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THE  
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## PREFATORY NOTE.

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THE ‘ ‘ Isle of Palms,” and about one half of the miscellaneous poems, were first published in the spring of 1812. They were dedicated to Professors Jardine and Young of the University of Glasgow, under whom their author had studied. The “ City of the Plague,” and the greater part of the other miscellaneous poems, were first published in the spring of 1816. In the collected edition of 1825, inscribed to Wilson’s “ best and dearest friend, Alexander Blair,” a good many new compositions (some of which had appeared in *Blackwood’s Magazine*) were inserted. The four following pieces now appear for the first time in a collected form :—The prize poem, which obtained the “ Newdigate ” at Oxford, in 1806, the first year of its establishment, the composition being limited at that time to fifty lines ; “ Edderline’s Dream,” which was contributed in 1829 to an annual, edited by Mr Allan Cunningham, entitled the *Anniversary* ; “ An Evening in Furness Abbey,” which appeared in *Blackwood’s Magazine* (September 1829) ; and “ Unimore,” which was published in the same journal (August 1831.) These, and also the miscellaneous poems of edition 1825, are marked with an asterisk in the table of contents.



# P O E M S.

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## THE ISLE OF PALMS.

### CANTO FIRST.

It is the midnight hour :—the beauteous Sea,  
Calm as the cloudless heaven, the heaven discloses,  
While many a sparkling star, in quiet glee,  
Far down within the watery sky reposes.  
As if the Ocean's heart were stirred  
With inward life, a sound is heard,  
Like that of dreamer murmuring in his sleep ;  
'Tis partly the billow, and partly the air  
That lies like a garment floating fair  
Above the happy deep.  
The sea, I ween, cannot be fanned  
By evening freshness from the land,  
For the land it is far away ;  
But God hath willed that the sky-born breeze  
In the centre of the loneliest seas  
Should ever sport and play.  
The mighty Moon she sits above,  
Encircled with a zone of love,  
A zone of dim and tender light  
That makes her wakeful eye more bright :  
She seems to shine with a sunny ray,  
And the night looks like a mellowed day !

The gracious Mistress of the Main  
 Hath now an undisturbed reign,  
 And from her silent throne looks down,  
 As upon children of her own,  
 On the waves that lend their gentle breast  
 In gladness for her couch of rest !

My spirit sleeps amid the calm  
 The sleep of a new delight ;  
 And hopes that she ne'er may awake again,  
 But for ever hang o'er the lovely main,  
 And adore the lovely night.  
 Scarce conscious of an earthly frame,  
 She glides away like a lambent flame,  
 And in her bliss she sings ;  
 Now touching softly the Ocean's breast,  
 Now mid the stars she lies at rest,  
 As if she sailed on wings !  
 Now bold as the brightest star that glows  
 More brightly since at first it rose,  
 Looks down on the far-off Flood,  
 And there all breathless and alone,  
 As the sky where she soars were a world of her own,  
 She mocketh that gentle Mighty One  
 As he lies in his quiet mood.  
 " Art thou," she breathes, " the Tyrant grim  
 That scoffs at human prayers,  
 Answering with prouder roar the while,  
 As it rises from some lonely isle,  
 Through groans raised wild, the hopeless hymn  
 Of shipwrecked mariners ?  
 Oh ! Thou art harmless as a child  
 Weary with joy, and reconciled  
 For sleep to change its play ;  
 And now that night hath stayed thy race,  
 Smiles wander o'er thy placid face  
 As if thy dreams were gay."—

And can it be that for me alone  
 The Main and Heavens are spread ?  
 Oh ! whither, in this holy hour,  
 Have those fair Creatures fled,  
 To whom the ocean-plains are given  
 As clouds possess their native heaven ?

The tiniest boat, that ever sailed  
Upon an inland lake,  
Might through this sea without a fear  
Her silent journey take,  
Though the helmsman slept as if on land,  
And the oar had dropped from the rower's hand.  
How like a monarch would she glide,  
While the husht billow kissed her side  
With low and lulling tone,  
Some stately Ship, that from afar  
Shone sudden, like a rising star,  
With all her bravery on !  
List ! how in murmurs of delight  
The blessèd airs of Heaven invite  
The joyous Bark to pass one night  
Within their still domain !  
O grief ! that yonder gentle Moon,  
Whose smiles for ever fade so soon,  
Should waste such smiles in vain.  
Haste ! haste ! before the moonshine dies  
Dissolved amid the morning skies,  
While yet the silvery glory lies  
Above the sparkling foam ;  
Bright mid surrounding brightness, Thou,  
Scattering fresh beauty from thy prow,  
In pomp and splendour come !

And lo ! upon the murmuring waves  
A glorious Shape appearing !  
A broad-winged Vessel, through the shower  
Of glimmering lustre steering !  
As if the beauteous ship enjoyed  
The beauty of the sea,  
She lifteth up her stately head  
And saileth joyfully.  
A lovely path before her lies,  
A lovely path behind ;  
She sails amid the loveliness  
Like a thing with heart and mind.  
Fit pilgrim through a scene so fair  
Slowly she beareth on ;  
A glorious phantom of the deep,  
Risen up to meet the Moon.  
The Moon bids her tenderest radiance fall  
On her wavy streamer and snow-white wings,

And the quiet voice of the rocking sea  
To cheer the gliding vision sings.  
Oh ! ne'er did sky and water blend  
In such a holy sleep,  
Or bathe in brighter quietude  
A roamer of the deep.  
So far the peaceful soul of Heaven  
Hath settled on the sea,  
It seems as if this weight of calm  
Were from eternity.  
O World of Waters ! the steadfast earth  
Ne'er lay entranced like Thee !

Is she a vision wild and bright,  
That sails amid the still moonlight  
At the dreaming soul's command ?  
A vessel borne by magic gales,  
All rigged with gossamery sails,  
And bound for Fairyland ?  
Ah ! no !—an earthly freight she bears,  
Of joys and sorrows, hopes and fears ;  
And lonely as she seems to be,  
'Thus left by herself on the moonlight sea  
In loneliness that rolls,  
She hath a constant company,  
In sleep, or waking revelry,  
Five hundred human souls !  
Since first she sailed from fair England,  
Three moons her path have cheered ;  
And another lights her lovelier lamp  
Since the Cape hath disappeared.  
For an Indian Isle she shapes her way,  
With constant mind both night and day  
She seems to hold her home in view,  
And sails, as if the path she knew ;  
So calm and stately is her motion  
Across the unfathomed trackless ocean.

And well, glad Vessel ! mayest thou stem  
The tide with lofty breast,  
And lift thy queen-like diadem  
O'er these thy realms of rest :  
For a thousand beings, now far away,  
Behold thee in their sleep,



And hush their beating hearts to pray  
That a calm may clothe the deep.  
When dimly descending behind the sea  
From the Mountain Isle of Liberty,  
Oh ! many a sigh pursued thy vanished sail :  
And oft an eager crowd will stand  
With straining gaze on the Indian strand,  
Thy wonted gleam to hail.  
For thou art laden with Beauty and Youth,  
With Honour bold and spotless Truth,  
With fathers, who have left in a home of rest  
Their infants smiling at the breast,  
With children who have bade their parents farewell,  
Or who go to the land where their parents dwell.  
God speed thy course, thou gleam of delight !  
From rock and tempest clear ;  
Till signal gun from friendly height  
Proclaim, with thundering cheer,  
To joyful groups on the harbour bright,  
That the good ship HOPE is near !

Is no one on the silent deck  
Save the helmsman who sings for a breeze,  
And the sailors who pace their midnight watch,  
Still as the slumbering seas ?  
Yes ! side by side, and hand in hand,  
Close to the prow two figures stand,  
Their shadows never stir,  
And fondly as the moon doth rest  
Upon the Ocean's gentle breast,  
So fond they look on her.  
They gaze and gaze till the beauteous orb  
Seems made for them alone :  
They feel as if their home were Heaven,  
And the earth a dream that hath flown.  
Softly they lean on each other's breast,  
In holy bliss reposing,  
Like two fair clouds to the vernal air,  
In folds of beauty closing.  
The tear down their glad faces rolls,  
And a silent prayer is in their souls,  
While the voice of awakened memory,  
Like a low and plaintive melody,  
Sings in their hearts,—a mystic voice,  
That bids them tremble and rejoice.

And Faith, who oft had lost her power  
In the darkness of the midnight hour,  
When the planets had rolled afar,  
Now stirs in their soul with a joyful strife,  
Embued with a genial spirit of life  
By the Moon and the Morning-Star.

A lovelier vision in the moonlight stands,  
Than Bard e'er wooed in fairy lands,  
Or Faith with tranced eye adored,  
Floating around our dying Lord.  
Her silent face is saintly-pale,  
And sadness shades it like a veil :  
A consecrated nun she seems,  
Whose waking thoughts are deep as dreams,  
And in her hushed and dim abode  
For ever dwell upon her God,  
Though the still fount of tears and sighs,  
And human sensibilities !  
Well may the Moon delight to shed  
Her softest radiance round that head,  
And mellow the cool ocean-air  
That lifts by fits her sable hair.  
These mild and melancholy eyes  
Are dear unto the starry skies,  
As the dim effusion of their rays  
Blends with the glimmering light that plays  
O'er the blue heavens, and snowy clouds,  
The cloud-like sails, and radiant shrouds.  
Fair creature ! Thou dost seem to be  
Some wandering spirit of the sea,  
That dearly loves the gleam of sails,  
And o'er them breathes propitious gales.  
Hither thou comest, for one wild hour,  
With him thy sinless paramour,  
To gaze, while the wearied sailors sleep,  
On this beautiful phantom of the deep,  
That seemed to rise with the rising Moon.  
—But the Queen of Night will be sinking soon,  
Then will you, like two breaking waves,  
Sink softly to your coral caves,  
Or, noiseless as the falling dew,  
Melt into Heaven's delicious blue.

Nay ! wrong her not, that Virgin bright !  
Her face is bathed in lovelier light  
Than ever flowed from eyes  
Of Ocean Nymph, or Sylph of Air !  
The tearful gleam, that trembles there,  
From human dreams must rise.  
Let the Mermaid rest in her sparry cell,  
Her sea-green ringlets braiding !  
The Sylph in viewless ether dwell,  
In clouds her beauty shading !  
My soul devotes her music wild  
To one who is an earthly child,  
But who, wandering through the midnight hour,  
Far from the shade of earthly bower,  
Bestows a tender loveliness,  
A deeper, holier quietness,  
On the moonlight Heaven, and Ocean hoar,  
So quiet and so fair before.  
Yet why does a helpless maiden roam,  
Mid stranger souls, and far from home,  
Across the faithless deep ?  
Oh ! fitter far that her gentle mind  
In some sweet inland vale should find  
An undisturbed sleep !

So was it once. Her childish years  
Like clouds pass'd o'er her head,  
When life is all one rosy smile, or tears  
Of natural grief, forgotten soon as shed.  
O'er her own mountains, like a bird  
Glad wandering from its nest,  
When the glossy hues of the sunny spring  
Are dancing on its breast,  
With a winged glide this maiden would rove.  
An innocent phantom of beauty and love.  
Far from the haunts of men she grew  
By the side of a lonesome tower,  
Like some solitary mountain-flower,  
Whose veil of wiry dew  
Is only touched by the gales that breathe  
O'er the blossoms of the fragrant heath,  
And in its silence melts away  
With those sweet things too pure for earthly day.  
Blest was the lore that Nature taught  
The infant's happy mind,



Even when each light and happy thought  
 Passed onwards like the wind,  
 Nor longer seemed to linger there  
 Than the whispering sound in her raven-hair.  
 Well was she known to each mountain-stream,  
 As its own voice or the fond moonbeam  
 That o'er its music played :  
 The loneliest caves her footsteps heard,  
 In lake and tarn oft nightly stirred  
 The Maiden's ghost-like shade.  
 But she hath bidden a last farewell  
 To lake and mountain, stream and dell,  
 And fresh have blown the gales  
 For many a mournful night and day,  
 Wafting the tall Ship far away  
 From her dear native Wales.

And must these eyes,—so soft and mild,  
 As angel's bright, as fairy's wild,  
 Swimming in lustrous dew,  
 Now sparkling lively, gay, and glad,  
 And now their spirit melting sad  
 In smiles of gentlest blue,—  
 Oh ! must these eyes be steeped in tears,  
 Bedimmed with dreams of future years,  
 Of what may yet betide  
 An Orphan-Maid !—for in the night  
 She oft hath started with affright,  
 To find herself a bride ;  
 A bride oppressed with fear and shame,  
 And bearing not Fitz-Owen's name.  
 This fearful dream oft haunts her bed,  
 For she hath heard of maidens sold,  
 In the innocence of thoughtless youth,  
 To Guilt and Age for gold ;  
 Of English maids who pined away  
 Beyond the Eastern Main,  
 Who smiled, when first they trod that shore,  
 But never smiled again.  
 In dreams is she such wretched Maid,  
 An Orphan, helpless, sold, betrayed !  
 And, when the dream hath fled,  
 In waking thought she still retains  
 The memory of these wildering pains,  
 In strange mysterious dread.



Yet oft will happier dreams arise  
Before her charmèd view,  
And the powerful beauty of the skies  
Makes her believe them true.  
For who, when nought is heard around,  
But the great Ocean's solemn sound,  
Feels not as if the Eternal God  
Were speaking in that dread abode ?  
An answering voice seems kindly given  
From the multitude of stars in Heaven :  
And oft a smile of moonlight fair,  
To perfect peace hath changed despair.  
Low as we are, we blend our fate  
With things so beautifully great,  
And though opprest with heaviest grief,  
From Nature's bliss we draw relief,  
Assured that God's most gracious eye  
Beholds us in our misery,  
And sends mild sound and lovely sight,  
To change that misery to delight.  
Such is thy faith, O sainted Maid !  
Pensive and pale, but not afraid  
Of Ocean or of Sky,  
Though thou ne'er may'st see the land again,  
And though awful be the lonely Main,  
No fears hast thou to die.  
Whate'er betide of weal or woe,  
When the waves are asleep, or the tempests blow,  
Thou wilt bear with calm devotion ;  
For duly every night and morn,  
Sweeter than Mermaid's strains are borne  
Thy hymns along the Ocean.

And who is He that fondly presses  
Close to his heart the silken tresses  
That hide her softened eyes,  
Whose heart her heaving bosom meets,  
And through the midnight silence beats  
To feel her rising sighs ?  
Worthy the Youth, I ween, to rest  
On the fair swellings of her breast ;  
Worthy to hush her inmost fears,  
And kiss away her struggling tears :  
For never grovelling spirit stole  
A woman's unpolluted soul !

To her the vestal fire is given ;  
And only fire drawn pure from Heaven  
Can on Love's holy shrine descend,  
And there in clouds of fragrance blend.  
Well do I know that stately Youth !  
The broad daylight of cloudless truth  
Like a sunbeam bathes his face ;  
Though silent, still a gracious smile,  
That rests upon his eyes the while,  
Bestows a speaking grace.  
That smile hath might of magic art,  
To sway at will the stoniest heart,  
As a ship obeys the gale ;  
And when his silver voice is heard,  
The coldest blood is warmly stirred,  
As at some glorious tale.  
The loftiest spirit never saw  
This Youth without a sudden awe ;  
But vain the transient feeling strove  
Against the stealing power of love.  
Soon as they felt the tremor cease,  
He seemed the very heart of peace ;  
Majestic to the bold and high,  
Yet calm and beauteous to a woman's eye !

To him, a mountain Youth, was known  
The wailing tempest's dreariest tone.  
He knew the shriek of wizard caves,  
And the trampling fierce of howling waves.  
The mystic voice of the lonely night,  
He had often drunk with a strange delight,  
And looked on the clouds as they roll'd on high,  
Till with them he sailed on the sailing sky.  
And thus hath he learned to wake the lyre,  
With something of a bard-like fire ;  
Can tell in high impassioned song,  
Of worlds that to the Bard belong,  
And, till they feel his kindling breath,  
To others still and dark as death.  
Yet oft, I ween, in gentler mood  
A human kindness hushed his blood,  
And sweetly blended earth-born sighs  
With the Bard's romantic ecstasies.  
The living world was dear to him,

And in his waking hours more bright it seemed,  
More touching far, than when his fancy dreamed  
Of heavenly bowers, th' abode of Seraphim :  
And gladly from her wild sojourn  
Mid haunts dim-shadowed in the realms of mind,  
Even like a wearied dove that flies for rest  
Back o'er long fields of air unto her nest,  
His longing spirit homewards would return  
To meet once more the smile of human kind.  
And when at last a human soul he found,  
Pure as the thought of purity,—more mild  
Than in its slumber seems a dreaming child ;  
When on his spirit stole the mystic sound,  
The voice, whose music sad no mortal ear  
But his can rightly understand and hear,  
When a subduing smile like moonlight shone  
On him for ever, and for him alone,  
Why should he seek this lower world to leave !  
For, whether now he love to joy or grieve,  
A friend he hath for sorrow or delight,  
Who lends fresh beauty to the morning light,  
The tender stars in tenderer dimness shrouds,  
And glorifies the Moon among her clouds.

How would he gaze with reverent eye  
Upon that meek and pensive maid,  
Then fix his looks upon the sky  
With moving lips as if he prayed !  
Unto his sight bedimmed with tears,  
How beautiful the Saint appears,—  
Oh, all unlike a creature formed of clay !  
The blessed angels with delight  
Might hail her " Sister ! " She is bright  
And innocent as they.  
Scarce dared he then that form to love  
A solemn impulse from above  
All earthly hopes forbade,  
And with a pure and holy flame,  
As if in truth from Heaven she came,  
He gazed upon the maid.  
His beating heart, thus filled with awe,  
In her the guardian spirit saw  
Of all his future years ;  
And when he listened to her breath

So spiritual, nor pain nor death  
 Seemed longer worth his fears.  
 She loved him ! She, the Child of Heaven !  
 And God would surely make  
 The soul to whom that love was given  
 More perfect for her sake.  
 Each look, each word, of one so good  
 Devoutly he obeyed,  
 And trusted that a gracious eye  
 Would ever guide his destiny,  
 For whom in holy solitude  
 A kneeling Angel prayed.

Those days of tranquil joy are fled,  
 And tears of deep distress  
 From night to morn hath Mary shed :  
 And, say ! when sorrow bowed her head  
 Did he then love her less ?  
 Ah no ! more touching beauty rose  
 Through the dim paleness of her woes,  
 Than when her cheek did bloom  
 With joy's own lustre : something there,  
 A saint-like calm, a deep repose,  
 Made her look like a spirit fair,  
 New risen from the tomb.  
 For ever in his heart shall dwell  
 The voice with which she said farewell  
 To the fading English shore ;  
 It dropped like dew upon his ear,  
 And for the while he ceased to hear  
 The sea-wind's freshening roar.  
 "To thee I trust my sinless child :  
 And therefore am I reconciled  
 To bear my lonely lot,  
 The Gracious One, who loves the good,  
 For her will smooth the Ocean wild,  
 Nor in her aged solitude  
 A parent be forgot."  
 The last words these her mother spake,  
 Sobbing as if her heart would break,  
 Upon the cold sea-shore,  
 When onwards with the favouring gale,  
 Glad to be free, in pride of sail  
 Th' impatient Vessel bore.



Oh ! could she now in magic glass  
 Behold the wingèd Glory pass  
 With a slow and cloud-like motion,  
 While, as they melted on her eye,  
 She scarce should ken the peaceful sky  
 From the still more peaceful Ocean !  
 And it may be such dreams are given  
 In mercy by indulgent Heaven,  
 To solace them that mourn :  
 The absent bless our longing sight,  
 The future shows than truth more bright,  
 And phantoms of expired delight  
 Most passing sweet return.  
 Mother ! behold thy child : How still  
 Her upward face ! She thinks on thee :  
 Oh ! thou canst never gaze thy fill !  
 How beautiful such piety !  
 There, in her lover's guardian arms  
 She rests : and all the wild alarms  
 Of waves or winds are hushed, no more to rise.  
 Of thee, and thee alone, she thinks :  
 See ! on her knees thy daughter sinks :  
 Sure God will bless the prayer that lights such eyes !  
 Didst thou e'er think thy child so fair ?  
 The rapture of her granted prayer  
 Hath breathed that awful beauty through her face :  
 Once more upon the deck she stands,  
 Slowly unclasps her pious hands,  
 And brightening smiles, assured of heavenly grace.

Oh, blessed pair ! and, while I gaze,  
 As beautiful as blest !  
 Emblem of all your future days  
 Seems now the Ocean's rest !  
 Beyond the blue depths of the sky  
 The Tempests sleep ;—and there must lie,  
 Like baleful spirits barred from realms of bliss ;  
 But singing airs, and gleams of light,  
 And birds of calm, all glancing bright,  
 Must hither in their gladness come—  
 —Where shall they find a fitter home  
 Than a night-scene fair as this ?  
 And when, her fairy voyage past,  
 The happy Ship is moored at last  
 In the loved haven of her Indian Isle,

How dear to you will be the beams  
 Of the silent Moon ! What touching dreams  
 Your musing hearts beguile !  
 Though haply then her radiance fall  
 On some low mansion's flowery wall,  
 Far up an inland vale,  
 Yet then the sheeted mast will tower,  
 Her shrouds all rustling like a shower,  
 And, melting as wild music's power,  
 Low pipe the sea-born gale.  
 Each star will speak the tenderest things,  
 And when the clouds expand their wings,  
 All parting like a fleet,  
 Your own belovèd Ship, I ween,  
 Will foremost in the van be seen,  
 And, rising loud and sweet,  
 The sailor's joyful shouts be heard,  
 Such as the midnight silence stirred  
 When the wished-for breezes blew,  
 And, instant as the loud commands,  
 Sent upwards from a hundred hands  
 The broad sails rose unto the sky,  
 And from her slumbers suddenly  
 The Ship like lightning flew.

But list ! a low and moaning sound  
 At distance heard, like a spirit's song,  
 And now it reigns above, around,  
 As if it called the Ship along.  
 The Moon is sunk ; and a clouded grey  
 Declares that her course is run,  
 And like a God who brings the day,  
 Up mounts the glorious Sun.  
 Soon as his light has warmed the seas,  
 From the parting cloud fresh blows the Breeze ;  
 And that is the spirit whose well-known song  
 Makes the vessel to sail in joy along.  
 No fears hath she ;—Her giant-form  
 O'er wrathful surge, through blackening storm,  
 Majestically calm would go  
 Mid the deep darkness white as snow !  
 But gently now the small waves glide  
 Like playful lambs o'er a mountain's side.  
 So stately her bearing, so proud her array,  
 The Main she will traverse for ever and aye.

Many ports will exult at the gleam of her mast  
—Hush ! hush ! thou vain dreamer ! this hour is her last.  
Five hundred souls in one instant of dread  
Are hurried o'er the deck ;  
And fast the miserable Ship  
Becomes a lifeless wreck.  
Her keel hath struck on a hidden rock,  
Her planks are torn asunder,  
And down come her masts with a reeling shock,  
And a hideous crash like thunder.  
Her sails are draggled in the brine  
That gladdened late the skies,  
And her pendant that kissed the fair moonshine  
Down many a fathom lies.  
Her beauteous sides, whose rainbow hues  
Gleamed softly from below,  
And flung a warm and sunny flush  
O'er the wreaths of murmuring snow,  
To the coral rocks are hurrying down  
To sleep amid colours as bright as their own.

Oh ! many a dream was in the Ship  
An hour before her death ;  
And sights of home with sighs disturbed  
The sleepers' long-drawn breath.  
Instead of the murmur of the sea  
The sailor heard the humming tree  
Alive through all its leaves,  
The hum of the spreading sycamore  
That grows before his cottage-door,  
And the swallow's song in the eaves.  
His arms enclosed a blooming boy,  
Who listened with tears of sorrow and joy  
To the dangers his father had passed ;  
And his wife—by turns she wept and smiled,  
As she looked on the father of her child  
Returned to her heart at last.  
—He wakes at the vessel's sudden roll,  
And the rush of waters is in his soul.  
Astounded the reeling deck he paces,  
Mid hurrying forms and ghastly faces ;—  
The whole Ship's crew are there !  
Wailings around and overhead,  
Brave spirits stupified or dead,  
And madness and despair.



Leave not the wreck, thou cruel Boat,  
 While yet 'tis thine to save,  
 And angel-hands will bid thee float  
 Uninjured o'er the wave,  
 Though whirlpools yawn across thy way,  
 And storms, impatient for their prey,  
 Around thee fiercely rave !  
 Vain all the prayers of pleading eyes,  
 Of outcry loud, and humble sighs,  
 Hands clasped, or wildly tossed on high  
 To bless or curse in agony !  
 Despair and resignation vain !  
 Away like a strong-winged bird she flies,  
 That heeds not human miseries,  
 And far off in the sunshine dies  
 Like a wave of the restless main.  
 Hush ! hush ! Ye wretches left behind !  
 Silence becomes the brave, resigned  
 To unexpected doom.  
 How quiet the once noisy crowd !  
 The sails now serve them for a shroud,  
 And the sea-cave is their tomb.  
 And where is that loveliest Being gone ?  
 Hope not that she is saved alone,  
 Immortal though such beauty seemed to be.  
 She, and the Youth that loved her too,  
 Went down with the ship and her gallant crew—  
 No favourites hath the sea.

Now is the Ocean's bosom bare,  
 Unbroken as the floating air ;  
 The Ship hath melted quite away,  
 Like a struggling dream at break of day.  
 No image meets my wandering eye  
 But the new-risen sun, and the sunny sky.  
 Though the night-shades are gone, yet a vapour dull  
 Bedims the waves so beautiful ;  
 While a low and melancholy moan  
 Mourns for the glory that hath flown.  
 Oh ! that the wild and wailing strain  
 Were a dream that murmurs in my brain !  
 What happiness would then be mine,  
 When my eyes, as they felt the morning shine,  
 Instead of the unfathomed Ocean-grave  
 Should behold Winander's peaceful wave,



And the Isles that love her loving breast,  
Each brooding like a Halcyon's nest.  
It may not be :—too well I know  
The real doom from fancied woe,  
The black and dismal hue.  
Yea, many a visage wan and pale  
Will hang at midnight o'er my tale,  
And weep that it is true.

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CANTO SECOND.

O HEAVENLY QUEEN ! by Mariners beloved !  
Refulgent Moon ! when in the cruel sea  
Down sank yon fair Ship to her coral grave,  
Where didst thou linger then ? Sure it behoved  
A Spirit strong and pitiful like thee  
At that dread hour thy worshippers to save ;  
Nor let the Glory where thy tenderest light,  
Forsaking even the clouds, with pleasure lay,  
Pass, like a cloud which none deplores, away,  
No more to bless the empire of the Night.  
How oft to thee have home-sick sailors poured  
Upon their midnight-watch, no longer dull  
When thou didst smile, hymns wild and beautiful,  
Worthy the radiant Angel they adored !  
And are such hymnings breathed to thee in vain ?  
Gleam'st thou, as if delighted with the strain,  
And won by it the pious bark to keep  
In joy for ever ?—till at once behind  
A cloud thou sailest,—and a roaring wind  
Hath sunk her in the deep !  
Or, though the zephyr scarcely blow,  
Down to the bottom must she go  
With all who wake or sleep,  
Ere the slumberer from his dream can start,  
Or the hymn hath left the singers heart !  
Oh ! sure, if ever mortal prayer  
Were heard where thou and thy bright stars abide,  
So many gallant spirits had not died  
Thus mournfully in beauty and in prime !

But from the sky had shone an arm sublime,  
 To bless the worship of that Virgin fair,  
 And, only seen by Faith's uplifted eye,  
 The wretched vessel gently drifted by  
 The fatal rock, and to the crowded shore,  
 In triumph and in pride the expected glory bore.

Oh vain belief! most beauteous as thou art,  
 Thy heavenly visage hides a cruel heart.  
 When Death and Danger, Terror and Dismay,  
 Are madly struggling on the dismal Ocean,  
 With heedless smile and calm unaltered motion,  
 Onward thou glidest through the milky way,  
 Nor, in thy own immortal beauty blest,  
 Hear'st dying mortals rave themselves to rest.  
 Yet when this night thou mount'st thy starry throne,  
 Brightening to sun-like glory in thy bliss,  
 Wilt thou not then thy once-loved Vessel miss,  
 And wish her happy, now that she is gone?  
 —Was that wild sound a human cry,  
 The voice of one more loth to die  
 Than they who round him sleep?  
 Or of a Spirit in the sky,  
 A Demon in the deep?  
 No sea-bird, through the darkness sailing,  
 E'er uttered such a doleful wailing,  
 Foreboding the near blast:  
 If from a living thing it came,  
 It sure must have a spectral frame,  
 And soon its soul must part:—  
 That groan broke from a bursting heart,  
 The bitterest and the last.

The Figure moves! It is alive!  
 None but its wretched self survive,  
 Yea! drowned are all the crew!  
 Ghosts are they underneath the wave,  
 And he, whom Ocean deigned to save,  
 Stands there most ghost-like too.  
 Alone upon a rock he stands  
 Amid the waves, and wrings his hands,  
 And lifts to Heaven his steadfast eye,  
 With a wild upbraiding agony.  
 He sends his soul through the lonesome air  
 To God: but God hears not his prayer;

For, soon as his words from the wretch depart,  
 Cold they return on his baffled heart.  
 He flings himself down on his rocky tomb,  
 And madly laughs at his horrible doom.  
 With smiles the Main is overspread,  
 As if in mockery of the dead ;  
 And upward when he turns his sight,  
 The unfeeling Sun is shining bright,  
 And strikes him with a sickening light.  
 While a fainting-fit his soul bedims,  
 He thinks that a Ship before him swims,  
 A gallant Ship, all filled with gales,  
 One radiant gleam of snowy sails—  
 His senses return, and he looks in vain  
 O'er the empty silence of the Main !  
 No Ship is there, with radiant gleam,  
 Whose shadow sailed throughout his dream :  
 Not even one rueful plank is seen  
 To tell that a vessel hath ever been  
 Beneath these lonely skies :  
 But sea-birds he oft had seen before  
 Following the ship in hush or roar,  
 The loss of their resting-mast deplore  
 With wild and dreary cries.

What brought him here he cannot tell ;  
 Doubt and confusion darken all his soul,  
 While glimmering truth more dreadful makes the gloom :  
 Why hath the Ocean that black hideous swell ?  
 And in his ears why doth that dismal toll  
 For ever sound,—as if a city bell  
 Wailed for a funeral passing to the tomb ?  
 Some one hath died, and buried is this day ;  
 A hoary-headed man, or stripling gay,  
 Or haply some sweet maid, who was a bride,  
 And, ere her head upon his bosom lay  
 Who deemed her all his own,—the Virgin died !  
 Why starts the wildered dreamer at the sound,  
 And casts his haggard eyes around ?  
 The utter agony hath seized him now,  
 For Memory drives him, like a slave, to know  
 What Madness would conceal :—His own dear Maid,  
 She, who he thought could never die, is dead.  
 “Drowned!”—still the breaking billows mutter,—“drowned!”  
 With anguish loud was her death-bed !



Nor e'er,—wild wish of utmost woe !  
 Shall her fair corse be found.  
 Oft had he sworn with faithless breath,  
 That his love for the Maid was strong as death,  
 By the holy Sun he sware ;  
 The Sun upon the Ocean smiles,  
 And, with a sudden gleam, reviles  
 His vows as light as air.  
 Yet soon he flings, with a sudden start,  
 That gnawing frenzy from his heart,  
 For long in sooth he strove,  
 When the waters were booming in his brain,  
 And his life was clogged with a sickening pain,  
 To save his lady-love.

How long it seems since that dear night,  
 When gazing on the wan moonlight  
 He and his own betrothèd stood,  
 Nor fear'd the harmless ocean-flood !  
 He feels as if many and many a day,  
 Since that bright hour, had passed away ;  
 The dim remembrance of some joy  
 In which he revelled when a boy.  
 The crew's dumb misery and his own,  
 When lingeringly the ship went down,  
 Even like some mournful tale appears,  
 By wandering sailor told in other years.  
 Yet still he knows that this is all delusion,  
 For how could he for months and years have lain  
 A wretched thing upon the cruel Main,  
 Calm though it seem to be? Would gracious Heaven  
 Set free his spirit from this dread confusion,  
 Oh, how devoutly would his thanks be given  
 To Jesus ere he died ! But tortured so,  
 He dare not pray beneath his weight of woe,  
 Lest he should feel when about to die,  
 By God deserted utterly,  
 He cannot die : Though he longs for death,  
 Stronger and stronger grows his breath,  
 And hopeless woe the spring of being feeds ;  
 He faints not, though his knell seems rung,  
 But lives, as if to life he clung,  
 And stronger as he bleeds.  
 But the weariness of wasting grief  
 Hath brought at last its own relief :



Each sense is dulled ! He lies at last  
As if the parting shock were past.  
He sleeps !—Prolong his haunted rest,  
O God !—for now the wretch is blest.  
A fair romantic Island, crowned  
With a glow of blossomed trees,  
And underneath bestrewn with flowers,  
The happy dreamer sees.  
A stream comes dancing from a mount,  
Down its fresh and lustrous side,  
Then, tamed into a quiet pool,  
Is scarcely seen to glide.  
Like fairy sprites, a thousand birds  
Glance by on golden wing,  
Birds lovelier than the lovely hues  
Of the bloom wherein they sing.  
Upward he lifts his wondering eyes,  
Nor yet believes that even the skies  
So passing fair can be ;  
And lo ! yon gleam of emerald light,  
For human gaze too dazzling bright,  
Is that indeed the Sea ?

Adorned with all her pomp and pride,  
Long fluttering flags, and pendants wide,  
He sees a stately vessel ride  
At anchor in a bay,  
Where never waves by storm were driven,  
Shaped like the Moon when she is young in heaven,  
Or melting in a cloud that stops her way.  
Her masts tower nobly from the rocking deep,  
Tall as the palm-trees on the steep,  
And, burning mid their crests so darkly green,  
Her meteor-glories all abroad are seen,  
Wakening the forests from their solemn sleep ;  
While suddenly the cannon's sound  
Rolls through the caverned glens, and groves profound,  
And never-dying echoes roar around.  
Shaded with branching palm, the sign of peace,  
Canoes and skiffs like lightning shoot along,  
Countless as waves there sporting on the seas ;  
While still from those that lead the van, a song,  
Whose chorus rends the inland cliffs afar,  
Tells that advance before that unarmed throng,

Princes and chieftains, with a fearless smile,  
 And outstretched arms, to welcome to their Isle  
 That gallant Ship of War.  
 And glad are they who therein sail,  
 Once more to breathe the balmy gale,  
 To kiss the steadfast strand :  
 They round the world are voyaging,  
 And who can tell their suffering  
 Since last they saw the land ?

But that bright pageant will not stay :  
 Palms, plumes, and ensigns melt away,  
 Island, and ship !—Though utter be the change  
 (For on a rock he seems to lie  
 All naked to the burning sky)  
 He doth not think it strange.  
 While in his memory faint recallings swim,  
 He fain would think it is a dream  
 That thus distracts his view,  
 Until some unimagined pain  
 Shoots shivering through his troubled brain ;  
 —Though dreadful, all is true.  
 But what to him is anguish now,  
 Though it burn in his blood, and his heart, and his brow,  
 For ever from morn to night ?  
 For lo ! an Angel shape descends,  
 As soft and silent as moonlight,  
 And o'er the dreamer bends.  
 She cannot be an earthly child,  
 Yet, when the Vision sweetly smiled,  
 The light that there did play  
 Reminded him, he knew not why,  
 Of one beloved in infancy,  
 But now far, far away.

Disturbed by fluttering joy, he wakes,  
 And feels a death-like shock ;  
 For, harder even than in his dream,  
 His bed is a lonely rock.  
 Poor wretch ! he dares not open his eye,  
 For he dreads the beauty of the sky,  
 And the useless unavailing breeze  
 That he hears upon the happy seas.  
 A voice glides sweetly through his heart,  
 The voice of one that mourns ;

Yet it hath a gladsome melody—  
 Dear God! the dream returns!  
 A gentle kiss breathes o'er his cheek,  
 A kiss of murmuring sighs;  
 It wanders o'er his brow, and falls  
 Like light upon his eyes.  
 Through that long kiss he dimly sees,  
 All bathed in smiles and tears,  
 A well-known face; and from those lips  
 A well-known voice he hears.  
 With a doubtful look he scans the Maid,  
 As if half-delighted, half-afraid,  
 Then bows his wildered head,  
 And, with deep groans, he strives to pray  
 That Heaven would drive the fiend away,  
 That haunts his dying bed.  
 Again he dares to view the air:  
 The beauteous ghost yet lingers there,  
 Veiled in a spotless shroud:  
 Breathing in tones subdued and low,  
 Bent o'er him like Heaven's radiant bow,  
 And still as evening cloud.

"Art thou a phantom of the brain?"  
 He cries, "a mermaid from the main?  
 A seraph from the sky?  
 Or art thou a fiend with a seraph's smile,  
 Come here to mock on this horrid Isle,  
 My dying agony?"—  
 Had he but seen what touching sadness fell  
 On that fair creature's cheek while thus he spoke,  
 Had heard the stifled sigh that slowly broke  
 From her untainted bosom's lab'ring swell,  
 He scarce had hoped, that at the throne of grace  
 Such cruel words could e'er have been forgiven,  
 The impious sin of doubting such a face,  
 Of speaking thus of Heaven.  
 Weeping, she wrings his dripping hair  
 That hangs across his cheek;  
 And leaves a hundred kisses there,  
 But not one word can speak.  
 In bliss she listens to his breath:  
 Ne'er murmured so the breast of death!  
 Alas! sweet one! what joy can give  
 Fond-cherished thoughts like these!



For how mayest thou and thy lover live  
 In the centre of the seas ?  
 Or vainly to your sorrows seek for rest,  
 On a rock where never verdure grew,  
 Too wild even for the wild sea-mew  
 To build her slender nest !

Sublime is the faith of a lonely soul,  
 In pain and trouble cherished ;  
 Sublime the spirit of hope that lives,  
 When earthly hope has perished.  
 And where doth that blest faith abide ?  
 O ! not in Man's stern nature : human pride  
 Inhabits there, and oft by virtue led,  
 Pride though it be, it doth a glory shed,  
 That makes the world we mortal beings tread,  
 In chosen spots, resplendent as the Heaven !  
 But to yon gentle Maiden turn,  
 Who never for herself doth mourn,  
 And own that faith's undying urn  
 Is but to woman given.  
 Now that the shade of sorrow falls  
 Across her life, and duty calls,  
 Her spirit burns with a fervent glow,  
 And stately through the gloom of woe  
 Behold her altered form arise,  
 Like a priestess at a sacrifice.  
 The touch of earth hath left no taint  
 Of weakness in the fearless saint.  
 Like clouds, all human passions roll,  
 At the breath of devotion, from her soul,  
 And God looks down with a gleam of grace,  
 On the stillness of her heavenward face,  
 Just paler in her grief.  
 While, hark ! like one who God adores,  
 Such words she o'er her lover pours,  
 As give herself relief.

“ Oh ! look again on her who speaks  
 To thee, and bathes thy sallow cheeks  
 With many a human tear !  
 No cruel thing beside thee leans,  
 Thou knowest what thy Mary means,  
 Thy own true love is here.



Open thine eyes ! thy beauteous eyes !  
 For mercy smile on me !  
 Speak !—but one word ! one little word !  
 'Tis all I ask of thee.  
 If these eyes would give one transient gleam,  
 To cheer this dark and dreadful dream,  
 If, while I kiss thy cheek,  
 These dear, dear lips, alas ! so pale,  
 Before their parting spirit fail,  
 One low farewell would speak,—  
 This rock so hard would be a bed  
 Of down unto thy Mary's head,  
 And gently would we glide away,  
 Fitz-Owen ! to that purer day  
 Of which thou once didst sing ;  
 Like birds, that, rising from the foam,  
 Seek on some lofty cliff their home,  
 On storm-despising wing.  
 Yes ! that thou hear'st thy Mary's voice,  
 That lovely smile declares !  
 Here let us in each other's arms  
 Dissolve our life in prayers.  
 I see in that uplifted eye,  
 That thou art not afraid to die ;  
 For ever brave wert thou.  
 Oh ! press me closer to thy soul,  
 And, while yet we hear the Ocean roll,  
 Breathe deep the marriage vow !  
 We hoped far other days to see ;  
 But the will of God be done !  
 My husband ! behold yon pile of clouds  
 Like a city, round the Sun :  
 Beyond these clouds, ere the phantoms part,  
 Thou wilt lean in bliss on my loving heart."—

Sweet seraph ! lovely was thy form,  
 When, shrouded in the misty storm  
 That swept o'er Snowdon's side,  
 The Cambrian shepherd, through the gloom,  
 Like a spirit rising from the tomb,  
 With awe beheld thee glide ;  
 And lovely wert thou, Child of Light  
 When, gazing on the starry night  
 Within Llanberris Lake,

Thy spirit felt, in a hush like death,  
 The fading earth's last-whispered breath  
 The holy scene forsake.  
 Oh ! lovelier still, when thy noiseless tread  
 Around thy aged mother's bed  
 Fell soft as snow on snow,  
 When thy yearning heart repressed its sighs,  
 And from thy never-closing eyes  
 Forbade the tears to flow.  
 But now unto thy looks are given  
 The beauty and the power of Heaven :  
 The sternness of this dismal Isle  
 Is softened by thy saintly smile,  
 And he, who lay like a madman, bound  
 In fetters of anguish to the ground,  
 And heard and saw, in fearful strife,  
 The sounds and the sights of unearthly life,  
 Now opens his eyes that glisten mild  
 Like the gladsome eyes of a wakened child,  
 For the hideous trance is fled ;  
 And his soul is filled with the glory bright,  
 That plays like a wreath of halo-light  
 Around his Mary's head.

Most awful is the perfect rest  
 That sits within her eye,  
 Awful her pallid face imprest  
 With the seal of victory.  
 Triumphant o'er the ghastly dreams  
 That haunt the parting soul,  
 She looks like a bird of calm, that floats  
 Unmoved when thunders roll,  
 And gives to the storm as gentle notes  
 As e'er through sunshine stole.  
 Her lover leans on her quiet breast,  
 And his heart like hers is still :  
 Ne'er martyred saints more meekly bowed  
 To their Creator's will.  
 As calm they sit, as they had steered  
 To some little favourite Isle,  
 To mark upon the peaceful waves  
 The parting sunbeams smile ;  
 As if the lightly feathered oar  
 In an hour could take them to the shore  
 Where friends and parents dwell :

But far, alas ! from such shore are they,  
And of friends, who for their safety pray,  
Have ta'en a last farewell.

But why thus gleams Fitz-Owen's eye ?  
Why bursts his eager speech ?  
Lo ! as if brought by angel hands  
Uninjured on the beach,  
With oars and sails a vessel lies :  
Salvation from the gracious skies !  
He fears it is a dream ; that woe  
Hath surely crazed his brain :  
He drives the phantom from his gaze,  
But the boat appears again.  
It is the same that used to glide  
When the wind had fallen low,  
Like a child along its parent's side,  
Around the guardian prow  
Of the mighty ship whose shadow lay  
Unmoved upon the watery way.  
In the madness of that dismal hour,  
When the shrieking Ship went down,  
This little boat to the rocky Isle  
Hath drifted all alone.  
And there she lies ! the oars are laid  
As by the hand of pleasure,  
Preparing on the quiet tide  
To beat a gladsome measure.  
The dripping sail is careless tied  
Around the painted mast,  
And a gaudy flag with purple glows,  
Hung up in sportive joy by those  
Whose sports and joys are past.

So lightly doth this little boat  
Upon the scarce-touched billows float,  
So careless doth she seem to be  
Thus left by herself on the homeless sea,  
That, while the happy lovers gaze  
On her, the hope of happier days  
Steals unawares, like Heaven's own breath  
O'er souls that were prepared for death.  
They gaze on her, till she appears  
As if she understood their tears ;  
To lay there with her cheerful sail  
Till Heaven should send some gracious gale,

Some gentle spirit of the deep,  
 With motion soft and swift as sleep,  
 To waft them to some pleasant cave  
 In the unknown gardens of the wave,  
 That, hid from every human eye,  
 Are happy in the smiling sky,  
 And in their beauty win the love  
 Of every orb that shines above.  
 Fitz-Owen from his dream awakes,  
 And gently in his arms he takes  
 His gentle Maid, as a shepherd kind  
 Brings from the killing mountain wind  
 A snow-white lamb, and lets it rest  
 In sleep and beauty on his breast.  
 And now the gentle fearless Maid  
 Within the boat in peace is laid :  
 Her limbs recline as if in sleep,  
 Though almost resting on the deep ;  
 On his dear bosom leans her head,  
 And through her long hair, wildly spread  
 O'er all her face, her melting eyes  
 Are lifted upwards to the skies,  
 In silent prayer that Heaven would save  
 The arms that fold her from the grave.

The boat hath left the lonesome rock,  
 And tries the wave again,  
 And on she glides without a fear,  
 So beauteous is the main.  
 Her little sail beneath the sun  
 Gleams radiant as the snow,  
 And o'er the gently-heaving swell  
 Bounds like a mountain-roe.  
 In that frail bark the lovers sit,  
 With steadfast face and silent breath,  
 Following the guiding hope of life,  
 Yet reconciled to death.  
 His arm is round her tender side,  
 That moves beneath the press,  
 With a mingled beat of solemn awe  
 And virgin tenderness.  
 They speak not :—but the inward flow  
 Of faith and dread, and joy and woe,  
 Each from the other hears :  
 Long, long they gaze with meeting eyes,



Then lift them slowly to the skies  
Steeped in imploring tears.  
And ever, as the rock recedes,  
They feel their spirits rise ;  
And half forget that the smiling sea  
Caused all their miseries.  
Yet safe to them is the trackless brine  
As some well-known and rural road  
Paced in their childhood ;—for they love  
Each other, and believe in God.

And well might the refulgent day  
These Ocean Pilgrims cheer,  
And make them feel as if the glades  
Of home itself were near.  
For a living sentiment of joy,  
Such as doth sleep on hill and vale  
When the friendly sun comes from his clouds  
The vernal bloom to hail,  
Plays on the Ocean's sparkling breast,  
That, half in motion, half at rest,  
Like a happy thing doth lie ;  
Breathing that fresh and fragrant air,  
And seeming in that slumber fair  
The Brother of the Sky.  
Hues brighter than the ruby-stone  
With radiance gem his wavy zone,  
A million hues, I ween :  
Long dazzling lines of snowy white,  
Fantastic wreathed with purple light,  
Or bathed in richest green.  
The flying fish, on wings of gold,  
Skims through the sunny ray,  
Then, like the rainbow's dying gleam,  
In the clear wave melts away.  
And all the beauteous joy seems made  
For that dauntless Youth and sainted Maid,  
Whom God and Angels love :  
Comfort is in the helm, the sail,  
The light, the clouds, the sea, the gale,  
Around, below, above.

And thus they sail, and sail along,  
Without one thought of fear ;

As calm as if the boatman's song  
 Awoke an echoing cheer  
 O'er the hills that stretch in sylvan pride  
 On the Bala Lake's romantic side.  
 And lo! beneath the mellowing light,  
 That trembles between day and night  
 Before the Sun's decline,  
 As to the touch of fairy-hand  
 Upstarting dim the nameless land  
 Extends its mountain line.  
 It is no cloud that steadfast lies  
 Between the Ocean and the Skies ;  
 No image of a cloud, that flings  
 Across the deep its shadowy wings ;  
 Such as oft cheats with visions fair  
 The heart of home-sick mariner.  
 It is the living Earth! They see  
 From the shore a smile of amity  
 That gently draws them on,  
 Such a smile as o'er all Nature glows  
 At a summer evening's fragrant close,  
 When the winds and rain are gone.  
 The self-moved boat appears to seek  
 With gladsome glide a home-like creek,  
 In the centre of a bay,  
 Which the calm and quiet hills surround,  
 And touched by waves without a sound,  
 Almost as calm as they.

And, what if here fierce savage men  
 Glare on them from some darksome den?—  
 What would become of this most helpless Maid?  
 Fitz-Owen thinks :—but in her eye  
 So calmly bright, he can descry  
 That she is not afraid  
 Of savage men or monsters wild,  
 But is sublimely reconciled  
 To meet and bear her destiny.  
 A gentle rippling on the sand—  
 One stroke of the dexterous oar—  
 The sail is furled : the boat is moored :  
 And the Lovers walk the shore.  
 To them it is an awful thought,  
 From the wild world of waters brought  
 By God's protecting hand,

When every Christian soul was lost,  
On that unknown, but beauteous coast,  
As in a dream to stand.  
While their spirits with devotion burn,  
Their faces to the sea they turn,  
That lately seemed their grave ;  
And bless, in murmurs soft and low,  
The beautiful, the halcyon glow,  
That bathes the evening wave.  
Before the setting sun they kneel,  
And through the silent air,  
To Him that dwells on that throne of light  
They pour their souls in prayer.  
Their thoughts are floating, like the clouds  
That seek the beauteous West,  
Their gentleness, their peace the same,  
The same their home of rest.  
Now Night hath come with the cooling breeze,  
And these Lovers still are on their knees.

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CANTO THIRD.

OH many are the beauteous isles  
Unknown to human eye,  
That, sleeping 'mid the Ocean smiles,  
In happy silence lie.  
The Ship may pass them in the night,  
Nor the sailors know what a lovely sight  
Is resting on the Main ;  
Some wandering Ship who hath lost her way,  
And never, or by night or day,  
Shall pass these isles again.  
There, groves that bloom in endless spring  
Are rustling to the radiant wing  
Of birds, in various plumage bright,  
As rainbow hues, or dawning light.  
Soft-falling showers of blossoms fair,  
Float ever on the fragrant air,  
Like showers of vernal snow,

And from the fruit-tree, spreading tall,  
The richly ripened clusters fall  
Oft as sea-breezes blow.  
The sun and clouds alone possess  
The joy of all that loveliness ;  
And sweetly to each other smile  
The live-long day—sun, cloud, and isle.  
How silent lies each sheltered bay !  
No other visitors have they  
To their shores of silvery sand,  
Than the waves that, murmuring in their glee,  
All hurrying in a joyful band  
Come dancing from the sea.

