaven, and deepest hell.

Contemplant Spirits! ye that hover o'er
With untir'd gaze th' immeasurable fount
Ebullient with creative Deity!
And ye of plastic power, that interfus'd 415
Roll thro' the grosser and material mass
In organizing surge! Holies of God!

Note to Line 405.

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

(And what if Monads of the infinite mind ?)
I haply journeying my immortal course
Shall sometime join your mystic choir ! Till then 420
I discipline my young noviciate thought
In ministeries of heart-stirring song,
And aye on Meditation's heaven-ward wing
Soaring aloft I breathe th' empyreal air
Of LOVE, omnific, omnipresent LOVE, 425
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
Flows to the ray and warbles as it flows.

END.

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