How did I love to sigh and weep  
For those that sailed upon the deep,  
When, yet a wondering child,  
I sat alone at dead of night,  
Hanging all breathless with delight  
O'er their adventures wild !  
Trembling I heard of dizzy shrouds,  
Where up among the raving clouds  
The sailor-boy must go ;  
Thunder and lightning o'er his head !  
And, should he fall—O thought of dread !  
Waves mountain-high below.  
How leapt my heart with wildering fears,  
Gazing on savage islanders  
Ranged fierce in long canoe,  
Their poisoned spears, their war-attire,  
And plumes twined bright, like wreaths of fire,  
Round brows of dusky hue !  
What tears would fill my wakeful eyes  
When some delicious paradise  
(As if a cloud had rolled  
On a sudden from the bursting sun),  
Freshening the Ocean where it shone,  
Flung wide its groves of gold !  
No more the pining Mariner  
In wild delirium raves,  
For like an angel, kind and fair,  
That smiles, and smiling saves,  
The glory charms away distress,  
Serene in silent loveliness  
Amid the dash of waves.



And wouldst thou think it hard to dwell  
Alone within some sylvan cell,  
Some fragrant arch of flowers,  
Raised like a queen with gracious smile  
In the midst of this her subject isle,  
This labyrinth of bowers ?  
Could the fair earth, and fairer skies,  
Clouds, breezes, fountains, groves,  
To banish from thy heart suffice  
All thought of deeper loves ?  
Or wouldst thou pine thy life away,  
To kiss once more the blessèd ray  
That shines in human eyes ?  
What though the clustering roses came  
Like restless gleams of magic flame,  
As if they loved thy feet,  
To win thee like a summer sprite,  
With purest touches of delight,  
To the Fairy Queen's retreat !  
Oh ! they would bloom and wither too,  
And melt their pearls of radiant dew,  
Without one look from thee :  
What pleasure could that beauty give,  
Which, of all mortal things that live,  
None but thyself may see ?  
And where are the birds that cheered thine eyes,  
With wings and crests of rainbow dyes,  
That wont for aye to glide  
Like sunbeams through the shady bowers,  
Charming away the happy hours  
With songs of love or pride ?  
Soon, soon thou hatest this Paradise ;  
It seems the soul hath fled  
That made it fairer than the skies,  
And a joyful beauty shed  
O'er the tremor of the circling wave,  
That now with restless moans and sighs  
Sounds like the dirge-song of the dead,  
Dim breaking round a grave.

But she thou lovest is at thy side,  
The Island Queen becomes thy bride,  
And God and Nature sanctify the vow ;  
Air, Earth, and Ocean smile once more,

And along the forest-fringed shore,  
 What mirth and music now !  
 What warm and heavenly tints illumè  
 The land that lately seemed a tomb  
 Where thou wert left to die !  
 So bathed in joy this earth appears  
 To him, who, blind for lingering years,  
 At last beholds the sky.  
 Thy heart was like an untouched lyre,  
 Silent as death—Let the trembling wire  
 The hand that knows its spirit feel ;  
 And list ! What melting murmurs steal  
 Like incense to the realms above,  
 Such sounds as parted souls might love.  
 And now if a home-bound vessel lay  
 At anchor in yon beauteous bay,  
 'Till the land-breeze her canvass wings should swell,  
 From the sweet Isle thou scarce wouldst part,  
 But, when thou didst, thy lingering heart  
 Would sadly say, “ Farewell ! ”

In such a fairy Isle now prayed  
 Fitz-Owen and his darling Maid.  
 The setting sun, with a pensive glow,  
 Had bathed their foreheads bending low,  
 Nor ceased the voice, or the breath of their prayer  
 Till the moonlight lay on the mellowed air.  
 Then from the leaves they calmly rose,  
 As after a night of calm repose,  
 And Mary leaned her face  
 With a sob of joy on her Lover's breast,  
 Who with kind tones the Maiden prest  
 In a holy pure embrace.  
 And gently he kissed her tearful eyes,  
 And bade her heart lie still,  
 For there was a power in the gracious skies,  
 To shield their saints from ill.  
 Then, guided by the moonlight pale,  
 They walked into a sylvan vale,  
 Soft, silent, warm, and deep ;  
 And there beneath her languid head,  
 The silken withered leaves he spread,  
 That she might sweetly sleep.  
 Then down he sat by her tender side,  
 And, as she lay, with soft touch dried

The stealing tears she could not hide ;  
Till sleep, like a faint shadow, fell  
O'er the husht face he loved so well,  
And smiling dreams were given  
To cheer her heart ; then down he laid  
His limbs beside the sleeping Maid,  
In the face of the starry Heaven.

Sleep fell upon their wearied souls  
With a power as deep as death ;  
Scarce trembled Mary's floating hair  
In her Lover's tranquil breath.  
In that still trance did dear thoughts come  
From the brook, and the glade, and the sky, of home,  
And the gentle sound of her mother's voice  
Bade Mary's slumbering soul rejoice.  
For she in dreams to Wales hath flown,  
And sits in a cottage of her own,  
Beneath its sheltering tree :  
Fitz-Owen's eye is fixed on hers,  
While with a timid smile she stirs  
Beside her mother's knee.  
But the rising sun hath pour'd his beams  
Into her heart, and broke her dreams ;  
Slowly she lifts her eyes,  
And, wondering at the change, looks round  
Upon that wild enchanted ground,  
And these delightful skies.  
Over her Lover's breast she breathes  
A blessing and a prayer,  
And gently they stir his sleeping soul,  
Like the voice of the morning-air.  
Soon as the first surprise is past,  
They rise from their leafy bed,  
As cheerful as the new-woke birds  
That sing above their head.  
And trusting in the merciful Power  
That saved them in that dismal hour  
When the ship sank in the sea,  
Cheering their souls with many a smile,  
They walk through the woods of this nameless Isle  
In undisturbed tranquillity.

Well might they deem that wizard's wand  
Had set them down in Fairyland,



Or that their souls some beauteous dream obeyed :  
 They know not where to look or listen,  
 For pools and streams of crystal glisten  
 Above, around,—embracing like the air  
 The soft-reflected trees ; while everywhere  
 From shady nook, clear hill, and sunny glade,  
 The ever-varying soul of music played ;  
 As if, at some capricious thing's command,  
 Indulging every momentary mood,  
 With voice and instrument, a fairy band  
 Beneath some echoing precipice now stood,  
 Now on steep mountain's rocky battlement,  
 Or from the clouds their blended chorus sent,  
 With jocund din to mock the solitude.  
 They gaze with never-sated eyes  
 On lengthening lines of flowery dyes,  
 That through the woods, and up the mountains run :  
 Not richer radiance robes the Even,  
 When she ascends her throne in Heaven,  
 Beside the setting sun.  
 Scattering the blossomy gems away,  
 Like the white shower of the Ocean spray,  
 Across their path for ever glide or shoot  
 Birds of such beauty, as might lead  
 The soul to think that magic power decreed  
 Spirits to dwell therein ; nor are they mute,  
 But each doth chant his own belovèd strain,  
 For ever trembling on a natural tune,  
 The heart's emotions seeming so to suit,  
 That the rapt Lovers are desiring soon,  
 That silence never may return again.

A cheerful welcome these bright creatures sing ;  
 And as the Lovers roam from glade to glade,  
 That shine with sunlight, and with music ring,  
 Seems but for them the enchanted island made.  
 So strong the influence of the fairy scene,  
 That soon they feel as if for many a year  
 In love and rapture they had lingered here,  
 While with the beauteous things that once have been  
 Long, long ago, or only in the mind  
 By Fancy imaged, lies their native Wales,  
 Its dim-seen hills, and all its streamy vales :  
 Sounds in their souls its rushing mountain-wind,



Like music heard in youth, remembered well,  
But when or where it rose they cannot tell.  
Delightful woods, and many a cloudless sky,  
Are in their memory strangely floating by,  
But the faint pageant slowly melts away,  
And to the living earth they yield  
Their willing hearts, as if revealed  
In all its glory on this mystic day.  
Like fire, strange flowers around them flame,  
Sweet, harmless fire, breathed from some magic urn,  
The silky gossamer that may not burn,  
Too wildly beautiful to bear a name.  
And when the Ocean sends a breeze,  
To wake the music sleeping in the trees,  
Trees scarce they seem to be ; for many a flower,  
Radiant as dew, or ruby polished bright,  
Glances on every spray, that bending light  
Around the stem, in variegated bows,  
Appear like some awakened fountain-shower,  
That with the colour of the evening glows.

And towering o'er these beauteous woods,  
Gigantic rocks were ever dimly seen,  
Breaking with solemn grey the tremulous green,  
And frowning far in castellated pride ;  
While, hastening to the Ocean, hoary floods  
Sent up a thin and radiant mist between,  
Softening the beauty that it could not hide.  
Lo ! higher still the stately Palm-trees rise,  
Chequering the clouds with their unbending stems,  
And o'er the clouds amid the dark-blue skies  
Lifting their rich unfading diadems.  
How calm and placidly they rest  
Upon the Heavens' indulgent breast,  
As if their branches never breeze had known !  
Light bathes them aye in glancing showers,  
And Silence mid their lofty bowers  
Sits on her moveless throne.  
Entranced there the Lovers gaze,  
Till every human fear decays,  
And bliss steals slowly through their quiet souls ;  
Though ever lost to humankind  
And all they love, they are resigned :  
While with a scarce-heard murmur rolls,

Like the waves that break along the shore,  
 The sound of the world they must see no more.  
 List ! Mary is the first to speak,  
 Her tender voice still tenderer in her bliss ;  
 And breathing o'er her silent husband's cheek,  
 As from an infant's lip, a timid kiss,  
 Whose touch at once all lingering sorrow calms,  
 Says, " God to us in love hath given  
 A home on earth, most like to Heaven,  
 Our own sweet ISLE OF PALMS."

And where shall these happy lovers dwell ?  
 Shall they seek in the cliffs for some mossy cell ?  
 Some wilder haunt than ever hermit knew ?  
 Where they may shun the mid-day heat,  
 And slumber in a safe retreat,  
 When evening sheds her dew ;  
 Or shall they build a leafy nest,  
 Where they like birds may sport and rest,  
 By clustering bloom preserved from sun and rain,  
 Upon some little radiant mound  
 Within reach of the freshening sound  
 That murmurs from the Main ?  
 No farther need their footsteps roam :  
 Even where they stand, a sylvan home  
 Steals like a thought upon their startled sight ;  
 For Nature's breath with playful power  
 Hath framed an undecaying bower,  
 With colours heavenly bright.  
 Beyond a green and level lawn,  
 Its porch and roof of roses dawn  
 Through arching trees that lend a mellowing shade.  
 How gleams the bower with countless dyes !  
 Unwearied spring fresh bloom supplies,  
 Still brightening where they fade.  
 Two noble Palms, the forest's pride,  
 Guarding the bower on either side,  
 Their straight majestic stems to heaven uprear :  
 There Beauty sleeps in Grandeur's arms,  
 And sheltered there from all alarms,  
 Hath nought on earth to fear.

The Dwellers in that lovely bower,  
 If mortal shape may breathe such blessed air,

Might gaze on it from morn till evening-hour,  
 Nor wish for other sight more touching fair.  
 Why look abroad? All things are here  
 Delightful to the eye and ear,  
 And fragrance pure as light floats all around.  
 But if they look—those mystic gleams,  
 The glory we adore in dreams,  
 May here in truth be found.  
 Fronting the bower, eternal woods,  
 Darkening the mountain solitudes,  
 With awe the soul oppress :  
 There dwells, with shadowy glories crowned,  
 Rejoicing in the gloom profound,  
 The Spirit of the Wilderness.  
 Lo ! stretching inward on the right,  
 A winding vale eludes the sight,  
 But where it dies the happy soul must dream :  
 Oh ! never sure beneath the sun,  
 Along such lovely banks did run  
 So musical a stream.  
 But who shall dare in thought to paint  
 Yon fairy waterfall ?  
 Still moistened by the misty showers,  
 From fiery red, to yellow soft and faint,  
 Fantastic bands of fearless flowers  
 Sport o'er the rocky wall ;  
 And ever, through the shrouding spray,  
 Whose diamonds glance as bright as they,  
 Float birds of graceful form, and gorgeous plumes,  
 Or dazzling white as snow ;  
 While, as the passing sun illumines  
 The river's bed, in silent pride  
 Spanning the cataract roaring wide,  
 Unnumbered rainbows glow.

But turn around, if thou hast power  
 To leave a scene so fair,  
 And looking leftwards from the bower,  
 What glory meets thee there !  
 For lo ! the heaven-encircled Sea  
 Outspreads his dazzling pageantry,  
 As if the whole creation were his own,  
 And the Isle, on which thy feet now stand,  
 In beauty rose at his command,  
 And for his joy alone.



Beyond his billows rolling bright,  
 The Spirit dares not wing her flight ;  
 For where, upon the boundless deep,  
 Should she, if wearied, sink to sleep ?  
 Back to the beauteous Isle of Palms  
 Glad she returns ; there constant calms  
 The bays, that sleep like inland lakes, invest :  
 Delightful all ;—but to your eyes,  
 O blessèd Pair ! one circlet lies  
 More fair than all the rest.  
 At evening, through that silent bay  
 With beating hearts ye steered your way,  
 Yet trusting in the guiding love of Heaven ;  
 And there, upon your bended knees,  
 To the unseen Pilot of the Seas  
 Your speechless prayers were given.  
 From your bower-porch the skiff behold  
 That to this Eden bore  
 Your almost hopeless souls : how bold  
 It seems to lie, all danger o'er,  
 A speck amid the fluid gold  
 That burns along the shore !

Five cloudless days have, from the placid deep,  
 In glory risen o'er this refulgent Isle,  
 And still the Sun retired to rest too soon ;  
 And each night with more gracious smile,  
 Guarding the lovers when they sleep,  
 Hath watched the holy Moon.  
 Through many a dim and dazzling glade,  
 They in their restless joy have strayed,  
 In many a grot reposed, and twilight cave ;  
 Have wandered round each ocean bay,  
 And gazed where inland waters lay  
 Serene as night, and bright as day,  
 Untouched by wind or wave.  
 Happy their doom, though strange and wild,  
 And soon their souls are reconciled  
 For ever here to live, and here to die.  
 Why should they grieve ? a constant mirth  
 With music fills the air and earth,  
 And beautifies the sky.  
 High on the rocks the wild-flowers shine  
 In beauty bathed, and joy divine :



In their dark nooks to them are given  
The sunshine and the dews of Heaven.  
The fish that dart like silver-gleams  
Are happy in their rock-bound streams,  
Happy as they that roam the Ocean's breast.  
Though far away on sounding wings  
Yon bird could fly, content he sings  
Around his secret nest.  
And shall the Monarchs of this Isle  
Lament, when one unclouded smile  
Hangs like perpetual spring on every wood?  
And often in their listening souls  
By a delightful awe subdued,  
God's voice, like mellow thunder, rolls  
All through the silent solitude.

Five days have fled!—The Sun again,  
Like an angel, o'er the brightening Main  
Uplifts his radiant head;  
And full upon yon dewy bower,  
The warm tints of the dawning hour  
Mid warmer still are shed.  
The Sun pours not his light in vain  
On them who therein dwell: a strain  
Of pious music, through the morning calm  
Wakening unwonted echoes, wildly rings,  
And kneeling there to Mercy's fane,  
While flowers supply their incense-balm,  
At the foot of yon majestic Palm  
The Maid her matin sings.  
It is the Sabbath morn: since last  
From Heaven it shone, what awful things have past  
In their belovèd vessel as it rolled  
In pride and beauty o'er the waves of gold,  
Then were they sailing free from all alarms,  
Rejoicing in her scarce-felt motion  
When the ship flew, or slumbering Ocean  
Detained her in his arms.  
Beneath the sail's expanded shade,  
They and the thoughtless crew together prayed,  
And sweet their voices rose above the wave;  
Nor seemed it woeful as a strain  
That never was to rise again,  
And chanted o'er the grave.

Ne'er seemed before the Isle so bright ;  
 And when their hymns were ended,  
 Oh ! ne'er in such intense delight  
 Had their rapt souls been blended.  
 Some natural tears they surely owed  
 To those who wept for them, and fast they flowed,  
 And oft will flow amid their happiest hours ;  
 But not less fair the summer day,  
 Though glittering through the sunny ray  
 Are seen descending showers.  
 But how could Sorrow, Grief, or Pain,  
 The glory of that morn sustain ?  
 Alone amid the Wilderness  
 More touching seemed the holiness  
 Of that mysterious day of soul-felt rest :  
 They are the first that e'er adored  
 On this wild spot their Heavenly Lord,  
 Or gentle Jesus blessed.  
 " O Son of God ! "—How sweetly came  
 Into their souls that blessèd name !  
 Even like health's hope-reviving breath  
 To one upon the bed of death.  
 " Our Saviour ! "—What angelic grace  
 Stole with dim smiles o'er Mary's face,  
 While through the solitude profound  
 With love and awe she breathed that holy sound !  
 Yes ! He will save ! a still small voice  
 To Mary's fervent prayer replied ;  
 Beneath His tender care rejoice,  
 On earth who for His children died.  
 Her Lover saw that, while she prayed,  
 Communion with her God was given  
 Unto her sinless spirit : nought he said ;  
 But gazing on her with a fearful love,  
 Such as saints feel for sister-souls above,  
 Her cheek upon his bosom gently laid,  
 And dreamt with her of Heaven.

Pure were their souls, as infant's breath,  
 Who in its cradle guiltless sinks in death.  
 No place for human frailty this,  
 Despondency or fears ;  
 Too beautiful the wild appears  
 Almost for human bliss.

Was love like theirs then given in vain ?  
And must they, trembling, shrink from pure delight ?  
Or shall that God, who on the main  
Hath bound them with a billowy chain,  
Approve the holy rite,  
That, by their pious souls alone  
Performed before His silent throne  
In innocence and joy,  
Here, and in realms beyond the grave,  
Unites those whom the cruel wave  
Could not for grief destroy ?  
No fears felt they of guilt or sin,  
For sure they heard a voice within  
That set their hearts at rest ;  
They passed the day in peaceful prayer,  
And when beneath the evening air,  
They sought again their arbour fair,  
A smiling angel met them there,  
And bade their couch be blest.  
Nor veiled the Moon her virgin-light,  
But, clear and cloudless all the night,  
Hung o'er the flowers where love and beauty lay ;  
And, loth to leave that holy bower,  
With lingering pace obeyed the power  
Of bright-returning day.

And say ! what wanteth now the Isle of Palms,  
To make it happy as those Isles of rest  
(When e'er the sky becalms  
Like a subsiding sea),  
That hang resplendent mid the gorgeous west,  
All brightly imaged, mountain, grove, and tree,  
The setting sun's last lingering pageantry !  
Hath Fancy ever dreamt of seraph-Powers  
Walking in beauty through these cloud-framed bowers,  
Light as the mist that wraps their dazzling feet ?  
And hath she ever paused to hear,  
By moonlight brought unto her ear,  
Their hymnings wild and sweet ?  
Lo ! human creatures meet her view  
As happy, and as beauteous too,  
As those aërial phantoms !—in their mien,  
Where'er they move, a graceful calm is seen  
All foreign to this utter solitude,



Yet blended with such wild and fairy glide,  
 As erst in Grecian Isle had beautified  
 The guardian Deities of Grove and Flood.  
 Are these fair creatures earth-born and alive,  
 And mortal, like the flowers that round them smile?  
 Or if into the Ocean sank their Isle  
 A thousand fathoms deep—would they survive,—  
 Like sudden rainbows spread their arching wings,  
 And while, to cheer their airy voyage, sings  
 With joy the charmèd sea, the Heavens give way,  
 That in the spirits, who had sojourned long  
 On earth, might glide, then re-assume their sway,  
 And from the gratulating throng  
 Of kindred spirits, drink the inexpressive song?

Oh! fairer now these blessèd Lovers seem,  
 Gliding like spirits through o'er-arching trees,  
 Their beauty mellowing in the chequered light,  
 Than, years ago, on that resplendent night,  
 When yielded up to an unearthly dream,  
 In their sweet ship they sailed upon the seas.  
 Ay! years ago!—for in this temperate clime,  
 Fleet, passing fleet, the noiseless plumes of time  
 Float through the fragrance of the sunny air;  
 One little month seems scarcely gone,  
 Since in a vessel of their own  
 At eve they landed there.  
 Their bower is now a stately bower,  
 For, on its roof, the loftiest flower  
 To bloom so lowly grieves,  
 And up like an ambitious thing  
 That feareth nought, behold it spring  
 Till it meet the high Palm-leaves!  
 The porch is opening seen no more,  
 But folded up with blossoms hoar,  
 And leaves green as the sea,  
 And, when the wind hath found them out,  
 The merry waves that dancing rout  
 May not surpass in glee.  
 About their home so little art,  
 They seem to live in Nature's heart,  
 A sylvan court to hold  
 In a palace framed of lustre green,  
 More rare than to the bright Flower Queen  
 Was ever built of old.



Where are they in the hours of day ?  
—The birds are happy on the spray,  
The dolphins on the deep,  
Whether they wanton full of life,  
Or, wearied with their playful strife,  
Amid the sunshine sleep.  
And are these things by Nature blest  
In sport, in labour, and in rest,—  
And yet the Sovereigns of the Isle opprest  
With languor or with pain ?  
No ! with light glide, and cheerful song,  
Through flowers and fruit they dance along,  
And still fresh joys, uncalled for, throng  
Through their romantic reign.  
The wild-deer bounds along the rock,  
But let him not yon hunter mock,  
Though strong, and fierce, and fleet ;  
For he will trace his mountain-path,  
Or else his antler's threatening wrath  
In some dark winding meet.  
Vaunt not, gay bird ! thy gorgeous plume  
Though on yon leafy tree it bloom  
Like a flower both rich and fair :  
Vain thy loud song and scarlet glow,  
To save from his unerring bow ;  
The arrow finds thee there.  
Dark are the caverns of the wave,  
Yet those, that sport there, cannot save,  
Though hidden from the day,  
With silvery sides bedropt with gold,  
Struggling they on the beach are rolled  
O'er shells as bright as they.

Their pastimes these, and labours too,  
From day to day unwearied they renew,  
In garments floating with a woodland grace :  
Oh ! lovelier far than fabled sprites,  
They glide along through new delights,  
Like Health and Beauty vying in the race.  
Yet hours of soberer bliss they know,  
Their spirits in more solemn flow  
At day-fall oft will run  
When from his throne, with kingly motion,  
Into the loving arms of Ocean  
Descends the setting sun.

"Oh! beauteous are thy rocky vales,  
 Land of my birth, forsaken Wales!  
 Towering from continent or sea,  
 Where is the Mountain like to thee?—  
 The eagle's darling, and the tempest's pride,—  
 Thou! on whose ever-varying side  
 The shadows and the sun-beams glide  
 In still or stormy weather,  
 Oh Snowdon! may I breathe thy name?  
 And thine too, of gigantic frame,  
 Cader-Idris? 'neath the solar flame,  
 Oh! proud ye stand together  
 And thou, sweet Lake!"—but from its wave  
 She turned her inward eye,  
 For near these banks, within her grave,  
 Her mother sure must lie:  
 Weak were her limbs, long, long ago,  
 And grief, ere this, hath laid them low.

Yet soon Fitz-Owen's eye and voice  
 From these sad dreams recall  
 His weeping wife; and deeply cheered  
 She soon forgets them all.  
 Or, haply, through delighted tears,  
 Her mother's smiling shade appears,  
 And, her most duteous child caressing,  
 Bestows on her a parent's blessing,  
 And tells that o'er these holy groves  
 Oft hangs the parent whom she loves.  
 How beauteous both in hours like these  
 Prest in each other's arms, or on their knees,  
 They think of things for which no words are found  
 They need not speak: their looks express  
 More life-pervading tenderness  
 Than music's sweetest sound.  
 He thinks upon the dove-like rest  
 That broods within her pious breast;  
 The holy calm, the hush divine,  
 Where pensive, night-like glories shine;  
 Even as the mighty Ocean deep,  
 Yet clear and waveless as the sleep  
 Of some lone heaven-reflecting lake,  
 When evening-air its gleam forsake.  
 She thinks upon his love for her,  
 His wild, impassioned character,

To whom a look, a kiss, a smile,  
 Rewards for danger and for toil !  
 His power of spirit unsubdued,  
 His fearlessness,—his fortitude,—  
 The radiance of his gifted soul,  
 Where never mists or darkness roll :  
 A poet's soul that flows for ever,  
 Right onwards like a noble river,  
 Refulgent still, or by its native woods  
 Shaded, and rolling on through sunless solitudes.

In love and mercy, sure on him had God  
 The sacred power that stirs the soul bestowed ;  
 Nor fell his hymns on Mary's ear in vain ;  
 With brightening smiles the Vision hung  
 O'er the rapt poet while he sung,  
 More beauteous from the strain.  
 The songs he poured were sad and wild,  
 And while they would have soothed a child,  
 Who soon bestows his tears,  
 A deeper pathos in them lay  
 Than would have moved a hermit grey,  
 Bowed down with holy years.  
 One song he had about a Ship  
 That perished on the Main,  
 So woeful, that his Mary prayed,  
 At one most touching pause he made,  
 To cease the hearse-like strain :  
 And yet, in spite of all her pain,  
 Implored him, soon as he obeyed,  
 To sing it once again.  
 With faltering voice then would he sing  
 Of many a well-known far-off thing,  
 Towers, castles, lakes, and rills ;  
 Their names he gave not—could not give—  
 But happy ye, he thought, who live  
 Among the Cambrian hills.  
 Then of their own sweet Isle of Palms,  
 Full many a lovely lay  
 He sang ;—and of two happy sprites  
 Who live and revel in delights  
 For ever, night and day.  
 And who, even of immortal birth,  
 Or that for Heaven have left this earth,  
 Were e'er more blest than they !



But shall that bliss endure for ever ?  
 And shall these consecrated groves  
 Behold and cherish their immortal loves ?  
 Or must it come, the hour that is to sever  
 Those whom the Ocean in his wrath did spare ?  
 Awful that thought, and, like unto despair,  
 Oft to their hearts it sends an icy chill ;  
 Pain, death they fear not, come they when they will,  
 But the same fate together let them share ;  
 For how could either hope to die resigned,  
 If God should say, " One must remain behind " ?  
 Yet wisely doth the spirit shrink  
 From thought, when it is death to think :  
 Or haply, a kind being turns  
 To brighter hopes the soul that mourns  
 In killing woe ; else many an eye,  
 Now glad, would weep its destiny.  
 Even so it fares with them : they wish to live  
 Long on this island, lonely though it be.  
 Old age itself to them would pleasure give,  
 For lo ! a sight, which it is heaven to see,  
 Down yonder hill comes glancing beauteously,  
 And with a silver voice most wildly sweet,  
 Flings herself, laughing, down before her parents' feet.

Are they in truth her parents ?—Was her birth  
 Not drawn from heavenly sire, and from the breast  
 Of some fair spirit, whose sinless nature glowed  
 With purest flames, enamoured of a god,  
 And gave this child to light in realms of rest ;  
 Then sent her to adorn these island bowers,  
 To sport and play with the delighted hours,  
 Till called again to dwell among the blest ?  
 Sweet are such fancies :—but that kindling smile  
 Dissolves them all !—Her native isle  
 This sure must be : If she in Heaven were born,  
 What breathed into her face  
 That winning human grace,  
 Now dim, now dazzling like the break of morn ?  
 For, like the timid light of infant day,  
 That oft, when dawning, seems to die away,  
 The gleam of rapture from her visage flies,  
 Then fades, as if afraid, into her tender eyes.  
 Open thy lips, thou blessèd thing, again  
 And let thy parents live upon the sound ;



No other music wish they till they die.  
For never yet disease, or grief, or pain,  
Within thy breast the living lyre hath found,  
Whose chords send forth that touching melody.  
Sing on ! sing on ! it is a lovely air.  
Well could thy mother sing it when a maid :  
Yet strange it is in this wild Indian glade,  
To list a tune that breathes of nothing there,  
A tune that by his mountain-springs,  
Beside his slumbering lambkins fair,  
The Cambrian shepherd sings.

The air on her sweet lips hath died,  
And as a harper, when his tune is played,  
Pathetic though it be, with smiling brow  
Haply doth careless fling his harp aside,  
Even so regardlessly upstarteth now,  
With playful frolic, the light-hearted maid,  
As if, with a capricious gladness,  
She strove to mock the soul of sadness,  
Then mourning through the glade.  
Light as a falling leaf that springs  
Away before the zephyr's wings,  
Amid the verdure seems to lie  
Of motion reft, then suddenly,  
With bird-like fluttering, mounts on high,  
Up yon steep hill's unbroken side,  
Behold the little Fairy glide.  
Though free her breath, untired her limb,  
For through the air she seems to swim,  
Yet oft she stops to look behind  
On them below ;—till with the wind  
She flies again, and on the hill-top far  
Shines like the spirit of the evening star.  
Nor lingers long : as if a sight  
Half-fear, half-wonder, urged her flight,  
In rapid motion, winding still  
To break the steepness of the hill,  
With leaps, and springs, and out-stretched arms,  
More graceful in her vain alarms,  
The child outstrips the Ocean gale,  
In haste to tell her wondrous tale.  
Her parents' joyful hearts admire,  
Of peacock's plumes her glancing tire,  
All bright with tiny suns,

And the gleamings of the feathery gold,  
That play along each wavy fold  
Of her mantle as she runs.

“What ails my child?” her mother cries,  
Seeing the wildness in her eyes,  
The wonder on her cheek;  
But fearfully she beckons still,  
Up to her watch-tower on the hill,  
Ere one word can she speak.

“My Father! Mother! quickly fly  
Up to the green hill top with me,  
And tell me what you there descry;  
For a cloud hath fallen from the sky,  
And is sailing on the sea.”

They wait not to hear that word again:  
The steep seems level as the plain,  
And up they glide with ease:  
They stand one moment on the height  
In agony, then bless the sight,  
And drop upon their knees.

“A Ship!”—no more can Mary say,  
“A blessèd Ship!” and faints away.—  
Not so the happy sight subdues  
Fitz-Owen’s heart;—he calmly views  
The gallant vessel toss  
Her prow superbly up and down,  
As if she wore the ocean crown;  
And now, exulting in the breeze,  
With new-woke English pride he sees  
St George’s blessed Cross.

Behold them now, the happy three,  
Hang up a signal o’er the sea,  
And shout with echoing sound,  
While, gladdened by her parents’ bliss,  
The child prints many a playful kiss  
Upon their hands, or, mad with glee,  
Is dancing round and round.  
Scarce doth the thoughtless infant know  
Why thus their tears like rain should flow,  
Yet she must also weep;  
Such tears as innocence doth shed  
Upon its undisturbèd bed,  
When dreaming in its sleep.

And oft, and oft, her father presses  
 Her breast to his, and bathes her tresses,  
 Her sweet eyes and fair brow.  
 "How beautiful upon the wave  
 The vessel sails, who comes to save!  
 Fitting it was that first she shone  
 Before the wondering eyes of one,  
 So beautiful as thou.  
 See how before the wind she goes,  
 Scattering the waves like melting snows!  
 Her course with glory fills  
 The sea for many a league!—Descending,  
 She stoopeth now into the vale,  
 Now, as more freshly blows the gale,  
 She mounts in triumph o'er the watery hills.  
 Oh! whither is she tending?  
 She holds in sight yon sheltered bay;  
 As for her crew, how blest are they!  
 See! how she veers around!  
 Back whirl the waves with louder sound;  
 And now her prow points to the land:  
 For the Ship, at her glad lord's command,  
 Doth well her helm obey."

They cast their eyes around the isle:  
 But what a change is there!  
 For ever fled that lonely smile  
 That lay on earth and air,  
 That made its haunts so still and holy,  
 Almost for bliss too melancholy,  
 For life too wildly fair.  
 Gone—gone is all its loneliness,  
 And with it much of loveliness.  
 Into each deep glen's dark recess,  
 The day-shine pours like rain,  
 So strong and sudden is the light  
 Reflected from that wonder bright,  
 Now tilting o'er the Main.  
 Soon as the thundering cannon spoke,  
 The voice of the evening-gun  
 The spell of the enchantment broke,  
 Like dew beneath the sun.  
 Soon shall they hear the unwonted cheers  
 Of these delighted mariners,  
 And the loud sound of the oar,

As bending back away they pull,  
 With measured pause, most beautiful,  
 Approaching to the shore.  
 For her yards are bare of man and sail,  
 Nor moves the giant to the gale ;  
 But, on the Ocean's breast,  
 With storm-proof cables, stretching far,  
 There lies the stately Ship of War ;  
 And glad is she of rest.

Ungrateful ye ! and will ye sail away,  
 And leave your bower to flourish and decay,  
 Without one parting tear ?  
 Where you have slept, and loved, and prayed,  
 And with your smiling infant played  
 For many a blessed year !  
 No ! not in vain that bower hath shed  
 Its blossoms o'er your marriage-bed,  
 Nor the sweet Moon looked down in vain,  
 Forgetful of her heavenly reign,  
 On them whose pure and holy bliss  
 Even beautified that wilderness.  
 To every rock, and glade, and dell,  
 You now breathe forth a sad farewell.  
 "Say ! wilt thou ever murmur on  
 With that same voice when we are gone.  
 Belovèd stream !—Ye birds of light !  
 And in your joy as musical as bright,  
 Still will you pour that thrilling strain,  
 Unheard by us who sail the distant main ?  
 We leave our nuptial bower to you !  
 There still your harmless loves renew,  
 And there, as they who left it, blest,  
 The loveliest ever build your nest.  
 Farewell once more—for now and ever !  
 Yet, though unhopèd-for mercy sever  
 Our lives from thee, where grief might come at last ;  
 Yet whether chained in tropic calms,  
 Or driven before the blast,  
 Most surely shall our spirits never  
 Forget the Isle of Palms."—

"What means the Ship ?" Fitz-Owen cries,  
 And scarce can trust his startled eyes,



“ While safely she at anchor swings,  
 Why doth she thus expand her wings ?  
 She will not surely leave the bay,  
 Where sweetly smiles the closing day,  
 As if it tempted her to stay ?  
 O cruel Ship ! ’tis even so :  
 No sooner come than in haste to go ;  
 Angel of bliss ! and fiend of woe ! ”—  
 —“ Oh ! let that God who brought her here,  
 My husband’s wounded spirit cheer !  
 Mayhap the ship for months and years  
 Hath been among the storms, and fears  
 Yon lowering cloud, that on the wave  
 Flings down the shadow of a grave ;  
 For well thou know’st the bold can be  
 By shadows daunted, when they sail the sea.  
 Think, in our own lost ship, when o’er our head  
 Walked the sweet Moon in unobscured light,  
 How oft the sailors gazed with causeless dread  
 On her, the glory of the innocent night,  
 As if in those still hours of heavenly joy,  
 They saw a spirit smiling to destroy.  
 Trust that, when morning brings her light,  
 The sun will show a glorious sight,  
 This very Ship in joy returning  
 With outspread sails and ensigns burning,  
 To quench in bliss our causeless mourning.”—  
 —“ O Father ! look with kinder eyes  
 On me,”—the Fairy-infant cries.  
 “ Though oft thy face hath looked most sad,  
 At times when I was gay and glad,  
 These are not like thy other sighs.  
 But that I saw my Father grieve,  
 Most happy when yon thing did leave  
 Our shores, was I :—Mid waves and wind,  
 Where, Father ! could we ever find  
 So sweet an island as our own ?  
 And so we all would think, I well believe,  
 Lamenting, when we look’d behind,  
 That the Isle of Palms was gone.”—

Oh blessed child ! each artless tone  
 Of that sweet voice, thus plaintively  
 Breathing of comfort to thyself unknown,  
 Who feelest not how beautiful thou art,

Sinks like an anthem's pious melody  
 Into thy father's agitated heart,  
 And makes it calm and tranquil as thy own.  
 A shower of kisses bathes thy smiling face,  
 And thou, rejoicing once again to hear  
 The voice of love so pleasant to thine ear,  
 Thorough the brake, and o'er the lawn,  
 Bounding along like a sportive fawn,  
 With laugh and song renew'st thy devious race ;  
 Or round them like a guardian sprite,  
 Dancing with more than mortal grace,  
 Steepest their gazing souls in still delight.  
 For how could they, thy parents, see  
 Thy innocent and fearless glee,  
 And not forget, but one short hour ago,  
 When the Ship sailed away, how bitter was their woe ?  
 —Most like a dream it doth appear,  
 When she, the vanished Ship, was here :—  
 A glimpse of joy, that, while it shone,  
 Was surely passing-sweet :—now it is gone,  
 Not worth one single tear.

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#### CANTO FOURTH.

A SUMMER Night descends in balm  
 On the orange-bloom, and the stately Palm,  
 Of that romantic steep,  
 Where, silent as the silent hour,  
 'Mid the soft leaves of their Indian bower,  
 Three happy spirits sleep.  
 And we will leave them to themselves,  
 To the moon and the stars, these happy elves,  
 To the murmuring wave, and the zephyr's wing,  
 That dreams of gentlest joyance bring  
 To bathe their slumbering eyes ;  
 And on the moving clouds of night,  
 High o'er the main will take our flight,  
 Where beauteous Albion lies.  
 Wondrous, and strange, and fair, I ween,  
 The sounds, the forms, the hues have been  
 Of these delightful groves ;

And mournful as the melting sky,  
Or a faint-remembered melody,  
The story of their loves.  
Yet though they sleep, those breathings wild,  
That told of the Fay-like sylvan child,  
And of them who live in lonely bliss,  
Like bright flowers of the wilderness,  
Happy and beauteous as the sky  
That views them with a loving eye,  
Another tale I have to sing,  
Whose low and plaintive murmuring  
May well thy heart beguile,  
And when thou weep'st along with me,  
Through tears no longer may'st thou see  
That fairy Indian Isle.

Among the Cambrian hills we stand !  
By dear compulsion chained unto the strand  
Of a still Lake, yet sleeping in the mist,  
The thin blue mist that beautifies the morning ;  
Old Snowdon's gloomy brow the sun hath kissed,  
Till, rising like a giant from his bed,  
High o'er the mountainous sea he lifts his head,  
The loneliness of Nature's reign adorning  
With a calm majesty and pleasing dread.  
A spirit is singing from the coves  
Yet dim and dark ; that spirit loves  
To sing unto the Dawn,  
When first he sees the shadowy veil,  
As if by some slow-stealing gale,  
From her fair face withdrawn.  
How the Lake brightens while we gaze !  
Impatient for the flood of rays  
That soon will bathe its breast ;  
Where rock, and hill, and cloud, and sky,  
Even like its peaceful self, will lie  
Ere long in perfect rest.  
The dawn hath brightened into day :  
Blessings be on yon crescent-bay,  
Beloved in former years !  
Dolbardan ! at this silent hour,  
More solemn far thy lonely tower  
Unto my soul appears,  
Than when, in days of roaming youth,  
I saw thee first, and scarce could tell

If thou wert frowning there in truth,  
 Or only raised by Fancy's spell,  
 An airy tower 'mid an unearthly dell.

O! wildest Bridge, by human hand e'er framed!  
 If so thou mayst be named:  
 Thou! who for many a year hast stood  
 Clothed with the deep-green moss of age,  
 As if thy tremulous length were living wood,  
 Sprung from the bank on either side,  
 Despising, with a careless pride,  
 The tumults of the wintry flood,  
 And hill-born tempest's rage.  
 Each flower upon thy moss I know,  
 Or think I know; like things they seem  
 Fair and unchanged of a returning dream!  
 While underneath, the peaceful flow  
 Of the smooth river to my heart  
 Brings back the thoughts that long ago  
 I felt, when forced to part  
 From the deep calm of Nature's reign,  
 To walk the world's loud scenes again.  
 And let us with that river glide  
 Around yon hillock's verdant side;  
 And lo! a gleam of sweet surprise,  
 Like sudden sunshine, warms thine eyes.  
 White as the spring's unmelted snow,  
 That lives though winter storms be o'er,  
 A Cot beneath the mountain's brow  
 Smiles through its shading sycamore.  
 The silence of the morning air  
 Persuades our hearts to enter there.  
 In dreams all quiet things we love;  
 And sure no star that lies above,  
 Cradled in clouds, that also sleep,  
 Enjoys a calm more husht and deep  
 Than doth this slumbering cell:  
 Yea! like a star it looketh down  
 In pleasure from its mountain-throne,  
 On its own little dell.

A lovelier form now meets mine eye,  
 Than the loveliest cloud that sails the sky!  
 And human feelings blend



With the pleasure born of the glistening air,  
 As in our dreams uprises fair  
 The face of a dear friend.  
 A vision glides before my brain,  
 Like her who lives beyond the Main !  
 Breathing delight, the beauteous flower  
 That Heaven had raised to grace this bower.  
 To me this field is holy ground !  
 Her voice is speaking in the sound  
 That cheers the streamlet's bed.  
 Sweet Maiden !—side by side we stand,  
 While gently moves beneath my hand  
 Her soft and silky head.  
 A moment's pause ! and as I look  
 On the silent cot and the idle brook,  
 And the face of the quiet day,  
 I know from all that many a year  
 Hath slowly past in sorrow here,  
 Since Mary went away.  
 But that wreath of smoke now melting thin,  
 Tells that some being dwells within ;  
 And the balmy breath that stole  
 From the rose-tree, and jasmin, clustering wide  
 O'er all the dwelling's blooming side,  
 Tells that whoe'er doth there abide,  
 Must have a gentle soul.

Then gently breathe, and softly tread,  
 As if thy steps were o'er the dead !  
 Break not the slumber of the air,  
 Even by the whisper of a prayer,  
 But in thy spirit let there be  
 A silent "Benedicite !"

Thine eye falls on the vision bright,  
 As she sits amid the lonely light  
 That gleams from her cottage-hearth :  
 O ! fear not to gaze on her with love !  
 For, though these looks are from above,  
 She is a form of earth.  
 In the silence of her long distress,  
 She sits with pious stateliness ;  
 As if she felt the eye of God  
 Were on her childless lone abode.  
 While her lips move with silent vows,  
 With saintly grace the phantom bows

Over a Book spread open on her knee.  
 O blessèd Book ! such thoughts to wake !  
 It tells of Him who for our sake  
 Died on the cross,—Our Saviour's History.  
 How beauteously hath sorrow shed  
 Its mildness round her aged head !  
 How beauteously her sorrow lies  
 In the solemn light of her faded eyes !  
 And lo ! a faint and feeble trace  
 Of hope yet lingers on her face,  
 That she may yet embrace again  
 Her child, returning from the Main ;  
 For the brooding dove shall leave her nest,  
 Sooner than hope a mother's breast.

Her long-lost child may still survive !  
 That thought hath kept her wasted heart alive ;  
 And often, to herself unknown,  
 Hath mingled with the midnight sigh,  
 When she breathed, in a voice of agony,  
 " Now every hope is gone !"  
 'Twas this that gave her strength to look  
 On the mossy banks of the singing brook,  
 Where Mary oft had played ;  
 And duly, at one stated hour,  
 To go in calmness to the bower  
 Built in her favourite glade.  
 'Twas this that made her, every morn,  
 As she blessed it, bathe the ancient thorn  
 With water from the spring ;  
 And gently tend each floweret's stalk,  
 For she called to mind who loved to walk  
 Through their fragrant blossoming.  
 Yea ! the voice of hope oft touched her ear  
 From the hymn of the lark that carolled clear,  
 Through the heart of the silent sky.  
 " Oh ! such was my Mary's joyful strain !  
 And such she may haply sing again  
 Before her Mother die."  
 Thus hath she lived for seven long years,  
 With gleams of comfort through her tears ;  
 Thus hath that beauty to her face been given !  
 And thus though silver grey her hair,  
 And pale her cheek, yet is she fair  
 As any Child of Heaven !

Yet, though she thus in calmness sit,  
Full many a dim and ghastly fit  
Across her brain hath rolled :  
Oft hath she swooned away from pain ;  
And when her senses came again,  
Her heart was icy-cold.  
Hard hath it been for her to bear  
The dreadful silence of the air  
At night, around her bed ;  
When her waking thoughts through the darkness grew  
Hideous as dreams, and for truth she knew  
That her dear child was dead.  
Things loved before seem altered quite,  
The sun himself yields no delight,  
She hears not the neighbouring waterfall,  
Or, if she hear, the tones recall  
The thought of her, who once did sing  
So sweetly to its murmuring.  
No summer-gale, no winter-blast,  
By day or night o'er her cottage passed,  
If her restless soul did wake,  
That brought not a Ship before her eyes ;  
Yea ! often dying shrieks and cries  
Sailed o'er Llanberris Lake,  
Though, far as the charmed eye could view,  
Upon the quiet earth it lay,  
Like the Moon amid the heavenly way,  
As bright and silent too.

Hath she no friend whose heart may share  
With her the burthen of despair,  
And by her earnest, soothing voice,  
Bring back the image of departed joys  
So vividly, that reconciled  
To the drear silence of her cot,  
At times she scarcely miss her child ?  
Or, the wild raving of the sea forgot,  
Hear nought amid the calm profound,  
Save Mary's voice, a soft and silver sound ?  
No ! seldom human footsteps come  
Unto her childless widowed home ;  
No friend like this e'er sits beside her fire :  
For still doth selfish happiness  
Keep far away from real distress,  
Loth to approach, and eager to retire.

The vales are wide, the torrents deep,  
 Dark are the nights, the mountains steep,  
 And many a cause, without a name,  
 Will from our spirits hide the blame,  
 When, thinking of ourselves, we cease  
 To think upon another's peace ;  
 Though one short hour to sorrow given,  
 Would cheer the gloom, and win the applause of Heaven.  
 Yet, when by chance they meet her on the hill,  
 Or lonely wandering by the sullen rill,  
 By its wild voice to dim seclusion led,  
 The shepherds linger on their way,  
 And unto God in silence pray,  
 To bless her hoary head.  
 In churchyard on the Sabbath-day  
 They all make room for her, even they  
 Whose tears are falling down in showers  
 Upon the fading funeral flowers,  
 Which they have planted o'er their children's clay.  
 And though her faded cheeks be dry,  
 Her breast unmoved by groan or sigh,  
 More piteous is one single smile  
 Of hers, than many a tear ;  
 For she is wishing all the while  
 That her head were lying here ;  
 Since her dear daughter is no more,  
 Drowned in the sea, or buried on the shore.

A sudden thought her brain hath crossed ;  
 And in that thought all woes are lost,  
 Though sad and wild it be :  
 Why must she still, from year to year,  
 In lonely anguish linger here ?  
 Let her go, ere she die, unto the coast,  
 And dwell beside the sea ;  
 The sea that tore her child away,  
 When glad would she have been to stay.  
 An awful comfort to her soul  
 To hear the sleepless Ocean roll !  
 To dream, that on his boundless breast,  
 Somewhere her long-wept child might rest  
 On some far island wrecked, yet blest  
 Even as the sunny wave.  
 Or, if indeed her child is drowned,  
 For ever let her drink the sound



That day and night still murmurs round  
 Her Mary's distant grave.  
 —She will not stay another hour ;  
 Her feeble limbs with youthful power  
 Now feel endowed ; she hath ta'en farewell  
 Of her native stream, and hill and dell ;  
 And with a solemn tone  
 Upon the bower implores a blessing,  
 Where often she had sate caressing  
 Her who, she deems, is now a saint in Heaven.  
 Upon her hearth the fire is dead,  
 The smoke in air hath vanishèd ;  
 The last long lingering look is given,  
 The shuddering start,—the inward groan,—  
 And the Pilgrim on her way hath gone.

Behold her on the lone sea-shore,  
 Listening unto the hollow roar  
 That with eternal thunder, far and wide,  
 Clothes the black-heaving Main ! she stands  
 Upon the cold and moistened sands,  
 Nor in that deep trance sees the quickly-flowing tide.  
 She feels it is a dreadful noise,  
 That in her bowèd soul destroys  
 A Mother's hope, though blended with her life ;  
 But surely she hath lost her child,  
 For how could one so weak and mild  
 Endure the Ocean's strife,  
 Who, at this moment of dismay,  
 Howls like a monster o'er his prey !  
 But the tide is rippling at her feet,  
 And the murmuring sound, so wildly sweet,  
 Dispels these torturing dreams :  
 Oh ! once again the sea behold,  
 O'er all its wavy fields of gold,  
 The playful sunlight gleams.  
 These little harmless waves so fair,  
 Speak not of sorrow or despair ;  
 How soft the zephyr's breath !  
 It sings like joy's own chosen sound ;  
 While life and pleasure dance around,  
 Why must thou muse on death ?  
 Here even the timid child might come,  
 To dip her small feet in the foam ;  
 And, laughing as she viewed

The billows racing to the shore,  
 Lament when their short course was o'er,  
 Pursuing and pursued.  
 How calmly floats the white sea-mew  
 Amid the billows' verdant hue !  
 How calmly mounts into the air,  
 As if the breezes blew her there !  
 How calmly on the sand alighting,  
 To dress her silken plumes delighting !  
 See ! how these tiny vessels glide  
 With all sails set, in mimic pride,  
 As they were ships of war.  
 All leave the idle port to-day,  
 And with oar and sheet the sunny bay  
 Is glancing bright and far.

She sees the joy, but feels it not :  
 If e'er her child should be forgot  
 For one short moment of oblivious sleep,  
 It seems a wrong to one so kind,  
 Whose mother, left on earth behind,  
 Hath nought to do but weep.  
 For, wandering in her solitude,  
 Tears seem to her the natural food  
 Of widowed childless age ;  
 And bitter though these tears must be,  
 Which falling there is none to see,  
 Her anguish they assuage.  
 A calm succeeds the storm of grief,  
 A settled calm, that brings relief,  
 And half partakes of pleasure, soft and mild ;  
 For the spirit, that is sore distrest,  
 At length, when wearied into rest,  
 Will slumber like a child.  
 And then, in spite of all her woe,  
 The bliss, that charmed her long ago,  
 Bursts on her like the day.  
 Her child, she feels, is living still,  
 By God and angels kept from ill  
 On some isle far away.  
 It is not doomed that she must mourn  
 For ever ;—One may yet return  
 Who soon will dry her tears :  
 And now that seven long years are flown,

Though spent in anguish and alone,  
 How short the time appears !  
 She looks upon the billowy main,  
 And the parting-day returns again ;  
 Each breaking wave she knows ;  
 And when she listens to the tide,  
 Her child seems standing by her side ;  
 So like the past it flows.  
 She starts to hear the city-bell ;  
 So tolled it when they wept farewell !  
 She thinks the self-same smoke and cloud  
 The city domes and turrets shroud ;  
 The same keen flash of ruddy fire  
 Is burning on the lofty spire ;  
 The grove of masts is standing there  
 Unchanged, with all their ensigns fair ;  
 The same, the stir, the tumult, and the hum,  
 As from the city to the shore they come.

Day after day, along the beach she roams,  
 And evening finds her there, when to their homes  
 All living things have gone.  
 No terrors hath the surge or storm  
 For her ;—on glides the agèd form,  
 Still restless and alone.  
 Familiar unto every eye  
 She long hath been : her low deep sigh  
 Hath touched with pity many a thoughtless breast :  
 And prayers, unheard by her, are given,  
 That in its mercy watchful Heaven  
 Would send the agèd rest.  
 As on the smooth and hardened sand,  
 In many a gay and rosy band,  
 Gathering rare shells, delighted children stray,  
 With pitying gaze they pass along,  
 And hush at once the shout and song,  
 When they chance to cross her way.  
 The strangers, as they idly pace  
 Along the beach, if her they meet,  
 No more regard the sea : her face  
 Attracts them by its solemn grace,  
 So mournful, yet so sweet.  
 The boisterous sailor passes by  
 With softer step, and o'er his eye  
 A haze will pass most like unto a tear ;

For he hath heard, that, broken-hearted,  
Long, long ago, that mother parted  
With her lost daughter here.  
Such kindness soothes her soul, I ween,  
As through the harbour's busy scene,  
She passes weak and slow.  
A comfort sad it brings to see  
That others pity her, though free  
Themselves from care or woe.

The playful voice of streams and rills,  
The echo of the caverned hills,  
The murmur of the trees,  
The bleat of sheep, the song of bird,  
Within her soul no more are heard ;  
There, sound for aye the seas.  
Seldom she hears the ceaseless din  
That stirs the busy port. Within  
A murmur dwells, that drowns all other sound :  
And oft, when dreaming of her child,  
Her tearful eyes are wandering wild,  
Yet nought behold around.  
But hear and see she must this day ;  
Her sickening spirit must obey  
The flashing and the roar  
That burst from fort, and ship, and tower,  
While clouds of gloomy splendour lower  
O'er city, sea, and shore.  
The pier-head, with a restless crowd,  
Seems all alive ; there, voices loud  
Oft raise the thundrous cheer,  
While, from on board the ship of war,  
The music bands both near and far  
Are playing, faint or clear.  
The bells ring quick a joyous peal,  
Till the very spires appear to feel  
The joy that stirs throughout their tapering height.  
Ten thousand flags and pendants fly  
Abroad, like meteors in the sky,  
So beautiful and bright.  
And, while the storm of pleasure raves  
Through each tumultuous street,  
Still strikes the ear one darling tune,  
Sung hoarse, or warbled sweet ;



Well doth it suit the First of June,  
 “ Britannia rule the Waves ! ”

What Ship is she that rises slow  
 Above the horizon ?—White as snow,  
 And covered as she sails  
 By the bright sunshine, fondly wooed  
 In her calm beauty, and pursued  
 By all the Ocean gales ?  
 Well doth she know this glorious morn,  
 And by her subject waves is borne,  
 As in triumphal pride :  
 And now the gazing crowd descry,  
 Distinctly floating on the sky,  
 Her pendants long and wide,  
 The outward forts she now hath passed ;  
 Loftier and loftier towers her mast ;  
 You almost hear the sound  
 Of the billows rushing past her sides,  
 As giant-like she calmly glides  
 Through the dwindled ships around.  
 Saluting thunders rend the Main !  
 Short silence !—and they roar again,  
 And veil her in a cloud :  
 Then up leap all her fearless crew,  
 And cheer, till shore, and city too,  
 With echoes answer loud.  
 In peace and friendship doth she come,  
 Rejoicing to approach her home,  
 After absence long and far :  
 Yet with like calmness would she go,  
 Exulting to behold the foe,  
 And break the line of war.

While all the noble Ship admire,  
 Why doth One from the crowd retire,  
 Nor bless the stranger bright ?  
 So looked the Ship that bore away  
 Her weeping child ! She dares not stay,  
 Death-sickenening at the sight.  
 Like a ghost, she wanders up and down  
 Throughout the still deserted town,  
 Wondering, if in that noisy throng,  
 Amid the shout, the dance, the song,

One wretched heart there may not be,  
 That hates its own mad revelry !  
 One mother, who hath lost her child,  
 Yet in her grief is reconciled  
 To such unmeaning sounds as these.  
 Yet this may be the mere disease  
 Of grief with her : for why destroy  
 The few short hours of human joy,  
 Though Reason own them not ?—" Shout on," she cries,  
 " Ye thoughtless, happy souls ! A mother's sighs  
 Must not your bliss profane.  
 Yet blind must be that mother's heart  
 Who loves thee, beauteous as thou art,  
 Thou Glory of the Main !"

Towards the churchyard see the Matron turn !  
 There surely she in solitude may mourn,  
 Tormented not by such distracting noise.  
 But there seems no peace for her this day,  
 For a crowd advances on her way,  
 As if no spot were sacred from their joys.  
 —Fly not that crowd ! for Heaven is there !  
 It breathes around thee in the air,  
 Even now, when unto dim despair  
 Thy heart was sinking fast :  
 A cruel lot hath long been thine ;  
 But now let thy face with rapture shine,  
 For bliss awaiteth thee divine,  
 And all thy woes are past.  
 Dark words she hears among the crowd,  
 Of a ship that hath on board  
 Three Christian souls, who on the coast  
 Of some wild land were wrecked long years ago,  
 When all but they were in a tempest lost,  
 And now by Heaven are rescued from their woe,  
 And to their country wondrously restored.  
 The name, the blessèd name, she hears,  
 Of that beloved Youth,  
 Whom once she called her son ; but fears  
 To listen more, for it appears  
 Too heavenly for the truth.  
 And they are speaking of a child,  
 Who looks more beautifully wild  
 Than pictured fairy in Arabian tale ;

Wondrous her foreign garb, they say,  
 Adorned with starry plumage gay,  
 While round her head tall feathers play,  
 And dance with every gale.

Breathless upon the beach she stands,  
 And lifts to Heaven her claspèd hands,  
 And scarcely dares to turn her eye  
 On yon gay barge fast rushing by.  
 The dashing oar disturbs her brain  
 With hope, that sickens into pain.  
 The boat appears so wondrous fair,  
 Her daughter must be sitting there !  
 And as her gilded prow is dancing  
 Through the land-swell, and gaily glancing  
 Beneath the sunny gleams,  
 Her heart must own, so sweet a sight,  
 So formed to yield a strange delight,  
 She ne'er felt even in dreams.  
 Silent the music of the oar !  
 The eager sailors leap on shore,  
 And look, and gaze around,  
 If 'mid the crowd they may descry  
 A wife's, a child's, a kinsman's eye,  
 Or hear one family sound.  
 —No sailor, he, so fondly pressing  
 Yon fair child in his arms,  
 Her eyes, her brow, her bosom kissing,  
 And bidding her with many a blessing  
 To hush her vain alarms.  
 How fair that creature by his side,  
 Who smiles with languid glee,  
 Slow-kindling from a mother's pride !  
 Oh ! Thou alone may'st be  
 The mother of that fairy child :  
 These tresses dark, these eyes so wild,  
 That face with spirit beautified,  
 She owes them all to thee.

Silent and still the sailors stand,  
 To see the meeting strange that now befell.  
 Unwilling sighs their manly bosoms swell,  
 And o'er their eyes they draw the sun-burnt hand,  
 To hide the tears that grace their cheeks so well.

They lift the aged Matron from her swoon,  
 And not one idle foot is stirring there ;  
 For unto pity melts the sailor soon,  
 And chief when helpless woman needs his care  
 She wakes at last, and with a placid smile,  
 Such as a saint might on her deathbed give,  
 Speechless she gazes on her child awhile,  
 Content to die since that dear one doth live.  
 And much they fear that she indeed will die !  
 So cold and pale her cheek, so dim her eye ;—  
 And when her voice returns, so like the breath  
 It sounds, the low and tremulous tones of death.  
 Mark her distracted daughter seize  
 Her clay-cold hands, and on her knees  
 Implore that God would spare her hoary head ;  
 For sure, through these last lingering years,  
 By one so good, enough of tears  
 Hath long ere now been shed.  
 The Fairy-child is weeping too ;  
 For though her happy heart can slightly know  
 What she hath never felt, the pang of woe,  
 Yet to the holy power of Nature true,  
 From her big heart the tears of pity flow,  
 As infant morning sheds the purest dew.  
 Nought doth Fitz-Owen speak : he takes  
 His reverend mother on his filial breast,  
 Nor fears that, when her worn-out soul finds rest  
 In the new sleep of undisturbèd love,  
 The gracious God who sees them from above,  
 Will save the parent for her children's sakes.

Nor vain his pious hope : the strife  
 Of rapture ends, and she returns to life,  
 With added beauty smiling in the lines  
 By age and sorrow left upon her face.  
 Her eye, even now bedimmed with anguish, shines  
 With brightening glory, and a holy sense  
 In her husht soul of heavenly providence,  
 Breathes o'er her bending frame a loftier grace.  
 —Her Mary tells in simple phrase,  
 Of wildest perils past in former days,  
 Of shipwreck scarce remembered by herself ;  
 Then will she speak of that delightful isle,  
 Where long they lived in love, and to the elf



Now fondly clinging to her grandam's knee,  
 In all the love of quick-won infancy,  
 Point with the triumph of a mother's smile.  
 The sweet child then will tell her tale  
 Of her own blossomed bower, and palmy vale,  
 And birds with golden plumes, that sweetly sing  
 Tunes of their own, or borrowed from her voice ;  
 And, as she speaks, lo ! flits with gorgeous wing  
 Upon her outstretched arm, a fearless bird,  
 Her eye obeying, ere the call was heard,  
 And wildly warbles there the music of its joys.

Unto the blessèd Matron's eye  
 How changed seem now town, sea, and sky !  
 She feels as if to youth restored,  
 Such fresh and beauteous joy is poured  
 O'er the green dancing waves, and shelly sand.  
 The crowded masts within the harbour stand,  
 Emblems of rest : and yon ships far away,  
 Brightening the entrance of the Crescent-bay,  
 Seem things the tempest never can destroy,  
 To longing spirits harbingers of joy.  
 How sweet the music o'er the waves is borne,  
 In celebration of this glorious morn !  
 Ring on, ye bells ! most pleasant is your chime ;  
 And the quick flash that bursts along the shore,  
 The volumed smoke, and city-shaking roar,  
 Her happy soul now feels to be sublime.  
 How fair upon the human face appears  
 A kindling smile ! how idle all our tears !  
 Short-sighted still the moistened eyes of sorrow :  
 To-day our woes can never end,  
 Think we !—returns a long-lost friend,  
 And we are blest to-morrow.  
 Her anguish, and her wish to die,  
 Now seem like worst impiety,  
 For many a year she hopeth now to live ;  
 And God, who sees the inmost breast,  
 The vain repining of the sore distress,  
 In mercy will forgive.

How oft, how long, and solemnly,  
 Fitz-Owen and his Mary gaze  
 On her pale cheek, and sunken eye !

Much altered since those happy days,  
When scarcely could themselves behold  
One symptom faint that she was waxing old.  
That evening of her life how bright !  
But now seems falling fast the night.  
Yet the Welsh air will breathe like balm  
Through all her wasted heart, the heavenly calm  
That 'mid her native mountains sleeps for ever,  
In the deep vales,—even when the storms are roaring,  
High up among the cliffs : and that sweet river  
That round the white walls of her cottage flows,  
With gliding motion most like to repose,  
A quicker current to her blood restoring,  
Will cheer her long before her eyelids close.  
And yonder cheek of rosy light,  
Dark-clustering hair, and star-like eyes,  
And Fairy-form, that winged with rapture flies,  
And voice more wild than songstress of the night  
E'er poured unto the listening skies ;  
Yon spirit, who, with her angel smile,  
Shed Heaven around the lonely isle,  
With Nature, and with Nature's art,  
Will twine herself about the heart  
Of her who hoped not for a grandchild's kiss !  
These looks will scare disease and pain,  
Till in her wasted heart again  
Life grow with new-born bliss.

Far is the city left behind,  
And faintly-smiling through the soft-blue skies,  
Like castled clouds the Cambrian hills arise :  
Sweet the first welcome of the mountain-wind !  
And ever nearer as they come,  
Beneath the hastening shades of silent Even,  
Some old familiar object meets their sight,  
Thrilling their hearts with sorrowful delight,  
Until through tears they hail their blessed home,  
Bathed in the mist, confusing earth with heaven.  
With solemn gaze the aged matron sees  
The green roof laughing beneath greener trees ;  
And thinks how happy she will live and die  
Within that cot at last, beneath the eye  
Of them long wept as perished in the seas.  
And what feel they ? with dizzy brain they look  
On cot, field, mountain, garden, tree, and brook,

With none contented, although loving all ;  
 While deep-delighted memory,  
 By faint degrees, and silently,  
 Doth all their names recall.  
 And looking in her mother's face,  
 With smiles of most bewitching grace,  
 In a wild voice that wondering pleasure calms,  
 Exclaims the child, " Is this home ours ?  
 Ah me ! how like these lovely flowers  
 To those I trained upon the bowers  
 Of our own Isle of Palms !"

Hushed now these island-bowers as death !  
 And ne'er may human foot or breath,  
 Their dew disturb again ; but not more still  
 Stand they, o'ershadowed by their palmy hill,  
 Than this deserted cottage ! O'er the green,  
 Once smooth before the porch, rank weeds are seen,  
 Choking the feebler flowers : with blossoms hoar,  
 And verdant leaves, the unpruned eglantine  
 In wanton beauty foldeth up the door.  
 And through the clustering roses that entwine  
 The lattice-window, neat and trim before,  
 The setting sun's slant beams no longer shine.  
 The hive stands on the ivied tree,  
 But murmurs not one single bee ;  
 Frail looks the osier-seat, and grey,  
 None hath sat there for many a day ;  
 And the dial, hid in weeds and flowers,  
 Hath told, by none beheld, the solitary hours.  
 No birds that love the haunts of men,  
 Hop here, or through the garden sing :  
 From the thick-matted hedge, the lonely wren  
 Flits rapid by on timid wing,  
 Even like a leaf by wandering zephyr moved.  
 But long it is since that sweet bird,  
 That twitters 'neath the cottage eaves,  
 Was here by listening morning heard :  
 For she, the summer-songstress, leaves  
 The roof by laughter never stirred,  
 Still loving human life, and by it still beloved.

O ! wildest cottage of the wild !  
 I see thee waking from thy breathless sleep !



Scarcely distinguished from the rocky steep,  
 High o'er thy roof in forms fantastic piled.  
 More beauteous art thou than of yore,  
 With joy all glistening after sorrow's gloom ;  
 And they who in that paradise abide,  
 By sadness and misfortune beautified,  
 There brighter walk than o'er yon island shore,  
 As loveliness wakes lovelier from the tomb.  
 Long may'st thou stand in sun and dew,  
 And spring thy faded flowers renew,  
 Unharm'd by frost or blight !  
 Without, the wonder of each eye,  
 Within, as happy as the sky,  
 Encompassed with delight.  
 —May thy old age be calm and bright,  
 Thou grey-haired one !—like some sweet night  
 Of winter, cold, but clear, and shining far  
 Through mists, with many a melancholy star.  
 —O Fairy-child ! what can I wish for thee ?  
 Like a perennial floweret may'st thou be,  
 That spends its life in beauty and in bliss !  
 Soft on thee fall the breath of time,  
 And still retain in heavenly clime  
 The bloom that charmed in this !

O, happy Parents of so sweet a child,  
 Your share of grief already have you known ;  
 But long as that fair spirit is your own,  
 To either lot you must be reconciled.  
 Dear was she in yon palmy grove,  
 When fear and sorrow mingled with your love,  
 And oft you wished that she had ne'er been born ;  
 While in the most delightful air  
 The angelic infant sang, at times her voice,  
 That seemed to make even lifeless things rejoice,  
 Woke, on a sudden, dreams of dim despair,  
 As if it breathed, “ For me, an Orphan, mourn ! ”  
 Now can they listen when she sings  
 With mournful voice of mournful things,  
 Almost too sad to hear ;  
 And when she chants her evening-hymn,  
 Glad smile their eyes, even as they swim  
 With many a gushing tear.  
 Each day she seems to them more bright  
 And beautiful,—a gleam of light



That plays and dances o'er the shadowy earth !  
It fadeth not in gloom or storm,—  
For Nature chartered that aërial form  
In yonder fair Isle when she blessed her birth !  
The Isle of Palms ! whose forests tower again,  
Darkening with solemn shade the face of heaven.  
Now far away they like the clouds are driven,  
And as the passing night-wind dies my strain !

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# THE CITY OF THE PLAGUE.

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## ACT I.

### SCENE I.

*Time, the Afternoon.—Two Naval Officers walking along the banks of the Thames.—They sit down on a stone seat fronting the river.*

*Frankfort.* My heart feels heavier every step I take  
Towards the city. Oh! that I could drop  
Down like a bird upon its nest at once  
Into my mother's house. There might my soul  
Find peace, even 'mid the silent emptiness  
That told me she had perished.

*Wilmot.* All around  
Appears so bright, so tranquil, and so calm,  
That happy omens rise on every side,  
To strengthen and support us in our fears.

*Frank.* Oh Wilmot! to my soul a field of graves,  
A churchyard filled with marble monuments,  
Profoundly hushed in death's own sanctity,  
Seems not more alien to the voice of Hope,  
Than that wide wilderness of domes and spires,  
Hanging o'er the breathless city.

*Wil.* See! my friend,  
How bright the sunshine dances in its joy  
O'er the still flow of this majestic river.

I know not how, but gazing on that light  
 So beautiful, all images of death  
 Fade from my rousèd soul, and I believe  
 That our journey here must end in happiness.

*Frank.* Is it the hour of prayer?

*Wil.* The evening service,  
 Methinks, must now be closed.

*Frank.* There comes no sound  
 Of organ-peal or choral symphony  
 From yonder vast cathedral. How it stands  
 Amid the silent houses, with a strange  
 Deep silence of its own! I could believe  
 That many a Sabbath had passed prayerless on  
 Within its holy solitude. No knee  
 This day, methinks, hath bent before its altar.

*Wil.* It is a solemn pile! yet to mine eye  
 There rests above its massive sanctity  
 The clear blue air of peace.

*Frank.* A solemn pile!  
 Ay! there it stands, like a majestic ruin,  
 Mouldering in a desert; in whose silent heart  
 No sound hath leave to dwell. I knew it once,  
 When music in that chosen temple raised  
 The adoring soul to Heaven. But one dread year  
 Hath done the work of ages; and the Plague  
 Mocks in his fury the slow hand of time.

*Wil.* The sun smiles on its walls.

*Frank.* Why does the finger,  
 Yellow 'mid the sunshine on the Minster-clock,  
 Point at that hour? It is most horrible,  
 Speaking of midnight in the face of day.  
 During the very dead of night it stopped,  
 Even at the moment when a hundred hearts  
 Paused with it suddenly, to beat no more.  
 Yet, wherefore should it run its idle round?  
 There is no need that men should count the hours  
 Of time, thus standing on eternity.  
 It is a death-like image.

*Wil.* I could smile  
 At such fantastic terrors.

*Frank.* How can I,  
 When round me silent Nature speaks of death,  
 Withstand such monitory impulses?  
 When yet far off I thought upon the plague,  
 Sometimes my mother's image struck my soul



In unchanged meekness and serenity,  
And all my fears were gone. But these green banks,  
With an unwonted flush of flowers o'ergrown,  
Brown, when I left them last, with frequent feet,  
From morn till evening hurrying to and fro,  
In mournful beauty seem encompassing  
A still forsaken city of the dead.

*Wil.* It is the Sabbath-day—the day of rest.

*Frank.* O unrejoicing Sabbath ! not of yore  
Did thy sweet evenings die along the Thames  
Thus silently ! Now every sail is furled,  
The oar hath dropt from out the rower's hand,  
And on thou flowest in lifeless majesty,  
River of a desert lately filled with joy !  
O'er all that mighty wilderness of stone  
The air is clear and cloudless as at sea  
Above the gliding ship. All fires are dead,  
And not one single wreath of smoke ascends  
Above the stillness of the towers and spires.  
How idly hangs that arch magnificent.  
Across the idle river ! Not a speck  
Is seen to move along it. There it hangs,  
Still as a rainbow in the pathless sky.

*Wil.* Methinks such words bespeak a soul at rest,  
And willing, in this universal calm,  
To abide, whate'er it be, the doom of Fate.

*Frank.* I feel as if such solemn images  
Of desolation had recalled my soul  
From its own individual wretchedness ;  
As if one moment I forgot my parent,  
And all the friends I love, in the sublime  
And overwhelming presence of mortality.

*Wil.* Now, that your soul feels strong, let us proceed,  
With humble hope, towards your mother's house.

*Frank.* No, friend ! here must we part ! If e'er again  
We meet in this sad world, thou may'st behold  
A wretch bow'd down to the earth by misery,  
Ghost-like 'mid living men ; but rest assured  
O gentlest friend ! that, though my soul be dead  
To all beside, at sight of thee 'twill burn  
As with the everlasting fires of joy,  
Bursting its bonds of mortal wretchedness.

*Wil.* We must not—will not part.

*Frank.* Now, and for ever.  
I walk into yon city as the tomb !

A voice comes to me from its silent towers,  
 "Mortal, thy days are numbered!" Ere I go,  
 Kiss me, and promise that my name shall live  
 Sacred for ever in thy memory.

*Wil.* We must not—will not part.

*Frank.* What said my friend?

*Wil.* Here, by my father's soul (a fearless man,  
 Who used to say he never loved his friends  
 But in their combats with adversity),  
 I swear (and may we never meet in Heaven  
 If that dread oath be broken!) day and night,  
 Long as thou sojourn'st on thy work of love  
 Within this plague-struck city, at thy side  
 To move for ever an attending shadow;  
 Amid the silence or the shrieks of death,  
 Serene in unappallèd confidence,  
 That thou wilt walk unharmed, wilt find the house  
 Of thy parent, and her holy family,  
 Passed over by the angel of the Lord!  
 For the blessings of the poor have sanctified  
 The widow's lowly porch—life still is there.

*Frank.* O friend! most cruel from excess of love!  
 In all the beauty of thy untamed spirit  
 Thou walkest to perdition. Do not I  
 Look, as I feel, most like thy murderer?  
 Return unto our ship.

*Wil.* Frankfort, remember,  
 When the wild cry, "A man is overboard,"  
 Rung through our decks, till dumb and motionless  
 Stood the whole crew, fear-stricken by the storm,  
 Who at that moment leapt into the sea,  
 And seized the drowning screamer by the hair?  
 Who was that glorious being? Who the wretch  
 Then rescued from the waves? I loved thee well  
 Before I hung upon thy saving arm  
 Above the angry waves. But, from that hour,  
 I felt my soul called on by Providence  
 To dedicate itself for aye to thee,  
 And God's will must be done.

*Frank.* Wilmot, dost think  
 My mother can be living?

*Wil.* The soul oft feels  
 Mysterious presence of realities  
 Coming we know not whence, yet banishing

With power omnipotent all misgiving fears.  
So feel I at this moment—she is living.

*Frank.* O God forbid, that I should place belief  
In these dim shadowings of futurity !

Here, on this very spot where we now rest,  
Upon the morning I last sailed from England,  
My mother put her arms around my neck,  
And in a solemn voice, unchoked by tears,  
Said, “Son, a last farewell !” That solemn voice,  
Amid the ocean’s roaring solitude,  
Oft passed across my soul, and I have heard it  
Steal in sad music from the sunny calm.  
Upon our homeward voyage, when we spake  
The ship that told us of the Plague, I knew  
That the trumpet’s voice would send unto our souls  
Some dismal tidings ; for I saw her sails  
Black in the distance, flinging off with scorn  
A shower of radiance from the blessed sun,  
As if her crew would not be comforted.

*Wil.* The weakness of affection, prone to fear !  
Be comforted by me—my very dreams  
Of late have all been joyous.

*Frank.* Joyous dreams !  
My hours of sleep are now but few indeed,  
Yet what have I still dreamt of ? healthful faces,  
Round a sweet fireside, bright with gratitude ?  
The soft voice of domestic happiness ?  
Laughter disturbing with the stir of joy  
The reveries of the spirit ?—Oh ! my friend !  
Far other sounds and sights have filled my dreams !  
Still noiseless floors, untrod by human feet ;  
Chairs standing rueful in their emptiness ;  
An unswept hearth choked up by dust and ashes ;  
Beds with their curtains idly hanging down  
Unmoved by the breath of life : wide open windows,  
That the fresh air might purify the room  
From vapours of the noisome pestilence ;  
In a dark chamber, ice-cold like a tomb,  
A corpse laid out—O God ! my mother’s corpse,  
Woefully altered by a dire decay ;  
While my stunned spirit shuddered at the toll,  
The long, slow, dreary, sullen, mortal toll  
Of a bell swinging to the hand of death.  
But this is idle raving—hope is gone—  
And fears and apprehensions, day and night,  
Drive where they will my unresisting soul.



*Wil.* But that it is daylight, I could believe  
That yonder, moving by the river-side,  
Came on a ghost. Did ever eye behold  
A thing so death-like in the shape of man ?

*(An Old Man of a miserable and squalid appearance  
comes up, carrying an infant in his arms.)*

*Frank.* God's blessing on thee ! wilt thou rest, old man,  
Upon this traveller's seat ?

*Old Man.* God's blessing on thee !  
What, dost thou mean to taunt with mockery  
An old man tottering to the grave ? What pleasure  
Can ye young wretches find in scoffing thus  
At the white head of hungered beggary ?  
Have ye no fathers ? Well it is for them  
That their dry hearts are spared the bitterness  
Of seeing, in the broad and open day,  
Their reckless children sporting with old age.

*Frank.* Father, judge kindly of us.

*Old Man.* Let me go  
Untroubled on my way. Do you pity me ?  
Then give me alms : this thing upon my arm  
Is teasing me for food : I have it not—  
Give me your alms.

*Frank.* See ! here is bread, old man !  
I ask your blessing—come you from the city,  
And none to guide your steps along the brink  
Of this great river ?

*Old Man.* Yea ! they are all dead  
Who once did walk with me most lovingly,  
Slowlier than these slow steps. This piece of wood,  
This staff, is all I have to lean on now,  
And this poor baby, whom its nurse would give  
For a short pastime to his grandsire's arms,  
No other nurse hath now, but withered age—  
Sour, sullen, hopeless, God-forsaken age.

*Frank.* Is the plague raging ?

*Old Man.* Ay, and long will rage.  
The judgments of the prophets of old time  
Are now fulfilling. Young men ! turn and flee  
From the devoted city. Would ye hear  
What new is passing in yon monster's heart ?

*Frank.* We listen to thy voice.

*Old Man.* Three months ago,  
Within my soul I heard a mighty sound  
As of a raging river, day and night



Triumphing through the city : 'twas the voice  
 Of London sleepless in magnificence.  
 This morn I stood and listened. " Art thou dead,  
 Queen of the world ! " I asked my awe-struck heart,  
 And not one breath of life amid the silence  
 Disturbed the empire of mortality.  
 Death's icy hand hath frozen, with a touch,  
 The fountain of the river that made glad  
 The City of the Isle !

*Frank.* We hear thy voice.

*Old Man.* Sin brought the judgment : it was terrible.  
 Go read your Bible, young men ; hark to him  
 Who, in a vision, saw the Lion rage  
 Amid the towers of Judah, while the people  
 Fell on their faces, and the hearts of kings  
 Perished, and prophets wondered in their fear.  
 Then came the dry wind from the wilderness,  
 Towards the hill of Sion, not to fan  
 Or cleanse, but, whirlwind-like, to sweep away  
 The tents of princes and the men of war.

*Frank.* Wilmot ! methinks most like an ancient prophet,  
 With those white locks and wild unearthly eyes,  
 He comes forth from the desolated city,  
 A man who cannot die.—O may I ask,  
 Most reverend father, if——

*Old Man.* Hush ! hush ! lie still !  
 Didst hear this infant cry ? So small a sound  
 Ought not to startle thus a wretch who comes  
 From a three months' sojourn in a sepulchre.  
 Here ! infant, eat this bread and hold thy peace.  
 Young men, disturb me not with foolish questions ;  
 Your faces are towards the city : Will ye dare  
 The monster in his den ? Then go and die !  
 Two little drops amid a shower of rain,  
 Swallowed up in a moment by the heedless earth.

*Frank.* I fain would ask one question ; for, old man,  
 My parent lived in London, and I go  
 To seek her in that city of the tombs.

*Old Man.* Think of her with the dead ! A ship at sea  
 (Methinks I speak unto a mariner)  
 Goes to the bottom. Would you hope to find  
 Your friend alone, of all the fated crew,  
 Alive on a plank next day amid the waves ?  
 Think of her with the dead ! and praise the Lord !

*Wilmot.* Let us begone, the day is wearing fast.

*Old Man.* Know ye what you will meet with in the city ?  
Together will ye walk, through long, long streets,  
All standing silent as a midnight church.  
You will hear nothing but the brown red grass  
Rustling beneath your feet ; the very beating  
Of your own hearts will awe you ; the small voice  
Of that vain bauble, idly counting time,  
Will speak a solemn language in the desert.  
Look up to heaven, and there the sultry clouds,  
Still threatening thunder, lower with grim delight,  
As if the Spirit of the Plague dwelt there,  
Darkening the city with the shadows of death.  
Know ye that hideous hubbub ? Hark, far off  
A tumult like an echo ! on it comes,  
Weeping and wailing, shrieks and groaning prayer ;  
And louder than all, outrageous blasphemy.  
The passing storm hath left the silent streets.  
But are these houses near you tenantless ?  
Over your heads from a window, suddenly  
A ghastly face is thrust, and yells of death  
With voice not human. Who is he that flies,  
As if a demon dogged him on his path ?  
With ragged hair, white face, and bloodshot eyes,  
Raving, he rushes past you ; till he falls,  
As if struck by lightning, down upon the stones,  
Or, in blind madness, dashed against the wall,  
Sinks backward into stillness. Stand aloof,  
And let the Pest's triumphal chariot  
Have open way advancing to the tomb.  
See how he mocks the pomp and pageantry  
Of earthly kings ! A miserable cart,  
Heaped up with human bodies ; dragged along  
By shrunk steeds, skeleton-anatomies !  
And onwards urged by a wan meagre wretch,  
Doomed never to return from the foul pit,  
Whither with oaths, he drives his load of horror.  
Would you look in ? Grey hairs and golden tresses,  
Wan shrivelled cheeks that have not smiled for years ;  
And many a rosy visage smiling still ;  
Bodies in the noisome weeds of beggary wrapt,  
With age decrepit, and wasted to the bone ;  
And youthful frames, august and beautiful,  
In spite of mortal pangs,—there lie they all  
Embraced in ghastliness ! But look not long,  
For haply, 'mid the faces glimmering there,

The well-known cheek of some beloved friend  
 Will meet thy gaze, or some small snow-white hand,  
 Bright with the ring that holds her lover's hair.  
 Let me sit down beside you. I am faint  
 Talking of horrors that I looked upon  
 At last without a shudder.

*Frank.* Give me the child.

*Old Man.* Let the wretch rest. 'Twas but a passing pang,  
 And I feel strong again.—Dost smile, poor babe?  
 Yes! Thou art glad to see the full-orbed eye,  
 The placid cheek, and sparkling countenance  
 Of ruddy health once more; and thou wouldst go  
 With them thy young heart thinks so beautiful,  
 Nor ever look behind at the old man  
 Who brought thee from the grave! Sweet thoughtless  
 wretch,

I cling to thee with a more desperate love  
 Because of thy ingratitude.

*Frank.* Old man,

Is thy blood in his veins?

*Old Man.* All dead—all dead!

Round the baptismal font with awe we knelt,  
 My four sweet daughters and their loving husbands.  
 I held my last-born grandchild in my arms,  
 But as the hallowed water touched her face,  
 Even then she sickened, and a mortal paleness  
 Froze every parent's cheek. "The Plague is here!"  
 The priest exclaimed; and like so many ghosts,  
 We parted in the churchyard. O my God!  
 I know that Thou in wrath art merciful,  
 For Thou hast spared this babe for my old age!  
 But all who knelt round that baptismal font  
 Last Sabbath morning—one short week ago—  
 Are dead and buried—save one little child,  
 And a grey-headed man of fourscore years.

*Frank.* I dare not comfort thee.

*Old Man.* Why not, sweet youth?

Thy very voice is comfort—my dim eyes  
 Look on thee like a vision of delight  
 Coming back in beauty from th' abyss of years.  
 Let me hear thy voice once more.

*Frank.* Father! that book

With whose worn leaves the careless infant plays  
 Must be the Bible. Therein thy dim eyes  
 Will meet a cheering light, and silent words



Of mercy breathed from Heaven will be exhaled,  
 From the blest page, into thy withered heart.  
 The grace of God go with thee.

*Old Man.* Gentle youth  
 Thy voice reminds me of a boy who died  
 Thirty long years ago. Thou wilt pass on,  
 And we must meet no more ; yet could I think  
 Thou wert my son returning from the grave,  
 Or from some far-off land where he had gone,  
 And left us to our tears.

*Frank.* They are not lost  
 Who leave their parents for the calm of heaven.  
 Forgive a young man speaking thus to age,  
 'Tis done in love and reverence.

*Old Man.* 'Tis the Bible !  
 I know and feel it is a blessèd book,  
 And I remember how it stopped my tears  
 In days of former sorrows, like some herb  
 Of sovereign virtue to a wound applied.  
 But thou wilt pity me, when I confess  
 That oftentimes more than mortal agony  
 Shoots through my heart, when the most holy words  
 Of Jesus shine before me. There I see  
 Miracles of mercy and of saving love :  
 The widow sings for joy,—deliverance  
 Comes to the madman howling in his chains,—  
 And life stirs in the tomb. I shut the book,  
 And wonder where I am ; for all around me  
 Looks as if God had left this woeful earth  
 To ruin and despair, while his own word  
 Doth seem delusion, or with fearful doubts  
 My soul disturbs in sore perplexity.  
 To the Hebrew prophecies my spirit turns,  
 And feeds on wailing lamentations,  
 And dim forebodings of Almighty wrath.  
 Yea ! often do I see this very Plague  
 By these wild seers foretold, and all their songs  
 So doleful speak unto my ringing ear  
 Of this dread visitation. Idle dreams  
 Of my old crazèd brain ! But aye they haunt me,  
 And each plain phrase is clothed with mystic meaning  
 In spite of reason ; sad bewildering !  
 When still the soul keeps fighting with its fetters,  
 Yet hugs them self-imposed.



*Frank.* Such dreams will vanish  
When the sweet rural air, or breeze from the sea  
Sinks round thee. Art thou going to a home  
Where wife or child expect thee?

*Old Man.* Hush, sweet babe.  
There is a dwelling on the lone sea-shore  
Where I will carry thee.—An Angel's voice  
Told me to leave the city. You will see her,  
The Angel of the poor! Through every street  
The radiant creature walks . . . . .

*Wil. (to Frank).* Though dark his brain,  
It has, thou seest, a heavenly visitor,  
That comfort brings when reason's self is gone.

*Old Man.* 'Tis no delusion. When you see her face,  
Her pale face smiling on you suddenly,  
Pale almost as the raiment that she wears,  
And hear her voice, all one low mournful tone,  
Charming away despair, then will ye say  
"The Angel this of whom the old man spake;"  
Yet something lying far within her eyes  
Will tell that she is mortal.—Fare ye well!  
But list! sweet youths! where'er ye go, beware  
Of those dread dwellings all round Aldgate Church,  
For to me it seemeth that most dismal pile  
Is the black Palace of the Plague, and none  
May pass it by and live. God bless you both.

[*The Old Man passes on.*]

*Frank.* His words have sent a curse into my heart.  
The miserable spoke of misery  
Even with his parting farewell. Aldgate Church!

*Wil.* He passeth like a shadow from the city!  
A solemn traveller to the world of spirits.  
Methought his hollow and unearthly voice  
Came from the desolation of his soul,  
Like the wind at midnight moaning past our ship,  
A ghastly sound once heard and never more.  
—Frankfort, speak to me.

*Frank.* All round Aldgate Church?  
Said he not so? Close to that churchyard wall  
My mother's dwelling stands: her bedroom window  
Looks o'er the gravestones and the marble tombs.—  
All hope is dead within me.

*Wil.* Shall I go  
And ask the old man if he knows your mother?  
Perhaps . . . . .

*Frank.* Oh! ask him not, an hour will bring us  
 In presence of the house where I was born.  
 I wish he had staid with us yet a while,  
 For his voice held me in captivity,  
 Wild voice and haggard cheek. He heeded not  
 Me or my sorrow—in his misery  
 Both blind and deaf, without the help of age.  
 Methinks I see the cold wet tombstone lying  
 Upon my father's grave—another name,  
 "Mary his wife," is graven . . . . .

*Wil.* All have not perished.

*Frank.* What, hoping still! Come, let us onward walk  
 With heads uncovered, and with prostrate souls,  
 Unto the humbled city of despair.  
 Amid the roar of ocean-solitude  
 God hath been with us, and his saving hand  
 Will be our anchor in this dreadful calm,  
 This waveless silence of the sea of death.

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## SCENE II.

*A great square in the city.—A multitude of miserable Men and Women crowding round a person of a wild and savage appearance, dressed in a fantastical garb with an hour-glass in his hand.*

*Astrologer.* The sun is going down, and when he sets,  
 You know my accursèd gift of prophecy  
 Departeth from me, and I then become  
 Blind as my wretched brethren. Then the Plague  
 Riots in darkness 'mid his unknown victims,  
 Nor can I read the names within his roll  
 Now registered in characters of blood.  
 Come to me, all ye wearied, who would rest,  
 Who would exchange the fever's burning pillow  
 For the refreshing coolness of the grave!  
 Come hither, all ye orphans of a day,  
 And I will tell you when your heads shall rest  
 Upon your parents' bosoms. Yearn ye not  
 To clasp their shroudless bodies, and to lie  
 In the dark pit by love made beautiful?

Where are ye, veiled widows ? in the tomb  
The marriage-lamp doth burn unquenchably.  
Dry up your tears, fair virgins ! to the grave  
Betrothèd in your pure simplicity !

Still is one countenance beautiful in death,  
And it will lean to-night upon a breast  
White with the snows of perfect innocence.

—I call upon the wicked ! let him show  
His face among the crowd, and I will tell him  
His dreams of horror and his works of sin.

*(A Man of a fierce and ferocious aspect advances  
from the crowd.)*

*Stranger.* I ask thee not, thou juggling driveller,  
Whether the Plague hath fixed his eyes on me,  
Determined to destroy. Let them who fear  
Death and his pit, with pale beseeching hands  
Buy with their monies the awards of fate,  
And die in poverty. Thou speak'st of guilt,  
And know'st forsooth each secret deed of sin  
Done in the dark hour. Tell me, driveller !  
Where I, who lay no claim to honesty,  
Came by this gold. I'll give thee half of it  
If thou speak'st truly. Was there robbery ?

*Astrologer.* Flee, murderer ! from my sight ! I touch  
thy gold !

'Twould stain my fingers ! See the blood-gouts on it.  
Hither thou comest in savage hardihood,  
Yet with a beating heart. I saw thee murder him :  
What were his silver hairs, his tremulous voice,  
His old blind eyes to thee !—Ha ! shrinking off,  
Awed by a driveller ! Seize the murderer !  
You will find the bloody knife——

*[The Man rushes off, and all make way for him.  
Mine eyes at once*

*Did read the murderer's soul.*

*Voice from the crowd.* Guilt nor disease  
Are hidden from his ken—he knows them all.

*(Two Women advance eagerly from the crowd.)*

*1st Woman.* Listen to me before that woman speaks.  
I went this morning to my lover's house,  
Mine own betrothèd husband, who had come  
From sea two days ago. The house was empty ;  
As the cold grave that longeth for its coffin,  
'Twas damp and empty ; and I shrieked in vain  
On him who would not hear. Tell me his fate,



Say that he lives, or say that he is dead—  
 But tell me,—tell me, lest I curse my God,  
 Some tidings of him ; shouldst thou see him lying  
 Even in yon dreadful pit. Do you hear ? speak, speak !  
 O God !—no words can be so terrible  
 As that mute face, whose blackness murders hope,  
 And freezes my sick soul. Heaven's curse light on thee,  
 For that dumb mockery of a broken heart !

*Astrologer.* I see him not, some cloud envelopes him !

*Woman.* He hath left the city then, and gone on shipboard ?

*Astrologer.* I see him not, some cloud envelopes him !

*Woman.* What ! hast thou not a wondrous glass that  
 shows

Things past, or yet to come ? give me one look,  
 That I may see his face so beautiful,  
 Where'er it be ; or in that ghastly pit,  
 Or smiling 'mid his comrades on the deck,  
 While favouring breezes waft his blessèd ship  
 Far from the Plague, to regions of delight,  
 Where he may live for ever.

*Astrologer.* Is your lover  
 A tall thin youth, with thickly-clustering locks,  
 Sable and glossy as the raven's wing ?

*Woman.* Yes ! he is tall—I think that he is tall ;  
 His hair it is dark-brown—yes, almost black—  
 Many call it black—you see him ? Does he live ?

*Astrologer.* That pit containeth many beautiful :  
 But thy sailor, in his warlike garb, doth lie  
 Distinguished o'er the multitude of dead !  
 And all the crowd, when the sad cart was emptied,  
 Did weep and sob for that young mariner ;  
 Such corpse, they thought, should have been buried  
 Deep in the ocean's heart, and a proud peal  
 Of thunder rolled above his sinking coffin.

*Woman (distractedly).* Must I believe him ? off, off to the  
 pit !

One look into that ghastliness,—one plunge :  
 None ever loved me but my gentle sailor,  
 And his sweet lips are cold—I will leap down.

[*She rushes madly away.*]

*Voice from the crowd.* Ay, she intends to look before she  
 leaps ;

Well—life is life—I would not part with it  
 For all the girls in Christendom. Forsooth !

*2d Woman.* Say ! will my child recover from the Plague ?



*Astrologer.* Child ! foolish woman ! now thou hast no child.  
 Hast thou not been from home these two long hours,  
 Here listening unto that which touched thee not,  
 And left'st thou not thy little dying child,  
 Sitting by the fire, upon a madman's knee ?  
 Go home ! and ask thy husband for thy child !  
 The fire was burning fierce and wrathfully,  
 Its father knew not that the thing he held  
 Upon his knee had life—and when it shrieked  
 Amid the flames, he sat and looked at it,  
 With fixèd eyeballs and a stony heart.  
 Unnatural mother ! worse than idiotcy  
 To leave a baby in a madman's lap,  
 And yet no fetters, from infanticide  
 To save his murderous hands.

*Woman (rushing away).* O God ! O God !

*Astrologer.* Come forward, thou with that most ghost-  
 like face,  
 Fit for a winding-sheet ! and if those lips  
 So blue and quivering still can utter sounds,  
 What wouldst thou say ? The motions of thine eyes  
 Betoken some wild wish within thy heart.

*(A Man comes forward, and lays down money before  
 the Astrologer.)*

*Man.* I trust my hour is near. I am alone  
 In this dark world, and I desire to die.

*Astrologer.* Thou shalt be kept alive by misery.  
 A tree doth live, long after rottenness  
 Hath eat away its heart : the sap of life  
 Moves through its withered rind, and it lives on ;  
 'Mid the green woods a rueful spectacle  
 Of mockery and decay.

*Man.* I feel 'tis so.  
 Thus have I been since first the Plague burst out,  
 A term methinks of many hundred years !  
 As if this world were hell, and I condemned  
 To walk through woe to all eternity.  
 I will do suicide.

*Astrologer.* Thou canst not, fool !  
 Thou lovest life with all its agonies :  
 Buy poison, and 'twill lie for years untouched  
 Beneath thy pillow, when thy midnight horrors  
 Are at their worst. Coward ! thou canst not die !

*Man.* He sees my soul ; a blast as if from hell  
 Drives me back from the grave—I dare not die.

*[He disappears among the crowd.]*

(*A young and beautiful Lady approaches the Astrologer.*)

*Lady.* O man of fate! my lovely babes are dead!  
 My sweet twin-babes! and at the very hour  
 Thy voice predicted, did my infants die.  
 My husband saw them both die in my arms,  
 And never shed a tear. Yet did he love them  
 Even as the wretch who bore them in her womb.  
 He will not speak to me, but ever sits  
 In horrid silence, with his glazed eyes  
 Full on my face, as if he loved me not—  
 O God! as if he hated me! I lean  
 My head upon his knees and say my prayers,  
 But no kind word, or look, or touch is mine.  
 Then will he rise and pace through all the rooms,  
 Like to a troubled ghost, or pale-faced man  
 Walking in his sleep. O tell me! hath the Plague  
 E'er these wild symptoms? Must my husband perish  
 Without the sense of his immortal soul?  
 Or,—bless me for ever with the heavenly words,—  
 Say he will yet recover, and behold  
 His loving wife with answering looks of love.

*Astrologer.* Where are the gold, the diamonds, and the  
 pearls,  
 That erewhile, in thy days of vanity,  
 Did sparkle, star-like, through the hanging clouds  
 That shaded thy bright neck, that raven hair?  
 Give them to me; for many are the poor,  
 Nor shalt thou, Lady! ever need again  
 This mortal being's frivolous ornaments.  
 Give me the gold you promised; holiest alms  
 Add not a moment to our numbered days,  
 But the death of open-handed charity  
 Is on a bed of down. Hast thou the gold?

*Lady.* All that I have is here. My husband gave me  
 This simple necklace on my marriage-day.  
 Take it! Here is a picture set in gold.  
 The picture I may keep. O! that his face  
 Were smiling so serenely beautiful,  
 So like an angel's now!—O sacred ring!  
 Which I did hope to wear within the tomb,  
 I give thee to the poor. So may their prayers  
 Save him from death for whose delightful sake  
 With bliss I wore it, and with hope resign.  
 Here, take them all, thou steward of the poor;

Stern as thou art, thou art a holy man !

I do believe thou art a holy man.

*Astrologer.* Lady, thou need'st this wedding-ring no more !  
 Death with his lean and bony hand hath loosened  
 The bauble from thy finger, and even now  
 Thy husband is a corpse. O ! might I say  
 Thy beauty were immortal ! But a ghost,  
 In all the loveliness on earth it wore,  
 Walks through the moonlight of the cemetery,  
 And I know the shadow of the mortal creature  
 Now weeping at my side.

(*Enter FRANKFORT and WILMOT close to the Astrologer.*)

*Frank.* Amelia !

*Lady.* Ah me ! whose soft kind voice is that I hear ?

*Frank.* Frankfort ! the playmate of thy infancy,  
 The brother of thy womanhood, the friend  
 Of thy dear husband, and the godfather  
 Of thy sweet twins, heaven shield their innocence !

*Lady.* My babes are with their Saviour, and my husband  
 Has gone with them to heaven. Lead, lead me hence  
 For the seer's stern and scowling countenance  
 Is more than I can bear.

*Frank.* O grief ! to think  
 That one so dear to heaven, by Christ beloved  
 For a still life of perfect sinlessness,  
 Should, in such sad delusion, court the ban  
 Of this most savage liar, sporting thus  
 With the broken spirit of humanity.

*Astrologer.* Welcome to London, storm-beat mariners !  
 The city is in masquerade to-day,  
 And, in good truth, the Plague doth celebrate  
 A daily festival, with many a dance  
 Fantastic, and unusual melody,  
 That may not suit your ears, accustomed long  
 To the glad sea-breeze, and the rousing airs  
 Of martial music on your armèd decks.

*Frank.* (to *Wil.*) Is this some wild enthusiast, whom the  
 times  
 Have sent unto the light, deluding others  
 By his own strong delusions, or some fiend,  
 Thirsting for gold even in the very grave ?

*Wil.* With what a cruel face he looks at us !



*Frank.* If an impostor in the shadow of death  
Endangering thus thy soul, vile wretch ! come down  
From thy tribunal built upon the fears  
Of agony, lest in thy seat of guile  
The Pest may smite thee ! Lean on me, Amelia !

*Astrologer.* Scoff not at God's own delegate, Harry  
Frankfort !

What though the burning fever of the west  
Hath spared thy bronzed face and stately form ?  
A mightier Power is here ; and he may smile,  
Ere the sun go down, upon thy bloated corpse.  
Not thus the maiden whom her sailor loves  
Despised me and my prophecies. Magdalene,  
In snow-white raiment, like a maid that walked  
At the funeral of a maiden, she stood there,  
Even on the very stones beneath your feet,  
And asked of me her doom ; but on this earth  
Thy Magdalene's beauty must be seen no more.

*Frank. (to Wil.)* The maid of whom he speaks lives far  
remote.

In her father's cottage, near a silent lake  
Among the hills of Westmoreland, she breathes,  
Happy and well, her own sweet mountain air.  
Methinks I know his face. That hardened eye  
Gleams through the dimness of my memory,  
I know not when nor where. Amelia, come,  
And I will lead thee home. I hear the crowd  
Saying that thy husband is alive : may heaven  
For many a year preserve you to each other.  
Say, is my mother living ?

*Lady.* God forgive me,  
As I hope for my friend's forgiveness !  
I know not if she lives ; for, oh ! this Plague  
Hath spread an universal selfishness,  
And each house in its own calamity  
Stands single, shut from human fellowship  
By sullen misery and heart-withering fear.

*Voice from the crowd.* Look at the sorcerer ! how his  
countenance  
Is fallen !—'tis distorted horribly !  
A shadow comes across it, like a squall  
Darkening the sea.

*Another voice.* Even thus I saw a man  
This very morning stricken by the Plague,  
And in three hours he was a ghost. Disperse,



All ye who prize your lives ! soon will the air  
Be foul with his dead body. Let us away !

[*The crowd disperse.*]

*Astrologer.* God's hand is on me. In my cruel guilt  
I perish. Frankfort, I have never seen  
Magdalene, the maid thou lovest. Look at me ;  
Dost not remember Francis Bannerman  
On board the Thunderer ?

*Frank.* Pardon to thy soul !  
Thou mad abuser of the gifts of heaven.

*Astrologer.* Oh ! I am sick to death : my soul hath sunk  
At once into despair.

*Wil.* What dreadful groans !—  
O fatal is the blast of misery,  
When it hath forced its way into the soul  
Of hardened cruelty ! As when a storm  
Hath burst the gates of a thick-ribbèd hold,  
And all its gloomy dungeons, in one moment,  
Are roaring like a hundred cataracts.

*Astrologer.* I have shed blood. Roll, roll, ye mountain  
waves,  
Above that merciless ghost that walks the sea  
After our ship for ever ! Shut thine eyes,  
Those glaring, bloodshot, those avenging eyes,  
And I will bear to feel thy skeleton-arms  
Twined round my heart, so that those eyes be shut !  
A ghost's wild eyes, that nothing can behold  
But the frightened aspect of its murderer !  
Unconscious they of ocean, air, and Heaven,  
But fixed eternally, like hideous stars,  
On a shrieking soul whom guilt hath doomed to Hell !

*Frank (to Wil.)* The murderer is raving of his crime.

*Astrologer.* Ha ! ha ! 'tis set within the ebb of flood  
Fifty feet high ; and the ironed criminal  
With a frantic face stands dumb upon the scaffold.  
The priest is singing psalms !—Curst be the eyes  
That see such idle show—'tis all gone by !  
I fear not Hell, if that eternal Shape  
Meet me not there ! Pray, pray not for me, Frankfort,  
For I am delivered over to despair,  
And holy words are nought but mockery  
To him who knows that he must dwell for ever  
In regions darkened by the wrath of God.

*Lady.* Let us leave this horrid scene !

*Astrologer.* O might I hear  
That sweet voice breathing of forgiveness!  
Hush! hush! a voice once breathed upon this earth  
That would have pleaded not in vain to Heaven,  
Even for a fiend like me. Thou art in Heaven,  
And knowest all thy husband's wickedness;  
So hide thy pitying eyes, and let me sink  
Without thy intercession to the depths  
Of unimagined woe!—O Christ! I die.

*Frank.* Most miserable end! an evil man  
Prostrating by a savage eloquence  
The spirits of the wretched—so that he  
Might riot on the bare necessities  
Of man's expiring nature—on the spoil  
Of the unburied dead! Most atheist-like!  
I know not how I can implore the grace  
Of God unto thy soul!

*Astrologer.* Eternal doom!  
The realms of Hell are gleaming fiery bright.  
What ghastly faces!—Christ, have mercy on me!

*Lady.* Wilt thou not lead me away, for I am blind!  
O Frankfort, come with me—the Plague hath struck  
My husband into madness—and I fear him!  
O God! I fear the man whom I do love!

*Frank.* All—all are wretched—guilty—dead or dying;  
And all the wild and direful images  
That crowd, and wail, and blacken round my soul,  
Have reconciled me to the misery  
Sent from my mother's grave. An hour of respite  
Is granted me while I conduct thee home:  
Then will I seek that grave, and, 'mid the tumult  
Of this perturbèd city, sit and listen  
To a voice that in my noiseless memory  
Sings like an angel.

*Lady.* She is yet alive!

*Frank.* Thy voice is like the voice of Hope—Sweet friend,  
Be cheered, nor tremble so—for God is with us.

## SCENE III.

*A Churchyard. Two Females in mourning dresses sitting on a Tombstone.*

*1st Lady.* The door of the Cathedral is left open.  
Perhaps some one within is at the altar  
Offering up thanks, or supplicating heaven  
To save a husband dying of the Plague.  
If so, I join a widow's prayer to hers,  
Sitting on my husband's grave.

*2d Lady.* One moment hush !  
Methought I heard a footstep in the church,  
As of one walking softly up the chancel.  
List—list ! I am not dreaming of a strain  
Of heavenly music ? 'Tis a hymn of praise.

*[A voice is heard singing in the Cathedral.]*

*1st Lady.* A voice so heavenly sweet I once did hear  
Singing at night close to my bed, when I  
Was beyond hope recovering from the Plague.  
That voice hymned in my sleep, and was a dream  
Framed by my soul returning into life,  
A strain that murmured from another world.  
But this is earthly music : she must have  
An angel's face who through the echoing aisle  
So like an angel sings.

*2d Lady.* I know that voice !  
Last Sabbath evening, sitting on this stone,  
And thinking who it was that lay below it,  
I heard that very music faint and far,  
Deadened almost into silence by the weight  
Of those thick walls. I listened with my heart  
That I might hear the dirge-like air again.  
But it did rise no more, and I believed  
Twas some sweet fancy of my sorrowful soul,  
Or wandering breath of evening through the pillars  
Of the Cathedral sighing wildly by.

*1st Lady.* And sawest thou no one ?

*2d Lady.* Yes ; I gently stole  
Into the solemn twilight of the church,  
And looking towards the altar, there I saw  
A white-robed Being on her knees. At first  
I felt such awe as I had seen a spirit,



When, rising from the attitude of prayer,  
 The vision softly glided down the steps,  
 And then her eyes met mine. But such sweet eyes,  
 So filled with human sadness, yet so bright  
 Even through their tears with a celestial joy,  
 Ne'er shone before on earth. Even such methought  
 The Virgin-Mother's holy countenance,  
 When, turning from her Son upon the cross,  
 A gleam of heavenly comfort cheered the darkness  
 Of her disconsolate soul? At once I knew  
 That I was looking on the Maid divine  
 Whom the sad city blessed—whose form arises  
 Beside the bed of death by all deserted,  
 And to the dim eyes of the dying man  
 Appears an angel sent from pitying heaven  
 To bid him part in peace. I could have dropt  
 Down on my knees and worshipped her, but silent  
 As a gleam of light the creature glided by me,  
 And ere my soul recovered she was gone.

*1st Lady.* How weak and low does virtue such as hers  
 Make us poor beings feel!

*2d Lady.* Yet she is one  
 Of frail and erring mortals, and she knew not  
 In other days, to what a lofty pitch  
 Her gentle soul could soar. For I have heard  
 She was an only child, and in the light  
 Of her fond parents' love was fosterèd,  
 Like a flower that blooms best sheltered in the house,  
 And only placed beneath the open air  
 In hours of sunshine.

*1st Lady.* Could we now behold  
 The glorious Being?

*2d Lady.* No; this hour is sacred:  
 We must not interrupt her. The dew falls  
 Heavy and chill, and thou art scarce recovered  
 From that long sickness—Let me kiss thee thus,  
 Thou cold wet stone,—thou loveliest, saddest name,  
 Ever engraven on a monument.

*(The scene changes to the interior of the Cathedral, MAG-  
 DALENE discovered on her knees at the altar.)*

*Magdalene.* Father of mercies! may I lift mine eyes  
 From the holy ground that I have wet with tears,  
 Unto the silence of the moonlight heavens  
 That shine above me with a smile of love,  
 Forgiveness, and compassion? There Thou art!



Enthroned in glory and omnipotence !  
 Yet from thy dwelling 'mid the eternal stars,  
 Encircled by the hymning seraphim,  
 Thou dost look down upon our mortal earth,  
 And seest this weeping creature on her knees,  
 And hear'st the beatings of her lonely heart.  
 If, in my days of sinless infancy,  
 My innocence found favour in thy sight ;  
 If in my youth,—and yet I am but young,—  
 I strove to walk according to thy will,  
 And revered my Bible, and did weep,  
 Thinking of him who died upon the cross ;  
 If, in their old age, I did strive to make  
 My parents happy, and received at last  
 Their benediction on the bed of death—  
 Oh ! let me walk the waves of this wild world  
 Through faith unsinking ;—stretch thy saving hand  
 To a lone castaway upon the sea,  
 Who hopes no resting-place except in heaven.  
 And oh ! this holy calm,—this peace profound,—  
 That sky so glorious in infinitude,—  
 That countless host of softly-burning stars,  
 And all that floating universe of light,  
 Lift up my spirit far above the grave,  
 And tell me that my pray'rs are heard in Heaven.  
 I feel th' Omnipotent is Merciful !

*(A voice exclaims from an unseen person.)*

O were my name remembered in thy prayers !

*Magd. (rising from her knees).* Did some one speak ?

*Voice.*

A sinful wretch implores

That thou wilt stand between him and the wrath  
 Of an offended God.

*Magd.*

Come to the altar.

*(A man advances from behind a pillar, and kneels  
 down at the altar.)*

*Stranger.* I fear I cannot pray. My wicked heart,  
 Long unaccustomed to these bended knees,  
 Feels not the worship that my limbs would offer ;  
 —My lot is cast in hell.

*Magd.*

Repentance finds

The blackest gulf in the wild soul of sin,  
 And calms the tumult there, even as our Lord  
 With holy hand did hush the howling sea.

*Stranger.* Lady ! I am too near thy blessed side ;

The breath of such a saint ought not to fall  
Into the hard heart of a murderer.

*Magd.* Hast thou come here to murder me ?

*Stranger.*

Behold

This dagger.

*Magd.* Then the will of God be done !

*Stranger.* Rather than hurt one of those loveliest hairs  
That, braided round thy pale, thy fearless brow,  
Do make thee seem an Angel or a Spirit  
At night come down from heaven, would I for ever  
Live in the dark corruption of the grave.

*Magd.* My heart is beating—but I fear thee not—  
Thou wilt not murder me ?

*Stranger.*

What need'st thou fear ?

Kneeling in those white robes, so like a Spirit,  
With face too beautiful for tears to stain,  
Eyes meekly raised to heaven, and snow-white hands  
Devoutly folded o'er a breast that moves  
In silent adoration——what hast thou  
To fear from man or fiend ? O rise not up !  
So Angel-like thou seem'st upon thy knees,  
Even I can hope while thou art at thy prayers.

*Magd.* If thou cam'st hither to unload thy soul,  
Kneel down.

*Stranger.* I hither came to murder thee.

With silent foot I traced thee to this church,  
And there, beyond that pillar, took my stand,  
That I might rush upon thee at the altar,  
And kill thee at thy prayers. I grasped the knife—  
When suddenly thy melancholy voice  
Began that low wild hymn !—I could not move ;  
The holy music made thee seem immortal !  
And when I dared to look towards thy face,  
The moonlight fell upon it, and I saw  
A smile of such majestic innocence,  
That long-lost pity to my soul returned,  
And I knelt down and wept.

*Magd.*

What made thee think

Of killing one who never injured thee ?

*Stranger.* Th' accursed love of gold.

*Magd.*

Hath Poverty

Blinded thy soul, and driven thee forth a prey  
To Sin, who loves the gaunt and hollow cheeks  
Of miserable men ? Perhaps a cell  
Holds thy sick wife——

*Stranger.* No ! I have sold my soul  
Unto the Evil One, nor even canst Thou,  
With all the music of that heavenly voice,  
Charm the stern ear of hell.

*Magd.* Alas ! poor wretch !  
What shakes thee so ?

*Stranger.* 'Mid all the ghastly shrieking,  
Black sullen dumbness, and wild-staring frenzy,  
Pain madly leaping out of life, or fettered  
By burning irons to its house of clay,  
Where think you Satan drove me ? To the haunts  
Of riot, lust, and reckless blasphemy.  
In spite of that eternal passing-bell,  
And all the ghosts that hourly flocked in troops  
Unto the satiated grave, insane  
With drunken guilt, I mocked my Saviour's name  
With hideous mummery, and the holy book  
In scornful fury trampled, rent, and burned.  
Oh ! ours were dreadful orgies !—At still midnight  
We sallied out in mimic grave-clothes clad,  
Aping the dead, and in some churchyard danced  
A dance that oft-times had a mortal close.  
Then would we lay a living Body out,  
As it had been a corpse, and bear it slowly  
With what at distance seemed a holy dirge,  
Through silent streets and squares unto its rest.  
One quaintly apparelled like a surpliced priest  
Led the procession, joining in the song ;—  
A jestful song, most brutal and obscene,  
Shameful to man, his Saviour, and his God.  
Or in a hearse we sat, which one did drive  
In masquerade habiliments of death ;  
And in that ghastly chariot whirl'd along,  
With oaths, and songs, and shouts, and peals of laughter,  
Till sometimes that most devilish merriment  
Chilled our own souls with horror, and we stared  
Upon each other all at once struck dumb.

*Magd.* Madness ! 'twas madness all.

*Stranger.* Oh ! that it were !  
But, lady ! were we mad when we partook  
Of what we called a sacrament ?

*Magd.* Hush ! hush !—

*Stranger.* Yes—I will utter it—we brake the bread,  
And wine poured out, and jesting, ate and drank  
Perdition to our souls.



*Magd.* And women too,  
Did they blaspheme their Saviour ?

*Stranger.* Ay ! there sat  
Round that unhallowed table beautiful creatures,  
Who seemed to feel a fiend-like happiness  
In tempting us wild wretches to blaspheme.  
Sweet voices had they, though of broken tones ;  
Their faces fair, though waxing suddenly  
Whiter than ashes ; smiles were in their eyes,  
Though often in their mirth they upwards looked,  
And wept ; nor, when they tore distractedly  
The garments from their bosoms, could our souls  
Sustain the beauty heaving in our sight  
With grief, remorse, despair, and agony.  
We knew that we were lost, yet would we pluck  
The flowers that bloomed upon the crater's edge,  
Nor feared the yawning gulf.

*Magd.* Why art thou here ?

*Stranger.* Riot hath made us miserably poor,  
And gold we needs must have. I heard a whisper  
Tempting me to murder, and thy very name  
Distinctly syllabled. In vain I strove  
Against the Tempter—bent was I on blood !  
But here I stand in hopeless penitence,  
Nor even implore thy prayers—my doom is sealed.

[*He flings himself down before the altar,*

*Magd.* Poor wretch, I leave thee to the grace of God.—  
Ah me ! how calmly and serenely smile  
Those pictured saints upon the holy wall,  
Tinged by that sudden moonlight ! That meek face,  
How like my mother's ! So she wore her veil ;  
Even so her braided hair !—Ye blessed spirits,  
Look down upon your daughter in her trouble,  
For I am sick at heart. The moonlight dies—  
I feel afraid of darkness. Wretched man,  
Hast thou found comfort ? Groans his sole reply.—  
I must away to that sad Funeral.



## SCENE IV.

*The Street.—A long Table covered with Glasses.—A Party of young Men and Women carousing.*

*Young Man.* I rise to give, most noble President,  
The memory of a man well known to all,  
Who by keen jest, and merry anecdote,  
Sharp repartee, and humorous remark  
Most biting in its solemn gravity,  
Much cheered our out-door table, and dispelled  
The fogs which this rude visitor the Plague  
Oft breathed across the brightest intellect.  
But two days past, our ready laughter chased  
His various stories ; and it cannot be  
That we have in our gamesome revelries  
Forgotten Harry Wentworth. His chair stands  
Empty at your right hand—as if expecting  
That jovial wassailer—but he is gone  
Into cold narrow quarters. Well, I deem  
The grave did never silence with its dust  
A tongue more eloquent ; but since 'tis so,  
And store of boon companions yet survive,  
There is no reason to be sorrowful ;  
Therefore let us drink unto his memory  
With acclamation, and a merry peal  
Such as in life he loved.

*Master of Revels.* 'Tis the first death  
Hath been amongst us, therefore let us drink  
His memory in silence.

*Young Man.* Be it so.

*[They all rise, and drink their glasses in silence.]*

*Master of Revels.* Sweet Mary Gray ! Thou hast a silver  
voice,  
And wildly to thy native melodies  
Can tune its flute-like breath—sing us a song,  
And let it be, even mid our merriment,  
Most sad, most slow, that when its music dies,  
We may address ourselves to revelry,  
More passionate from the calm, as men leap up  
To this world's business from some heavenly dream.

## MARY GRAY'S SONG.

I walk'd by mysel ower the sweet braes o' Yarrow,  
 When the earth wi' the gowans o' July was drest ;  
 But the sang o' the bonny burn sounded like sorrow,  
 Round ilka house cauld as a last simmer's nest.

I look'd through the lift o' the blue smiling morning,  
 But never ae wee cloud o' mist could I see  
 On its way up to heaven, the cottage adorning,  
 Hanging white ower the green o' its sheltering tree.

By the outside I kenn'd that the inn was forsaken,  
 That nae tread o' footsteps was heard on the floor ;—  
 O loud craw'd the cock whare was nane to awaken,  
 And the wild raven croak'd on the seat by the door !

Sic silence—sic lonesomeness, oh, were bewildering !  
 I heard nae lass singing when herding her sheep ;  
 I met nae bright garlands o' wee rosy children  
 Dancing on to the school-house just waken'd frae sleep.

I pass'd by the school-house—when strangers were coming,  
 Whose windows with glad faces seem'd all alive ;  
 Ae moment I hearken'd, but heard nae sweet humming,  
 For a night o' dark vapour can silence the hive.

I pass'd by the pool where the lasses at dawning  
 Used to bleach their white garments wi' daffin and din ;  
 But the foam in the silence o' nature was faing,  
 And nae laughing rose loud through the roar of the linn.

I gaed into a small town—when sick o' my roaming—  
 Whare ance play'd the viol, the tabor, and flute ;  
 'Twas the hour loved by Labour, the soft-smiling gloaming,  
 Yet the green round the Cross-stane was empty and mute.

To the yellow-flower'd meadow, and scant rigs o' tillage,  
 The sheep a' neglected had come frae the glen ;  
 The cushat-dow coo'd in the midst o' the village,  
 And the swallow had flown to the dwellings o' men !

Sweet Denholm ! not thus, when I lived in thy bosom.  
 Thy heart lay so still the last night o' the week ;  
 Then nane was sae weary that love would nae rouse him,  
 And Grief gaed to dance with a laugh on his cheek.

Sic thoughts wet my een—as the moonshine was beaming  
 On the kirk-tower that rose up sae silent and white ;  
 The wan ghastly light on the dial was streaming,  
 But the still finger tauld not the hour of the night.

The mirk-time pass'd slowly in sighing and weeping,  
 I waken'd, and nature lay silent in mirth ;  
 Ower a' holy Scotland the Sabbath was sleeping,  
 And Heaven in beauty came down on the earth.

The morning smiled on—but nae kirk-bell was ringing,  
 Nae plaid or blue bonnet came down frae the hill ;  
 The kirk-door was shut, but nae psalm-tune was singing,  
 And I miss'd the wee voices sae sweet and sae shrill.

I look'd ower the quiet o' Death's empty dwelling,  
 The lav'rock walk'd mute 'mid the sorrowful scene,  
 And fifty brown hillocks wi' fresh mould were swelling  
 Ower the kirk-yard o' Denholm, last simmer sae green.

The infant had died at the breast o' its mither ;  
 The cradle stood still at the mitherless bed ;  
 At play the bairn sank in the hand o' its brither ;  
 At the fauld on the mountain the shepherd lay dead.

Oh ! in spring-time 'tis eerie, when winter is over,  
 And birds should be glinting ower forest and lea,  
 When the lint-white and mavis the yellow leaves cover,  
 And nae blackbird sings loud frae the tap o' his tree.

But eerier far, when the spring-land rejoices,  
 And laughs back to heaven with gratitude bright,  
 To hearken ! and naewhere hear sweet human voice !  
 When man's soul is dark in the season o' light !

*Master of Revels.* We thank thee, sweet one ! for thy  
 mournful song.

It seems, in the olden time, this very Plague  
 Visited thy hills and valleys, and the voice  
 Of lamentation wailed along the streams  
 That now flow on through their wild paradise,  
 Murmuring their songs of joy. All that survive  
 In memory of that melancholy year,  
 When died so many brave and beautiful,  
 Are some sweet mournful airs, some shepherd's lay  
 Most touching in simplicity, and none  
 Fitter to make one sad amid his mirth  
 Than the tune yet faintly singing through our souls.

*Mary Gray.* O ! that I ne'er had sung it but at home  
 Unto my aged parents ! to whose ear  
 Their Mary's tones were always musical.  
 I hear my own self singing o'er the moor,  
 Beside my native cottage,—most unlike  
 The voice which Edward Walsingham has praised,  
 It is the angel-voice of innocence.



*2d Woman.* I thought this cant were out of fashion now.  
 But it is well ; there are some simple souls,  
 Even yet, who melt at a frail maiden's tears,  
 And give her credit for sincerity.  
 She thinks her eyes quite killing while she weeps.  
 Thought she as well of smiles, her lips would pout  
 With a perpetual simper. Walsingham  
 Hath praised these crying beauties of the north,  
 So whimpering is the fashion. How I hate  
 The dim dull yellow of that Scottish hair !

*Master of Revels.* Hush ! hush !—is that the sound of  
 wheels I hear ?

[*The Dead-cart passes by, driven by a Negro.*]

Ha ! dost thou faint, Louisa ! one had thought  
 That railing tongue bespoke a mannish heart.  
 But so it ever is. The violent  
 Are weaker than the mild, and abject fear  
 Dwells in the heart of passion. Mary Gray,  
 Throw water on her face. She now revives.

*Mary Gray.* O sister of my sorrow and my shame !  
 Lean on my bosom. Sick must be your heart  
 After a fainting-fit so like to death.

*Louisa (recovering).* I saw a horrid demon in my dream !  
 With sable visage and white-glaring eyes,  
 He beckoned on me to ascend a cart  
 Filled with dead bodies, muttering all the while  
 An unknown language of most dreadful sounds.  
 What matters it ? I see it was a dream.  
 —Pray, did the dead-cart pass ?

*Young Man.* Come, brighten up,  
 Louisa ! Though this street be all our own,  
 A silent street that we from death have rented,  
 Where we may hold our orgies undisturbed,  
 You know those rumbling wheels are privileged,  
 And we must bide the nuisance. Walsingham,  
 To put an end to bickering, and these fits  
 Of fainting that proceed from female vapours,  
 Give us a song ;—a free and gladsome song ;  
 None of those Scottish ditties framed of sighs,  
 But a true English Bacchanalian song,  
 By toper chanted o'er the flowing bowl.

*Master of Revels.* I have none such ; but I will sing a song  
 Upon the Plague. I made the words last night,  
 After we parted : a strange rhyming-fit  
 Fell on me ; 'twas the first time in my life.





Bespangled is its night-like gloom,  
 As it sweeps the cold damp from the tomb.  
 Thy hand doth grasp no needless dart,  
 One finger-touch benumbs the heart.  
 If thy stubborn victim will not die,  
 Thou roll'st around thy bloodshot eye,  
 And Madness leaping in his chain  
 With giant buffet smites the brain,  
 Or Idiocy with drivelling laugh  
 Holds out her strong-drugged bowl to quaff,  
 And down the drunken wretch doth lie  
 Unsheeted in the cemetery.

*Then, leaning, &c.*

Thou ! Spirit of the burning breath,  
 Alone deservest the name of Death !  
 Hide, Fever ! hide thy scarlet brow ;  
 Nine days thou linger'st o'er thy blow,  
 Till the leech bring water from the spring,  
 And scare thee off on drenched wing.  
 Consumption ! waste away at will !  
 In warmer climes thou fail'st to kill,  
 And rosy Health is laughing loud  
 As off thou steal'st with empty shroud !  
 Ha ! blundering Palsy ! thou art chill !  
 But half the man is living still ;  
 One arm, one leg, one cheek, one side  
 In antic guise thy wrath deride.  
 But who may 'gainst thy power rebel.  
 King of the aisle and churchyard cell !

*Then, leaning, &c.*

To Thee, O Plague ! I pour my song,  
 Since thou art come I wish thee long !  
 Thou strikest the lawyer 'mid his lies,  
 The priest 'mid his hypocrisies.  
 The miser sickens at his hoard,  
 And the gold leaps to its rightful lord.  
 The husband, now no longer tied,  
 May wed a new and blushing bride,  
 And many a widow slyly weeps  
 O'er the grave where her old dotard sleeps,  
 While love shines through her moisten'd eye  
 On yon tall stripling gliding by.  
 'Tis ours who bloom in vernal years  
 To dry the love-sick maiden's tears,  
 Who, turning from the relics cold,  
 In a new swain forgets the old.

*Then, leaning, &c.*

*(Enter an old grey-headed Priest.)*

*Priest.* O impious table ! spread by impious hands !  
 Mocking with feast and song and revelry

The silent air of death that hangs above it,  
 A canopy more dismal than the Pall !  
 Amid the churchyard darkness as I stood  
 Beside a dire interment, circled round  
 By the white ghastly faces of despair,  
 That hideous merriment disturbed the grave,  
 And with a sacrilegious violence  
 Shook down the crumbling earth upon the bodies  
 Of the unsheeted dead. But that the prayers  
 Of holy age and female piety  
 Did sanctify that wide and common grave,  
 I could have thought that hell's exulting fiends  
 With shouts of devilish laughter dragged away  
 Some hardened atheist's soul unto perdition.

*Several Voices.* How well he talks of hell ! Go on, old boy !  
 The devil pays his tithes—yet he abuses him.

*Priest.* Cease, I conjure you, by the blessed blood  
 Of Him who died for us upon the Cross,  
 These most unnatural orgies. As ye hope  
 To meet in heaven the souls of them ye loved,  
 Destroyed so mournfully before your eyes,  
 Unto your homes depart.

*Master of Revels.* Our homes are dull—  
 And youth loves mirth.

*Priest.* O, Edward Walsingham !  
 Art thou that groaning pale-faced man of tears  
 Who three weeks since knelt by thy mother's corpse,  
 And kissed the soldered coffin, and leapt down  
 With rage-like grief into the burial vault,  
 Crying upon its stone to cover thee  
 From this dim darkened world ? Would she not weep,  
 Weep even in heaven, could she behold her son  
 Presiding o'er unholy revellers,  
 And tuning that sweet voice to frantic songs  
 That should ascend unto the throne of grace .  
 'Mid sob-broken words of prayer !

*Young Man.* Why ! we can pray  
 Without a priest—pray long and fervently  
 Over the brimming bowl. Hand him a glass.

*Master of Revels.* Treat his grey hairs with reverence.

*Priest.* Wretched boy !  
 This white head must not sue to thee in vain !  
 Come with the guardian of thy infancy,  
 And by the hymns and psalms of holy men  
 Lamenting for their sins, we will assuage



This fearful mirth akin to agony,  
 And in its stead, serene as the hushed face  
 Of thy dear sainted parent, kindle hope  
 And heavenly resignation. Come with me.

*Young Man.* They have a design against the hundredth  
 Psalm.

Oh! Walsingham will murder cruelly  
 "All people that on earth do dwell."

Suppose we sing it here—I know the drawl.

*Master of Revels (silencing him, and addressing the Priest).*

Why camest thou hither to disturb me thus?

I may not, must not go! Here am I held

By hopelessness in dark futurity,

By dire remembrance of the past,—by hatred

And deep contempt of my own worthless self,—

By fear and horror of the lifelessness

That reigns throughout my dwelling,—by the new

And frantic love of loud-tongued revelry,—

By the blest poison mantling in this bowl,—

And, help me Heaven! by the soft balmy kisses

Of this lost creature, lost, but beautiful

Even in her sin; nor could my mother's ghost

Frighten me from this fair bosom. 'Tis too late!

I hear thy warning voice—I know it strives

To save me from perdition, body and soul.

Belovèd old man, go thy way in peace,

But curst be these feet if they do follow thee.

*Several Voices.* Bravo! bravissimo! Our noble president!  
 Done with that sermonising—off—off—off!

*Priest.* Matilda's sainted spirit calls on thee!

*Master of Revels (starting distractedly from his seat).*

Didst thou not swear, with thy pale withered hands

Lifted to Heaven, to let that doleful name

Lie silent in the tomb for evermore?

O that a wall of darkness hid this sight

From her immortal eyes! She, my betrothed,

Once thought my spirit lofty, pure, and free,

And on my bosom felt herself in Heaven.

What am I now? (*looking up*)—O holy child of light,

I see thee sitting where my fallen nature

Can never hope to soar!

*Female Voice.*

The fit is on him.

Fool! thus to rave about a buried wife!

See! how his eyes are fixed.



*Master of Revels.* Most glorious star !  
 Thou art the spirit of that bright Innocent !  
 And there thou shinest with upbraiding beauty  
 On him whose soul hath thrown at last away  
 Not the hope only, but the wish of Heaven.

*Priest.* Come, Walsingham !

*Master of Revels.* O holy father ! go.  
 For mercy's sake, leave me to my despair.

*Priest.* Heaven pity my dear son. Farewell ! farewell !  
 [*The Priest walks mournfully away.*]

*Young Man.* Sing him another song. See how he turns  
 His eyes from yon far Heaven to Mary's bosom ?  
 The man's in love. Ho ! Walsingham ! what cheer ?

*Master of Revels (angrily).* I hate that Irish slang—it  
 grates my soul.

*Mary Gray.* O Walsingham : I fear to touch the breast  
 Where one so pure has lain ! Yet turn thine eyes  
 Towards me, a sinful creature, that thy soul  
 May lose the sight of that celestial phantom,  
 Whose beauty is a torment. List to me.

*Master of Revels.* Here, Mary ! with a calm deliberate soul  
 I swear to love thee ; with such love, sweet girl !  
 As a man sunk in utter wretchedness  
 May cherish for a daughter of despair.  
 O maudlin fools ! who preach of Chastity,  
 And call her Queen of Virtues ! In the breast  
 Even of this prostitute, (why should I fear  
 That word of three unmeaning syllables ?)  
 In spite of all that's whispered from the grave,  
 I now will seek, and seeking I will find  
 The open-eyed sleep of troubled happiness.

*Mary Gray.* All names are one to me. I often love  
 The imprecations of brutality,  
 Because, with vain contrition for my sins,  
 I feel that I deserve them all. But thou  
 Killest me with thy pitying gentleness,  
 Wasting sweet looks, and words of amity,  
 On a polluted creature drenched in shame.

*Young Man.* Had yon old dotard, with his surplice on,  
 Emblem of his pretended sanctity,  
 And sanctimonious visage common to all  
 The hypocritic brotherhood of priests,  
 Staid but a little longer, I had read him  
 A lecture on the Christian's outward creed.

This is rare season for the jugglery  
Of these church-mountebanks !

*Master of Revels.* Fool ! hold thy peace !  
Thou in thy heart hast said there is no God,  
Yet knowest thyself—a liar.

*Young Man (starting up furiously).* On his knees,  
Upon his knees must Edward Walsingham  
Implore forgiveness for these villainous words,  
Or through his heart this sword will find a passage,  
Even swifter than the Plague.

*Master of Revels.* Upon my knees !  
Fierce gladiator ! dost thou think to daunt me  
By that red rapier reeking with the blood  
Of nerveless, hot-brained, inexperienced boys,  
Whom thou hast murdered ? Stand upon thy guard,  
And see if all the skill of fencing France,  
Or thy Italian practice, cowardly bravo !  
Can ward this flash of lightning from thine eyes.

*Enter FRANKFORT and WILMOT, who rush between them.*

*Frank.* Madmen ! put up your swords. What, Walsingham  
The Captain of the Ocean Queen, engaged  
In brawls on shore.

*Master of Revels.* Ay ! 'tis a foolish quarrel,  
And may have foolish ending : But he spake  
With rude licentious tongue irreverently  
Of a white head that since my mother's death  
Hath been to me the holiest thing on earth ;  
And woe to its blasphemer !

*Young Man whispers.* St Martin's Fields,  
At twelve o'clock. There is good moonlight for us.

*Master of Revels.* 'Tis a right hour. I'll meet thee at  
the elm-tree  
Named from the royal deer. At twelve o'clock !  
[*The party breaks up.*]

What news from sea ?

*Frank.* All well.

*Master of Revels.* Why look so pale ?  
Before an action fearless men look pale,  
And fling away their smiles ; but once engaged,  
They scoff at death with gleesome mockery.  
No deck was e'er so strewed with hideous slaughter,  
As the wide floor of this Plague-conquered city,  
Therefore look up—our colours still are flying—  
Will Frankfort strike them ?

*Frank.* Yes ! I am a coward !  
 I have for hours been wandering through this city,  
 And now I stand within a little furlong  
 Of the house that was my mother's. I have lingered  
 In places quite remote—have traversed streets  
 That led not thither—yea ! I have turned my face  
 Away from the imaged dwelling of my parent,  
 Glad to put off the moment that might tell me  
 That which with agony I long to know.  
 Besides, mayhap, I am intruding here.  
 Good evening, Walsingham—to you, fair dames,  
 Farewell.—Come, Wilmot, o'er yon roof I see  
 The vane upon the house-top, where——

*Walsingham.* Your mother  
 On Thursday was alive.

*Frank.* God bless thee, Walsingham !  
 On Thursday—and 'tis yet but Sabbath-night.  
 She must be living still ! Said they that the Plague  
 Destroys so suddenly ? In three small hours ?  
 Three days and nights contain a frightful sum  
 Of fatal hours. The Plague doth ask but three—  
 She may be sick—dead—buried—and forgotten.

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## ACT II.

### SCENE I.

*The Street opposite a house adjoining Aldgate Churchyard.*

*Frank.* Hush, Wilmot ! while I say one little prayer.  
 There stands the house—I see it in my soul,  
 Though yet mine eyes dare not to look on it.  
 —Let me lean on thee—hear'st thou aught within ?

*Wil.* It is the hour of rest : I nothing hear ;  
 But the house, methinks, is slumbering happily  
 In the clear moonlight. 'Tis a lovely night,  
 Beauty without these walls, and peace within.

*Frank.* Wears it the look of a deserted dwelling ?

*Wil.* Its silence seems of sleep and not of death.

*Frank.* O Wilmot ! sure the moon shines ruefully,  
 On these black windows faintly tinged with light !



I see no difference between these dark walls,  
And yonder tombstones—they both speak of death.

*Wil.* Be comforted.

*Frank.* List! Wilmot! hear'st thou aught?  
Methinks it was my mother's voice within  
Singing a dirge-like hymn. Hear'st thou a voice?

*Wil.* Grief mocks itself with fancied sounds like these;  
There was no voice.

*Frank.* O let it breathe again,  
And all the world will seem alive to me.  
—O God! the silence of this lifeless street,  
Where all the human dwellings stand like tombs  
Empty or fill'd with corpses, seems collected  
Round this one house, whose shadowy glimmering walls  
Bear down my soul in utter hopelessness.  
Oh! 'tis a sad, sad wreck. Mark how the dust  
Lies on th' untrodden steps! and yet I see  
Footprints of one ascending. As I live,  
I hear a footstep in my mother's chamber  
A light! a light! see where a light is moving  
As from an apparition, through the house.

*(The door opens, and the Priest who appeared in  
the first Act comes into the Street.)*

*Frank.* Pale death is in his troubled countenance.  
The house is falling from me, and the street  
Is sinking down—down—down—I faint—Support me.

*The Priest (to WIL. while they support FRANK).*  
At a sad hour the sailor hath returned.  
Would he were yet at sea!

*Frank.* I hear thy voice,  
And know that I indeed am motherless.

*Priest.* Blessèd are they who livèd in the Lord,  
And in the Lord did die.

*Frank.* Amen—amen!  
Hath little William gone with her to Heaven?

*Priest.* They died three hours apart. Methought I saw  
The angelical mother smiling up the sky  
With that delightful infant on her breast,  
More like a spirit that had come from Heaven  
To waft away the child to Paradise,  
Than a human soul departing from this earth.

*Frank.* Soaring in beauty to immortal bliss  
But away from him who held them in his heart,  
An everlasting presence of delight  
'Mid the dim dreary sea.



*Priest.* Weep, weep, my son,  
I wish to see thee weep.

*Frank.* O, why should tear  
Be shed unto the blest and beautiful  
By us poor dwellers in the woeful shades  
Of mortal being ?

*Wil.* Thou art deadly pale !  
Be not ashamed to weep upon my breast.  
I have seen thee weeping for that sweet child's sake,  
When haply he was dancing in his mirth—

*Frank.* Dancing in his mirth ! The lovely child is dead.  
All, all his innocent thoughts like rose-leaves scattered,  
And his glad childhood nothing but a dream !  
I feel his last kiss yet——(*weeping.*)

*Wil.* I also weep,  
For I too am his brother, though his face  
Was only visioned sweetly in my soul  
With its small features——

*Frank.* Sudden happiness  
Comes o'er my grief ! Time and this world appear  
Mere shadows, and I feel as if I stood  
Close to my mother's side !—O mournful weakness !  
The realms of Heaven are stretching far away ;  
My soul is fettered to the earth ; the grave  
Cries with a voice that may not be gainsaid,  
And mortal life appears eternity,  
Since she I loved has perished.

*Priest.* Some, my son,  
Would bid thee trust in time, the friend of sorrow ;  
But thou hast nobler comforters ; nor would I  
Bid thee place hope in blind forgetfulness.  
I know that there is taken from thy soul  
Something that must return no more—a joy  
That from the shore breathed on thee far at sea,  
Filling thy heart with home ; and sweeter far  
Arose that feeling o'er the ocean calm,  
Than airs balsamic breathing through the ship  
From odorous island unseen 'mid the waves.

*Frank.* O kind old man ! Thy sweet and solemn voice,  
Fit organ for such peaceful images,  
Breathes a calm reconciliation through my soul.  
These silvery locks made white by time and sorrow,  
Yet in their reverend beauty meekly smiling  
At what hath made them so, most silently

Inspire my heart, although yet young in grief,  
With resignation almost like thine own.

*Priest.* Son ! hast thou strength to look upon that sight,  
Where human loveliness seems perfected  
By the last smile that will not pass away ?

*Frank.* They yet then are unburied ?

*Priest.* Even this day,  
At the hour when yonder bell would have been tolling,  
In other times than these, for morning-service,  
Her spirit went to heaven—your brother died  
Some little hours before.

*Frank.* And in that house  
My mother and her little son lie dead !  
—Yes ! I have strength to look on them,—to kiss  
Their cold white faces—to embrace their bodies,  
Though soul be gone, still tenderly beloved,—  
To gaze upon their eyelids, though the light  
Must never break in beauty from below them,  
And, with the words of fondest agony,  
Softly to whisper love into the ear  
That in its frozen silence hears me not.

*Priest.* I will conduct thee to them.

*Frank.* At the hour  
When she was dying, in our vessel's barge  
Was I approaching to the shore,—the oars  
Sounded as they were muffled on the black  
And sluggish water ! 'Twas a gloomy hour,  
Yet, dark as it was, I ne'er expected this.  
One visit will I pay them ere I go.  
Oh ! I have many a heavy thought to utter  
Which God alone must hear.

*Priest.* We will pray for thee,  
Standing uncovered in this silent street.  
And when we think thy soul is satisfied  
With the awful converse holden with the dead,  
We will come to thee for a little while,  
And sit with thee beside their bodies. God  
Will not forsake thee in this last distress.

*Frank.* I dare not enter, though I yearn to lie  
For ever by their side. The very beauty  
Which in their sleeping faces I shall see  
With its fair image holds me motionless.  
A gulf of darkness lies beyond that door !  
—O tell me, reverend father ! how they died,  
And haply then I may have strength to go

And see them dead : Now 'tis impossible.  
Wilmot ! why do you weep ?—be comforted.

*Priest.* Though from the awful suddenness of their death  
The Plague hath surely stricken them, yet they lie,  
Unlike the other victims of that pest,  
In more than mortal beauty. Their still faces,  
When last I saw them, in the moonlight lay,  
Like innocence sleeping in the love of heaven,  
Love mixed with pity. Though a smile was there,  
It seemed a smile ne'er meant for human eye,  
Nor seemed regarding me ; but there it shone  
A mournful lustre, filling all the room  
With the silence of its placid holiness.

*Frank.* Lovelier than when alive they might not be.  
Tell how they died.

*Priest.* Last night I sat with her  
And talked of thee ;—two tranquil hours we talked  
Of thee and none beside, while little William  
Sat in his sweet and timid silent way  
Upon his stool beside his mother's knees,  
And, sometimes looking upwards to her face,  
Seemed listening of his brother far at sea.  
This morning early I looked in upon them  
Almost by chance. There little William lay  
With his bright hair and rosy countenance  
Dead ! though at first I thought he only slept.  
“ You think,” his mother said, “ that William sleeps !  
But he is dead ! He sickened during the night,  
And while I prayed he drew a long deep sigh,  
And breathed no more ! ”

*Frank.* O sweet and sinless child !  
Go on—go on !

*Priest.* I looked on her who spake,  
And I saw something in her tearless eyes  
More than a mother's grief—the cold dull gleam  
Of mortal sickness hastening to decay.  
She asked me not to leave her, and I staid  
Till human help or comfort by that saint  
No more was needed. But a gentler death  
A Christian never died. Methought her soul  
Faded in light, even as a glorious star  
Is hidden 'mid the splendours of the morn.

*Frank.* I hope she wept not long and bitterly  
For her poor sailor's sake ? O cruel wind  
That kept our ship last night far out at sea !



*Priest.* "In life I was most happy in my son,"  
 She said, "and none may know the happiness  
 His image yields me at the hour of death."  
 —I found that she had laid upon her bed  
 Many of those little presents that you brought her  
 From your first voyage to the Indies. Shells  
 With a sad lustre brightened o'er the whiteness  
 Of these her funeral sheets; and gorgeous feathers,  
 With which, few hours before, her child was playing,  
 And lisping all the while his brother's name,  
 Formed a sad contrast with the pale, pale face  
 Lying so still beneath its auburn hair.  
 Two letters still are in her death-closed hand,  
 And will be buried with her. One was written  
 By your captain after the great victory  
 Over De Ruyter, and with loftiest praise  
 Of her son's consummate skill and gallantry  
 During the battle, told how he had saved  
 The lives of two young noble Hollanders,  
 By leaping overboard amid a storm.  
 The other, now almost effaced by tears,  
 Was from yourself, the last she had from you,  
 And spoke of your return. God bless thee, boy!  
 I am too old to weep—but such return  
 Wrings out the tears from my old withered heart.

*Frank.* O 'tis the curse of absence that our love  
 Becomes too sad—too tender—too profound  
 Towards all our far-off friends. Home we return,  
 And find them dead for whom we often wept,  
 Needlessly wept when they were in their joy!  
 Then goes the brokenhearted mariner  
 Back to the sea that welters drearily  
 Around the homeless earth!

*Priest.* Thy mother waits  
 Her son's approach—in beauty and in peace.

*Frank.* I go into her chamber—fear me not;  
 I will not rush into the mournful presence  
 With frantic outcry, and with violent steps  
 Most unbecoming 'mid the hush of death.  
 But I, with footsteps gentle as the dew,  
 And with suspended breath, will reach her bed;  
 There silent as she is, so will I be,  
 Lying beside my mother in her sleep  
 With my head upon her bosom—cold—cold—cold.



## SCENE II.

*A Little Room in a lonely Street in the Suburbs.—ISABEL sitting with the Bible on her knees.—Enter MAGDALENE.*

*Isabel.* My gracious lady ! bless that face again !  
Here have I sat this long, long wretched day  
Quite by myself, until I thought with horror  
You never might return.

*Magd.* O needless fears !  
Sister ! thy anxious heart will never learn  
To think more on thyself, and less on others.  
Yet to thy friends thine are endearing faults,  
And make thee loved the more.

*Isabel.* How pale you look !  
Wearied, and pale, and languid—sit down here,  
My gentle mistress ! Blest is charity  
From ordinary hands, but sure from thine  
It must drop on the children of the poor,  
Like dew from heaven upon th' unconscious lambs.

*Magd.* I will sit down a while. I have been kept  
From home, beyond my promised hour, by sad  
And unexpected duty. Frankfort's mother,  
And her sweet little son, this morning died.

*Isabel.* Both dead ! I might have known it from that face.

*Magd.* I have prepared their bodies for the grave,  
And with such flowers as in a desert square  
Of the city I could gather, are they drest,  
Sleeping together sound and silently.

*Isabel.* O what will that kind-hearted sailor think,  
When he returns from sea !

*Magd.* I shudder for him,  
His love was so profound.

*Isabel.* O matchless pair !  
In love, in beauty, and in innocence  
So long united, now your orphan hearts  
Will closer cling in your calamity ;  
As I have seen upon a leafless bough  
Two young doves sitting silent, breast to breast.

*Magd.* Happy may he be for ever—may his ship  
Linger in friendly port, or far at sea  
Be chained in long, long calm, so that he comes not  
Unto this City of the Plague ! He lives,

And long will live—that thought is happiness  
 Enough for me. I see him on the deck,  
 Walking and speaking——O good Isabel!  
 A bright and sunny vision often breaks  
 Upon my praying soul, even at the bed  
 Where death is busy, and with contrite heart  
 I strive to dim it : Angel-like it is,  
 But oh ! too dear in its humanity,  
 And, like a spirit lingering round a tomb,  
 It ever haunts my desolated bosom.

*Isabel.* Cherish that image—he will yet return  
 To live with thee for ever.

*Magd.* Noble spirit !  
 I thought I loved him well when we were happy,  
 And lived together 'mid all happy things,  
 As of our bliss partaking. Death has come,  
 And in affection left us parentless ;  
 And now it seems that all the love I bore  
 My father and my mother has been poured  
 Into that mild, that brave, that generous heart.  
 Ay ! what will he say indeed when he returns !

*Isabel.* Thy parents both are dead—one month ago  
 They died before thine eyes ; yet where on earth  
 Might we behold a countenance arrayed  
 In the light of an immortal happiness,  
 O Magdalene ! like to thine ?

*Magd.* Sometimes I fear  
 I have a stony heart.

*Isabel.* The hush thou feel'st  
 Will breathe through Frankfort's soul on his return,  
 And you will speak together of the dead  
 As of some gentle beings who have gone  
 To sojourn in a far-off happy land  
 Which one day ye will visit.

*Magd.* I know well  
 That they who love their friends most tenderly  
 Still bear their loss the best. There is in love  
 A consecrated power, that seems to wake  
 Only at the touch of death from its repose  
 In the profoundest depths of thinking souls.  
 Superior to the outward signs of grief,  
 Sighing, or tears,—when these have passed away,  
 It rises calm and beautiful, like the moon  
 Saddening the solemn night, yet with that sadness  
 Mingling the breath of undisturbed peace.

*Isabel.* With that sublime faith ye will both be happy.

*Magd.* How bright and fair that afternoon returns  
When last we parted! Even now I feel  
Its dewy freshness in my soul. Sweet breeze!  
That hymning like a spirit up the lake  
Came through the tall pines on yon little isle  
Across to us upon the vernal shore  
With a kind friendly greeting. Frankfort blest  
The unseen musician floating through the air,  
And smiling said, "Wild harper of the hill!  
So may'st thou play that ditty when once more  
This lake I do revisit." As he spoke,  
Away died the music in the firmament,  
And unto silence left our parting hour.  
No breeze will ever steal from nature's heart  
So sweet again to me.

*Isabel.* Can'st thou not think  
Of e'er again returning to the vale  
Where we were born? Should Frankfort come from sea,  
Thou art his own betrothèd: two such souls  
Are not by God destined to live apart  
Even on this earth, and ere you go to heaven  
To join the blessed dead whom we deplore,  
They would regard your life of sanctity  
From their bright courts with joy, and your still walks  
Through vale and forest by those holy watchers  
Be kept from earthly ill.

*Magd.* Whate'er my doom,  
It cannot be unhappy. God hath given me  
The boon of resignation: I could die,  
Though doubtless human fears would cross my soul,  
Calmly even now;—yet if it be ordained  
That I return unto my native valley  
And live with Frankfort there, why should I fear  
To say I might be happy—happier far  
Than I deserve to be?—Sweet Rydal lake!  
Am I again to visit thee? to hear  
Thy glad waves murmuring all around my soul?

*Isabel.* Methinks I see us in a cheerful group  
Walking along the margin of the bay  
Where our lone summer-house . . . . .

*Magd.* Sweet mossy cell  
So cool—so shady—silent and composed!  
A constant evening full of gentle dreams!  
Where joy was felt like sadness, and our grief



A melancholy pleasant to be borne.  
 Hath the green linnet built her nest this spring  
 In her own rose-bush near the quiet door?  
 Bright solitary bird! she oft will miss  
 Her human friends: Our orchard now must be  
 A wilderness of sweets, by none beloved.

*Isabel.* One blessed week would soon restore its beauty,  
 Were we at home. Nature can work no wrong.  
 The very weeds how lovely! the confusion  
 Doth speak of breezes, sunshine, and the dew.

*Magd.* I hear the murmuring of a thousand bees  
 In that bright odorous honeysuckle wall  
 That once enclosed the happiest family  
 That ever lived beneath the blessed skies.  
 Where is that family now? O Isabel,  
 I feel my soul descending to the grave,  
 And all these loveliest rural images  
 Fade, like waves breaking on a dreary shore.

*Isabel.* Even now I see a stream of sunshine bathing  
 The bright moss-roses round our parlour window!  
 Oh! were we sitting in that room once more!

*Magd.* 'Twould seem inhuman to be happy there,  
 And both my parents dead. How could I walk  
 On what I used to call my father's walk,  
 He in his grave! or look upon that tree  
 Each year so full of blossoms or of fruit  
 Planted by my mother, and her holy name  
 Graven on its stem by mine own infant hands!

*Isabel.* It would be haunted, but most holy ground.

*Magd.* How tenderly did Frankfort love my parents!  
 From the first hour we met, his image seemed  
 In the still bosom of our family  
 The silent picture of an absent friend!  
 —Methinks I hear his voice while he recites  
 Some fragment of a poem, or wild song  
 About the troubles of the pitiless sea.  
 Most other sailors have loud jocund voices;  
 But his was always low and somewhat sad,  
 As if he bore within his soul the sound  
 Of that wild-raging world, the memory  
 Of battle and of shipwreck, and of friends  
 By death ta'en from him or captivity.

*Isabel.* Much hath that brave man suffered, yet he pities  
 All them who mourn—nor on himself bestows  
 So much as one sad dream.



*Magd.* Dost thou remember  
That melancholy but delightful strain  
He framed one summer evening in our cell,  
When that fair orphan came with streaming eyes,  
To tell us that the lady of the castle,  
Marie Le Fleming, on her deathbed lay!

*Isabel.* I recollect it well.

*Magd.* The sorrowful  
Still love to muse on all distressing things,  
And sure her death was so. Repeat the dirge  
Composed while she was parting from the earth.  
Ere yet thy voice begin, I see the land,  
The beautiful land of mountains, lakes, and woods,  
All glimmering with a melancholy light  
Which must unto mine eyes endure for ever.  
O Isabel! when o'er this doleful city  
Rises the snow-white tower of Grassmere church—  
—Go on,—go on, for I begin to rave.

#### DIRGE.

THE fairy on Helvellyn breathes  
Into the diamond's lustre fair,  
And in that magic gleam she wreathes  
The dewdrops round her glittering hair.

The driving blast—the dimming rains  
May there disturb its secret place,  
But evermore the stone retains  
The image of that loveliest face.

So in our lady's radiant eyes  
Joy looked when she was yet a child,  
And there 'mid shades of sickness lies  
Beauteous as when at first she smiled.—

'Tis said there is a wondrous bird  
That ne'er alights to fold her wings,  
But far up in the sky is heard  
The music which the creature sings.

On plumes unwearied, soft and bright  
She floateth still in hymning mirth,  
For ever in her native light!  
Unstained by any touch of earth!

Our lady's soft and gentle feet  
 O'er earth in mortal motion swim,  
 But angels come from heaven to meet  
 The incense of her holy hymn.—

On yonder pool so black and deep,  
 In her green cradle rocked to rest,  
 Behold the water-lily sleep!  
 Serenely, with untroubled breast!

Alike unto that fearless flower  
 The arrowy sleet—the dewy balm—  
 The sunlight's smile—the tempest's lower—  
 For hers is an eternal calm.

Across our gracious lady's bed  
 A blast hath come as from the grave,  
 But on her pillow rests her head  
 Calm as that lily on the wave.

From heaven fair beings come at night  
 To watch o'er mortals while they sleep;  
 Angels are they, whose sole delight  
 It is to comfort those who weep.

How softly on the dreamer's head  
 They lay their soft and snow-white hands!  
 One smile! then in a moment fled,  
 They melt away to happier lands.

I wake! and lo! my lady fair  
 Is smiling near the orphan's bed,  
 With all the charms the living wear  
 Joined to the beauty of the dead.—

O perfect is a plaintive tune  
 When slowly sung at fall of even,  
 In some wild glen beneath the moon,  
 When silence binds the earth and heaven!

Remembrance rises faint and dim  
 Of sorrows suffered long ago,  
 And joy delighteth in the hymn  
 Although it only breathe of woe.

Our lady's spirit it is pure  
 As music of departed years!  
 On earth too beauteous to endure,  
 So sad—so wild—so full of tears!

*Magd.* Methinks I see the splendid funeral  
 O'erspreading Grassmere churchyard. Vain parade!

Lost on the thousand weepers standing there,  
 With the image of that corpse so beautiful  
 Lying all dressed with flowers before their souls.  
 The ancient castle from that dismal day  
 Seemed going fast to ruin—the oak-wood  
 Is black and sullen 'mid sunshiny hours,  
 And oft upon the green and primrose bank  
 Of her own Rydal lake, the voice of grief  
 Comes with the little waves, a peaceful dirge  
 Of Nature o'er the lady whom she loved.

*Isabel.* Nature most gently led her unto rest.  
 And as her eyes grew dim, there swam before them  
 Sweet images of all that most she loved  
 Breathed from the heavens and earth. O different far  
 Must be our doom! Hark! hark the nightly shrieks!  
 At the same stated hour! those thundering wheels!  
 Ah me! I never hear that hideous noise,  
 But the deep hush of Grassmere vale—the tower  
 Chiming through morning silence, and the lake  
 Reflecting all the heavens——

*Magd.* Of this no more,  
 My gentle Isabel! Can we speak so long  
 About ourselves, and Frankfort's mother lying  
 A corpse! It seems as if we had not loved her.  
 O we are selfish beings even when we think  
 That we have weaned our souls from earthly joys.

*Isabel.* When is the funeral?

*Magd.* At twelve o'clock  
 To-night will that delightful old man come,  
 To see them decently carried to the grave;  
 And I will in that small procession walk  
 Close to her dear, dear head. She was beloved  
 By all who saw her once—so beautiful!  
 So meekly beautiful! so sadly fair!  
 So happy in her solemn widowhood!

*Isabel.* You will return at midnight?

*Magd.* Yes—kind heart  
 And for one single day I must refrain  
 From visiting the sick. A trying day  
 Hath this been to me. O ye holy Ones,  
 With saints united in beatitude,  
 Look down upon us in this lonely room,  
 Sitting in the dimness of mortality,  
 With sorrow in our souls!—My Isabel,  
 I may not chant with thee our evening hymn,

For I am faint. Already have I poured  
 My heart in holy song unto the ear  
 Of pitying Jesus—sing it by thyself :  
 In silence will I join the sacred strain.

## HYMN.

THE air of death breathes through our souls,  
 The dead all round us lie ;  
 By day and night the death-bell tolls  
 And says, "Prepare to die !"

The face that in the morning sun  
 We thought so wondrous fair,  
 Hath faded, ere his course was run,  
 Beneath its golden hair.

I see the old man in his grave  
 With thin locks silvery grey ;  
 I see the child's bright tresses wave  
 In the cold breath of the clay.

The loving ones we loved the best,  
 Like music all are gone !  
 And the wan moonlight bathes in rest  
 Their monumental stone.

But not when the death-prayer is said,  
 The life of life departs :  
 The body in the grave is laid,  
 Its beauty in our hearts.

At holy midnight voices sweet  
 Like fragrance fill the room,  
 And happy ghosts with noiseless feet  
 Come bright'ning from the tomb.

We know who sends the visions bright,  
 From whose dear side they came !—  
 We veil our eyes before thy light,  
 We bless our Saviour's name !

This frame of dust, this feeble breath,  
 The Plague may soon destroy ;  
 We think on Thee, and feel in death  
 A deep and awful joy.

Dim is the light of vanished years  
 In the glory yet to come ;  
 O idle grief ! O foolish tears !  
 When Jesus calls us home.



Like children for some bauble fair  
 That weep themselves to rest ;  
 We part with life—awake ! and there  
 The jewel in our breast !

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SCENE III.

*The Open Street.—A Crowd of Men and Women gathered  
 in a tumultuous manner.*

*1st Man.* There goes a notable fool ! The moon is yonder  
 Shining like the sun, but with a tamer light,  
 And yet with blazing oil-torch puffing forth  
 Its noisome vapours on each passenger,  
 This greasy varlet scours along the street,  
 Fixing his puny stars where'er he stops,  
 In many a long line twinkling sleepily.  
 What is the use of these same lamps ? The Plague  
 Is not afraid of light, and kills by day,  
 By moon-light, star-light, lamp-light, every light.  
 Is it that we may see each other's faces  
 More clearly as we pass ? Now, on my soul,  
 I have not seen one face for these three months  
 That spoke not of the grave. This very wretch,  
 With long lean shrivelled shanks, looked as he passed  
 Like some well-seasoned dry anatomy  
 Escaped from Surgeons'-hall. The Plague, my girl,  
 Hath spoiled the beauties of good London town,  
 And (let me see thy face below this lamp),  
 Good faith ! they're not so useless as I thought—  
 Hadst thou been Eve, Adam had ne'er been tempted.

*2d Man.* Ay ! folks may jest, and with right heavy  
 hearts.

For my own part, I don't expect this Plague  
 Will change its quarters, long as it has left  
 A single man alive. As for the moon  
 That shines so brightly, have you ever heard  
 What the Astrologers say of that moon ?

*Woman.* Tell, tell us what the Astrologers have said.

*2d Man.* They say it is the moon that sends the Plague.

*1st Man.* The man in the moon ? then is he changed  
 indeed

Since days of yore. I have seen him when a boy

Crouching beneath his sticks most wofully,  
 Condemned to bear the load in punishment  
 Of Sabbath-breaking. Now he walks erect  
 With a huge sweeping scythe, and mows us down,  
 Us poor unhappy Londoners, like grass  
 By the acre.

*3d Man.* Yea! before the Plague burst out,  
 All who had eyesight witnessed in the city  
 Dread Apparitions, that sent through the soul  
 Forebodings of some wild calamity.  
 The very daylight seemed not to be poured  
 Down from the sun—a ghastly glimmering haze  
 Sent upwards from the earth; while every face  
 Looked wan and sallow, gliding through the streets  
 That echoed in the darkness. When the veil  
 Of mist was drawn aside, there hung the sun  
 In the unrejoicing atmosphere, blood-red,  
 And beamless in his wrath. At morn and even,  
 And through the dismal day, that fierce aspect  
 Glared on the city, and many a wondering group  
 Gazed till they scarce believed it was the sun.  
 —Did any here behold, as I beheld,  
 That phantom who three several nights appeared,  
 Sitting upon a cloud-built throne of state  
 Right o'er St Paul's Cathedral? On that throne  
 At the dead hour of night he took his seat,  
 And monarch-like stretched out his mighty arm  
 That shone like lightning. In that kingly motion  
 There seemed a steadfast threat'ning—and his features,  
 Gigantic 'neath their shadowy diadem,  
 Frowned, as the phantom vowed within his heart  
 Perdition to the city. Then he rose,  
 Majestic spectre! keeping still his face  
 Towards the domes beneath, and disappeared,  
 Still threatening with his outstretched arm of light,  
 Into a black abyss behind the clouds.

*Voice from the crowd.* I saw him—on the very night  
 I saw him,  
 When first the Plague broke out.

*3d Man.* And saw ye not  
 The sheeted corpses stalking through the sky  
 In long, long troops together—yet all silent,  
 And, unobservant of each other, gliding  
 Down a dark flight of steps that seemed to lead  
 Into the bosom of eternity?

*Voice from the crowd.* Go on, go on—tell us of what thou sawest :

Thou art a scholar, and thy tongue can speak  
Even like a written book. What sawest thou else ?

*3d Man.* I have seen hearses moving through the sky !  
Not few and solitary, as on earth  
They pass us by upon a lonesome road,  
But thousands, tens of thousands moved along  
In grim procession—a long league of plumes  
Tossing in the storm that roared aloft in heaven,  
Yet bearing onwards through the hurricane,  
A black, a silent, a wild cavalcade  
That nothing might restrain ; till in a moment  
The heavens were freed, and all the sparkling stars  
Looked through the blue and empty firmament !

*Voice.* They all foretold the Plague.

*3d Man.* And I have seen  
A mighty churchyard spread its dreary realms  
O'er half the visible heavens—a churchyard blackened  
With ceaseless funerals that besieged the gates  
With lamentation and a wailing echo.  
O'er that aërial cemet'ry hung a bell  
Upon a black and thund'rous looking cloud,  
And there at intervals it swung and tolled  
Throughout the startled sky ! Not I alone,  
But many thousands heard it—leaping up,  
Not knowing whether it might be a dream,  
As if an earthquake shook them from their beds,  
Nor dared again to sleep.

*1st Woman.* Cease, cease that jargon  
About sights seen in the sky. The city shows  
Phantoms, and hearses, and churchyards enow,  
Without recourse to visions in the heaven.

*Voice.* Heed not that foolish wretch—go on, go on,  
I love to feel my hair stand up on end,  
And my heart beat till I can hear its sound.

*3d Man.* Dost not remember that black stormy night  
When all at once the hurricano ceased,  
And silence came as suddenly as light  
Bursting on darkness ? In that awful hush  
The city like a panting monster lay,  
Fearful of danger which it knew not of,  
Yet felt that it was near. Then overhead,  
As from a floating cloud, a mighty voice  
Came like the roar of ocean, “Death ! death ! death !”



A thousand echoes wailed the giant-cry  
Faintlier and faintlier—till once more the storm  
Rose on the night, and that portentous voice  
Left the pale city quaking in its fear.

*2d Woman.* His words are like a dream—more terrible  
These sights and sounds from the disastrous sky  
Than all the real terrors of the Plague.

*1st Man.* Come, woman! with that wild and coal-black  
eye,  
Let us hear thee speak! no idle dreamer thou!  
I like that smile of scorn and bitterness.

*1st Woman.* I cannot say that I dislike the Plague.  
Good faith! it yields rare harvest to the poor  
Who are industrious, and will sit by night  
Round beds where richer servants dare not come.  
Yet after all 'tis not the Plague that kills,  
But fear. A shake of the head—a sapient look—  
Two or three ugly words muttered through the teeth—  
Will go long way to send unto his grave  
A soldier who has stood fire in his day.  
And as for women, and the common run  
Of men—for instance mercers, lawyers' clerks,  
And others not worth mentioning, they die,  
If a sick-nurse only look upon her watch  
To know the hour of the night. What matters it?  
In a hundred years—all will be well again.

*2d Woman.* You must have seen rare sights in your  
time, good woman!

*1st Woman.* I have seen for two months past some score  
i' the day  
Give up the ghost. No easy business  
To lay so many out. When they paid well,  
I did my office neatly—but the poor  
Or niggardly, I put them overhand  
In a somewhat careless way—gave them a stretch  
Or two—down with their eye-lids—shut their mouths,  
And so I left them. 'Twas but slovenly work.

*2d Woman.* Ha! ha! ha!—Why wert thou so kind,  
brave wench!  
Unto the lazy cruel-hearted rich?  
They owe at least one kindness to the poor.  
Let them feel what still they preach of—gratitude.

*1st Woman.* I know not what the gentry and nobility  
Think of this way of burial. In they go,  
Beggar and banker, porter, gentleman,



The cinder-wench and my white-handed lady,  
 Into one pit. O rare ! rare bed-fellows !  
 There they all lie in uncomplaining sleep.

*2d Woman.* Canst give some little history of the dead ?

*1st Woman.* Yes—I could make your pale face paler still,  
 Did I choose to be talkative—but one  
 Short history of a wretch who died to-day  
 I will give—and his name was Rivington.  
 Eternal curses blast that hateful name !—  
 Curst be he even within the crowded grave !  
 And may his lingering spirit feel the pressure  
 Of a hundred corpses weighing down its life,  
 In agony and torment, down to hell !

*2d Woman.* Come, for the story—you may spare your  
 curses.

God wot ! you waste your breath. The gentleman  
 Is dead—I'll warrant that his soul's ta'en care of.

*1st Woman.* I was sent for to a house that was Plague-  
 struck

To lay out two small children. Rivington !  
 Methought I knew that name. Could it be he  
 Whom twenty years before I knew too well  
 Among the towers of Oxford, where he studied,  
 As some said, for the church ; a worthy son  
 Of such a mother—no less worthy child  
 Of such a rare nurse—Oxford and the church !  
 At once I knew the caitiff, as he lay  
 Dying alone 'mid his dead family,  
 Whose blue swollen faces had a look in them  
 Of their most wicked father. Had they lived,  
 They had been evil—no good could have come  
 From blood of his—it had a taint in it.  
 I had forgot to mention that his wife  
 Was likewise lying dead. Poor soul ! her face  
 Was beautiful, and seemed the face of sorrow  
 Rather than of death. Much no doubt had she suffered,  
 Married for ten long years to such a husband !  
 When I had done my duty, “ Where's your gold ? ”  
 I asked this master of a family,  
 Who with a fixed and stupid face was sitting  
 Idle in his chair. “ Where, ruffian ! is your gold ? ”  
 But, to make short a rather tedious story,  
 He knew me—knew that I was come to curse him,  
 To howl my dying curses in his ear ;

Nor would I listen to his cowardly voice,  
Imploring mercy and forgiveness. Curse him !

*2d Woman.* What was his crime ?

*1st Woman.* We were three sisters once,  
Happy and young, and some thought beautiful,  
And by our cheerful industry supported  
Our palsied mother. But this demon came,  
And by his wheedling arts and tempting gold,  
Unknown to one another we all fell  
Into sin, and shame, and sorrow. Our sick mother  
Died of a broken heart—one sister died  
In childbed—and consumption bred of grief  
Soon took away another. I alone,  
Reserved for farther woe and wickedness,  
Lived on—but yet methinks this one small day,  
Those two blest hours in which I saw him dying,  
That minute when the rattle in his throat  
Closed his vile tongue for ever, and the moment  
When one convulsive gasp left him a corpse,  
Gave me my share of earthly happiness,  
And life feels life thus sweetened by revenge.

*2d Woman.* Felt you no little twingeing of remorse,  
Thinking on days when I suppose you loved him ?

*1st Woman.* I never loved him, and he knows what love  
He bore to me. Both had our punishment !  
I for my folly, vanity, and pride,  
Base love of gold (for then that love was base  
Which now is right, and just, and necessary),  
Have led a houseless life of infamy,  
Despised, curst, fondled, starved. He for his lust,  
Unnumbered lies, and fearless cruelty,  
Hath seen his children die before his face,  
And his wife perish, stricken into death  
'Mid the screaming of insanity. Remorse  
Disturbed his ruffled bed and dug his grave,  
While she, within whose breast he often lay,  
With the count'nance of a fury glared upon him,  
And shook the dying caitiff in the pangs  
Of pain and of despair. The hand of God  
Was there in me, its worthless instrument.

*2d Woman.* Let's go to merrymaking—right good  
friends  
We two shall make. Left naked in the street  
Was I, a little infant by its mother  
Exposed to death. I in a poorhouse passed

My hated, hateful youth ; my womanhood,  
 Like thine, was chiefly passed where I began  
 My chance existence—in the street ; and now  
 Without a friend, food, money, or a home,  
 What care I for the Plague ? Let us go, my friend,  
 To merrymaking.

*1st Man.* All this is mighty well,  
 But leads to nothing. Wilt thou rob a church,  
 Good master Pale-face ? Wilt thou rob a church,  
 And share 'mid this our ragged company  
 The general spoil ?

*2d Man.* Why, any place but a church !

*1st Man.* Ha ! thou'rt a scrupulous robber ! and the  
 sound  
 Of these psalm-singing, shrill-voiced choristers  
 Would frighten thee, gliding through the moonlit  
 aisle.

Troth, man ! 'tis well worth fighting with a ghost  
 For such a booty. Silver candlesticks,  
 Gold-gilt, are standing idle on the altar,  
 Themselves a boy-load ! and they say a Crozier  
 Most richly ornamented may be found  
 In a lucky nook, no despicable bauble !  
 But ten times worth such trifles, think thou, Jesuit !  
 On the bright vessels for communion-service,  
 Of massy silver, which the surpliced priest  
 With both hands gives unto the trembling grasp  
 Of young communicants. When melted down,  
 They will make us all as rich as Croesus. Come  
 Let us off to the Cathedral.

*2d Man.* I for one  
 Stay where I am, or seek some other duty.  
 'Tis absolute sacrilege. I could not sleep  
 If I had lent a hand to rob a church.  
 I go not there to pray—neither will I go  
 To steal—'tis little short of sacrilege.  
 However, I am not obstinate, and 'tis pity  
 To part from pleasant company : suppose  
 We break into some house that is Plague-struck ?  
 Its tenants probably are dead—or dying,  
 And will make small resistance—to kill such  
 Cannot be well called murder.

*Several voices.* Agreed ! agreed !

(*A wild cry is heard, and a half-naked Man comes  
 raving furiously along.*)



*2d Man.* 'Tis the mad prophet! for God's sake let him pass.

*Maniac.* Woe! woe! unto the city! woe! woe! woe!  
The Prince of the air his palace fills to-day  
With wicked spirits in their guilt destroyed.  
Repent! repent! before the red-eyed Wrath  
Wither you to ghosts. His bloody scimitar  
Is waving o'er the city. On your knees  
Fall down, ye wild blasphemers!—'Tis too late;  
Woe! woe! unto the city! woe! woe! woe!

*2d Man.* We neither rob a church nor house this night.

*Maniac.* Repent, ye miserable troop of ghosts.

*2d Man.* We cannot repent—fear binds us fast to guilt.

*Maniac.* Another month, and I am left alone  
In the vast city, shrieking like a demon!  
Condemned to an eternal solitude  
Peopled but by ghosts, that will not, will not speak!  
All gliding past me, wan and silently,  
With curses in their eyes, and death-like frost  
Breathed from their bony hands, whose scornful fingers  
Keep pointing at me rooted to the stones,  
'That yield no sound to comfort my stopped heart.

*Crowd.* O what a dreadful dream envelops him!

*Maniac.* My sins have brought this judgment on the city.  
One sin there is that may not be forgiven,  
And that was mine: so from the lurid sky  
Down came the mighty and the fearful God,  
And like a flash of lightning withered up  
The hearts of His poor creatures. I alone  
Am doomed to live for ever in the depths  
Of lifeless silence, which my maddened shrieks  
In vain will startle, like a lonely bird  
Wailing unheeded in a vast sea-cave.  
—O Jesus! thou Destroyer! once again  
Thy voice of thunder stuns me. Woe! woe! woe!  
—The streets do run with blood! and groans of death  
As with an earthquake shake the toppling walls.  
Down falls yon spire—huzza! down, down to hell.  
Why stare ye so, ye dumb and pale-faced ghosts?  
O for a whirlwind's wing to sweep you away  
Like broken clouds, or the autumnal leaves  
Hissing through the cold heart of a dreary wood.  
—I hear the voice!—Woe! woe! unto the city—woe! woe!  
woe!

[*He rushes away shrieking.*]



*1st Man.* O base and wretched cowards! by the shrieks  
Of a poor madman scared and terrified!  
Thus they who take their conscience by the beard,  
And laugh to scorn the voice that cannot lie,  
At their own shadows start! now palsy-stricken  
By the ravings of a drivelling idiot.

*1st Woman.* See where heaven dawns on hell! Even in  
the path  
Of that tormented demon, onward floats  
An Angel! Mercy following Despair!

*2d Woman.* Let us fall down and worship her.  
(*Enter MAGDALENE dressed in white, with a Bible in  
her hand.*)

*1st Woman.* It is the lovely Lady no one knows,  
Who walks through lonesome places day and night,  
Giving to the poor who have no earthly friend;  
To the dying comfort, to the dead a grave!  
I am a hardened sinner, yet my heart  
Softens at that smile; and when I hear her voice,  
I feel as in my days of innocence.

[*They kneel down before her.*]

*Magd.* Rise up, my sisters and my brothers, rise!

*Voice.* How graciously she speaks unto the poor!  
Angels have walked this earth. If thou art one—  
And that voice tells thou art, whate'er its words—  
Let us still kneel before thee! sinful we!  
And in our lives most desperately wicked;  
Yet, child of heaven! believe us when we say  
Religion hath not wholly left our hearts.

*Magd.* O piteous spectacle! by my very birth  
I am a creature sinful as yourselves!  
And if my life have freer been from guilt,  
I owe the blessing of my innocence  
To Him whose blood can change the hue of sin  
Into the whiteness of thrice-driven snow.

*2d Woman.* We are too wicked now to hope for pardon.

*Magd.* Ye are not lost, but think that ye are so,  
And therefore will not hope. Cheer up your souls!  
Calmness will lead to hope, and hope to faith,  
And faith unto that awful happiness  
That walks unquaking through the shades of death,  
Triumphant over nature's agony.

*2d Woman.* Walk not away! speak to us yet a while!

*Magd.* Return unto your homes, all ye that own  
A home—a blessing even when desolate.

If young or old or sick be pining there,  
 Think on the comfort of the Comforter.  
 If all have perished, turn your eyes to Him  
 Who dwells in Zion, and you need not fear  
 The dreadful stillness of unlooked-for Death.  
 I will pray with you ; ne'er forget your prayers !  
 Even now you felt how sweet it was to bless  
 Me, a poor sinful creature, since you think  
 That nature framed me kind and pitiful.  
 Pray unto Him who loved you on the cross ;  
 Evening and morn and noon-day worship Him,  
 And what although your homes be desolate !  
 Your hearts will sing for joy—even as the lark  
 'Mid evening sunshine hymning up the sky,  
 Forgetful that since morn the spoiler's hand  
 Had torn her low-built nest.

*2d Woman.* O that the Plague  
 Would strike me dead before thou disappear—  
 For when thy heavenly face hath passed away,  
 What shall protect me from the ghastly looks,  
 The broken voice, of guilt and agony ?

*Magd.* Promise to pass this night in prayer.

*Several voices.* We promise.

*1st Man.* She is indeed most beautiful ! O misery,  
 To think that heaven is but a dream of fools !  
 Why gaze I on her thus, as if I felt her  
 To be immortal ! Something touched my soul  
 In that sad voice which earth can ne'er explain,  
 Something quite alien to our troubled being,  
 That carried on my soul into the calm  
 Of that eternal ocean !—Can it be ?  
 Can a smile—a word—destroy an atheist's creed ?  
 —Ha ! this is mockery !

*2d Woman.* See how she waves  
 Her snow-white hand, from which a blessing falls  
 On all the crowded street ! How silently  
 The starry midnight passes o'er our heads !  
 How gladsome the pure moonlight ! Oh that angel  
 Hath by her beauty and her innocence  
 Won the great God of mercy to look down  
 On the children of despair. We part in peace !

## SCENE IV.

FRANKFORT *sitting beside the Bodies of his Mother and little Brother.*—The PRIEST and WILMOT *standing at some distance.*

*Frankfort.* Thou need'st not look with such sad eyes on me,  
Belovèd old man! On that countenance  
I now have gazed so long, that its deep calm  
Hath sunk into my heart.

*Priest.* The comforter  
Hath come to thee in solitude.

*Frank.* When left  
With this still image, I confess my voice  
Called upon her loud and frantically  
To start up into life. Even then a smile  
Came o'er her face, a sweet upbraiding smile  
That silently reproved my senseless grief.  
O look upon her face! eternity  
Is shadowed there! a pure immortal calm,  
Whose presence makes the tumult of this world  
Pass like a fleeting breeze, and through the soul  
Breathes the still ether of a loftier climate!

*Priest.* Many sweet faces have I seen in death,  
But never one like this. Death beautifies  
Even the stern face of guilt, and I have seen  
The troubled countenance of a sinful man  
Breathed over, soon as life had passed away,  
With a soft delicate shade,—as from the wing  
Of Innocence returning to shed tears  
Over the being she had loved in youth.  
But here lies perfect beauty! her meek face,  
Free as that child's from any touch of sin,  
Yet shining with that loftier sanctity  
That holds communion with the promised heavens.

*Frank.* (to *Wilmot*). Kind friend! thou weep'st! Such  
tears will not disturb  
Her sleep! see where they trickle silently  
Down that unmoving cheek that feels them not,  
As if they flowed from eyes that may not weep.

*Wil.* My friend! may I kneel down and kiss her cheek?

*Frank.* Start not at feeling that fair face so cold!  
I often said that I would bring my friend



To see my mother. Lo ! I have fulfilled  
My promise ! There she lies !

*Wil.* As I touched her lips  
Methought her dead face smiled a blessing on me !

*Frank.* Take thou this ringlet of her auburn hair :  
'Tis a sweet auburn, mingled though it be  
With the soft silvery grey ! and be it blended  
With these thick-clustering curls of undimmed joy,  
In beauty parted from the radiant head  
Of this delightful child, and for my sake  
Keep them for ever

*Priest.* If deserved by love,  
Part of these holy relics should be mine.

*Frank.* Ay ! ay !—Now may I ask whose pious care  
Hath placed these death-flowers here ? Methinks I  
read

In the fair disposition of these flowers  
The delicate language of a female hand,  
Not unforgetful of the skill that cheered  
Its hours of happier task, even in the sad  
Graceful adornment of the dead ! One hand,  
One hand alone on all the earth was worthy  
To place these flowers—but it is far away !

*Priest.* What if that hand it were ?

*Frank.* Nay ! mock me not.  
Haply thou heardest not my words aright.

*Priest.* One hand alone thou rightly saidst was worthy  
To fix that wreath. The fingers of that hand  
Stirred not the braided hair that they did touch,  
Nor moved one fold upon the funeral sheet,  
So that the flowers they shed seemed dropping there  
In a dewy shower from heaven ! Thy Magdalene  
It was indeed whose fingers dressed the dead.

*Frank.* Magdalene ! and in the midst of this fell Plague  
Mine is a most mysterious destiny.

O spirit of my mother ! pardon me,  
Though with thy dead body lying in my sight,  
My soul with pangs returns unto the living,  
If Magdalene indeed be with the living !—  
That smile hath life in it. O blest old man,  
Thou art indeed the servant of the Lord !

*Priest.* She lives ! and even now is on her way  
To attend thy mother's funeral !

*Frank.* Speak—speak—

*Priest.* She is an orphan.

*Frank.* O my heart is dry!  
Were Magdalene's self a corpse, I could not weep.

*Priest.* I need not tell at length the mournful tale.  
Three happy weeks with their delighted daughter  
They walked the city—and the day was fixed  
For their return unto their native mountains.  
But the Plague came . . . . .

*Frank (passionately).* They surely were not thrown,  
In the face of pity weeping all in vain,  
Together thrown into that ghastly pit. . . . .

*Priest.* 'Twas easy then to find a place of rest  
In consecrated ground, and they were buried,  
The very day they died, in a quiet spot,  
Even not without its beauty, at the foot  
Of a small tree that Nature's self had planted,  
In a city churchyard standing quite alone.

*Frank.* And where was Magdalene on the burial-day ?

*Priest.* I must not speak to thee of that one day !  
But it is past and gone, and Magdalene  
Is living. This is all I dare to utter.  
There is an air that memory may not breathe,  
And black oblivion hath her sacred ground  
Guarded for aye by woe and misery.

*Frank.* Buried in a city 'mid a crowd of tombs !  
Those floating locks bleached by the ocean storms  
Through many a perilous midnight—and that head,  
On which the snows of age were gently falling  
Through the hushed air of peace—both in the earth !  
—Spoke they not of a burial-place far off ?

*Priest.* They did—but with a smile.

*Frank.* It matters not.  
—There is a little churchyard on the side  
Of a low hill, that hangs o'er Rydal-lake,  
Behind the house where Magdalene was born.  
Most beautiful it is ; a vernal glade  
Enclosed with wooded rocks ! where a few graves  
Lie sheltered, sleeping in eternal calm.  
Go thither when you will, and that green spot  
Is bright with sunshine. There they hoped to lie !  
And there they often spoke to Magdalene  
Of their own dying day. For death put on  
The countenance of an angel in the place  
Which he had sanctified. I see the spot  
Which they had chosen for their sleep—but far,  
O far away from that sweet sanctuary

They rest, and all its depth of sunny calm.  
Methinks my Magdalene never dare return  
To her native cottage.

*Priest.* No! she only smiled  
When I implored her to forsake the city;  
Then said she would not leave her parents' bones.  
Fain had she each day visited your mother,  
But feared to bring infection——

*Frank.* O my mother!  
Forgive me, Heaven! I had not sure forgotten  
That I am listening to thee by her coffin!  
My Magdalene's care was vain—she came at last,  
As these sad death-flowers tell.

*Priest.* Not in some spot  
Apart from death, in deathlike loneliness,  
Doth Magdalene dwell. Throughout the livelong day,  
And many a livelong night, for these three months,  
Hath she been ministering at the dying bed,  
From which, with an unnatural cowardice,  
Affection, ardent in the times of joy,  
Had fled,—perhaps to stumble o'er the grave.  
—What! though thy Magdalene heretofore had known  
Only the name of sorrow, living far  
Within the heart of peace, with birds and flocks,  
The flowers of the earth, and the high stars of heaven,  
Companions of her love and innocence;  
Yet she who, in that region of delight,  
Slumbered in the sunshine or the sheltered shade,  
Rose with the rising storm, and like an angel,  
With hair unruffled in its radiance, stood  
Beside the couch of tossing agony;  
As undisturbed as on some vernal day  
Walking alone through mountain-solitude,  
To bring home in her arms a new-yeaned lamb  
Too feeble for the snow!

*Frank.* I wonder not!  
Its beauty was most touching, and I loved  
The bright and smiling surface of her soul:  
But I have gazed with adoration  
Upon its awful depths profoundly calm,  
Seen far down shadowing the sweet face of heaven.

*Priest.* Many think she bears a charm against the Plague;  
And they are not deceived. A charm she hath,  
But hidden not in ring or amulet,  
Sleeping in the quiet of her sinless soul.



Some think she is a spirit—many look  
 With tears of sorrow on a mortal creature  
 Whom death may steal away—but all agree  
 That a thing so piteous, kind, and beautiful,  
 Did never walk before upon this earth.

*(The door opens, and MAGDALENE enters.)*

*Priest.* Behold the blessed one of whom we speak !

*Magd.* *(seeing Frankfort and Wilmot kneeling with their faces on the bed).*

Haply some sorrowing friends unknown to me !

*Frank.* *(rising).* Magdalene ! my holy Magdalene !

*Magd.* *(throwing herself down beside him).*

Hush ! hush ! my Frankfort ! thus I fold one arm  
 Round thy blest neck, and with the other thus  
 I touch the silent dead !

*Frank.* O Magdalene !

'Tis a wild night of bliss and misery.

*Magd.* We both are orphans.

*Frank.* Hush ! I know it all.—

An angel's arms are round me—No ! a mortal's—

A mortal thing sublimed and beautified

By woes that would have broken many a heart.

In thy embrace what do I care for death !

In ev'ry breathing of thy holy bosom

I feel contentment, faith, and piety ;

Nor can the shadow of this passing world,

Breathed o'er thy face of perishable beauty,

Bedim thy holy spirit—it is bright,

Nor seems to heed that gushing flood of tears.

*Priest to Wilmot.* Let us retire. The hour is drawing near,  
 Fixed for the funeral.

*Wilmot.* Heaven in mercy sent  
 That angel, with her dewy voice, and eyes  
 More dewy still, to stand beside the grave,  
 And show my friend how beautiful in heaven  
 His mother now must be ! That silent smile  
 To resignation might convert despair !

*(Priest and WILMOT retire.)*

## SCENE V.

*A Churchyard—Midnight—a clear Moon and serene Sky—a new-dug Grave close to the Church-wall, on which are leaning the Sexton and his Assistant.*

*Sexton.* 'Tis a decent job enough ; for a beginner,  
 You handle your spade in no unpromising way ;  
 And when our churchyard business revives,  
 (Confound that pit with its great ugly mouth—  
 'Tis the ruin of the trade)—you'll make, my boy,  
 A very pretty grave-digger. But hark ye !  
 When standing good five feet below the sod,  
 Keep thine eyes open, and don't fling the gravel  
 Into my face, thou screech-owl. Stretch thyself  
 Up boldly like the son of a grave-digger,  
 And form the bank above thee neat and trim.  
 I wish to have some credit in my graves ;  
 And even although the kinsfolk be poor judges,  
 And mind these things but little, I have an eye,  
 A grave-digger's eye, that loves to a nicety  
 To see a trench drawn for its own dear sake.  
 —Why art thou shivering there, thou Aspen-leaf ?

*Boy.* I never liked to walk through a churchyard.  
 And now, at the very dead hour o' the night,  
 This standing overhead within a grave  
 Hath made me colder than an icicle,—  
 Ay, numb as any grave-stone of them all.  
 I would not care to dig a grave in a field  
 Out in the country, and by good daylight ;  
 But to keep poking in a deep black hole,  
 In the middle of a pavement of gravestones,  
 With such a ghostlike moon above one's head,  
 And flinging out, instead of good plain pebbles,  
 Still yellow-grinning and worm-eaten skulls !—  
 'Tis shocking work.

*Sexton.* Fie ! you disgrace your trade,  
 You jackanapes ! an ancient noble trade.  
 I'll get some bungler of a village sexton,  
 Some bell-ringer well versed in psalmody,  
 To bury thee like a dog, and lay thy coffin  
 With the wrong end to the headstone. Out on thee !

*Boy.* I think, old man ! with both feet in the grave,  
As one may say . . . . .

*Sexton.* Ho ! ho ! advice, thou parrot !  
With both feet in the grave ! I will be singing  
Over my work for many a year to come,  
When thou, and chicken-hearted birds like thee,  
Will all be caged. Death loves a grave-digger,  
And would not hurt a hair upon his head.  
As for the Plague, he is afraid of us—  
With a mattock and a shovel o'er my shoulder  
He looks at me, and passes to such game  
As thou, and smooth-faced maidens like to thee.

*Boy.* Didst ever see the lady and her child  
Whose grave we have been digging—for if so,  
And yet hast felt no pity at thy work,  
Thou wouldst not scruple for a yellow King Charles  
To bury a Christian lying in a trance.

*Sexton.* Six years ago I buried her good husband,  
As proper brave a man as e'er was laid  
Under the turf. I have known the family  
Three generations, and I loved them all.  
But where's the use of whimpering like a child  
That never saw a grave ? Yet, by my spade,  
I think if I had any tears to shed,  
I would waste them all upon this very mould !  
For a sweeter lady never walked to church,  
Nor stepped across a grave-stone. She is in heaven !  
And he who thinks so well may dig her grave  
As merrily as a gard'ner in the spring.

*Boy.* See ! yonder two men standing with drawn  
swords !  
We shall be murdered.

*Sexton.* Murdered ! that's a trifle.  
But robbed of all our money. Hold it fast  
If you know where to find it—grave-diggers  
Still carry gold about them at their work.  
They'll murder, rob, and bury us in a twinkling.

*(The Sexton and Boy stand silent within the shadow  
of the Church-wall, and WALSINGHAM and FITZ-  
GERALD approach.)*

*Fitz.* This place is fitter for our present purpose  
Than that we fixed before. Here is a grave  
Just ready for thy body, Walsingham !  
Thou may'st have warmer lodgings for the night  
At the price of one small word—"forgiveness."



*Wal.* Methinks such high-toned pride but ill becomes  
A scene like this. What! ask forgiveness  
Of such a thing as thou—while the great God  
Beholds us standing here with murd'rous thoughts  
Upon the dark brink of eternity!  
Think what thou art, and what thou soon may'st be.

*Fitz.* Fool! villain! liar! thus do I retort  
Thy insupportable words. Thine is the pride—  
The hardened scorn is thine. But the hour is past  
In which I might have pardoned thee—and now  
Look at this rapier, and prepare to die.

*Wal.* I am no coward. Yea! I wish to die—  
But in the shadow of the house of God,  
I must not be a murderer

*Fitz.* House of God!  
Right pious words! but they will not avail thee!  
I think the Plague might well have scared such dreams,  
Best cherished in the nursery, or by women  
Whose faint hearts lean when sinking on religion.  
God cares, forsooth, for us His worshippers!  
Yet though we perish thousands in one night,  
And like the brutes are buried, still we call Him  
Lord—Priest, and Father, and still hope to rise  
Even from the crowded pit where we lie smothered  
Like bees in brimstone,—to rise beautiful,  
And soar to God's throne, spirits glorified!  
O bitter mockery! Look into that pit,  
With all its dread corruption steaming up  
To heaven, like an unheeded sacrifice,  
And then dare talk of immortality.

*Sexton* (*discovering himself*).  
I crave your pardon—but I did not dig  
That grave for you, much-honoured gentlemen.  
It is bespoken, and the worthy owner  
In half an hour will come to take possession.  
I have heard of people fighting for small cause,  
Or none—but cutting throats in a churchyard  
Is something new, and 'tis an ugly practice.

*Fitz.* (*rushing on Walsingham*). Here's at thy heart!  
(*He receives Walsingham's sword in his heart, and falls,*  
*exclaiming*), O Christ! stone-dead! stone-dead!

*Sexton.* Killing no murder—'twas in self-defence.  
You've a quick eye, good sir! or he had pinked you.  
These swords are ugly and unhandy things—  
I never liked them.

*Wal.* Now I am a murderer !  
That hideous name befits me ! I have sent him,  
In all the blindness of his atheist heart,  
To his dread audit ! Pho ! his blood will redden  
Upon my hands for ever. Wretch that I am !

*Sexton.* I hear them coming.

*Wal.* Whom dost thou hear coming ?

*Sexton.* Listen ! and hear the holy sound of psalms.

(*The funeral approaches the grave where WALSINGHAM is sitting near the dead body,—MAGDALENE, ISABEL, PRIEST, FRANKFORT, and WILMOT.*)

*Priest.* What shocking sight is this ? O Walsingham,  
My much-beloved and much-erring boy !  
I fear that thou hast done a deed of sin,  
For which remorse will haunt thee all thy days.

*Wal.* I hear thy voice, but dare not lift my eyes  
Up to thy solemn countenance. I could bear  
Thy anger, but the pity of the righteous  
Speaks to the little virtue that is left  
In my distracted soul, and when I hear it,  
O that in dumb deaf darkness I could lie !

*Frank.* We two are brothers in calamity.

*Wal.* Frankfort ? O now I know who fills that coffin.  
Behold how with these blood-dedabbled hands  
I tremble in the presence of her corpse.  
Look here—look here—upon this stiffening body !  
Its face convulsed, cries out “a murderer !”

[*He flings himself down.*]

*Sexton.* Manslaughter at the worst. There was no murder.

*Frank.* He heeds us not—lost in the agony  
Of his remorse. A more compassionate spirit—  
One more averse to the shedding of man’s blood,  
Yet of his own more prodigal, never graced  
The name of seaman.

*Priest.* Shall we drop the coffin  
Into the grave ? The hour has come at last !  
Art thou prepared to hear the funeral service ?  
Or wilt thou go behind that tomb and wait—

*Wal.* The funeral service is most beautiful,  
And I can listen to it with the tears  
Of a resigned sorrow. I remember  
The day before I bade a last farewell  
To her who is in heaven—we did partake  
Together of the body of our Lord.  
As we were walking homewards from the church,

With eyes where a sublime devotion smiled,  
 My mother looked at me, and gently whispered,  
 "Whate'er may be thy doom, I feel resigned ;  
 And if *I am not* when my son returns,  
 Recall to mind this blessèd sacrament,  
 And think of me with Christ."

*Magd.* Lean on my heart,  
 For now the trial comes.

[*The coffin descends into the grave.*]

*Frank.* Fling, fling the earth  
 Less rudely on her coffin ! Magdalene !  
 See how it disappears ! O final close  
 To sunny years of joy and happiness !  
 All perished in that dull and hideous sound !

*Magd.* No mortal ever led a happier life.  
 Her husband died, and she was sorrowful,—  
 But misery ne'er disturbed her soul serene,  
 That like a place of worship aye was husht  
 By day and night,—or with the voice of hymns  
 Singing most sweetly to the ear of Heaven.

*Frank.* I wonder not so much that she hath died,  
 As that a soul so perfect should have lived  
 So long in this sad world.—My little William,  
 Buried in all thy beauty—fare thee well !  
 Thank God ! I never said an unkind word  
 To the sweet infant ! Tears were in his eyes  
 When last I went to sea—and when I said  
 That I would bring him home the loveliest shells,  
 He smiled and wept. His face is smiling now  
 Far, far down in the darkness of the grave.

[*They all kneel down around the grave.*]

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### ACT III.

#### SCENE I.

*The PRIEST and WILMOT walking in a Square of the City.—  
 Evening after the funeral of FRANKFORT'S mother.*

*Wil.* How sweetly have I felt the evening-calm  
 Come o'er the tumult of the busy day  
 In a great city ! when the silent stars



Stole out so gladsome through the dark-blue heavens,  
 All undisturbed by any restless noise  
 Sent from the domes and spires that lay beneath,  
 Hushed as the clouds of night.

*Priest.* Even now 'tis so.  
 Didst thou e'er see a more resplendent moon ?  
 A sky more cloudless—thicker set with stars ?

*Wil.* The night is silent—silent was the day.  
 But now methinks that sky's magnificence  
 Darkeneth the desolation on the earth !  
 Even such the silence of a beautiful sea  
 Rolling o'er a thousand wrecks.

*Priest.* Let us sit down  
 Upon this seat, beneath its sheltering trees ;  
 And if my soul can face the fearful things  
 Which it has seen and suffered, thou shalt hear  
 How a whole city perished—a whole city !  
 For, walking on the shore, we rightly call  
 The ocean calm, though distant waves be breaking  
 With melancholy dash against the rocks.

*Wil.* Fit place it is for such wild colloquy !  
 These empty houses, and that half-built spire,  
 Standing with all its idle scaffolding. . . .

*Priest.* I see a thousand sights thou canst not see,  
 Glimmering around me—confused sights of woe  
 Mingling in the train of joy and happiness.  
 Sweet lovely children all around my feet  
 Are sporting—for this wide square was the playground  
 Where the bright families of prosperous men  
 Walked in the sunshine with their fairy dresses,  
 Laughing 'mid the flowers !—O many a slow-paced hearse  
 I see—and little coffins borne along  
 Beneath some solitary mourner's arm.  
 Mixed are these images of life and death !  
 For while I muse upon the silent face  
 Of one dead infant, crowds of living spirits  
 Come singing by—and though I see a coffin,  
 They see it not, but glide with sunny feet  
 O'er the black pall, then disappear for ever.

*Wil.* Came it on a sudden ?

*Priest.* Like a thunder-peal  
 One morn a rumour turned the city pale ;  
 And the tongues of men, wild-staring on each other,  
 Uttered with faltering voice one little word,  
 "The Plague !" Then many heard within their dreams

At dead of night a voice foreboding woe,  
And rose up in their terror, and forsook  
Homes, in the haunted darkness of despair  
No more endurable. As thunder quails  
Th' inferior creatures of the air and earth,  
So bowed the Plague at once all human souls,  
And the brave man beside the natural coward  
Walked trembling. On the restless multitude,  
Thoughtlessly toiling through a busy life,  
Nor hearing in the tumult of their souls  
The ordinary language of decay,  
A voice came down that made itself be heard,  
And they started from delusion when the touch  
Of Death's benumbing fingers suddenly  
Swept off whole crowded streets into the grave.  
Then rose a direful struggle with the Pest!  
And all the ordinary forms of life  
Moved onwards with the violence of despair.  
Wide flew the crowded gates of theatres,  
And a pale frightful audience, with their souls  
Looking in perturbation through the glare  
Of a convulsive laughter, sat and shouted  
At obscene ribaldry and mirth profane.  
There yet was heard parading through the streets  
War-music, and the soldier's tossing plumes  
Moved with their wonted pride. O idle show  
Of these poor worthless instruments of death,  
Themselves devoted! Childish mockery!  
At which the Plague did scoff, who in one night  
The trumpet silenced and the plumes laid low.  
As yet the Sabbath-day—though truly fear  
Rather than piety filled the house of God—  
Received an outward homage. On the street  
Friends yet met friends, and dared to interchange  
A cautious greeting—and firesides there were  
Where still domestic happiness survived  
'Mid an unbroken family; while the soul,  
In endless schemes to overcome the Plague,  
In art, skill, zeal, in ruth and charity  
Forgot its horrors, and oft seemed to rise  
More life-like 'mid the ravages of death.  
But soon the noblest spirits disappeared,  
None could tell whither—and the city stood  
Like a beleagured fortress, that hath lost  
The flower of its defenders. Then the Plague

Stormed, raging like a barbarous conqueror,  
 And hopeless to find mercy, every one  
 Fell on his face, and all who rose again  
 Crouched to the earth in suppliant agony.

*Wil.* Father! how mournful every Sabbath-day  
 To miss some well-known faces! to behold  
 The congregation weekly thinned by death,  
 And empty seats with all their Bibles lying  
 Covered with dust.

*Priest.* Ay—even the house of God  
 Was open to the Plague. Amid their prayers  
 The kneelers sickened, and most deadly-pale  
 Rose up with sobs,—and beatings of the heart  
 That far off might be heard, a hideous knell  
 That ne'er ceased sounding till the wretches died.  
 Sometimes the silent congregation sat  
 Waiting for the priest, then stretched within his shroud.  
 Or when he came, he bore within his eyes  
 A trouble that disturbed, and read the service  
 With the hollow voice of death.

*Wil.* Where was the king?  
 The nobles, and the judges of the land?

*Priest.* They left the city. Whither—none inquired.  
 Who cares now for the empires of the earth,  
 Their peerage or their monarchs? Kingly ones  
 Sit unobserved upon their regal seats,  
 And the soul looks o'er ocean, earth, and air,  
 Heedless to whom its fields or waves belong,  
 So that there were some overshadowing grove  
 Central amid a mighty continent,  
 Or sacred island in the healthful main,  
 Where men might be transported in a thought  
 Far from the wild dominion of the Plague.  
 Now He is monarch here—nor mortal brow  
 Durst wear a crown within the fatal sweep  
 Of his long bony arm.

*Wil.* He loves the silence  
 Of an unpeopled reign.

*Priest.* Once at noonday  
 Alone I stood upon a tower that rises  
 From the centre of the city. I looked down  
 With awe upon that world of misery;  
 Nor for a while could say that I beheld  
 Aught save one wide gleam indistinctly flung  
 From that bewildering grandeur: Till at once



The objects all assumed their natural form,  
 And grew into a City stretching round  
 On every side, far as the bounding sky.  
 Mine eyes first rested on the squares that lay  
 Without one moving figure, with fair trees  
 Lifting their tufted heads unto the light,  
 Sweet, sunny spots of rural imagery  
 That gave a beauty to magnificence.  
 Silent as nature's solitary glens  
 Slept the long streets—and mighty London seemed,  
 With all its temples, domes, and palaces,  
 Like some sublime assemblage of tall cliffs  
 That bring down the deep stillness of the heavens  
 To shroud them in the desert. Groves of masts  
 Rose through the brightness of the sun-smote river,  
 But all their flags were struck, and every sail  
 Was lowered. Many a distant land had felt  
 The sudden stoppage of that mighty heart.  
 Then thought I that the vain pursuits of man  
 Possessed a semblance of sublimity,  
 Thus suddenly o'erthrown ; and as I looked  
 Down on the courts and markets, where the soul  
 Of this world's business once roared like the sea,  
 That sound within my memory strove in vain,  
 Yet with a mighty power, to break the silence  
 That like the shadow of a troubled sky  
 Or moveless cloud of thunder, lay beneath me,  
 The breathless calm of universal death.

*Wil.* I feel all fears for my own worthless self  
 Vanish at thy voice—but it grows tremulous—  
 I now will hear no more. I know not why  
 My soul thus longs to feast itself on terror—  
 Last night I saw enough. O that churchyard !  
 That madman's dance !

*Priest.* My voice is tremulous,  
 For I shall never see fourscore again.  
 But I can speak to thee about the Plague  
 That rages round us, with as calm a soul  
 As if a hundred years had passed away  
 Since yonder Pest-house heard the groans and shrieks  
 Of more than mortal agony.

*Wil.* A Pest-house !  
 O dreadful habitation ! I beheld it,  
 As if in silence standing tenantless.  
 List ! list ! what fearful cries ! They will burst the walls,

And issue forth a ghost-like company  
Into the frightened air. Now—now—'tis silent !  
As if in that one shriek they all had perished.

*Priest.* Let not thy spirit penetrate its walls.  
Our Saviour pities it.

*Wil.* And who will go  
Into such tomb-like building filled with horror ?

*Priest.* Ay ! 'tis a dreadful mansion, standing there  
So black ! as if the very walls did know  
The agony within. Yet hither come  
The children of despair and poverty,  
Who, baring bosoms yellow with Plague-spots  
Implore admittance, and with hollow voice  
Do passionately vow their gratitude,  
If suffered to lay down their rending heads  
On the straw pallets—so that skilful men  
May visit them, even when the wretches say  
They have no hope. Poor souls ! perhaps they die  
In mitigated agony at last ;  
But when a ghost-like shadow enters there,  
It sees the sun no more.

*Wil.* Didst thou ever pray  
Within that fearful tabernacle ?

*Priest.* Yes !  
'Tis but two nights ago I thither went  
To minister the sacrament. I heard  
A hideous din before I reached the door—  
And entering I beheld the ghastly patients  
Walking tumultuously throughout the room,  
Some seemingly in anger—all the rest  
In mute despair. There lay the attendants dead !  
And thirst had come upon that pale-faced crew,  
Who gasped, and made wild motions with their hands,  
When in their parched mouths prayers or curses died.

*Wil.* It was most horrible.

*Priest.* But I have witnessed  
A sight more hideous still. The Plague broke out  
Like a raging fire within the darksome heart  
Of a huge madhouse ; and one stormy night  
As I was passing by its iron gates,  
With loud crash they burst open, and a troop  
Of beings all unconscious of this world,  
Possessed by their own fearful phantasies,  
Did clank their chains unto the troubled moon  
Fast rolling through the clouds. Away they went

Across the glimmering square ! some hurriedly  
 As by a whirlwind driven, and others moving  
 Slow—step by step—with melancholy mien,  
 And faces pale in idiot-vacancy.

For days those wild-eyed visitors were seen  
 Shrieking—or sitting in a woeful silence,  
 With withered hands, and heaps of matted hair !  
 And they all died in ignorance of the Plague  
 That freed them from their cells.—

*Wil.* Do none recover  
 Whom the Plague strikes ?

*Priest.* Not one in many thousands.  
 Yet two such wretches have I chanced to see,  
 And they are living still—far better dead !  
 For they have lost all memory of the past,  
 All feeling of the future. Their own names  
 They know not—nor that they are human beings.  
 Like images of stone there do they sit,  
 When all around is agony ; or laugh,  
 As if their features only were convulsed,  
 In the absence of all soul ! Ay, long and loud  
 The laughter is of those stone-images,  
 Sitting unmoved with their glazed steadfast eyes !  
 And none can tell why the poor wretches laugh  
 Who know not how to weep.

*Wil.* How many children  
 Must have died in beauty and in innocence  
 This fatal summer !

*Priest.* Many sweet flowers died !  
 Pure innocents ! they mostly sank in peace.  
 Yet sometimes it was misery to hear them  
 Praying their parents to shut out the Plague ;  
 Nor could they sleep alone within their beds,  
 In fear of that dread monster. Childhood lost  
 Its bounding gladness—its fearless glee—  
 And infants of five summers walked about  
 With restless eyes, or by their parents' sides  
 Crouched shuddering, for they ever heard them speaking  
 Of death, or saw them weeping—no one smiled.

*Wil.* Hath not the summer been most beautiful,  
 'Mid all this misery ?

*Priest.* A sunny season !  
 What splendid days, what nights magnificent  
 Passed in majestic march above the City,  
 When all below was agony and death !



"O peaceful dwellers! in yon silent stars,  
 Burning so softly in their happiness!"  
 Our souls exclaimed,—“unknown inhabitants  
 Of unknown worlds! no misery reaches you,  
 For bliss is one with immortality!”  
 The very river as it flowed along  
 Appeared to come from some delightful land  
 Unknown unto the Plague, and hastening on  
 To join the healthful ocean, calmly smiled,  
 A privileged pilgrim through the realms of death.  
 Yea! in the sore disturbance of men's souls  
 They envied the repose of lifeless things!  
 And the leafy trees that graced the city squares,  
 Bright with the dews of morning, they seemed blest!  
 On them alone the untainted air of heaven  
 Shed beauty and delight—all round them died.  
 London alone, of all the world seemed curst.  
 O happy spots in country—or in town!  
 'Mid savage wilds—or dark and noisome streets—  
 Cut off from human intercourse—or haunted  
 By vice and sorrow, penury and guilt,  
 Ye seemed to all a blessèd Paradise,  
 Whither on wings of rapture they would fly,  
 Nor ever leave you more—for nature groans  
 “Where the Plague is not, there dwells happiness.”

*Wil.* Dreadful indeed, to think how months and months

Have passed, and still are passing, without hope.

*Priest.* In churchyards, not in houses, it did seem  
 As if the people lived. They haunted there.  
 It was, you well may think, a woeful sight  
 In every burial-ground to see the grave-stones  
 Blackened o'er with persons, sitting night and day,  
 Bewailing their lost friends. But sadder still,  
 Ere long to see the self-same tombstones bare,  
 Telling how few at last were left to weep.  
 Sometimes I take my solitary stand  
 In one of those wide churchyards. Onwards pass  
 A multitude of faces recognised  
 Dimly, as beings vanished from this world:  
 Till, as I gaze upon them, memory  
 Disowns the wild creation of my brain,  
 And the image of those countless myriads,  
 Some strange procession seems of unknown creatures  
 On some unknown occasion moving by,

And cloud-like disappearing from my soul,  
A shifting pageant journeying endless on!

*Wil.* And all immortal souls! sent from this world  
As by a breath! like insects vanishing  
On a sudden, when a breeze comes o'er the silence  
Of a sultry summer-noon!—

*Priest.* What meets thine eyes?

*Wil.* Lo! yonder Frankfort walking toward us.  
Is there not something wild in his appearance?  
I trust that all is well with Magdalene.  
Alas! should she be dead!

*Priest.* 'Tis for himself  
I fear that we must weep. That devious pace,  
Now stopping on a sudden—and now hurried,  
As by a raging wind against the will . . . . .  
I tremble to behold it—for the Pest  
Oft dallies thus with its delirious victims.  
And yet some agitation of the mind . . . . .

*(Wilmot goes up to Frankfort as he is passing by distractedly without noticing them.)*

*Wil.* Companion—messmate—friend—best, dearest friend,  
Wilt thou not speak to us?

*Frank.* Hoist out the barge—  
My crew will pull her through the roaring surf.  
I have a mother dying of the Plague . . . . .

*Wil.* Sweet friend! look, look around! O misery!  
His mind is overthrown.

*Frank.* Say who art thou  
That glarest so upon me with thine eyes?  
Hadst thou a brother once?

*Wil.* My name is Wilmot.

*Frank.* Wilmot? Methinks I know thee! Wilmot!  
Wilmot!

*Wil.* I owe my life to thee.

*Frank.* O merciful God!  
A roaring whirlwind hurries off my soul—  
I surely feel these stones beneath my feet;  
Houses are standing round me—yet even now,  
If ever sailor trod upon a deck,  
I was on board the Thunderer. What dark building  
Towers yonder like a cloud? Is it a mad-house?  
No irons on my hands . . . . O chain me—chain me,  
In mercy, to one steadfast place of earth,  
Nor drive me onwards like a heaving wave  
Over the midnight sea.

*Priest.* Touch this grey head !

*Frank.* Old man ! thou hast a kind and gentle look—  
Then tell me this, and I will bless thee for it.  
Did a fair maiden come on board to-day,  
Calling herself, with a low mournful voice,  
Magdalene Lambert ? Did she ask for me  
With that low mournful voice, and hath she gone  
Weeping away because she found me not ?  
Drest is she all in white, as Poets feign  
The angel Innocence—and when she speaks . . . .  
Wilmot, I know thee now—hath something dreadful  
Fallen on my head—or am I in a fever,  
And raving here with a distempered brain ?

*Priest.* We are indeed thy friends ! Look at this hair  
Which I am wearing close unto my heart  
For thy dear mother's sake. Behold how softly  
The silver-lined auburn doth repose  
Amid the sunshine of sweet William's ringlets.

[*Frankfort falls on his neck and weeps.*]

*Frank.* Conduct me home—home—home—whate'er I say.  
But look not so . . . . O, ye dim ghastly faces,  
I know ye not . . . . I am your prisoner . . . .  
Lead, lead me hence, and chain me in my cell.

*Priest (to Wilmot).* Let us conduct him home ! Prepare  
thy soul  
For what this night may happen to thy friend,  
For death is in his face.

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SCENE II.

MAGDALENE *seen lying asleep on a couch*—ISABEL *and a  
Young Girl sitting beside her.*

*Isabel.* Didst thou e'er see so beautiful a face ?  
Lo ! how it smiles through sleep ! Even in her dreams  
Her soul is at some work of charity.

*Child.* May I go softly up, and kiss her cheek ?  
O why is it so pale ?

*Isabel.* 'Twas always so.

*Child.* I thought that paleness was a mark of grief.  
My mother's face was always deadly pale ;



But then she often wept—I know not why.  
This Lady must be happy.

*Isabel.* She awakes.

*Child.* Perhaps that kiss disturbed her.

*Isabel (to Magdalene, who awakes).* Magdalene!  
Thou scarcely seem'st to recollect this child.  
'Tis she who followed thee from that house of death:  
Look here—her small hands have already learned  
To serve her gracious mistress; and this table  
With such refreshments as thy need requires  
They spread—an orphan's gratitude has blest them.

*Magd.* Wilt thou go hundreds of long weary miles,  
Carried thou know'st not where, along with me  
And that kind girl? A sister of our own  
In a far distant land thou then wilt be,  
And all day run about green sunny hills  
With little snow-white lambs, while happy birds  
Sing to thee from their nests among the broom.

*Child.* I would go with thee to a land of ice  
And everlasting snow.

*Magd.* How prone to love  
Is the pure sinless soul of infancy!

*Child.* My father—mother—brothers—sisters—all  
Are dead! yet, Lady! when I hear thee speak,  
I must be happy in spite of all the tears  
That gush into mine eyes. My mother stood  
Close to my pillow last night in a dream,  
And bade me weep no more, for that an angel  
Had folded over me her heavenly wings.  
I woke—and there wert thou! at my bedside,  
With these delightful smiles.

*Magd.* O Isabel!  
Of all the mournful—sad—affecting things  
That sorrow meets with in a world of sorrow,  
The saddest sure those smiles of happiness,  
Those sudden starts of uncontrollable glee,  
That, like the promptings of a different nature,  
Assail the heart of childhood 'mid its grief,  
And turn its tears to rapture. Beauteous beings!  
Hanging in the air 'twixt joy and misery!  
Now like the troubled sea-birds wildly wailing  
Through the black squall;—and now upon the billows  
Alighting softly with the gleams of light,  
They float in beauty of a fearless calm.

*Isabel.* Why so profound a sigh?

*Magd.* A deadly pain  
Even at that moment struck into my heart.  
A sudden fear disturbs me—look on my face—  
Seest thou aught wild and strange within my eyes?  
Fear not to speak the truth.

*Isabel.* O nought I see  
Within these eyes but a meek tender light  
Softer than swimming tears—and on thy face  
The same pale beauty lies by all beloved  
Even when thou wert a child—a breathing paleness  
More touching than the cheeks so rosy-red  
Of other children—nothing else see I.

*Magd.* O shame! I feel the tears upon my cheek,  
I weep that I must die. O days and nights  
Past on my knees beside the bed of death,  
Have ye been all in vain! I shudder at death  
Even as this child would do—Most mournful weakness!

*Child.* I would not fear to die within your arms.

*Magd.* Bring me yon little mirror here—sweet child!  
And as you come with it, look in and see  
As fair a face as ever Innocence  
Put on to gladden her own gazing soul!

*(The Child gives the looking-glass to Magdalene, who  
after a single glance continues.)*

One look into that glass revealed my fate.  
I wish not to deceive my Isabel.  
I feel that I am dying.

*Isabel (falling on her knees).* Merciful God!  
Let the cup of death pass from her holy lips.

*Magd.* One momentary pang when torn from earth!  
I am resigned.

*Isabel.* O last night's awful scene  
Hath overcome thy body and thy soul.  
Both are disquieted—but both ere long  
Will wake to peace.—Assist me, Margaret,  
And we two, soft and silent as a dream,  
Will lay her on that bed. How feels my mistress?

*[They support her to bed.]*

*Magd.* Too well am I acquainted with the Plague,  
And all its fatal symptoms. I beheld  
The slumb'rous weight upon my eyes, the dim  
Blue shade that never more must leave my cheeks—  
My lips are touched by death—before the hour  
Of earliest morning—the small midnight hour,—  
O Heaven protect my faithful Isabel,

And waft her safe, as on an angel's wing,  
To that sweet Lake which I must see no more!

*Isabel.* This world at once is darkened.

*Magd.* Frankfort! come,  
Or thy sweet voice will all be lost on me!—  
Last night I dreamt of death and burial:  
The Plague had stricken me in my troubled sleep!  
Look here—death-tokens on my breast!

[*Isabel rushes into her arms and kisses her bosom.*]

*Isabel.* These kisses  
Will cure my agony! O savage death!  
May not the touch of that angelic bosom  
Win o'er to pity thy relentless soul!  
Alas! that mortal blueness hath been spread  
By the chill air of the grave!

*Magd.* Kiss—kiss me not.

*Isabel.* Till death come from thy bosom—I will kiss thee.

*Child.* Lady! I hear a soft tap at the door.

*Magd.* Then open it, my little fearful maid,  
For none but friends come here.

(*Enters the Old Priest.*)

*Priest.* What! all in tears!

*Isabel.* O sir! look here!—look here!

*Priest.* My holy child!  
O ghost-like now thy more than mortal beauty!  
Canst thou not raise thy head?

*Magd.* O pray for me.

*Priest.* Daughter! thy name is well-beloved in heaven.  
There hath been something in thy destiny  
Above our human nature, and thy soul  
Conspicuous, like a never-setting star,  
Hath shone o'er all the city—shedding joy  
And consolation. There is need of thee  
In this most wicked and afflicted world,  
And therefore do I trust with holy awe  
That death's dark shadow will pass over thee,  
And thou in undimmed beauty reappear!  
—If so the will of God!

*Magd.* Thou must pray for me,  
While yet I hear and understand thy prayers.  
Too well thou thinkest of me—I am weak  
In all my being—weaker far than many  
Who have died unpraised—unhallowed and unwept.  
O sinful pride! and base hypocrisy!



If in the deep prostration of my soul  
 I did not so confess. My earthly nature,  
 With eager visitings to all unknown,  
 Oft haunted me, when I was kneeling down  
 In prayer with others—holding up the head  
 From which all sense was parting. Oh! my pity  
 Was oft imperfect—almost insincere!  
 Yet God may in his boundless love accept  
 My feeble efforts. Faith at least is mine.  
 Oh! were that gone I should be poor indeed.

*Priest.* Daughter! in happier mood thou couldst not die.

*Magd.* O father! when I lived in happiness,  
 I drank the cup of joy, and often failed  
 To thank the hand that gave it. Years passed by,  
 And still I grew and flourished like a flower,  
 Unconscious of the sun that blesseth it.  
 But now the sadness of ingratitude  
 Disturbeth me, when I have need of comfort.

*Priest.* God is well satisfied with innocence.  
 The pure soul best doth prove its gratitude  
 By acquiescence to his will supreme,—  
 Calm thoughts and meek desires,—unsought-for bliss  
 Coming to youth from all the points of heaven,—  
 And above all, by natural piety,  
 That sees love, beauty, and delight on earth,  
 And on their wings mounts every happy man  
 Up to the gates of heaven. Thy joyful years  
 Are not forgotten by the Power that gave them,  
 And not one virtuous momentary thought  
 E'er stirred thy heart that is not registered  
 In the book of mercy—therefore calm thy soul.

*Magd.* I cannot doubt the language of these eyes,  
 So solemn—saint-like!—O were Frankfort happy!  
 I now could follow death into the grave  
 As joyfully as in the month of May  
 A lamb glides after its soft-bleating mother  
 Into a sunny field of untrod dew.  
 Heaven will protect my Isabel! Thou too.  
 My well-belovèd friend of yesterday,  
 Wilt have a gentle father. Dry thy tears—  
 Yet youth will dry them for thee. If my Frankfort—

*[She starts suddenly up in bed.]*

Take—take away these hands before thy face  
 And tell me in one word—“is he alive?”

*Priest.* He is alive—but his perturbèd soul  
Is tost and driven throughout a ghastly dream.

*Magd.* Is he alone—in his insanity?  
O that the Plague would prey upon our bodies,  
But leave the spirit free!

*Priest.* Wilmot is with him.

*Magd.* Eternal bliss be with that fearless friend!

*Priest.* It may not be the Plague.

*Magd.* It is the Plague.  
I know it is the Plague—and he will die.

*Isabel.* O lady! rise not up.

(MAGDALENE rises from bed and stands in the  
midst of them.)

*Magd.* What! remain here?  
In what I say I must not be opposed.

You love me—therefore in your love be silent.

I go to Frankfort—I shall not fall down

In the street before I reach him. I feel strong,

And could walk many miles. Come, Isabel.

Let me kiss the book of God before I go.—

Farewell, my little room! Thou art indeed

A calm and peaceful cell—and I have passed

Many still hours of awful happiness

Within thy lonely twilight. Now farewell!

I leave thee for a lodging calmer yet.

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### SCENE III.

FRANKFORT *lying on a bed in the house of his deceased  
Mother.*—WILMOT *watching beside him.*

*Frank.* Go upon deck, and tell me if thou seest  
The signal flying for close line of battle.

Does our good vessel lead the van to-day?

Or will these tame and cautious Hollanders

Still keep a lee-shore on their skulking bows?

*Wil.* Look on me, Frankfort—this is all a dream.

*Frank.* No time for jesting. Tell the old lieutenant,  
That a braver seaman never trod the deck,  
But that I fight my ship myself to-day;  
She is his when I am killed.

*Wil.* Look at this bed—  
 These curtains pictured o'er with little birds  
 Sporting in a grove of Spring. Thy cabin, Frankfort,  
 Hath no such peaceful garniture. Look here,  
 We have no windows like to these at sea.  
 Frankfort, thou art a right good seaman still,  
 And in thy raving fits must needs be fighting  
 With these poor Dutchmen.—Prithee let them rest  
 In their flat-bottomed vessels for one day.  
 —Ha! thou art smiling!

*Frank.* Yes! I well may smile  
 At my poor wandering soul. Wilmot! a ship  
 Doth on the ocean hold the raging winds  
 At her command—queen-like as doth become her.  
 But I am driven along a glimmering sea,  
 And know not how to bear up 'gainst the storm.

*Wil.* Thank God, you recognise your friend at last.

*Frank.* I know thee now—but whether the next moment  
 Thy face may seem to me what now I think it,  
 God only knows. It is a dreadful state,  
 When, like a horse, by lightning scared to madness,  
 One's soul flies with him wheresoe'er it will,  
 And still one feels that he is hurried on,  
 But cannot stop—in terror hurried on—  
 Away—away—away—a frightful race!

*Wil.* Thou may'st remember what vagaries I  
 Once fell into, when that fierce tropic sun  
 Did smite my brain with fever. Then, heaven bless me!  
 I was far more pacific in my dreams,  
 And fancied all the world in love with me.

*Frank.* What fool hath brought our vessel to an anchor?  
 Order the master down—by heaven, the Fleet  
 Will laugh us all to scorn. Hark, a broadside!  
 We are a long league in the admiral's wake  
 While he is closing with the enemy.  
 Hoist every inch of canvass—I will soon  
 Recover my lee-way.

*(He leaps out of bed with great violence, and falls senseless  
 on the floor. After a long fainting-fit, he exclaims),*

Where am I, Wilmot?—

Where art thou, my pure spirit—where is Magdalene?

*Wil.* She and the old Priest will be here anon.

*Frank.* Is this a stormy night?

*Wil.*

A perfect calm.



*Frank.* The noise of thunder and tempestuous waves  
Is raging in my soul.

*Wil.* 'Tis all a dream.

*Frank.* O hold me—hold me fast—keep, keep me here.  
I am on board a ship, and she is sinking  
Down to the very bottom of the sea.  
She bounds up from the abyss—and o'er the billows  
Rolls manageless—and now—now water-logged  
Is settling—settling—till she sink like lead,  
Never to rise again! Hush—hush, my crew!  
In shipwreck fearless as in battle—hush!  
Let us sink in silence to eternity.

*Wil.* On good dry land are we, my boy! at last,  
Though yet the rolling of our gallant ship  
Is loth to leave our brains. Smile to me, messmate.

*Frank.* Have we been travelling o'er foreign lands,  
And met adventures perilous and wild?  
Thou seem'st to look on me with asking eyes!  
Listen, and I will tell a fearful story:  
But interrupt me not—for like a flood  
That hath been all night raging 'mid the mountains,  
My soul descends from its wild solitude,  
And must sweep on till all its troubled thoughts  
Have from their headlong fury found repose.  
Thou wilt not interrupt me?

*Wil.* No! my friend!

*Frank.* It seemeth many many years ago  
Since I remember aught about myself;  
Nor can I tell why I am lying here.  
Before I fell into this dream, I saw  
A most magnificent and princely square  
Of some great city. Sure it was not London?  
No—no—the form and colour of those clouds  
So grim and dismal never horrified  
The beautiful skies of England, nor such thunder  
Ever so growled throughout my native clime.  
It was the capital city of a kingdom  
Lying unknown amid unvoyaged seas,  
Where towers and temples of an Eastern structure  
With airy pomp bewildered all my soul.  
When gazing on them, I was struck at once  
With blindness and decay of memory,  
And a heart-sickness almost like to death.  
A deep remorse for some unacted crime  
Fell on me. There, in dizziness I stood,

Contrite in conscious innocence—repentant  
 Of some impossible nameless wickedness  
 That bore a dread relation unto me.  
 A ghastly old man—and a noble youth,  
 Yet with fierce eyes that smiled with cruelty,  
 Came up to me all lost in wonderment  
 What spots of blood might mean beneath my feet  
 All over a bed of flowers. The old man cried,  
 “Where is thy mother, impious parricide !  
 Ha! thou hast buried her beneath these flowers.”  
 The young man laughed, and kicked the flowers aside,  
 And there indeed my murdered mother lay  
 With her face up to heaven ! imploring mercy  
 For her unnatural son. Then the old man  
 Touched my cold shoulder with his icy fingers,  
 And direful pains assailed me suddenly—  
 Burnings and shiverings—flashings from my eyes—  
 And dizzy blindness whirling round my soul—  
 And arrowy sharpness tingling through my bones—  
 Until I wept in utter agony.

And all the while I saw my mother's corpse  
 Lying in peace before her frantic son,  
 And knew that I in wrath had murdered her.  
 More dreadful was my doom than if my hand  
 Indeed had ta'en her life—for sure in sleep  
 The soul hath a capacity of horror  
 Unknown to waking hours. No fettered wretch,  
 Dragged on a sledge to execution,  
 E'er felt such horrid pangs as then stirred up  
 My spirit with remorseful agony.

O Wilmot ! Wilmot ! lead me to my mother—  
 That I with yearning soul may pour my kisses  
 O'er the dear frame I murdered in my sleep.

*Wil.* Yesterday morning in this very bed  
 Your mother died a calm and peaceful death,  
 Blessing her son for all his piety.

*Frank.* O lying Fiend ! Thou art the very youth  
 That shook the bloody flowers before my face,  
 And from the land of dreams hast followed me  
 In ghostly persecution to the light  
 Of this our upper world ! Say ! where is he,  
 The grey-haired Fiend, in holy vestments clad ?  
 O Christ ! so wild a likeness in his wrath  
 Of my best earthly friend !—upon my knees  
 I cry to thee—I shriek unto thy soul—

Art, art thou Wilmot?—Let me see thine eyes—  
 Oh! they are filled with tears! my brother weeps!  
 And well he may—for such a wretch as I am  
 God ne'er before abandoned to despair.

*Wil.* Thy soul will climb into the light at last,  
 Out of its haunted darkness—fear it not.

*Frank.* The Plague! the Plague! the Plague! did she  
 not die

Of the Plague? who saw her buried? No one—no one.—  
 Drive off that madman from my mother's grave,  
 And let that angel, all arrayed in light,  
 Look down with her sunlike face into the pit;  
 Her smile will make it heaven. O Magdalene!  
 Thy spirit comes down from its rest on high  
 To glorify my mother's funeral.

Yes! What on earth we love and call it Pity,  
 In heaven we worship by a holier name,  
 Mercy! The seraph whom our Saviour loves.

*Wil.* She is alive. No tears need fall for him,  
 Who, waking from a dream so steeped in horror,  
 Hath such an one to bless him when he wakes.  
 Thy Magdalene lives.

*Frank.* O heartless mockery!  
 Why camest thou here to talk of Magdalene?  
 Thou art leagued with all the world to murder me,  
 With that sweet name too beauteous to be borne.  
 I know that she is dead, and am resigned.  
 But let her name die too—its syllables  
 Flame on my brain in letters formed of fire,  
 A burning name, all, all that now remains.

*Wil.* O I would die, so that my friend had peace.

*Frank.* O Wilmot! Pity him the Plague hath stricken!  
 He knows not what he says. O pity me!  
 For I have undergone such mortal pains!  
 Whether in dreams or in a waking hell  
 I know not—but my soul hath suffered them—  
 And they have left me powerless as a sail  
 Hanging in the breathless calm. But list! I hear  
 Soft footsteps pattering all around my head—  
 Are they living feet?

*Wil.* Behold thy Magdalene.

(*Enter* MAGDALENE, PRIEST, ISABEL, *and* CHILD.)

*Frank.* I see a group of faces known in youth—  
 All but the face of that delightful child—



And she admitted to such company  
Must be what she appears—unknown to sin.

(MAGDALENE *kneels down by the bed-side and looks  
on FRANKFORT.*)

*Magd.* Say that thou know'st me, and I shall die happy.

*Frank.* Magdalene! for I will call thee by that name!

Thou art so beautiful!

*Magd.* Enough—enough!

*Frank.* O Magdalene! why I am lying here,  
And why so many melancholy faces  
Are looking all at me, and none but me,  
I now must never know. I see the tears  
Which all around do shed are meant for me;  
But none will tell me why they thus should weep.  
Has some disgrace befallen me? One word,  
One little word from thee will make all plain—  
For oh! a soul with such a heavenly face,  
Must live but in relieving misery!

*Magd.* Disgrace and Frankfort's name are far asunder,  
As bliss from bale. O press my hand, sweet friend!  
Its living touch may wake thee from thy dream  
Of unsubstantial horrors. Magdalene  
Hath come to die with thee—even in thy arms!

*Frank.* O music well known to my rending brain!  
It breathes the feeling of reality  
O'er the dim world that hath perplexed my soul.  
All, all again is clear—I know myself—  
Magdalene and Wilmot—Isabel and thee,  
Belovèd old man!—what may be the name  
Of this small creature?

*Child.* Margaret Rivington.

*Frank.* God bless thy sweet simplicity.

*Magd.* Thy face

Is all at once spread over with a calm  
More beautiful than sleep, or mirth, or joy!  
I am no more disconsolate. We shall die  
Like two glad waves, that, meeting on the sea  
In moonlight and in music, melt away  
Quietly 'mid the quiet wilderness!

*Frank.* Sweet image to a sailor!—How my soul  
Enjoys this quiet after its despair!  
O might I lie for ever on the bed  
Of sickness—so that such dear comforters  
Might sit beside me! singing holy airs,  
Or talking to each other, or to me,

Even to the very moment of my death.  
 The sweetest voice among so many sweet  
 My Magdalene's ! and I the happy cause  
 Of all such tender looks and melting tones.

*Magd.* Frankfort, hast thou looked upon thy Magdalene's face ?

*Frank.* (*starting up*). O God ! remove that colour from her cheek—

That woeful glimmer of mortality !  
 Who brought thee hither from thy distant room ?

*Magd.* On foot I came, between two loving friends.  
 I felt not wearied then—but now I feel  
 That I can walk no more. Let me lie down  
 And die, as we two will be buried  
 Close to each other's side.

*Frank.* O cruel friends,  
 To let thee walk so far with that pale face,  
 Weak as thou art, to see a dying wretch  
 Like me !

(*They raise up MAGDALENE, and lay her on the bed beside FRANKFORT.*)

*Magd.* I hope thou feel'st no cruel pain ?

*Frank.* Thy soft white spotless bosom, like the plumes  
 Of some compassionate angel, meets my heart !  
 And all therein is quiet as the snow  
 At breathless midnight.

*Magd.* No noise in thy brain ?

*Frank.* A sweet mild voice is echoing far away  
 In the remotest regions of my soul.  
 'Tis clearer now—and now again it dies,  
 And leaves a silence smooth as any sea,  
 When all the stars of heaven are on its breast.

*Magd.* We go to sleep, and shall awake with God.

*Frank.* Sing me one verse of a hymn before I die.  
 Any of those hymns you sang long, long ago  
 On Sabbath evenings ! Sob not so, my Magdalene.

(*MAGDALENE sings.*)

Of Souls I see a glorious show  
 Beyond life's roaring flood !  
 With raiment spotless as the snow,  
 Washed white in Jesus' blood.

His gentle hand their couch hath spread  
 By many a living stream—  
 No sigh is drawn—no tear is shed—  
 One bright—eternal dream !

*Frank.* I cannot see thee—but I hear thy voice  
Breathing assurance of the world to come.  
I feel that I am dying—sinking down  
As through soft-yielding waters murmuring round me,  
Noiseless as air, and almost to be breathed.  
It is the calm before the approach of death.  
Kiss—kiss me, Magdalene! I am sinking down—  
Wilmot, farewell—old man—kind Isabel—  
Kiss—kiss me! . . . .

*Wil. (to Priest).* Death was in that long-drawn sigh.

*Priest.* Our friend is gone.

*Magd.* Yes! I have kissed his lips,  
And they are breathless. Let me lay my head  
On thy unbeating bosom. O sweet hair,  
In stillness shadowing that delightful face  
Where anger never came!—I see a smile  
No living thing may borrow from the dead!

*Priest.* She is composed.

*Magd.* Yes, father! I am blest.  
This were a sight on which despair might look  
With stony eyes and groan herself to madness.  
But I am dying—therefore o'er the dead  
Weep only tears of joy.

*Isabel.* But o'er the living!  
Oh!

*Magd.* A drowsiness falls on me. Isabel,  
Let me sleep in Frankfort's arms. I shall awake  
Refreshed and happy in the approach of death,  
And whisper to thy ear my farewell words.

*Priest.* She falls asleep! in that most death-like trance  
Let us bear Frankfort's body to the grave!  
—She may recover! See her breath just moves  
The ringlets on his cheek!—How lovingly  
In her last sleep these white and gentle hands  
Lie on his neck and breast!—Her soul is parting  
Had ever lovers such a death as this?  
Let us all kneel and breathe our silent prayers!



## SCENE IV.

*A Churchyard.—Midnight.—A Crowd of People assembled round the mouth of a huge Pit dug for the interment of the Dead.*

*1st Man.* Keep back, my friends—so that each man may have

A fair view of the pit :—We all stand here  
Upon a footing of equality,  
And the less we crowd upon each other thus,  
The better shall we see the spectacle.

*2d Man.* What think ye? Why the villain at the gate  
Would have admittance-money, and stretched forth  
His long lean shrivelled fingers in my face,  
Half-beggar and half-robber. Lying knave!  
Who said he had not drawn a sous to-night:  
For in his other palm I saw the edge  
Of silver monies smiling daintily.  
So I pushed the hoary swindler to the wall,  
And as he dropped the coin I saw no harm  
In picking up some stragglers for myself.  
I wonder where will imposition end,  
Thus rife within the dwellings of the dead!

*3d Man.* This pit is not so wide by one good half  
As that in Moorfields. Threescore men were digging  
Down its dark sides for four-and-twenty hours,  
Yet in one little week 'twas filled to the brim.  
This is a sorry pit, and would not hold  
Above five hundred full-grown corpses. Zounds!  
'Tis throwing money away to buy a look  
At such a miserable hole as this.

*1st Man.* I say stand back—what obstinate fool is this,  
All muffled up to the eyes, with his slouched hat  
Drawn o'er his face—still pressing to the brink,  
As he would have the whole pit to himself  
And not allow a peep to one beside?

*2d Man.* Disturb him not—perhaps he is some wretch  
Maddened by the Plague, and blindly coming here  
To bury himself alive, as many do.  
Let him leap down; when once he feels the softness  
Of the cold bodies yielding under him,  
He will be right fain, if the steep walls allow,  
To crawl back to his life and misery.

*3d Man.* Let's see thy face. Perhaps thou art afraid  
Lest the night air may spoil its delicate beauty.

[*He lifts up the man's hat.*]

*Stranger.* O scoff not—scoff not at a wretch like me.  
My friends! I am no subject for your mirth.  
My wife—my father, and four little children,  
Will soon within the dead-cart be brought here,  
And I must see them buried spite of laughter,  
In spite of laughter, agony, or death.  
—Laugh on—laugh on—for all the world is nought  
But emptiness and mockery. I myself  
Will join your laughter—now I fear it not.  
For mirth and misery are but different names  
For one delusion.—O that hideous grave  
Hath sent its earthly coldness through my being,  
And I feel blended with the damp black mould.

[*He rushes away to a distance, and flings himself down  
on a tombstone.*]

*3d Man.* Didst see his face? it was a dreadful sight.  
Such face I once remember to have seen  
Of a chained madman howling in his cell.  
Suddenly lifted from the stony floor,  
It seemed all eyes—one gleaming of despair.

*1st Man.* What signifies a living maniac's face?  
Have we not often seen the unsheeted dead  
Reared up like troops in line against the walls?  
To us at distance seemingly alive,  
All standing with blotched faces, and red eyes  
Unclosed, as in some agonising dream!

*2d Man.* Just round the corner of that street—even now  
I stumbled on such hideous company.  
The lamps burned dimly, and the tall church-tower  
Rose up between me and the moon. I saw  
A glimmering whiteness all along the walls  
Of several silent houses—up I went—  
And right before me stood the ghastly dead,  
For whose grim faces no kind hand had done  
The last sad office. Oh! 'twas terrible!  
To recognise in those convulsèd features  
Friends at whose fireside I had often sat!  
And as I hurried off in shivering fear,  
Methought I heard a deep and dismal groan  
From that long line of mortal visages  
Shudder through the deepening darkness of the street.

*2d Man.* Hark—hark!

*3d Man.* What hideous tolling shakes the city !

*1st Man.* Methinks the still air, like a sudden wave,  
Heaves onward at each slow swing of that bell.  
From what tower comes the sound ?

*2d Man.* St Mary Overie's.  
I know the toll ! a thousand dreams of death  
Come with that voice. It fills the den of night  
With mortal fear, rendering the silent heavens  
The dim abode of unimagined horrors.

List ! every heart is beating audibly !

*1st Man.* Who tolls the bell at the dead hour of night ?

*2d Man.* Perhaps no human hand.

*1st Man.* 'Tis said one midnight  
The sexton heard a tolling from that tower,  
And entering on a sudden silently  
He saw a being wrapt up in a shroud  
Pulling the rope with black and bony hands,  
And singing all the while a hideous tune  
That breathed not of this world. It turned about,  
And one glance of its wild and fiery eye  
Crazed the poor wretch's brain.

*2d Man.* Have mercy—Jesu !  
Dost thou believe in ghosts ?

*1st Man.* That midnight bell  
Startleth methinks the silent world of spirits.  
Who could deny, with that unearthly sound  
Tolling through his brain, that something in the grave  
Exists more horrible than worms and darkness !  
It may be that wild dreams inhabit there,  
And disembodied thoughts ! Despair—remorse—  
And with his stifled shrieks—Insanity !  
Half-conscious all the while that the curse of God  
Must be eternal, struck into the grave.

*3d Man.* That is my creed. Sometimes their chains are  
loosened :

How else account for all the sighing sounds  
That oft at breathless midnight pass us by,  
Wailing with more than mortal agonies ?  
Strange faces often have been seen at night,  
Of persons long entombed ; and once a Phantom  
Walked to the churchyard with a funeral,  
Sobbing and weeping like the Christian crowd,  
When as the coffin sank, it disappeared,  
And nought but dry bones lay upon the dust.

*2d Man.* What rumbling sound is that ?



3d Man.

The dead-cart comes !

'Tis heavy laden, for it moves but slowly.  
It still is in the street—yet o'er the pavement  
It sounds as dully as o'er trodden turf.  
I have driven a hearse with one dead body in it,  
And once by midnight o'er a dreary moor  
With no one near me but that sheeted corpse,  
Till my back felt like ice. But this dead-cart !  
See yonder where its lamps, like two great eyes,  
Are moving towards us. It comes silently,  
For now its wheels are on the churchyard turf.

[*All make way for it as it approaches the pit.*]

1st Man. The ghastly idiot-negro charioteer !  
See how he brandishes around his head  
A whip that in the yellow lamp-light burns  
Like a fiery serpent. How the idiot laughs !  
And brightens up his sable countenance,  
With his white teeth, that stretch from ear to ear.  
Thank God he is no Christian—only a negro.

[*The cart is emptied into the pit.*]

Stranger (*leaping in*). Bury me—bury me.

1st Man.

Let him have his will.

I would not venture down into that pit  
To help him out for all that he is worth,  
However rich he be.

2d Man.

Yet 'tis a pity

That his watch, and chains, and seals (they seemed of gold),  
Should thus be lost. I'll leap down instantly  
And bring them up, if I'm allowed to keep them.

(*The negro when about to drive away the cart descends, and brings him up with a little dead child in his arms.*)

Stranger. I knew my infant by her shining hair !

Shining at the bottom of the dismal pit,  
Even like a star in heaven. I hear her breathing !  
—Feel, feel this kiss—for I have rescued thee  
From being buried alive. My Emmeline,  
Open thy blue eyes on thy father's heart.  
There's earth upon her face—Oh ! wet damp earth  
On the warm rosy cheeks of innocence.  
Now 'tis kissed off for ever. Why not speak ?  
I will carry thee home unto thy mother's bosom.  
There wilt thou speak—wilt laugh and nestle there.  
She thought thee dead—but thou art quite alive,  
Or rising from the dead—for dead thou art not,

And must not be. Home! home! my Emmeline!  
Thy mother waits our coming—home! home! home!

[*He rushes away with the dead infant in his arms.*

1st Man. Well, let him go.—Ha!—thanks to the kind  
moon,

Coming out so brightly from her tabernacle!  
There is a perfect prospect of the pit  
Down to the very bottom. Now again  
'Tis dark as pitch. Hear! hear the crumbling earth,  
How sullenly it sounds when it has reached  
The ground-rock! 'Tis indeed a fearful depth!

(*A small procession enters the churchyard—Voices  
heard singing a dirge for the dead.*)

REVELATIONS, ch. xiv. verse 13.

I heard a voice from Heaven  
Say, "Blessed is the doom  
Of them whose trust is in the Lord,  
When sinking to the tomb!"

The Holy Spirit spake—  
And I his words repeat—  
"Blessèd are they—for after toil  
To mortals rest is sweet."

(*The procession advances—WILMOT, PRIEST, &c. bearing  
FRANKFORT'S dead body.*)

Wil. There rest a while upon this stone, dear corpse.  
I with my own hands now will dig thy grave.  
Oh! when that grave is filled—what solitude  
All earth will seem to me!

*Voice from the crowd.* List to the Priest!

Priest. We all are sinful—and thy soul partook  
In the frailties of our fall'n humanity.  
Therefore, I pray forgiveness to thy sins  
From God and Christ. But this I dare to say,  
In the dread calm of this wide burial-ground,  
That, far as man's heart can be known to man,  
A braver, gentler, purer, loftier spirit  
Ne'er walked this world of trial.—O dear youth!  
Sweet boy! belovèd from thine infancy!  
Methinks I see thee on thy mother's knee,  
Conning thy evening prayer. Art thou the same,  
That, with thy bright hair thus dishevelled,  
Liest on a tombstone, dead and coffinless,  
About to sink for ever from our eyes!

—One little month—and all thy earthly part  
Mouldered away to nothing—darkly mixed  
With a great city-churchyard's dismal mould !  
Where sleep, in undistinguishable dust,  
Young, old, good, wicked, beauteous and deformed,  
Trodden under feet by every worthless thing  
Human and brute ! in dumb oblivion,  
Laughed over daily by the passing crowd,  
Fresh shoals of wretches toiling for this world.

—Wilmot ! 'tis hard to lay into the grave  
A count'nance so benign ! a form that walked  
But yesterday so stately o'er the earth !

*Wil.* Long as he lay upon his bed, he seemed  
Only a beauteous being stretched in sleep,  
And I could look on him. But lying there,  
Shroudless and coffinless beside his grave ! . . . .

—Is it religious, Father, thus to weep  
O'er a dead body ? sure his soul in heaven  
Must smile, (how well I know his tender smile !)  
To see his friends in senseless misery  
Thus clinging to the dust.

*Priest.* His soul in heaven  
Looks down with love on such a friend as thou !  
Here ! take a blessing with these withered hands  
Laid on thy honoured head. Thou wert a friend  
In the calm weather of prosperity,—  
And then the beauty of friendship showed in thee,  
Like a glad bark that, by her consort's side,  
Moved through the music of the element,  
A sunny cloud of sail. That consort sank—  
And now that lonely bark throughout the gloom,  
Labours with shattered masts, and sore-rent sails,  
Not without glory—though she could not save !  
Forgive such image—but I see before me  
A living sailor and his best dead friend,  
And my soul dreams of the sea.

*Wil.* Oh ! who comes here !  
(*Enter MAGDALENE distractedly, followed by ISABEL and  
the CHILD.*)

*Magd.* I heard a voice ring through my dreaming ear,  
“Haste, Magdalene ! to the churchyard—they are burying  
Thine own belovèd Frankfort !” Tell me where  
Your cruel hands have laid my mariner ?  
He shall not lie in the cold grave to-night,  
All by himself—Lo ! I his bride am here,



And I will kiss his lips, even if the worm  
Should be my rival. I will rest my head  
Upon his breast, than icy tombstone colder !  
Ay ! the grave shall be my happy nuptial-bed,  
Curtained with black walls of the dripping clay.  
Where is he ? wretches ! have ye buried him ?

*Isabel.* Oh ! must I tell thee—Magdalene ! to look round,  
That thou mayest see thy Frankfort lying dead !  
Behold thy sailor !

[MAGDALENE *flings herself down on the body.*

*Magd.* Art thou still on earth !  
O cold, cold kisses ! pale and breathless lips !  
Are those sweet eyes indeed for ever closed !  
—See ! see ! the garb in which he sailed the deep !  
—Thy voyaging all is o'er—thy harbour here !  
Anchored thou art in everlasting rest,  
While over thee the billows of this world  
Are with unheeded fury raving on.

*Isabel.* Hast thou one word for Isabel ?

*Magd.* My sister !  
My love for thee was perfect—Wilmot ! Wilmot !  
What art thou doing with thy savage spade ?  
Ha ! digging Frankfort's grave !—They shall not bury  
thee !  
A thing so beautiful must not be buried . . . .

[*She faints upon the body.*

*Wilmot (to the Priest).* I leave the dying Lady to your  
care.

My soul is strong in agony of love  
And unexampled sorrow—and since I  
Did undertake to dig my brother's grave,  
I will go on with it, until I reach  
His mother's coffin !

*Voice from the crowd.* God will be his help.  
That one small grave—that one dead mariner—  
That dying Lady—and those wondrous friends,  
So calm, so lofty, yet compassionate—  
Do strike a deeper awe into our souls,  
A deeper human grief than yon wide pit,  
With its unnumbered corpses.

*Another Voice.* Woe and death  
Have made that Angel bright their prey at last !  
But yesterday I saw her heavenly face  
Becalm a shrieking room with one sweet smile !  
For her, old age will tear his hoary locks,

And childhood murmur forth her holy name,  
Weeping in sorrowful dreams !

*Another Voice.*

Her soft hand closed

My children's eyes,—and when she turned to go,  
The beauty of her weeping countenance  
So sank into my heart, that I beheld  
The little corpses with a kind of joy,  
Assured by that compassionate Angel's smile  
That they had gone to heaven.

*Magd. (recovering from her swoon).* 'Tis cold ! cold !  
cold !

Colder than any living thing can bear !  
—Have I been visiting my parents' grave,  
And fainted on a tombstone ? Who lies here ?  
—Frankfort, what ails thee ?

*Isabel.*

Magdalene ! Magdalene !

*Magd.* Art thou the shadow of a blessèd friend  
Still living on the earth ?

*Isabel.*

These tombstones tell . . . .

And all these pale and mortal visages . . . .

*Magd.* Is there a funeral ?

*Wilmot.*

Once I had a brother,

But we have come to lay him in his grave !

*Magd.* No more ! no more !

*Priest.*

The darkness leaves her brain !

*Magd.* All pain, all sorrow, and all earthly fear,  
Have left me now, and ye behold me lying  
In a deep joy beyond all happiness !  
This corpse is beautiful, but 'tis only dust,  
And with this last embrace it is forgotten,  
And no more is among my dying thoughts.

*Priest.* How her face kindles with the parting soul !

*Magd.* O gracious God ! how sweet ! how most delightful  
To fade away into eternity  
With a clear soul !—So have I seen the shore—  
The soft green shore of my own native lake  
'Mid sunshine blended with the sleeping waters,  
In unobservèd union fair and still !

O blessed lake ! . . . think of me, Isabel,  
When thou art walking with that happy child  
'Through its birch woods, or by yon whispering pines—  
Farewell ! that image . . . Isabel ! farewell !

*Wil.* So clear a voice can ne'er be that of death !  
She is recovering.

*Magd.*

Isabel ! look there !

Are those my parents smiling at my side ?  
 Fold your wings over me—gone—gone to heaven  
 Are the bright Seraphs !—Christ receive my soul !

[*She dies.*]

*Priest.* An Angel's pen must write thy epitaph.

*Wil.* Awful seems human nature in the tears  
 That old age weeps.

*Priest.* Forgive such tears !—So young,  
 So beautiful amid the opening world,  
 Who would not weep for them !

*Isabel.* The world will weep,  
 All the wide world will weep !—I have been sitting  
 On a high cloud above this woeful city,  
 With a bright angel at my side. She falls  
 Down from that sunny region, and my soul  
 Is wandering now in helpless solitude  
 Through miseries once seen far below my feet.

*Priest.* Oh hers will be a memorable name,  
 Famous in this city—over all the isle  
 Devoutly breathed in hymns, and oft invoked  
 In lofty songs and odes to charity,—  
 Sacred to childhood in its weeping dreams,  
 By love—and sorrow—and pity saved for ever  
 From dark oblivion, like the holy name  
 Of tutelary Saint.

*Isabel.* Ay ! it will live  
 Among her native mountains—to all hearts  
 Familiar music, and the holy house  
 Where she was born will oft be visited  
 By mute adorers, and its very dust,  
 When time hath worn the lowly walls away,  
 Untrod be held in endless reverence.  
 Not unforgotten in our shepherds' songs  
 The maid who far-off perished in the Plague.  
 The glens so well-beloved will oft repeat  
 The echo of her name ; and all in white  
 An Angel will be seen to walk the valleys,  
 Smiling with a face too beauteous to be feared  
 On lonely maiden walking home at night  
 Across the moonlit hills.

*Priest.* O faithful Isabel !  
 Is not this churchyard now a place of peace ?

*Isabel.* Of perfect peace. My spirit looks with eyes  
 Into the world to come. There Magdalene sits



With those she loved on earth. O mortal body,  
 In faded beauty stretched upon the dust,  
 I love thee still as if thou wert a soul . . . .

*Priest.* Friends, let us lift the body.

*Isabel.* In my arms,  
 Upon my bosom—close unto my heart  
 Thus do I lift my Magdalene to her grave !  
 I kiss her brow—her cheeks—her lips—her eyelids—  
 Her most delightful hair !—I twine my arms  
 Around her blessed neck—cold, cold as ice !  
 I feel her whole frame in my sorrowful spirit.

*Priest.* Wilmot ! assist our friend . . . .

*Wil. (starting).* The sound of waves  
 Came for one moment o'er my friendless soul.

*Child.* O might I go to sleep within the grave  
 With one so beautiful ! No ghost would come  
 To frighten me on such a breast as this.  
 The churchyard even at midnight would appear  
 A place where one might sleep with happy dreams  
 Where such an angel lay. O might I die  
 Singing the hymn last night I heard her sing,  
 And go with her to heaven.

*Isabel.* Heaven bless the child !  
 Yes ! thou art blest in weeping innocence.

*Wil.* Here is the prayer-book clasped in Magdalene's hand,  
 Let us kneel down while thy blest voice is reading  
 The funeral service.

*Isabel.* Oh ! that fatal day  
 On which we left our cottage ! Magdalene smiled . . . .  
 Oh ! that sweet gleam of sunshine on the lake ! . . .

*Priest.* Are we all prepared to hear the service read ?

*Isabel.* All. Come, thou sweet child ! kneel thou at  
 my side !

Hush ! sob not—for they now are Spirits in heaven !



# THE CONVICT.

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## PART I.

### SCENE I.

*A Room in a Cottage at Lea-side.—The Prisoner's Wife and a Friend sitting together in the midst of the Family.—The day on which sentence is to be pronounced.*

*Wife.* 'Tis twelve o'clock, and no news from the City.  
Oh! had he been acquitted, many hundreds  
Would have been hurried hither in their joy,  
Headlong into the house of misery,  
To shout the tidings of salvation there.  
But now that he is doomed unto the death,  
They fear to bring with black and silent faces  
The sentence of despair. O God! to think  
That all this long interminable night,  
Which I have passed in thinking on two words—  
“Guilty”—“Not guilty!” like one happy moment  
O'er many a head hath flown unheeded by—  
O'er happy sleepers dreaming in their bliss  
Of bright to-morrows—or far happier still,  
With deep breath buried in forgetfulness.  
O all the dimmest images of death  
Did swim before my eyes! The cruel face  
Of that most wicked old man, whom in youth  
I once saw in the city—that wan wretch,  
The public Executioner, rose up  
Close by my husband's side, and in his hand  
A most accursed halter which he shook



In savage mockery—and then grimly smiled,  
 Pointing to a scaffold with his shrivelled fingers,  
 Where, on a sudden, my own husband stood  
 Drest all in white, and with a fixed face  
 Far whiter still—I felt as if in hell,  
 And shrieked out till my weeping children rose  
 In terror from their beds.

*Friend.* "Twas but a dream.

*Wife.* No, I was broad awake—but still the vision  
 Stood steadfastly before me—till I sank  
 Upon my knees in prayer—and Jesus Christ  
 Had pity on me—and it came no more.

*Friend.* Full many a sleepless eye did weep for thee  
 Last night, and for thy husband. Think it not  
 That pity dwells but in the hearts of kindred.  
 Even strangers weep—they think him innocent,  
 And prayers from many who never saw his face,  
 For him have gone to heaven—they will be heard.

*Wife.* Oh! what are prayers, and shriekings of despair,  
 Or frantic outcries of insanity,  
 Unto the ear of the great dreadful God!  
 Can we believe that prayers of ours will change  
 The Almighty's steadfast purpose! Things like us!  
 Poor miserable worms!—All night I cried,  
 "Save, save my husband, God! O save my husband!"  
 But back the words returned unto my heart,  
 And the dead silence of the senseless walls  
 With horrid mockery in the darkness stood  
 Between me and my God.

*Friend.* Yet it is written,  
 "Ask, and it shall be given thee."

*Wife.* Blessèd words!  
 And did they come from His most holy lips  
 Who cannot lie?

*Friend.* They are our Saviour's words.

*Wife.* Joy, joy unto the wretched! Hear me then,  
 O Son of God! while near my cradled infant,  
 Sleeping in ignorance of its father's sorrows,  
 I fall down on my knees before thy face!  
 Hear, hear the broken voice of misery!  
 "Ask, and it shall be given thee!" Holy One!  
 I ask, beseech, implore, and supplicate,  
 That Thou wilt save my husband, and henceforth  
 Will I an altered creature walk this earth

With Thee, and none but Thee, most Holy Being,  
For ever in my heart, my inmost heart.

*Friend.* Is not my friend already comforted?

*Wife.* The heavy burden of despair is lightened.  
In this my hour of tribulation  
My Saviour's words return upon my heart,  
Like breath of Spring reviving the dead flowers  
In our sweet little garden.

*Friend.* Heaven bless thee,  
A smile is on thy cheek, a languid smile!

*Wife.* I know not why I smiled—a sudden gleam  
Of hope did flash across me.—Hark! a footstep!

*Friend.* 'Tis the dog stirring on his straw.

*Wife.* Poor Luath!

Thy kind affectionate heart doth miss thy master.  
Mary! the poor dumb creature walks about  
As if some sickness wore him, always wandering  
Round, round the house, and all the neighbouring fields,  
Seeking the absent. He will disappear  
For hours together, and come home at night  
Wearied and joyless—for he has been running  
No doubt o'er all the hills, and round the lochs,  
Trying to find his master's well-known footsteps.  
Then will he look with dim complaining eyes  
Full in my face, and with a wailing whine  
Goes to his straw, and there at once lies down  
Without a gambol or a loving frisk  
Among the little children. Many a Christian  
Might take a lesson from that poor dumb creature.  
—When Frank comes home—how Luath will partake  
The general happiness! When Frank comes home!  
What am I raving of? When Frank comes home!  
That blank and weeping face too plainly says,  
“That hour will never be!” Look not so black,  
Unless you wish to kill me with despair.

*Friend.* I wished not to appear so sorrowful.  
Within the silent grave my husband sleeps,  
And I am reconciled unto the doom  
Of widowhood—this Babe doth reconcile me.  
But thine is lying in the fearful darkness  
Of an uncertain fate—and I now feel  
A beating at my heart—a cold sick flutter  
That sends this black expression to my face,  
Although it nothing mean.

*Wife.* O that some bird,  
 Some beautiful bird, with soft and purple feathers,  
 Would sail into this room, in silence floating  
 All round these blessed walls, with the boon of life  
 Beneath its outspread wings—a holy letter  
 In mercy written by an angel's hand,  
 In bright words speaking of deliverance!  
 —A raven! hear that dismal raven croak  
 Of death and judgment! See the Demon sitting  
 On the green before the window—croak, croak, croak!  
 'Tis the Evil-One in likeness of that bird  
 Enjoying there my mortal misery!

*Boy.* 'Tis not a raven, mother—the tame crow  
 Of cousin William, that comes hopping here  
 With its clipt wings—ay, almost every day—  
 My father himself oft fed that bird, and put it  
 Upon my head, where it would sit and caw,  
 And flutter with its wings,—and all the while  
 My father laughed—it was so comical,  
 He said, to see that black and sooty crow  
 Sitting on my white hair.

*Wife.* Your father laughed!

[*Laughing herself hysterically*]

*Boy.* Oh! that he were come back from prison—Mother!  
 Last night I fought a boy who said in sport  
 That my father would be hanged.

*Wife.* The little wretch!  
 What did he say?

*Boy.* That my father would be hanged!

*Wife.* O God! the senseless child did speak the truth!  
 He hath heard his parents talking of the trial,  
 And in his careless levity repeated  
 The shocking words—ay—laughing all the while,  
 Then running to his play—perhaps intending  
 To ask the master for a holiday  
 To see the execution. Cursèd brat!  
 What place is sacred held from cruelty,  
 When it doth leer within an infant's eyes  
 And harden his glad heart!

*Boy.* I beat him, mother.  
 He is a lying boy—he ne'er speaks truth—  
 And when my father is come home again,  
 I will ask him if he recollects that saying!  
 No, I will look at him, and pass him by



With a proud smiling face—I will forgive him,  
And shake hands with him in my happiness.

*Wife.* The sun is shining—children, go to play  
For an hour out-of-doors.

*Boy.* Come, sisters—come !  
We will go out-of-doors—but not to play.  
Come to the little green-plat in the wood,  
And say our prayers together for our father.  
Then if we play—'twill be some gentle game,  
And all the while we will think upon our father  
Coming out of that dark cell.—Come, sisters—come !

*Friend.* Children so good as these must not be orphans !  
Yet I am glad to see thy soul prepared  
Even for the worst.

*Wife.* My soul prepared for the worst !  
No ; that can never be—(*goes to the window,*)—A cloud of  
thunder

Is hanging o'er the city ! black as night !  
I hear it rumbling—what a hollow growl !  
O dreadful building where the Judge is sitting  
In judgment on my husband ! All the darkness  
Of the disturbèd heavens is on its walls.

—And now the fatal sentence is pronouncing.  
The Court at once is hushed—and every eye  
Bent on my husband ! “ Hanged till you are dead,  
Hanged by the neck ! ”—As thou dost hope for mercy,  
O savage Judge ! recall these wicked words !  
For thy own wife who waits for thee at home  
Is not more innocent than my poor husband !

[*She flings herself down on the floor in an agony of grief.*]

*Friend.* Mercy is with the King—and he is merciful !

*Wife.* What ! what ! do you believe an innocent man  
Was e'er condemned to die !—To die for murder !  
—Did mercy ever reach one so condemned ?

*Friend.* Yes ! I have read of one wretch pardonèd  
Even on the scaffold—where the light of truth  
Struck, like the sunshine suddenly burst forth,  
And tinged with fearful joy the ghastly face  
Of him who had no thought but that of death.  
And back unto his widow-wife went he,  
Like a ghost from the grave—and there he sat  
Before the eyes of her who knew him not,  
But took him for a vision, and fell down  
In a death-fit of wildered happiness.

*Wife.* Mercy dwells with the King—and he is merciful !  
 O blest for ever be the hoary head  
 Of our kind-hearted King !—I will away  
 And fling myself down before his royal feet !  
 Who knows but that the monarch in his palace  
 Will see within his soul this wretched cottage,  
 And, like a saving angel, with one word  
 Breathe over it the air of paradise ?  
 —Mercy is with the King—and he is merciful !

*Friend.* Fortune is blind—but justice eagle-eyed,  
 He will not be condemned.

*Wife.* Give me some water !  
 My soul is faint with thirst !—Do they not say  
 That men upon the scaffold call for water ?  
 —“ Give me a glass of water ! ” ’tis his voice—  
 My husband’s voice !—No ! he is not condemned !  
 A thousand voices from these silent walls  
 Cry out “ he shall not die ! ”—

(*Enter a young CLERGYMAN.*)

*Clergyman.* Methinks that God hath shed a calm to-day  
 Over the house of mourning. Is it so ?

*Wife.* Thy presence brings a calm. Oh ! one like thee  
 Should bear good tidings.

*Clergyman.* Last night in his cell  
 I saw your husband after his long trial,  
 And sure I am that never did he sit  
 Even in this room among his family  
 With more composèd face, or stiller soul,  
 Than he sat there upon his bed of straw,  
 With fetters on his limbs.

*Wife.* Fetters on his limbs !

*Clergyman.* He felt them not—or if he faintly felt them,  
 It was not in his soul—for it was free  
 As a lark in heaven.

*Wife.* He was not shedding tears !

*Clergyman.* No—with a calm and quiet face he looked  
 at me,  
 And in his eyes there was a steadfast light  
 By grief unclouded, and undimmed by tears.  
 So was it while the blameless man was speaking  
 Of himself and of his trial : then he spake  
 Of those he loved, and as he breathed the name  
 Of this sweet farm “ Lea-side ! ” then truly tears  
 Did force their way, but soon he wiped them off,

And raised to heaven a clear unfaltering prayer  
For his wife and children—the most touching prayer,  
I think, that ever flowed from human lips !

*Wife.* Is there no hope, then, after all, of life ?

*Clergyman.* Yes ! there is hope—though I am forced to  
say

That he doth stand upon the darksome brink  
Of danger and of death.

*Wife.* I hear thy words,  
And I can bear them ! For my suffering spirit  
Hath undergone its pains, and I am left,  
Even like a woman after travail, weak—  
But in a slumbrous quiet that succeeds  
The hour of agony.

[*She sinks into sleep.*]

*Clergyman.* My friend ! behold  
How quietly that worn-out wretch doth sleep.

*Friend.* Calm as an infant !

*Clergyman.* Even too deep for dreams !  
How meekly beautiful her face doth smile  
As from a soul that never had known grief !  
Methinks that God, in that profound repose,  
Will breathe submission through her innocent soul,  
And she who lay down with a mortal's weakness  
May wake in power and glory like an angel  
Whom trouble cannot touch.

(*Enter the Children weeping.*)

*Friend.* What ails ye, my sweet children—but speak  
softly—

Your mother is asleep.

*Girl.* O tell it, brother !  
For my heart beats so that I cannot speak !

*Boy.* When we were coming homewards down the lane  
That leads from the Fox-wood, that old dumb Woman  
Who tells folk's fortunes, from behind the hedge  
Leapt out upon the road, before our faces,  
And with that dreadful barking voice of hers,  
And grinning mouth, and red and fiery eyes,  
All the while shaking at us her black hair,  
She took a rope of rushes and did tie it  
Like a halter round her neck, and pulled it tight  
Till she grew black in the face ! Then shook her hand  
Against our cottage, while my father's name  
Seemed half-pronounced in that most hideous gabble.  
Then with one spring she leapt behind the hedge,  
Where, as we ran away, we heard her laughing !



And oh ! a long, loud, cruel laugh it was !  
As if she laughed to know that our poor father  
Was now condemned to die !

*Friend.* O wicked wretch ! the silence of her soul  
Is filled with cruel thoughts—even like a madhouse  
With the din of creatures raving. None can guess  
The wrath of this dumb savage !

*(The door opens, and the dumb woman enters making a  
hideous noise, and with signs intimating that some one  
is to be hanged. The prisoner's wife, wakened by the  
noise, starts from her sleep.)*

*Wife.* Thou silent, speechless messenger of death !  
Louder thy dumbness than a roaring cannon !  
Away—away—thou fury, from my sight !  
—God save me from that woman ! or deliver  
Her soul from the devils that torment her thus !

*(The children hide themselves, and the dumb woman rushes  
out with peals of wild laughter.)*

Her face was black with death—a hellish joy  
Shone through her idiot eyes—as if a fiend  
Had taken that rueful body for a dwelling,  
And from these glazed sockets loved to look  
With a horrid leer upon us mortal creatures,  
A leer of unrepentant wickedness,  
Hating us because we are the work of God !

*Boy.* I wish that she were dead and buried.

*Wife.* O now that she is gone, hope leaps again  
Within my heart—her hideous mummery  
Must not be suffered to confound me so.  
And yet, they say, that she did prophesy,  
With the wild motion of her witch-like hands,  
That fatal sinking of the ferry-boat  
In which whole families perished. Hush ! I hear  
The tread of feet—it is the Messenger  
Come from the City.

*(Enter Messenger with a letter in his hand.)*

*Wife.* Speak, speak instantly—  
Speak ! Why do you come here unless you speak ?  
—His face doth seem composed.

*Messenger.* Poor Francis Russel !  
Now all is over with him—he is condemned !

*Wife.* What did he say ?—Why art thou gabbling thus,  
As none can understand ?—Give me that letter.

*[Tears it open and reads it aloud.]*

“They have found me guilty, Mary! trust in God.”

*[She flings herself down on the floor, and her Children lie down crying beside her.]*

*Messenger.* I cannot bear the sight—good folks, farewell.

*Wife.* “My Mary, trust in God.” I cannot trust  
In God!—Oh! wilt Thou in thy wrath allow  
My innocent husband thus to be destroyed?—  
I cannot trust in God! O cursed for ever  
Be all the swarm of idiot witnesses,  
Jury and Judge, who thus have murdered him,  
And may his blood for generations lie  
Heavy on their children’s souls!

*Girl.* O brother! see  
'Tis our poor Father’s writing. Yet his hand  
Seems never to have shaken.—Innocence,  
He used to say, did make small children fearless,  
And it will make him happy in his prison,  
Till we rush in, and wait till he is pardoned,  
Which will be. . . . .

*Wife.* Never will he leave his dungeon  
But for the scaffold. Would that I were dead,  
And all my children corpses at my side,  
Never again to wake. . . . . for mercy is not  
In heaven or earth. There is no Providence!

*[Covers her face and tears her hair.]*

*Clergyman.* These are affecting words from one so good  
And truly pious. But our human nature,  
When touched at the heart by Misery’s icy hand,  
Oft shrieks out with a wild impiety,  
Against its better will. Yet that shrill cry  
Is heard in heaven with pity, and on earth  
Is often followed by the calm still voice  
Of resignation melting into prayer.

*Wife (starting up).* Where art thou? What impenetrable  
cloud

Hides thee from justice, thou grim murderer!  
On whom the dead man’s blood, the quick man’s tears,  
Now call with twofold vengeance? Drive him forth,  
O Fear, into the light, and I shall know him,  
Soon as my eye meets his. His very name  
Will burst instinctively from my big heart,  
And he will answer to it. Where art thou  
With thy red hands, that never may be cleansed?

*Friend.* 'Tis five weeks to the day of execution,  
And he may be discovered——

*Wife.* Execution !  
 And will they make my husband mount a ladder  
 Up to a scaffold ? May he rather die  
 Of anguish in his cell !—Where are my children ?  
 —O they are weeping even upon my breast !  
 —Would they had ne'er been born !—Eternal shame  
 Will lie upon them ! lovely as they are,  
 And good, and pure, and innocent as angels,  
 They will be scorned and hated !—Save my husband,  
 Great God of Mercy ! Jesus ! save my husband.  
 —O many thousand miles of clouds and air  
 Lie between me and God ! and my faint voice  
 Returns unto the earth, while the still heavens,  
 Like the deep sea above a drowning head,  
 Mind not the stifled groans of agony !

*Clergyman.* I will go to his cell and pray with him.  
 He had foreseen his doom,—and be assured  
 That he is sitting in the eye of God,  
 With meek composure, not in agony.

*The Children.* O take us with you !

*Clergyman.* For a while, farewell.  
 The wife's heart now is like a heavy cloud,  
 But tears will lighten it—God be with you all !

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## SCENE II.

*The condemned Cell.—The PRISONER in Chains.*  
*The Prison Clock strikes.*

*Prisoner.* That was a dreadful toll ! it brings me nearer  
 Unto the day of horror. Here am I  
 Delivered over to the fear of death  
 In cold and rueful solitude—shut out  
 By that black vault of stone from memory  
 Of human beings—and, as it would seem,  
 From the pity of my God ! Who thinks on me ?  
 The crowd that came to hear my sentence passed  
 Are scattered o'er the City, and my fate  
 Is by them all forgotten, or pronounced  
 With faces of indifference or of pleasure,  
 Among the chance discoursing of the day.



And yet my silent solitary cell  
 Is in the heart of life!—O joyful sound  
 Of life and freedom in a rushing tumult  
 Sweeping o'er the streets in the bright open day!  
 O that I were a beggar, clothed in rags!  
 Preyed on by cold and hunger—and with wounds  
 Incurable, worn down unto a shadow,  
 So that I knew not when I was to die!  
 —I hear the blind man singing in the street  
 With a clear gladsome voice, a jocund song!  
 What is the loss of eyes!—Thou bawling wretch,  
 Disturb him not! With what a hideous twang  
 He howls out to the passing traveller,  
 “A full account of Francis Russel's trial,  
 The murderer's confession.”——Save my soul—  
 O save me from that hideous skeleton! . . . .

[*Dashes himself on the floor.*]

(*The JAILER enters with bread and water.*)

*Jailer.* Look up, my friend—I bring you some refreshment.

*Prisoner (staring wildly).* Art thou the executioner?

*Jailer.* No. The Jailer.

*Prisoner.* Is the fatal hour arrived?

*Jailer.* I'm not the hangman.

*Prisoner.* One single drop of wine! These two last days  
 Have put my blood into a burning fever,  
 Yet the thought of water sickens at my heart.  
 One single drop of wine.

*Jailer.* I must not give it.

*Prisoner.* O that a want like this should seem a hardship

To one condemned to die! My wretched body  
 With fiery fever wastes my quaking soul,  
 And rather would I have one drop of wine  
 Than voice of friends or prayers of holy men,  
 So faint and thirsty is my very being.

*Jailer.* What must be must.

*Prisoner.* O cold and heavy chains!  
 How shockingly they glitter as they clank!

*Jailer.* You soon will get accustomed to their weight.  
 Observe that ring there runs along the stanchel,  
 On the stone-floor—so you may drag your legs  
 From wall to wall with little difficulty,  
 And in a week or two you'll never heed

The clanking of the iron. The last criminal  
Was but a lath of a man compared with you,  
And yet whene'er I came into his cell  
I found him always merrily at work,  
Backward and forward whisking constantly  
Like a bird in his cage.

*Prisoner.* Was he set free at last ?

*Jailer.* Ay. Jack Ketch set him free.

*Prisoner.* What was his crime ?

*Jailer.* A murderer, like yourself. He killed his sweet-  
heart,

And threw her, though some six months gone with child,  
Into a coal-pit.

*Prisoner (sternly).* Leave me to myself.

*Jailer.* Why ! Man, I wish to be on good terms with you.  
I am your friend. What ! many a noble fellow  
Hath in his day done murder : in the name  
There may be something awkward—but the act  
Still varies with the change of circumstance—  
I would as lief shake hands with thee, my friend,  
As with the Judge himself.

*Prisoner (eagerly).* Dost think me innocent ?

*Jailer (ironically).* O yes ! as innocent as any lamb.  
But hark ye ! if that I allow your friends  
To visit you at times, you in return  
Will let me show you to the country-people  
On a chance market-day.

*Prisoner.* O God of mercy !

*Jailer.* There will they stand beyond reach of your arm,  
With open mouth and eyes like idiots.  
Then look unto each other—shake their heads,  
And crying out, "God bless us !" leave the cell,  
No doubt much wiser than they came—quite proud  
To think how they will make their neighbours shudder  
At the picture of thy murderous countenance,  
And eyes so like a demon's—we will share  
The money, friend. . . .

*Prisoner.* The money !—What of money ?

*Jailer.* Why, you are surely deaf. . . .

*Prisoner.* Give me the water.

[*Drinks eagerly.*

Take—take the bread, that I may die of hunger.

[*The JAILER goes out of the cell.*

I feel as if buried many a fathom deep  
In a cave below the sea, or in some pit

Covered o'er with thorns amid a darksome wood,  
 Where one might lie from Sabbath unto Sabbath  
 Shrieking madly out for help, but all in vain,  
 Unto the solitary trees, or clouds  
 That pass unheeding o'er the far-off heavens !  
 Five weeks must drag their days and nights along  
 Through the damp silence of this lonesome cell,  
 And all that time must I be sitting here  
 In doleful dreams—or lying on this straw,  
 With nought but shivering terror in my soul—  
 Or hurrying up and down with clanking chains  
 In wrath and sickness and insanity,  
 A furious madman preying on myself,  
 And dashed against the walls.—What spirit moves  
 These bolts ? O welcome, whosoe'er thou art !  
 A very demon's presence in this dungeon  
 Would be a comfort.

*(The door opens, and the young CLERGYMAN enters.)*

Son of righteousness !

Let me fall down and worship at thy feet.

*Clergyman.* O man of trouble ! put your trust in God.  
 Morning and evening will I seek your cell,  
 And read the Bible with you. Rise—O rise !

*Prisoner.* Despise me not that on this cruel pavement  
 I dash myself down in fear and agony,  
 And grovel at your feet ! A pitiful wretch  
 Indeed am I ; and to preserve my life  
 Would hang my head in everlasting shame,  
 Or lonesome hungered in a desert dwell,  
 Doomed never more to sleep.

*Clergyman.* Unhappy man !

Say what thou wilt, for I will listen to thee.

*Prisoner (looking up).* Can you not save me ?—On  
 a quiet bed,

Surrounded by my weeping family,  
 I might have died like other mortal creatures  
 In awful resignation ; but to stand  
 Upon a scaffold in my native parish,  
 With a base halter round my abject neck,  
 Stared at, and hissed at, shuddered at, and scorned,  
 Put out of life, like a dog, with every insult  
 Cruelly forced on my immortal soul,  
 And then . . . O Christ, I hear a skeleton  
 Rattling in chains !—To a madhouse carry me,  
 Bind me to the floor, that when the day arrives



The hangman's hand may strive in vain to burst  
 The bolts that chain the Lunatic to life.  
 I will feign madness. No—Eternal God!  
 I need not feign, for like a tide it cometh,  
 Wave after wave, upon my choking spirit . . . .  
 I am bound to a stake within the mark o' the sea,  
 And the cold drowning mounts up from my feet.

*Clergyman.* Send peace, O Lord! unto the sufferer's heart.

*Prisoner.* Suddenly, suddenly in my happiness  
 The curse did smite me. O, my gentle Alice,  
 Is the sweet baby now upon thy breast?  
 The Mother and the Infant both will die.  
 The dreadful day of execution  
 Will murder us all, and Lea-side then will be  
 Silent as the grave. O fearful Providence,  
 Darken my brain, that I may think no more  
 On thy wild ways that only lead to death,  
 To misery, to madness, and to hell!  
 Is all I say not true? Didst hear him speak?  
 That savage Judge, who with a hollow voice,  
 As if he had a pleasure in my anguish,  
 Continued speaking hours most bitterly  
 Against a quaking prisoner bowed with shame?  
 He had forgotten that I was a man!  
 And ever as he turned his hardened eye  
 Towards the bar, it froze my very heart,  
 So proud, so cruel, and so full of scorn.  
 I think he might have wept, for many wept  
 When he passed sentence on me—but his voice  
 Was calm and steady, and his eye was clear,  
 Looking untroubled on the face of trouble.  
 I did not faint—No—though a sickening pang  
 Tugged at my heart, and made the cold sweat creep  
 Like ice-drops o'er my body—yet even then  
 Did conscious innocence uphold my soul,  
 And turned the horrid words to senseless sounds  
 That ought not to dismay—while he that sat  
 In pompous robes upon the judgment-seat,  
 Seemed in his blind unfeeling ignorance  
 A verier wretch than I.

*Clergyman.* We are all blind,  
 And duty's brow is stern, and harsh his voice.  
 That Judge is famed for his humanity,  
 And though no tears were in his solemn eyes,  
 They flowed within his heart.

*Prisoner.* I do forgive him.  
What shrieks were these ?

*Clergyman.* Of a poor criminal  
In the next cell.

*Prisoner.* Condemned like me to die !

*Clergyman.* No ! doomed to drag out in a foreign land,  
Unpitied years of misery and shame.

*Prisoner.* O happy lot ! who would not leap with joy  
Into the ship that bore him to the land  
Of shame and toil, and crime and wickedness,  
So that with all his load of misery  
He might escape from death ! May not I escape ?  
Bolts have been riven, and walls been undermined,  
And the free winds have borne the prisoner  
To the dark depths of safety—never more  
To walk the streets of cities, but to dwell  
As in the shadow of the grave, unknown  
But to his own soul silent as the night !  
I feel a wild hope springing from despair !  
That shadow was not mine that stood all white  
Shivering on a scaffold :—Sampson's strength is here,  
And the hard stone to my unwearied hand  
Will crumble into dust.

*Clergyman.* O let us pray !

*Prisoner.* Yes, I will pray ! pray for deliverance,  
And years to come ! O be they what they may,  
For life is sweet, embittered though it be  
With the lowest dregs in the cup of misery !

*Clergyman.* Shall we kneel down ?

*Prisoner.* Ay ! they will dance and dance,  
And smile and laugh, and talk of pleasant things,  
And listen to sweet music all the night,  
That I am lying fettered to the straw  
In dire convulsions. They will speak of me  
Amid their mirth and music, but will see not  
My image in their souls, or it would strike them  
With palsy 'mid their savage merriment,  
Clanking these dreadful fetters in their ears.

*Clergyman.* I will return at night.

*Prisoner.* O leave me not,  
For I am scarcely in my sober mind.  
A thousand fiends are waiting to destroy me  
Soon as you leave the cell, for innocence  
Is found not proof against the pains of hell.

*Clergyman.* I will bring your wife to visit you.

*Prisoner (kneeling).* O God  
 Of tender mercies, let thy countenance  
 Shine on that wretched one. Let this cell lie  
 Forsaken of thy presence—if thy will—  
 But, for His sake who died upon the cross,  
 Let heavenly sunshine fall into her soul !  
 Temper the wind to the shorn lamb that lies  
 Upon her breast in helpless infancy !  
 Oh ! if our cottage could but rest in peace,  
 Here could I pass the remnant of my life  
 In lonely resignation to my fate.  
 Forsake not her and my sweet family.

*Clergyman.* Man forsakes man—that melancholy word  
 Applieth not to gracious Providence.

*Prisoner.* I am not then forsaken ?

*Clergyman.* Fear it not !  
 Wrapt in the dark cloud of adversity,  
 Thou art indeed ; but clouds are of the earth.  
 Lift up the eye of Faith, and thou wilt see  
 The clear blue sky of the untroubled Heavens.

*Prisoner.* My soul at once is calmed—now let us pray.

## PART II.

### SCENE I.

*The Morning of the day of Execution—The young CLERGYMAN and another FRIEND sitting beside the PRISONER, who is asleep.*

*Clergyman.* He stirs as he would wake.

*Friend.* List ! list ! he speaks !

*Clergyman.* A smile is on his face—a kindling smile.

*Friend.* Oh ! when he wakes !

*Clergyman.* Hearken—he speaks again.

*Prisoner (in his sleep).* O, my sweet Alice ! 'Twas a  
 dreadful dream !

Am I in truth awake ? Come to my heart !  
 There—there—I feel thy breath—pure—pure—most pure.

*Friend.* What a deep sigh of overwhelming bliss !  
 Hell gapes for him when he awakes from heaven.



*Clergyman.* Will not the same benignant Providence  
That blesseth now his sleep, uphold him falling  
Into the shadow of death!

*Prisoner.* No tears, my Alice!  
Weep—weep no more! Where is our infant, Alice?  
Esther, where art thou? Mary? My sweet twins!  
—I dreamt that I had bid thee farewell, Alice!  
Why is that loving voice so slow to speak?  
Hold me to thy bosom lest the curse return!  
Why beats thy heart so . . . . .

*Friend.* Lo! his glazed eyes  
Are open—but methinks he sees us not.

*Prisoner (starting up).* My family are swept off from  
the earth.

—I know not, in the darkness of my brain,  
My dreams from waking thoughts, nor these from dreams.  
—Yes! yes! at once 'tis plain. O heaven of heavens!  
Thou canst not be in all thy sanctity  
A place so full of perfect blessedness,  
As the bed where I was lying in my dream.

*Clergyman.* We have been praying for thee all the night.

*Prisoner.* What! my dear friends! good morning to you  
both.

Have I been sleeping long?

*Clergyman.* Since four o'clock.  
And now 'tis almost eight.

*Prisoner.* Blest was that sleep  
Beyond all human bliss! I was at home,  
And Alice in my bosom . . . . Come, my friend,  
You must not thus be overcome, this hour  
Too awful is for tears. Look not on me  
As on a son of anguish and despair,  
But a Man, sorely stricken though he be,  
Supported by the very power of Sorrow,  
And Faith that comes a solemn comforter  
Even hand-in-hand with Death.

*Clergyman.* Most noble spirit!  
Fitter art thou with that untroubled voice  
To comfort us than to be comforted.

*Prisoner.* This cell hath taught me many a hidden thing.  
I have become acquainted with my soul  
Through midnight silence, and through lonely days  
Silent as midnight. I have found therein  
A well of waters undisturbed and deep,  
Of sustenance, refreshment, and repose.

*Clergyman.* On earth nought may prevail o'er innocence.

*Prisoner.* One night, methought, a voice said in my cell,  
"Despondency, and Anguish, and Despair,  
Are falling on thee! curse thy God and die!"—

"Peace, Resignation, and Immortal Hope,"

A dewy voice replied. It was a dream.

But the good angel's voice was in my soul,  
Most sweet when I awoke, and from that hour,  
A heavenly calm hath never left my cell.

*Friend.* O must we part for ever from our Friend!  
Is there no hope? The hour of agony  
Is hastening on, and there is none to save!

*Clergyman.* Forgive his grief. 'Tis easier to resign  
Ourselves unto our fate, than to endure  
The sight of one we love about to die.

*Prisoner.* A little brook doth issue from the hill  
Above Lea-side, and, ere it reaches us,  
Its course is loud and rocky, crying still  
As with a troubled voice. But o'er the green  
That smiles beside our door it glideth on,  
Just like a dream, so soft and silently,  
For ever cheerful and for ever calm.  
Last night when you came here—I had been thinking  
Of that sweet brook, and it appeared to me  
An emblem of my own much-altered soul,  
Lately so troubled, but now flowing on  
In perfect calmness to eternity.

*Friend.* Thinking of Lea-side even unto the last.

*Prisoner.* Yes! I will think of it unto the last,  
Of heaven and it by turns. There is no reason  
Why it should be forgotten while I live.  
I see it, like a picture on that wall,  
In the silence of the morning, with its smoke,  
Its new-waked smoke slow wreathing up to heaven!  
And from that heaven, where through my Saviour's death  
I humbly hope to be, I will look down  
On that one spot—Oh! sure the loveliest far  
On the wide earth! too sweet! too beautiful!  
Too blest to leave without a gush of tears.

—They will drive me past my own door to the scaffold?

*Friend.* Such is the savage sentence.

*Prisoner.*

It is well.

*Friend.* We never will forsake you to the last—  
But proudly sit beside you . . . .

*Prisoner.* Sweet Lea-side !  
 And I will see my little farm again !  
 New-thatched with my own hand this very Spring—  
 All full of blossoms is my garden now,  
 And the sweet hum of bees !—Hushed be the wheels  
 As o'er a depth of snow, when they pass by !  
 That Alice may not hear the fearful sound,  
 And rush out with my children in her arms.

*Clergyman.* Fear not—she hath gone into her father's house.

*Prisoner.* I thought our parting had been past. But no !  
 Souls cannot part though parting words be breathed,  
 With deep abandonment of earthly loves.  
 Had I not dreamt that heavenly dream last night  
 Perhaps it had been so—but in that dream  
 My human nature burst again to life,  
 And I think upon my widow as before,  
 With love, grief, shame, dismay, and agony.

*Clergyman.* I am the father, says our gracious God,  
 Of the orphan and the widow.

*Prisoner.* 'Twas a pang !  
 A passing pang ! (*Going to the window*)—It is a sunny day  
 Methinks if I had any tears to shed,  
 That I could weep to see the fading world  
 So beautiful ! How brightly wilt thou smile,  
 O Sun, to-morrow, when my eyes are dark !  
 O 'tis a blessed earth I leave behind !

(*A noise at the door.*)

*Friend.* It is not yet the time !

*Jailer enters.* In half an hour  
 They will come to fetch the prisoner from his cell

[*Goes out.*]

*Friend.* O scowling savage ! What a heart of stone !

*Prisoner.* I think he is less cruel than he seems.  
 Sometimes his face hath worn a look of pity,  
 And his voice softened ; but his heart is blind  
 In ignorance, and hardened by the sight  
 Of unrepentant wickedness, and sorrows  
 Which human sympathy would fail to cure.  
 He seemed disturbed—he feels all he can feel.

*Clergyman.* Thou art indeed a Christian.

*Prisoner.* Death is near.  
 You know my heart, and will reveal it truly  
 To all who know my tale. The time will come



When innocence will vindicate itself,  
 And shame fall off my rising family  
 Like snow shaken from the budding trees in spring.  
 —They doubt not of their father's innocence ?

*Clergyman.* Unshaken is the confidence of love  
 In hearts that know not sin—thy memory,  
 Hallowed by tribulation, will endure . . . . .

*Prisoner.* Enough—enough. Here take this blessed book,  
 Which from my dying father I received,  
 And give it to my wife. Some farewell thoughts  
 I have dared to write beneath my children's names,  
 Recorded duly there soon as baptized.

And now I have no more to say to man.  
 Leave me alone a little while—and wait  
 In the open street, till I appear before you.

*Friend.* We fear to leave the cell—you look so pale !  
 As if about to faint.

*Prisoner (holding out his hand with a smile).* My pulse  
 is steady.

*Clergyman.* We leave thee to thy God !

## SCENE II.

*Inside of a Cottage.—The Prisoner's WIFE sitting with her  
 FRIEND, surrounded by her Family.*

*Wife.* Speak to me ! let my weeping children speak,  
 Although it be with sobs of agony.

*Friend.* See how composed your sweetest children sit  
 All round your knees ! They weep, and sigh, and sob,  
 For piteous they and most compassionate.  
 But nature steals upon them in their grief,  
 And happy thoughts, in spite even of themselves,  
 Come o'er them—the glad light of infancy.  
 Mourn not for them—in little William's hand,  
 Although his heart be framed of love and pity,  
 Already see that play-thing ! none need weep  
 For them a gracious God preserves in bliss.

*Wife.* 'Tis not on them I think—O God ! O God !

*Friend.* He soon will be in Heaven.

*Wife.* A dreadful path  
 Must first be trod. O 'tis most horrible !

*Friend.* Since that last scene is present to your soul  
I dare to speak of it. The face of death  
More hideous seems to us who gaze upon it  
Bent towards a friend we love, than to the wretch  
Who sees the black frown fixed upon himself.  
The fears of fancy are most terrible,  
But when the apprehended misery comes,  
The spirit smiles to feel how bearable  
The heaviest stroke of fate.

*Wife.* Thy kind voice seems  
To speak of comfort, though the words are dark.  
Misery's sick soul is slow to understand,  
Yet I will listen, for that gentle voice  
Brings of itself relief.

*Friend.* Calm, unappalled—  
How many mount the scaffold! Even Guilt,  
Strong in repentance, often standeth there  
And quaketh not. And will not innocence  
Victoriously from that most rueful place  
Look o'er the grave—nor death's vain idle show  
Have power to raise one beating in his heart?

*Wife.* O what a dreadful night he must have passed!

*Friend.* Nay—fear it not—the night before they die,  
Condemnèd men enjoy unbroken sleep,  
By mercy sent to their resignèd souls,  
Calming and strengthening for the morrow's trial.  
While we were weeping—his closed eyes were dry,  
And his soul hushed in deep forgetfulness.

*Wife.* I feel as if I ne'er shall sleep again!  
The look with which he flung his body down  
On the stone-floor, when I was carried from him,  
Will never pass away. O that sweet face  
Was changed indeed by nature's agony,  
Sunk, fallen, hollow, bloodless, and convulsed!

*Friend.* O strive to think on other prison-hours,  
When, on your knees together, lost in prayer,  
You seemed two happy Beings offering up  
Thanksgiving, rather than poor suppliants  
Imploring resignation to your doom.

*Wife.* No. I will think but of that desperate hour  
When darkness fell between us, there to brood  
Until we meet in heaven. Come near to me,  
For I must tell thee how my husband looked  
When wicked men did tear those two asunder  
Whom God, and love, and nature had united.

*Friend.* O spare me— spare me— on yourself have pity,  
And these soft-hearted ones—too apt to weep!

*Wife.* Why should I fear to speak?

*Friend.* Your infant wakes!

Here, take it to your breast—

*Wife.* Heed, heed it not.

—For hours we sat, and dreamt, and spoke, and wept,

Recalled our happy life to memory,

From the hour we first met on yon sunny brae!

Our friendship, love, and marriage,—the sweet child

That came to bless our first delightful spring—

All our sweet children! not forgetting her

Who went so young to heaven. The Jailer came,

Or some one with a black and cruel countenance,

And changed at once our sorrow to despair.

We had not thought of parting—in the past

So buried were our hearts!—such images

Blinded our spirits with the tears of love.

And though we felt a dire calamity

Brought us together in that hideous cell,

We thought not what it was; till all at once,

The prison-door flew open, and they dragged me,

Not shrieking—as perhaps I now do shriek—

But with a cold weight sickening at my heart

That in convulsions drowned a thousand shrieks,

And brought at last a dark forgetfulness

Of my own sufferings, and my husband's doom.

Long streets seemed passing slowly by my brain,

And fields and trees—until at once I knew

The faces of my weeping family,

And this my Father's house. A dreadful dream!

Yet could I wish to rave of it for ever!

*(Her eldest DAUGHTER steals up with a Book in  
her hand.)*

*Daughter.* Here is a book which little Mary Grieve

(She who has wept as much for my poor Father

As if she were a sister of our own)

Gave me a week ago, a happy book,

Which lies below my pillow when I sleep.

Look at it, Mother! 'tis the history

Of one reprieved when just about to die.

I have read it till it seems a sad true tale

Of all my Father's woe—and when I read it

Even on the darkest day, believe me, Mother,

A gleam of sunshine falls upon the leaves,



Straight down from heaven! There is a picture—look!  
Is it not like my Father's gentle face?

*Wife (grasping the book).* As sure as God is in heaven! it  
is the same!—

His wife and children too with eyes and faces  
Of mad delirious joy all fixed on heaven!  
And well they may—then and for evermore.

*Daughter.* I showed it to our clergyman—he smiled—  
And laid his gentle hand upon my hair,  
And with a low kind voice he bade me hope.

*Wife.* He bade thee hope!

*Daughter.* Yes—and I thought he wept.

*Wife.* He tried to comfort the sweet innocent!

*Daughter.* Though I should see my father in the cart  
Passing our very door . . . . .

*Wife.* Will he pass our door?  
I will rush out and clasp him, and beseech  
Kind heaven to let me die upon his breast.

[*Goes towards the door.*]

I had forgot—we are not at Lea-side.

—Come to me, little William—weep not, child!

*Boy.* O yesterday we saw a dreadful sight!

*Daughter.* William—hold your peace.

*Wife.* What saw my little boy?

*Boy.* We went last night to meet with Mary Grieve  
Coming from school. And oh! upon the bridge  
Two men were building up—I did not ask them—  
They told me what it was—and we ran home  
Fearing to look back.

*Wife.* O shut out the sun,  
That blinds my soul with its accursèd light!  
Close—close the shutters—that eternal darkness  
May cover me and my poor family,  
And the wild world with all its miseries  
Be blank as if we all were in the grave.

[*The shutters are closed.*]

*Boy.* Mother! let me come closer to your knees!

*Wife.* O let the light come in—this silent darkness  
Is worse than light—light is but mockery—  
But darkness is the haunted tomb of death  
Which shuddering nature never may endure.  
—I never thought thy face so sad before  
As in that sudden light.—(*Clock strikes*).—What hour?  
what hour?

*Friend.* Your husband's strife is o'er.

*Wife.*

Praise be to God.

(*Falls on her knees*).—O thou that art an angel in the sky,  
Strengthen my soul that I on earth may cherish  
Those whom thou lovest—these infants round my feet.

*Friend.* Such prayers go up to heaven—swifter than  
light.

*Wife.* The body shall have Christian burial!  
I will away that no base hand disturb it.  
What though it felt the cruel death of shame,  
Is it not beautiful and fair to see,  
As if he rested from the harvest-toil  
In some cool shady place o'erhung with trees?  
It shall be dressed with flowers—a thousand times,  
A thousand thousand times my lips will kiss it,  
And when it is laid in the grave at last,  
Oh! will not tears from many hundred eyes  
Fall on the coffin, and a hundred tongues  
Bless him th' unhappy—him the innocent?  
—Methinks I can endure the daylight now.

[*She goes to the window.*]

O Lord! yon hill-side is quite black with people  
All standing motionless—with heads uncovered.  
Are they gazing all on him? Alive? or dead?—  
This is a sight to drive my soul to madness,  
To blasphemy and disbelief in God!

*Friend.* I thought the hour was past.

*Wife.* You knew it was not.

Upon the self-same side of that black mount  
I saw a pious congregation sitting  
Last summer's sacrament! and now they come  
To enjoy an execution. Wretched things!  
They little understand the words of Christ.

*Friend.* It seems in truth most cruel—dreadful show  
Of fixèd faces! many a troubled soul  
Is gazing there, yet loves the agony  
It makes itself to suffer—turns away—  
Then looks and shudders, and with cheeks as wan  
And ghastly as the man about to die,  
Waits for the hideous moment—greedily  
Devouring every motion of his eyes  
Now only bent to heaven.

*Wife.*

O senseless wretches!

Thus tamely witnessing the guiltless die.  
Rush down upon the scaffold—rend it—crush it  
Into a thousand atoms—tear away

Th' accursed halter from his innocent neck,  
 And send him like a lark let loose to heaven,  
 Into the holy light of liberty.

—One hour delay the execution!

For from afar the words of mercy come—

I hear them on the wind—"Reprieve—Reprieve"—

O, gazing multitude! look grim no more,

But shout until both earth and heaven reply!

Salvation is at hand—Reprieve—Reprieve!

*(She rushes out into the air, followed by her FRIEND and her Children, who endeavour to restrain her in vain.)*

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SCENE III.

*A Field in the Country.—Labourers reposing.*

*The Master.* Come, Mary Macintyre—give us a song,  
 Then to our work again. Thou hast a voice  
 So sweet, that even the Linnet on the broom  
 Might take a lesson from thee.

SONG.

A bird in Spring had built her nest  
 In a tuft o' flowers on a Castle-wa',  
 Whare saftly on her bonny breast  
 The dew and licht o' heaven did fa'.

Amang the moss and silky hair  
 Twa young anes lay in love thegither—  
 And oh! their yellow plumes were fair  
 When glinting in the sunny weather.

Upon that Tower for mony an hour  
 Anither bird wad sit and sing,  
 Or resting on that red wa'-flower  
 In sleep wad fauld his gowden wing.

Ae morning at the break o' day  
 I saw the nest a' pearl'd wi' dew,  
 That like a net o' diamonds lay  
 Aboon that flower o' freshest hue.



I couldna see the bonny Bird,  
 She cower'd sae close upon her nest,  
 But that saft ither sang I heard  
 That lull'd her and her brood to rest.

Sweet through the silent dawning rung  
 The pleasure o' that lanely sang,  
 And the auld Tower again look'd young  
 That psalm sae sweetly sail'd along.

Mair sweetly breath'd the birchen grove  
 That waved upon the Castle Hill,  
 And a' the earth look'd fresh wi' love  
 The moment that the sang was still!

At gloaming I cam back that way,  
 But I miss'd the flower sae red and sweet,  
 And the nest whare thae twa birdies lay,  
 Wae's me! was herried at my feet.

I wadna weep for the dead wa'-flower,  
 Sweet birds! gin I kent whare ye were gane,  
 But the low has blacken'd the auld Mearns-Tower,  
 And bluid is drapping frae ilka stane.

And he that herried the Lintwhite's nest,  
 And kill'd the auld birds wi' his sling,  
 He wadna spare the chirping breast  
 Nor the down upon the wee bit wing.

*Master.* It is an old traditionary song.  
 The Maxwells in a body from Hag Castle  
 At midnight came, and burn'd the good Mearns-Tower,  
 With young Laird Stewart and his English Lady,  
 And their four pretty bairns. They burned them all.  
 The Lady's blood is still upon the stones  
 Of the west-corner. Many a blashing storm  
 Hath driven across them, yet they still are red.  
 'Tis two o'clock, come to our work again!

*Young Man.* Oh! I am sick at heart! this very moment,  
 Is my poor Master standing on the scaffold!  
 Go, go to work—I will kneel down and pray  
 For his departing soul. [Kneels down.]

*Master.* His hour is come.  
 Men, women, children, now all rush to see him  
 In his white death-clothes standing like a ghost!  
 Ay, lasses, ye may weep—yet will that crowd  
 Show many a female face—girls like yourselves  
 In their best gowns adorned for holiday,—

And wives that love their husbands—and even mothers  
 With infants in their arms. Confound their cruelty !  
 Enough of death there is in this wide world  
 Near each man's fireside, or his neighbour's house !  
 Why rush to see him in the open day-light  
 Standing with fear, and shame, and agony ?

*Mary.* Oh ! on that sweet hill-side he often sat  
 Watching his young spring-lambs ! and now even there  
 Is he about to die the death of shame !

*Master.* Methinks I see the hill-side all alive,  
 With silent faces gazing steadfastly  
 On one poor single solitary wretch,  
 Who views not in the darkness of his trouble  
 One human face among the many thousands  
 All staring towards the scaffold ! some are there  
 Who have driven their carts with his unto the market,  
 Have shook hands with him meeting at the fair,  
 Have in his very cottage been partakers  
 Of the homely fare which reverently he blessed ;  
 Yea ! who have seen his face in holier places,  
 And in the same seat been at worship with him,  
 Within the House of God. May God forgive them !

*Mary.* He is not guilty.

*Master.* Everything is dark.

Last in the company of the murdered man—  
 Blood on his hands—a bloody knife concealed—  
 The coin found on him which the widow swore to—  
 His fears when apprehended—and the falsehoods  
 Which first he uttered—all perplex my mind.  
 And then they say the murdered body bled  
 Soon as he touched it.—Let us to our work,  
 Poor people oft must work with heavy hearts.  
 —Oh ! doth that sunshine smile as cheerfully  
 Upon Lea-side as o'er my happy fields !

*(The Scene changes to a little field commanding a view of the  
 place of execution. Two YOUNG MEN looking towards it.)*

*1st Man.* I dare to look no longer.—What dost thou see ?

*2d Man.* There is a stirring over all the crowd.  
 All heads are turned at once. O God of Heaven !  
 There Francis Russel comes upon a cart,  
 For which a lane is opened suddenly !  
 On, on it goes—and now it has arrived  
 At the scaffold foot.

*1st Man.* Say ! dost thou see his face ?

*2d Man.* Paler than ashes.

*1st Man (coming forward).* Let me have one look.  
O what white cheeks! see, see—his upward eyes  
Even at this distance have a ghastly glare.  
I fear that he is guilty. Fear has bathed  
In clammy dew his long lank raven hair.  
His countenance seems convulsed—it is not paleness  
That dims his cheeks—but a wild yellow hue  
Like that of mortal sickness or of death.  
Oh! what the soul can suffer, when the Devil  
Sits on it, grimly laughing o'er his prey,  
Like a carrion-bird beside some dying beast,  
Croaking with hunger and ferocity! [*He turns away.*]

*2d Man.* He is standing on the scaffold—he looks round—  
But does not speak—some one goes up to him—  
He whispers in his ear—he kisses him—  
He falls on his knees—now no one on the scaffold  
But he and that old Wretch! a rope is hanging  
Right over his head—and, as my Maker liveth,  
That demon as he grasps it with his fingers  
Hath laughter on his face!

*1st Man.* How look the crowd?

*2d Man.* I saw them not—but now ten thousand faces  
Are looking towards him with wide-open eyes!  
Uncovered every head—and all is silent  
And motionless as if 'twere all a dream.

*1st Man.* Is he still praying?

*2d Man.* I can look no more,  
For death and horror round his naked neck  
Are gathering! Curse those lean and shrivelled fingers  
That calmly—slowly—and without a tremble—  
Are binding unto agony and shame  
One of God's creatures with a human soul!  
—Hark! hark! a sudden shriek—a yell—a shout!—  
The whole crowd tosses like a stormy sea.  
But oh! behold how still and motionless  
That figure on the scaffold!

*1st Man.* What can it mean?

*2d Man.* Perhaps with one soul all the crowd rise up  
To rescue him from death.

*1st Man.* Let us away  
And know what happens.—Hark! another shout  
That rends the silent sky. See hats are waved!  
And every face is bright—deliverance  
Is in that peal of joy—he shall not die.



*(Scene changes to the place of execution.)*

*Sheriff.* Bring the man up—and let us hear his story.

*(A SOLDIER is dragged along by the crowd.)*

*Soldier.* I am the murderer.

*One of the crowd.* Here is Stephen's watch—  
The watch of the murdered man—and his very purse—  
Both found upon the villain.

*Sheriff.* 'Tis strong proof.  
—What have you got to say against this charge?

*Soldier.* I robbed and murdered him—that's all—'tis true.

*One of the crowd.* Just as the prisoner rose up from his  
knees,  
This soldier at my side took out his watch,  
And with a cruel and unchristian oath  
Proclaimed the hour, in laughing mockery.  
My eye by chance fell on it—and the truth  
Burst on my soul. I leapt upon the wretch,  
And with a horrid cry he made confession  
That he was the guilty man.

*Sheriff.* Scarce credible.

*Soldier.* 'Tis true. Last night I saw the Evil-One  
In human shape as I sat among my comrades ;  
He stood close to my side—invisible  
To all but me—and with a fiery eye  
He then commanded me to go this day  
And see the execution. So I came !  
—And now behold the open gates of hell !

*Sheriff.* The execution cannot thus proceed.

*Soldier.* A little while—but yet a little while—  
And I will come into the roaring pit  
To dwell for ever with the damned !

*One of the crowd.* Mad—mad.

*Sheriff.* Ay ! 'tis the madness of despair and guilt.  
Unhalter yon poor wretch—he must be carried  
Back to his prison—till the truth appear.

*(The PRISONER'S Wife, accompanied by her FRIEND and  
Children, rush through the crowd.)*

*Wife.* Come down—come down—my husband ! from the  
scaffold.  
—O Christ ! art thou alive—or dead with fear !  
Let me leap up with one bound to his side,  
And strain him to my bosom till our souls  
Are mixed like rushing waters.

Dost hear thy Alice? Come down from the scaffold,  
And walk upon the green and flowery earth  
With me, thy wife, in everlasting joy!

*[She tries to move forward, but falls down in a fainting-fit.*

*One of the crowd.* See—see his little daughter! how she  
tears

The covering from his eyes—unbinds the halter—  
Leaps up to his bosom—and with sobs is kissing  
His pale fixed face. “I am thy daughter—Father!”  
But there he stands—as lifeless as a stone—  
Nor sees—nor feels—nor hears—his soul seems gone  
Upon a dismal travel!

*[The PRISONER is led down from the scaffold, with his  
Daughter held unconsciously in his arms.*

*Prisoner.* Must this wild dream be all dream't o'er again!  
Who put this little child into my arms? My wife  
Lying dead!—Thy judgments, Heaven! are terrible.

*The Clergyman.* Look up—this world is shining out once  
more

In welcome to thy soul recalled from death.

*Prisoner.* Oh! might that be—but this is not a dream  
From which I may awake.—What, what has happened?

*Clergyman.* The murderer is discovered.

*[The Prisoner falls on his knees, and his Wife, who has  
recovered, goes and kneels by his side.*

*Clergyman.* Crowd not so round them—let the glad fresh  
air

Enter into their souls.

*Prisoner.* Alice! one word!

Let me hear thy voice assuring me of life.  
Ah me! that soft cheek brings me by its touch  
From the black, dizzy, roaring brink of death,  
At once into the heart of happiness!  
—Gasping with gratitude! she cannot speak.

*Wife.* I never shall smile more—but all my days  
Walk with still footsteps, and with humble eyes,  
An everlasting hymn within my soul  
To the great God of Mercy!

*Prisoner, (starting up).* O thou bright angel with that golden  
hair,  
Scattering thy smiles like sunshine through the light,

Art thou my own sweet daughter ! Come, my child,  
Come dancing on into thy father's soul !  
Come with those big tears sparkling on thy cheeks,  
And let me drink them with a thousand kisses.

—That laugh hath filled the silent world with joy !

*Child.* This night I will sit upon your knees once more,—  
And oh ! if ever I offend my father ! . . . .

No—never—never !—All our cottage stands  
Just as you left it—the old oaken chair  
Will be filled to-night,—and our sweet hearth will burn  
As it used to do—upon my Father's face !

—I too will pray—for though a little child,  
God now will hear my prayers !

*Prisoner (looking round).* The fields and hills  
Have now returned into their usual shape,  
And all the sunny earth seems beautiful  
As in my boyish days !—Oh ! tell me—tell me—  
Did I disgrace myself by abject fear  
On the way from prison to yon hideous place ?

*Clergyman.* No—thou wert calm. . . . .

*Prisoner.* My friend—O say not so.  
For from the moment that I left the prison  
Blind horror seized me—and I thought the earth  
Was reddening round me from the bloody sky.  
I recollect some faces in the cart  
Glimmering ! and something like a bridge we past  
Over a deep glen filled with raging thunder !  
Then all was hushed—and rose the voice of psalms  
Doleful and wild ! when suddenly I stood  
In the fixed gazing of a million eyes,  
And the feeling of my own identity  
Came like a flash of lightning through my heart.

*Crowd.* Huzza ! huzza ! the guiltless is set free !  
Lea-side to-night, and all its happy fields,  
Shall shine as bright as in the gladsome day.  
For we will kindle on yon little green  
A bonfire that shall set the heavens on flame,  
And send up sparkling to the far-off stars  
Beams like themselves—bright with deliverance.  
Huzza ! huzza ! The guiltless is set free !

(*The scene closes.*)





## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



Oh Nature ! whose Elysian scenes disclose  
His bright perfections at whose word they rose,  
Next to that Power who formed thee and sustains,  
Be thou the great inspirer of my strains.  
Still, as I touch the lyre, do thou expand  
Thy genuine charms, and guide an artless hand.

COWPER.





## THE SCHOLAR'S FUNERAL.

WHY hang the sweet bells mute in Magdalene Tower,  
Still wont to usher in delightful May,\*  
The dewy silence of the morning hour  
Cheering with many a changeful roundelay ?  
And those pure youthful voices, where are they,  
That, hymning far up in the listening sky,  
Seemed issuing softly through the gates of day,  
As if a troop of sainted souls on high  
Were hovering o'er the earth with angel melody ?

This day the pensive Choristers are mute,  
The Tower stands silent in the shades of woe,  
And well that darkness and those shadows suit  
The solemn hush shed o'er the courts below.  
There all is noiseless as a plain of snow,  
Nor wandering footstep stirs the unechoing wall.  
Hark—hark ! the muffled bell is tolling slow !  
Into my mournful soul its warnings fall—  
It is the solemn day of Vernon's funeral.

No sound last night was heard these courts within,  
Save sleepless scholar sobbing in his cell ;  
For mirth had seemed a sacrilegious sin  
Against the dead whom all did love so well.  
Only—at evening prayer the holy swell  
Of organ at the close of service sent  
(While on their knees the awe-struck weepers fell,  
Or on the pillared shade in anguish leant)  
Through the dim echoing aisle a sorrowful lament.

All night the melancholy moonshine slept  
O'er the lone chamber where his corpse was laid :  
Amid the sighing groves the cold dews wept,

\* On the First of May the Choristers ascend the beautiful Tower of Magdalene College, Oxford, and there sing a Latin hymn to the Season.

And the sad stars in glimmering beams arrayed  
 In heaven seemed mourning o'er the parted shade  
 Of him who knew the nature and the name  
 Of every orb to human ken displayed,  
 Whether on silent throne a steadfast flame,  
 Or rolled in music round the Universal Frame.

And now the day looks mournful as the night,  
 For all o'er heaven black clouds begin to roll,  
 Through which the dim sun streams a fitful light  
 In sympathy with man's desponding soul.  
 Is nought around but images of dole !  
 The distant towers a kindred sorrow breathe,  
 Struck 'mid their own groves by that dismal toll ;  
 And the grey cloisters, coldly stretched beneath,  
 Hushed in profounder calm confess the power of death.

Sad for the glory that hath parted thence,  
 Through spire, tower, temple, theatre, and dome,  
 Mourns Oxford in her old magnificence,  
 Sublimely silent 'mid the sunless gloom.  
 But chief one College weeps her favourite's doom—  
 All hearts turn thither in the calm of morn ;  
 Silent she standeth like one mighty tomb,  
 In reverend beauty—desolate—forlorn—  
 For her refulgent star is all-untimely shorn.

Her courts grow darker as the hour draws near  
 When that blest corpse must sink for evermore,  
 Let down by loving hands to dungeon drear  
 From the glad world of sunshine covered o'er  
 By the damp pavement of the silent floor !  
 —Sad all around—as when a gentle day  
 All dimly riseth o'er a wreck-strewn shore,  
 When Love at last hath ceased to heaven to pray,  
 And Grief hath wept her fill, and Hope turned sick away.

Yea ! even a careless stranger might perceive  
 That death and sorrow rule this doleful place—  
 Passing along the grey-haired menials grieve,  
 Nor is it hard a tender gloom to trace  
 On the young chorister's sunshiny face,  
 While slow returning from the mournful room  
 Of friend where they were weeping o'er the days  
 With Vernon past—profoundly sunk in gloom  
 The pale-faced scholar walks, still dreaming of the tomb.

Now ghastly sight and lowly whispering sound  
 On every side the saddened spirit meet—  
 And notice give to all the courts around  
 Of doleful preparation—the rude feet  
 Of death's hired menials through this calm retreat  
 With careless tread are hurrying to and fro—  
 And loving hearts with pangs of anguish beat,  
 To see the cloisters blackening all below  
 With rueful sable plumes—a ghastly funeral-show.

—Come let us now with silent feet ascend  
 The stair that leads up to yon ancient tower—  
 —There, lieth in his shroud my dearest friend!  
 Oh! that the breath of sighs, the dewy shower  
 Streamed from so many eyelids had the power  
 Gently to stir, and raise up from its bed  
 The broken stalk of that consummate flower!  
 Nought may restore the odours once when shed,  
 That sunshine smiles in vain—it wakens not the dead!

Behold! his parents kneeling side by side,  
 Still as the body that is sleeping there!  
 Far off were they when their sweet Henry died,  
 At once they fell from bliss into despair.  
 What sorrows slumber in that silvery hair!  
 The old man groans, nor dares his face to show  
 To the glad day-light—while a sobbing prayer  
 Steals from the calmer partner of his woe,  
 Who gently lays her hand upon those locks of snow.

He lifts his eyes—quick through a parting cloud  
 The sun looks out—and fills the room with light,  
 Hath given a purer lustre to the shroud,  
 And plays and dances o'er those cheeks so white.  
 “Curst be the cruel Sun! who shines so bright  
 Upon my dead boy's face! one kiss—one kiss—  
 Before thou sink to everlasting night!  
 My child—my child!—oh! how unlike to this  
 The last embrace I gave in more than mortal bliss.”

Pale as a statue bending o'er a tomb,  
 The childless mother! as a statue still!  
 But Resignation, Hope, and Faith illumine  
 Her upward eyes! and her meek spirit fill  
 With downy peace, which blasts of earthly ill



May never ruffle more—a smile appears  
 At times to flit across her visage chill,  
 More awful rendering every gush of tears  
 Shed at the dark eclipse of all life's sunny years.

The whole path from his cradle to his grave  
 She travels back with a bewildered brain !  
 Bright in the gales of youth his free locks wave,  
 As if their burnished beauty laughed at pain,  
 And godlike claimed exemption from the reign  
 Of grief, decay, and death ! Her touch doth meet  
 Lips cold as ice that ne'er will glow again,  
 And lo ! from these wan lips unto his feet  
 Drawn by the hand of death a ghostly winding-sheet !

She hoped to have seen him in yon hallowed grove,  
 With gay companions laughing at his side,  
 And listening unto him whom all did love !  
 For she had heard with pure maternal pride  
 How science to his gaze unfolded wide  
 Her everlasting gates—but as he trod  
 The Temple's inner shrine, he sank and died—  
 And all of him that hath not gone to God  
 Within her loving clasp lies senseless as the clod.

With tottering steps she to the window goes.  
 Oh ! what a glorious burst of light is there !  
 Rejoicing in his course the river flows,  
 And 'neath its coronet of dark-blue air  
 The stately Elm-grove rises fresh and fair,  
 Blest in the dewy silence of the skies !  
 She looks one moment—then in blind despair  
 Turns to the coffin where her Henry lies—  
 The green earth laughs in vain before his closed eyes !

The Old Man now hath no more tears to shed—  
 Wasted are all his groans so long and deep—  
 He looks as if he cared not for the dead !  
 Or thought his Son would soon awake from sleep.  
 An agony there is that cannot weep,  
 That glares not on the visage, but is borne  
 Within the ruined spirit's dungeon-keep,  
 In darkness and in silence most forlorn,  
 Hugging the grave-like gloom, nor wishing for the morn.

Lo ! suddenly he starteth from his knees !  
 And hurrying up and down, all round the walls  
 Glances wild looks—and now his pale hands seize,  
 Just as the light on its expression falls,  
 Yon picture, whose untroubled face recalls  
 A smile for ever banished from the air !  
 “O dark ! my Boy ! are now thy Father's halls !  
 But I will hang this silent picture there,  
 And morn and night will kneel before it in despair.”

With trembling grasp he lifts the idle gown  
 Worn by his Son—then closing his dim eyes,  
 With a convulsive start he flings it down,  
 Goes and returns, and loads it where it lies  
 With hurried kisses ! Then his glance espies  
 A letter by that hand now icy-cold  
 Filled full of love, and homebred sympathies ;  
 Naming familiarly both young and old,  
 And blessing that sweet Home he ne'er was to behold.

And now the Father lays his withered hand  
 Upon a book whose leaves are idly spread :  
 Gone—gone is he who well could understand  
 The kingly language of the mighty dead !  
 —There lies the flute that oft at twilight shed  
 Airs that beguiled the old man of his tears ;  
 But cold the master's touch—his skill is fled,  
 And all his innocent life at once appears  
 Like some sweet lovely tune that charmed in other years.

But now the door is opened soft and slow.  
 “The hour is come, and all the mourners wait  
 With heads uncovered in the courts below !”  
 Stunned are the parents with these words of fate,  
 And bow their heads low down beneath the weight  
 Of one soul-sickening moment of despair !  
 Grief cometh deadly when it cometh late,  
 And with a Fury's hand delights to tear  
 From Eld's deep-furrowed front the thin and hoary hair.

His eyes are open, and with tearless gleam  
 Fixed on the coffin ! but they see it not,  
 Like haunted Guilt blind-walking in a dream,  
 With soul intent on its own secret blot.

The coffin moves!—yet rooted to the spot,  
 He sees it borne away, with vacant eyes,  
 Unconscious what it means! hath even forgot  
 The name of Her who in a death-fit lies,—  
 His heart is turned to stone, nor heeds who lives or dies!

Lo! now the Pall comes forth into the light  
 And one chill shudder thrills the weeping crowd!  
 There is it 'mid the sunshine black as night!  
 And soon to disappear—a passing cloud!  
 Grief can no longer bear—but bursts aloud!  
 Youth, manhood, age, one common nature sways,  
 And hoary heads across the pall are bowed  
 Near burnished locks where youthful beauty plays—  
 For all alike did love the Form that there decays!

List! list! a doleful dirge—a wild death-song!  
 The coffin now is placed upon its bier,  
 And through the echoing cloisters borne along!  
 —How touching those young voices thus to hear  
 Singing of sorrow, and of mortal fear  
 To their glad innocence as yet unknown!  
 Singing they weep—but transient every tear,  
 Nor may their spirits understand the groan  
 That age or manhood pours above the funeral stone.

Waileth more dolefully that passing psalm,  
 At every step they take towards the cell  
 That calls the coffin to eternal calm!  
 At each swing of the melancholy bell  
 More loud the sighing and the sobbing swell,  
 More ghostly paleness whitens every face!  
 Slow the procession moves—slow tolls that knell—  
 But yet the funeral at that solemn pace  
 Alas! too soon will reach its final resting-place.

How Vernon loved to walk this cloistered shade  
 In silent musings, far into the night!  
 When o'er that Tower the rising Moon displayed  
 Not purer than his soul her cloudless light.  
 Still was his lamp-lit window burning bright,  
 A little earthly star that shone most sweet  
 To those in heaven—but now extinguished quite—  
 —Fast-chained are now those nightly-wand'ring feet  
 In bonds that none may burst—folds of the winding-sheet.



Wide is the chapel-gate, and entereth slow  
 With all its floating pomp that sable pall !  
 Silent as in a dream the funeral show  
 (For grief hath breathed one spirit into all)  
 Is ranged at once along the gloomy wall !  
 Ah me ! what mournful lights athwart the gloom,  
 From yonder richly-pictured window fall !  
 And with a transitory smile illumine  
 The dim-discovered depth of that damp breathless tomb.

All hearts turn shuddering from that gulf profound,  
 And momentary solace vainly seek  
 In gazing on the solemn objects round !  
 Those pictured saints with eyes uplifted meek  
 To the still heavens, how silently they speak  
 Of faith untroubled, sanctity divine—  
 While on the paleness of each placid cheek  
 We seem to see a holy lustre shine  
 O'er mortal beauty breathed from an immortal shrine !

What though beneath our feet the earthly mould  
 Of virtue, beauty, youth, and genius lie  
 In grim decay ! Yet round us we behold  
 The cheering emblems of eternity.  
 What voice divine is theirs ! If soul may die,  
 And nought its perishable glory save,  
 Unto yon marble face that to the sky  
 Looks up with humble hope, what feeling gave  
 Those smiles that speak of heaven, though kindling o'er a  
 grave !

O holy image of the Son of God,\*  
 Bearing his cross up toilsome Calvary !  
 Was that stern path for sinful mortals trod ?  
 —Methinks from that calm cheek, and pitying eye  
 Uplifted to that grim and wrathful sky  
 (Dim for our sakes with a celestial tear),  
 Falls a sweet smile where Vernon's relics lie  
 In mortal stillness on the unmoving bier !  
 Seeming the bright spring-morn of heaven's eternal year.

—Down, down within oblivion's darksome brink  
 With lingering motion, as if every hand

\* The Altar Piece.

Were loth to let the mournful burden sink,  
 The coffin disappears ! The weeping band,  
 All round that gulf one little moment stand  
 In mute and black dismay—and scarcely know  
 What dire event has happened ! the loose sand  
 From the vault-stone with dull drop sounds below,—  
 The grave's low hollow voice hath told the tale of woe !

Look for the last time down that cold damp gloom ;  
 Of those bright letters take a farewell sight !  
 —Down falls the vault-stone on the yawning tomb,  
 And all below is sunk in sudden night !  
 Now is the chapel-aisle with sunshine bright,  
 The upper world is glad, and fresh and fair,  
 But that black stone repels the dancing light,—  
 The beams of heaven must never enter there,  
 Where by the mouldering corpse in darkness sits Despair !

Where now those tears, smiles, motions, looks, and tones,  
 That made our Vernon in his pride of place  
 So glorious and so fair ? these sullen stones,  
 Like a frozen sea, lie o'er that beauteous face !  
 Soon will there be no solitary trace  
 Of him, his joys, his sadness, or his mirth !  
 Even now grows dim the memory of that grace  
 That halo-like shone round the soul of worth !  
 All fading like a dream ! all vanishing from earth.

Where now the fancies wild—the thoughts benign  
 That raised his soul and purified his heart ?  
 Where now have fled those impulses divine  
 That taught that gifted youth the Poet's art,  
 Stealing at midnight with a thrilling start  
 Into his spirit, wakeful with the pain  
 Of that mysterious joy ? In darkness part  
 All the bright hopes, that in a glorious train  
 Lay round his soul, like clouds that hail the morning's reign !

Ah me ! can sorrow such fair image bring  
 Before a mourner's eyes ? Methinks I see,  
 Laden with all the glories of the spring,  
 Balm, brightness, music, a resplendent tree,  
 Waving its blossomed branches gloriously  
 Over a sunny garden of delight !  
 A cold north-wind comes wrathful from the sea,

And there at dawn of day a rueful sight !  
As winter brown and sere, the glory once so bright.

I look into the mist of future years,  
And gather comfort from the eternal law  
That yields up manhood to a host of fears,  
To blinded passion, and bewildering awe !  
The exulting soul of Vernon never saw  
Hope's ghastly visage by Truth laughed to scorn ;  
Imagination had not paused to draw  
The gorgeous curtains of Life's sunny morn,  
Nor showed the scenes behind so dismal and forlorn.

To thee, my Friend ! as to a shining star  
Through the blue depths a cloudless course was given ;  
There smiled thy soul, from earthly vapours far,  
Serenely sparkling in its native heaven !  
No clouds at last were o'er its beauty driven—  
But as aloft it burned resplendently,  
At once it faded from the face of even,  
As oft before the nightly wanderer's eye  
A star on which he gazed drops sudden from the sky !

Who comes to break my dreams ? The chapel door  
Is opening slow, and that old Man appears  
With his long floating locks so silvery-hoar !  
His frame is crouching, as if twenty years  
Had passed in one short day ! There are no tears  
On his wan wrinkled face, or hollow eyes !  
At last with pain his humbled head he rears,  
And asks, while not one grief-choked voice replies,  
"Show me the very stone 'neath which my Henry lies !"

He sees the scattered dust—and down he falls  
Upon that pavement with a shuddering groan—  
And with a faltering broken voice he calls  
By that dear name upon his buried Son.  
Then dumb he lies ! and ever and anon  
Fixes his eyeballs with a ghastly glow  
On the damp blackness of that hideous stone,  
As if he looked it through, and saw below  
The dead face looking up as white as frozen snow !

O gently make way for that Lady fair !  
How calm she walks along the solemn aisle !



Beneath the sad grace of that braided hair,  
 How still her brow ! and what a holy smile !  
 One start she gives—and stops a little while,  
 When bowed by grief her husband's frame appears,  
 With reverend locks which the hard stones defile !  
 Then with the only voice that mourner hears,  
 Lifts up his hoary head and bathes it in her tears !

At last the funeral party melts away,  
 And as I look up from the chapel-floor,  
 No living object can my eyes survey,  
 Save these two childless Parents at the door,  
 Flinging back a wild farewell—then seen no more !  
 And now I hear my own slow footsteps sound  
 Along the echoing aisle—that tread is o'er—  
 And as with blinded eyes I turn me round,  
 The Sexton shuts the gate that stuns with thundering  
 sound !

How fresh and cheerful laughs the open air  
 To one who has been standing by a tomb !  
 And yet the beauty that is glistening there  
 Flings back the unwilling soul into the gloom.  
 We turn from walls which dancing rays illumine  
 Unto the darkness where we lately stood,  
 And still the image of that narrow room  
 Beneath the sunshine chills our very blood,  
 With the damp breathless air of mortal solitude

O band of rosy children shouting loud,  
 With Morris-dance in honour of the May !  
 Restrain that laughter, ye delighted crowd,  
 Let one sad hour disturb your holiday.  
 Ye drop your flowers, and wonder who are they  
 With garb so black and cheeks of deadly hue !  
 With one consent then rush again to play,  
 For what hath Sadness, Sorrow, Death to do,  
 Beneath that sunny sky with that light-hearted crew !

And now the Parents have left far behind  
 The gorgeous City with its groves and bowers,  
 The funeral toll pursues them on the wind,  
 And looking back, a cloud of thunder lowers  
 In mortal darkness o'er the shining towers,

That glance like fire at every sunny gleam !  
 Within that glorious scene, what hideous hours  
 Dragged their dire length ! tower, palace, temple swim,  
 Before their wildered brain—a grand but dreadful dream !

Say who will greet them at their Castle-gate ?  
 A silent line in sable garb arrayed,  
 The ancient servants of the House will wait !  
 Up to those woe-worn visages afraid  
 To lift their gaze ! while on the tower displayed,  
 A rueful scutcheon meets the Father's eye,  
 Hung out by death when beauty had decayed,  
 And sending far into the sunless sky  
 The mortal gloom that shrouds its dark emblazonry.

Oh ! black as death yon pine-grove on the hill !  
 Yon waterfall hath now a dismal roar !  
 Why is that little lake so sadly still,  
 So dim the flowers and trees along the shore ?  
 'Tis not in vernal sunshine to restore  
 Their faded beauty, for the source of light  
 That warmed the primrose-bank doth flow no more !  
 Vain Nature's power ! for unto Sorrow's sight  
 No dewy flower is fair, no blossomy tree is bright.

—Five years have travelled by—since side by side  
 That aged pair were laid in holy ground !  
 With them the very name of Vernon died,  
 And now it seemeth like an alien sound,  
 Where once it shed bright smiles and blessings round !  
 Another race dwell in that ancient Hall,  
 Nor one memorial of that youth is found  
 Save his sweet Picture—now unknown to all—  
 That smiles, and long will smile neglected on the wall.

But not forgotten in that lofty clime,  
 Where starlike once thy radiant spirit shone,  
 Art thou, my Vernon ! 'mid those courts sublime  
 The mournful music of thy name is known.  
 Oxford still glories in her gifted Son,  
 And grey-haired men who speak of days gone by  
 Recount what noble palms by him were won,  
 Describe his step, his mien, his voice, his eye,  
 Till tears will oft rush in to close his eulogy.

In the dim silence of the Chapel-aisle  
His Image stands ! with pale but life-like face !  
The cold white marble breathes a heavenly smile,  
The still locks cluster with a mournful grace.  
O ne'er may time that beauteous bust deface !  
There may it smile through ages far away,  
On those, who, walking through that holy place,  
A moment pause that Image to survey,  
And read with softened soul the monumental lay.



## TO A SLEEPING CHILD.

ART thou a thing of mortal birth,  
Whose happy home is on our earth?  
Does human blood with life imbue  
Those wandering veins of heavenly blue,  
That stray along thy forehead fair,  
Lost 'mid a gleam of golden hair?  
Oh! can that light and airy breath  
Steal from a being doomed to death;  
Those features to the grave be sent  
In sleep thus mutely eloquent;  
Or, art thou, what thy form would seem,  
The phantom of a blessed dream?  
A human shape I feel thou art,  
I feel it, at my beating heart,  
Those tremors both of soul and sense  
Awoke by infant innocence!  
Though dear the forms by fancy wove,  
We love them with a transient love;  
Thoughts from the living world intrude  
Even on her deepest solitude:  
But, lovely child! thy magic stole  
At once into my inmost soul,  
With feelings as thy beauty fair,  
And left no other vision there.

To me thy parents are unknown;  
Glad would they be their child to own!  
And well they must have loved before,  
If since thy birth they loved not more.  
Thou art a branch of noble stem,  
And, seeing thee, I figure them.  
What many a childless one would give,  
If thou in their still home wouldst live!  
Though in thy face no family-line  
Might sweetly say, "This babe is mine!"

In time thou wouldst become the same  
As their own child,—all but the name!

How happy must thy parents be  
Who daily live in sight of thee!  
Whose hearts no greater pleasure seek  
Than see thee smile, and hear thee speak,  
And feel all natural griefs beguiled  
By thee, their fond, their duteous child.  
What joy must in their souls have stirred  
When thy first broken words were heard,  
Words, that, inspired by Heaven, expressed  
The transports dancing in thy breast!  
As for thy smile!—thy lip, cheek, brow,  
Even while I gaze, are kindling now.

I called thee duteous ; am I wrong?  
No! truth, I feel, is in my song:  
Duteous thy heart's still beatings move  
To God, to Nature, and to Love!  
To God! for thou a harmless child  
Hast kept His temple undefiled:  
To Nature! for thy tears and sighs  
Obey alone her mysteries:  
To Love!—for fiends of hate might see.  
Thou dwell'st in love, and love in thee!  
What wonder then, though in thy dreams  
Thy face with mystic meaning beams!

Oh! that my spirit's eye could see  
Whence burst those gleams of ecstasy!  
That light of dreaming soul appears  
To play from thoughts above thy years.  
Thou smilest as if thy soul were soaring  
To Heaven, and Heaven's God adoring!  
And who can tell what visions high  
May bless an infant's sleeping eye?  
What brighter throne can brightness find  
To reign on than an infant's mind,  
Ere sin destroy, or error dim,  
The glory of the Seraphim?

But now thy changing smiles express  
Intelligible happiness.  
I feel my soul thy soul partake.  
What grief! if thou shouldst now awake!

With infants happy as thyself  
 I see thee bound, a playful elf :  
 I see thou art a darling child  
 Among thy playmates, bold and wild.  
 They love thee well ; thou art the queen  
 Of all their sports, in bower or green ;  
 And if thou livest to woman's height,  
 In thee will friendship, love delight.

And live thou surely must ; thy life  
 Is far too spiritual for the strife  
 Of mortal pain, nor could disease  
 Find heart to prey on smiles like these.  
 Oh ! thou wilt be an angel bright !  
 To those thou lovest, a saving light !  
 The staff of age, the help sublime  
 Of erring youth, and stubborn prime ;  
 And when thou goest to Heaven again,  
 Thy vanishing be like the strain  
 Of airy harp, so soft the tone  
 The ear scarce knows when it is gone !

Thrice blessèd he ! whose stars design  
 His spirit pure to lean on thine ;  
 And watchful share, for days and years,  
 Thy sorrows, joys, sighs, smiles, and tears !  
 For good and guiltless as thou art,  
 Some transient griefs will touch thy heart,  
 Griefs that along thy altered face  
 Will breathe a more subduing grace,  
 Than ev'n those looks of joy that lie  
 On the soft cheek of infancy.  
 Though looks, God knows, are cradled there  
 That guilt might cleanse, or soothe despair.

Oh ! vision fair ! that I could be  
 Again, as young, as pure as thee !  
 Vain wish ! the rainbow's radiant form  
 May view, but cannot brave the storm ;  
 Years can bedim the gorgeous dyes  
 That paint the bird of paradise,  
 And years, so fate hath ordered, roll  
 Clouds o'er the summer of the soul.  
 Yet, sometimes, sudden sights of grace,  
 Such as the gladness of thy face,



O sinless babe ! by God are given  
To charm the wanderer back to Heaven.

No common impulse hath me led  
To this green spot, thy quiet bed,  
Where, by mere gladness overcome,  
In sleep thou dreamest of thy home.  
When to the lake I would have gone,  
A wondrous beauty drew me on,  
Such beauty as the spirit sees  
In glittering fields, and moveless trees,  
After a warm and silent shower,  
Ere falls on earth the twilight hour.  
What led me hither, all can say,  
Who, knowing God, his will obey.

Thy slumbers now cannot be long :  
Thy little dreams become too strong  
For sleep—too like realities :  
Soon shall I see those hidden eyes !  
Thou wak'st, and, starting from the ground,  
In dear amazement look'st around  
Like one who, little given to roam,  
Wonders to find herself from home !  
But when a stranger meets thy view,  
Glistens thine eye with wilder hue.  
A moment's thought who I may be,  
Blends with thy smiles of courtesy.

Fair was that face as break of dawn,  
When o'er its beauty sleep was drawn  
Like a thin veil that half-concealed  
The light of soul, and half-revealed.  
While thy hushed heart with visions wrought,  
Each trembling eyelash moved with thought,  
And things we dream, but ne'er can speak,  
Like clouds came floating o'er thy cheek,  
Such summer-clouds as travel light,  
When the soul's heaven lies calm and bright ;  
Till thou awak'st,—then to thine eye  
Thy whole heart leapt in ecstasy !

And lovely is that heart of thine,  
Or sure these eyes could never shine

With such a wild, yet bashful glee,  
Gay, half-o'ercome timidity !  
Nature has breathed into thy face  
A spirit of unconscious grace ;  
A spirit that lies never still,  
And makes thee joyous 'gainst thy will.  
As, sometimes o'er a sleeping lake  
Soft airs a gentle rippling make,  
Till, ere we know, the strangers fly,  
And water blends again with sky.

Oh ! happy sprite ! didst thou but know  
What pleasures through my being flow  
From thy soft eyes, a holier feeling  
From their blue light could ne'er be stealing,  
But thou wouldst be more loth to part,  
And give me more of that glad heart !  
Oh ! gone thou art ! and bearest hence  
The glory of thy innocence.  
But with deep joy I breathe the air  
That kissed thy cheek, and fanned thy hair,  
And feel though fate our lives must sever,  
Yet shall thy image live for ever !

## ADDRESS TO A WILD DEER

IN THE FOREST OF DALNESS, ARGYLLSHIRE.

MAGNIFICENT Creature ! so stately and bright !  
In the pride of thy spirit pursuing thy flight ;  
For what hath the child of the desert to dread,  
Wafting up his own mountains that far-beaming head ;  
Or borne like a whirlwind down on the vale ?—  
Hail ! King of the wild and the beautiful !—hail !  
Hail ! Idol divine !—whom Nature hath borne  
O'er a hundred hill-tops since the mists of the morn,  
Whom the pilgrim lone wandering on mountain and moor,  
As the vision glides by him, may blameless adore ;  
For the joy of the happy, the strength of the free  
Are spread in a garment of glory o'er thee.

Up ! up to yon cliff ! like a King to his throne !  
O'er the black silent forest piled lofty and lone—  
A throne which the eagle is glad to resign  
Unto footsteps so fleet and so fearless as thine.  
There the bright heather springs up in love of thy breast—  
Lo ! the clouds in the depth of the sky are at rest ;  
And the race of the wild winds is o'er on the hill !  
In the hush of the mountains, ye antlers lie still—  
Though your branches now toss in the storm of delight,  
Like the arms of the pine on yon shelterless height.  
One moment—thou bright Apparition !—delay !  
Then melt o'er the crags, like the sun from the day.

Aloft on the weather-gleam, scorning the earth,  
The wild spirit hung in majestic mirth :  
In dalliance with danger, he bounded in bliss,  
O'er the fathomless gloom of each moaning abyss ;  
O'er the grim rocks careering with prosperous motion,  
Like a ship by herself in full sail o'er the ocean !



Then proudly he turned ere he sank to the dell,  
And shook from his forehead a haughty farewell,  
While his horns in a crescent of radiance shone,  
Like a flag burning bright when the vessel is gone.

The ship of the desert hath passed on the wind,  
And left the dark ocean of mountains behind !  
But my spirit will travel wherever she flee,  
And behold her in pomp o'er the rim of the sea—  
Her voyage pursue—till her anchor be cast  
In some cliff-girdled haven of beauty at last.

What lonely magnificence stretches around !  
Each sight how sublime ! and how awful each sound !  
All hushed and serene, as a region of dreams,  
The mountains repose 'mid the roar of the streams,  
Their glens of black umbrage by cataracts riven,  
But calm their blue tops in the beauty of Heaven.  
Here the glory of nature hath nothing to fear—  
Ay ! Time the destroyer in power hath been here ;  
And the forest that hung on yon mountain so high,  
Like a black thunder-cloud on the arch of the sky,  
Hath gone, like that cloud, when the tempest came by.  
Deep sunk in the black moor, all worn and decayed,  
Where the floods have been raging, the limbs are displayed  
Of the Pine-tree and Oak sleeping vast in the gloom,  
The kings of the forest disturbed in their tomb.

E'en now, in the pomp of their prime, I behold  
O'erhanging the desert the forests of old !  
So gorgeous their verdure, so solemn their shade,  
Like the heavens above them, they never may fade.  
The sunlight is on them—in silence they sleep—  
A glimmering glow, like the breast of the deep,  
When the billows scarce heave in the calmness of morn.  
—Down the pass of Glen-Etive the tempest is borne,  
And the hill-side is swinging, and roars with a sound  
In the heart of the forest embosomed profound,  
Till all in a moment the tumult is o'er,  
And the mountain of thunder is still as the shore  
When the sea is at ebb ; not a leaf nor a breath  
To disturb the wild solitude, steadfast as death.

From his eyrie the eagle hath soared with a scream,  
And I wake on the edge of the cliff from my dream ;

—Where now is the light of thy far-beaming brow?  
 Fleet son of the wilderness! where art thou now?  
 —Again o'er yon crag thou return'st to my sight,  
 Like the horns of the moon from a cloud of the night!  
 Serene on thy travel—as soul in a dream—  
 Thou needest no bridge o'er the rush of the stream.  
 With thy presence the pine-grove is filled, as with light,  
 And the caves, as thou passest, one moment are bright.  
 Through the arch of the rainbow that lies on the rock  
 'Mid the mist stealing up from the cataract's shock,  
 Thou fling'st thy bold beauty, exulting and free,  
 O'er a pit of grim blackness, that roars like the sea.

His voyage is o'er!—As if struck by a spell  
 He motionless stands in the hush of the dell,  
 There softly and slowly sinks down on his breast,  
 In the midst of his pastime enamoured of rest.  
 A stream in a clear pool that endeth its race—  
 A dancing ray chained to one sunshiny place—  
 A cloud by the winds to calm solitude driven—  
 A hurricane dead in the silence of heaven!

Fit couch of repose for a pilgrim like thee!  
 Magnificent prison enclosing the free!  
 With rock-wall encircled—with precipice crowned—  
 Which, awoke by the sun, thou can'st clear at a bound.  
 'Mid the fern and the heather kind Nature doth keep  
 One bright spot of green for her favourite's sleep;  
 And close to that covert, as clear as the skies  
 When their blue depths are cloudless, a little lakes lies,  
 Where the creature at rest can his image behold  
 Looking up through the radiance, as bright and as bold!  
 How lonesome! how wild! yet the wildness is rife  
 With the stir of enjoyment—the spirit of life.  
 The glad fish leaps up in the heart of the lake,  
 Whose depths, at the sullen plunge, sullenly quake!  
 Elate on the fern-branch the grasshopper sings,  
 And away in the midst of his roundelay springs;  
 'Mid the flowers of the heath, not more bright than himself,  
 The wild-bee is busy, a musical elf—  
 Then starts from his labour, unwearied and gay,  
 And, circling the antlers, booms far far away.  
 While high up the mountains, in silence remote,  
 The cuckoo unseen is repeating his note,

And mellowing echo, on watch in the skies,  
 Like a voice from some loftier climate replies.  
 With wide-branching antlers a guard to his breast,  
 There lies the wild Creature, even stately in rest !  
 'Mid the grandeur of nature, composed and serene,  
 And proud in his heart of the mountainous scene,  
 He lifts his calm eye to the eagle and raven,  
 At noon sinking down on smooth wings to their haven,  
 As if in his soul the bold Animal smiled  
 To his friends of the sky, the joint-heirs of the wild.

Yes ! fierce looks thy nature, even hushed in repose—  
 In the depth of thy desert regardless of foes.  
 Thy bold antlers call on the hunter afar  
 With a haughty defiance to come to the war !  
 No outrage is war to a creature like thee !  
 The bugle-horn fills thy wild spirit with glee,  
 As thou bearest thy neck on the wings of the wind,  
 And the laggardly gaze-hound is toiling behind.  
 In the beams of thy forehead that glitter with death,  
 In feet that draw power from the touch of the heath,—  
 In the wide-raging torrent that lends thee its roar,—  
 In the cliff that once trod must be trodden no more,—  
 Thy trust—'mid the dangers that threaten thy reign !  
 —But what if the stag on the mountain be slain ?  
 On the brink of the rock—lo ! he standeth at bay  
 Like a victor that falls at the close of the day—  
 While hunter and hound in their terror retreat  
 From the death that is spurned from his furious feet :  
 And his last cry of anger comes back from the skies,  
 As nature's fierce son in the wilderness dies.  
 High life of a hunter ! he meets on the hill  
 The new-wakened daylight, so bright and so still ;  
 And feels, as the clouds of the morning unroll,  
 The silence, the splendour, ennoble his soul.  
 'Tis his o'er the mountains to stalk like a ghost,  
 Enshrouded with mist, in which nature is lost,  
 Till he lifts up his eyes, and flood, valley, and height,  
 In one moment all swim in an ocean of light ;  
 While the sun, like a glorious banner unfurled,  
 Seems to wave o'er a new, more magnificent world.  
 'Tis his—by the mouth of some cavern his seat—  
 The lightning of heaven to hold at his feet,  
 While the thunder below him that growls from the cloud,  
 To him comes on echo more awfully loud.



When the clear depth of noontide, with glittering motion,  
 O'erflows the lone glens—an aërial ocean—  
 When the earth and the heavens, in union profound,  
 Lie blended in beauty that knows not a sound—  
 As his eyes in the sunshiny solitude close  
 'Neath a rock of the desert in dreaming repose,  
 He sees, in his slumbers, such visions of old  
 As his wild Gaelic songs to his infancy told ;  
 O'er the mountains a thousand plumed hunters are borne,  
 And he starts from his dream at the blast of the horn.  
 Yes ! child of the desert ! fit quarry wert thou  
 For the hunter that came with a crown on his brow,—  
 By princes attended with arrow and spear,  
 In their white-tented camp, for the warfare of deer.  
 In splendour the tents on the green summit stood,  
 And brightly they shone from the glade in the wood,  
 And, silently built by a magical spell,  
 The pyramid rose in the depth of the dell.  
 All mute was the palace of Lochy that day,  
 When the king and his nobles—a gallant array—  
 To Gleno or Glen-Etive came forth in their pride,  
 And a hundred fierce stags in their solitude died.  
 Not lonely and single they passed o'er the height—  
 But thousands swept by in their hurricane-flight ;  
 And bowed to the dust in their trampling tread  
 Was the plumage on many a warrior's head.  
 —“ Fall down on your faces !—the herd is at hand ! ”  
 —And onwards they came like the sea o'er the sand ;  
 Like the snow from the mountain when loosened by rain,  
 And rolling along with a crash to the plain ;  
 Like a thunder-split oak-tree, that falls in one shock  
 With his hundred wide arms from the top of the rock,  
 Like the voice of the sky, when the black cloud is near,  
 So sudden, so loud, came the tempest of Deer.  
 Wild mirth of the desert ! fit pastime for kings !  
 Which still the rude Bard in his solitude sings.  
 Oh reign of magnificence ! vanished for ever !  
 Like music dried up in the bed of a river,  
 Whose course hath been changed ! yet my soul can survey  
 The clear cloudless morn of that glorious day.  
 Yes ! the wide silent forest is loud as of yore,  
 And the far-ebbèd grandeur rolls back to the shore.

I wake from my trance !—lo ! the Sun is declining !  
 And the Black-mount afar in his lustre is shining,

—One soft golden gleam ere the twilight prevail !  
Then down let me sink to the cot in the dale,  
Where sings the fair maid to the viol so sweet,  
Or the floor is alive with her white twinkling feet.  
Down, down like a bird to the depth of the dell !  
—Vanished Creature ! I bid thy fair image farewell !

## A LAY OF FAIRY LAND.

It is upon the Sabbath-day, at rising of the sun,  
That to Glenmore's black forest-side a Shepherdess hath gone,  
From eagle and from raven to guard her little flock,  
And read her Bible as she sits on greensward or on rock.

Her Widow-mother wept to hear her whispered prayer so sweet,  
Then through the silence blessed the sound of her soft parting feet ;  
And thought, " while thou art praising God amid the hills so calm,  
Far off this broken voice, my child ! will join the morning psalm."

So down upon her rushy couch her moistened cheek she laid,  
And away into the morning hush is flown her Highland Maid ;  
In heaven the stars are all bedimmed, but in its dewy mirth  
A star more beautiful than they is shining on the earth.

—In the deep mountain-hollow the dreamy day is done,  
For close the peace of Sabbath brings the rise and set of sun ;  
The mother through her lowly door looks forth unto the green,  
Yet the shadow of her Shepherdess is nowhere to be seen.

Within her loving bosom stirs one faint throb of fear—  
" Oh ! why so late !" a footstep—and she knows her child is near ;  
So out into the evening the gladdened mother goes,  
And between her and the crimson light her daughter's beauty glows.

The heather-balm is fragrant—the heather-bloom is fair,  
But 'tis neither heather-balm nor bloom that wreathes round  
Mhairi's hair ;  
Round her white brows so innocent, and her blue quiet eyes,  
That look out bright, in smiling light, beneath the flowery dyes.

These flowers by far too beautiful among our hills to grow,  
These gem-crowned stalks too tender to bear one flake of snow,  
Not all the glens of Caledon could yield so bright a band,  
That in its lustre breathes and blooms of some warm foreign land.



“The hawk hath long been sleeping upon the pillar-stone,  
And what hath kept my Mhairi in the moorlands all alone?  
And where got she those lovely flowers mine old eyes dimly see?  
Where'er they grew, it must have been upon a lovely tree.”

“Sit down beneath our elder-shade, and I my tale will tell”—  
And speaking, on her mother's lap the wondrous chaplet fell;  
It seemed as if its blissful breath did her worn heart restore,  
Till the faded eyes of age did beam as they had beamed of yore.

“The day was something dim—but the gracious sunshine fell  
On me, and on my sheep and lambs, and our own little dell;  
Some lay down in the warmth, and some began to feed,  
And I took out the Holy Book, and thereupon did read.

“And while that I was reading of Him who for us died,  
And blood and water shed for us from out His blessed side,  
An angel's voice above my head came singing o'er and o'er,  
In Abernethy-wood it sank, now rose in dark Glenmore.

“Mid lonely hills, on Sabbath, all by myself, to hear  
That voice, unto my beating heart did bring a joyful fear;  
For well I knew the wild song that wavered o'er my head,  
Must be from some celestial thing, or from the happy dead.

“I looked up from my Bible—and lo! before me stood,  
In her green graceful garments, the Lady of the Wood;  
Silent she was and motionless, but when her eyes met mine,  
I knew she came to do me good, her smile was so divine.

“She laid her hand as soft as light upon your daughter's hair,  
And up that white arm flowed my heart into her bosom fair;  
And all at once I loved her well as she my mate had been,  
Though she had come from Fairy-Land and was the Fairy-Queen.”

Then started Mhairi's mother at that wild word of fear,  
For a daughter had been lost to her for many a hopeless year;  
The child had gone at sunrise among the hills to roam,  
But many a sunset since had been, and none hath brought her home.

Some thought that Fhaum, the savage shape that on the mountain  
dwells,  
Had somewhere left her lying dead among the heather-bells,  
And others said the River red had caught her in her glee,  
And her fair body swept unseen into the unseen Sea.

But thoughts come to a mother's breast a mother only knows,  
 And grief, although it never dies, in fancy finds repose ;  
 By day she feels the dismal truth that death has ta'en her child,  
 At night she hears her singing still and dancing o'er the wild.

And then her Country's legends lend all their lovely faith,  
 Till sleep reveals a silent land, but not a land of death—  
 Where, happy in her innocence, her living child doth play  
 With those fair Elves that wafted her from her own world away.

“ Look not so mournful, mother ! 'tis not a Tale of woe—  
 The Fairy-Queen stooped down and left a kiss upon my brow,  
 And faster than mine own two doves e'er stooped unto my hand,  
 Our flight was through the ether—then we dropt on Fairy-Land.

“ Along a river-side that ran wide-winding through a wood,  
 We walked, the Fairy-Queen and I, in loving solitude ;  
 And there serenely on the trees, in all their rich attire,  
 Sat crested birds whose plumage seemed to burn with harmless fire.

“ No sound was in our steps,—as on the ether mute—  
 For the velvet moss lay greenly deep beneath the gliding foot,  
 Till we came to a Waterfall, and 'mid the Rainbows there,  
 The Mermaids and the Fairies played in Water and in Air.

“ And sure there was sweet singing, for it at once did breathe  
 From all the Woods and Waters, and from the Caves beneath,  
 But when those happy creatures beheld their lovely Queen,  
 The music died away at once, as if it ne'er had been,—

“ And hovering in the Rainbow, and floating on the Wave,  
 Each little head so beautiful some show of homage gave,  
 And bending down bright lengths of hair that glistened in its dew,  
 Seemed as the Sun ten thousand rays against the Water threw.

“ Soft the music rose again—but we left it far behind,  
 Though strains o'ertook us now and then, on some small breath of  
     wind ;  
 Our guide into that brightening bliss was aye that brightening  
     stream,  
 Till lo ! a Palace silently unfolded like a dream.

“ Then thought I of the lovely tales, and music lovelier still,  
 My elder sister used to sing at evening on the Hill,  
 When I was but a little child too young to watch the sheep,  
 And on her kind knees laid my head in very joy to sleep.

“Tales of the silent people, and their green silent Land!  
 —But the gates of that bright Palace did suddenly expand,  
 And filled with green-robed Fairies was seen an ample hall,  
 Where she who held my hand in hers was the loveliest of them all.

“Round her in happy heavings flowed that bright glistening crowd,  
 Yet though a thousand voices hailed, the murmur was not loud,  
 And o’er their plumed and flowery heads there sang a whispering  
     breeze,  
 When as before their Queen all sank, down slowly on their knees.

“Then said the Queen, ‘Seven years to-day since mine own infant’s  
     birth—  
 And we must send her Nourice this evening back to earth;  
 Though sweet her home beneath the sun—far other home than this—  
 So I have brought her sister small, to see her in her bliss.

“‘Luhana! bind thy frontlet upon my Mhairi’s brow,  
 That she on earth may show the flowers that in our gardens grow.’  
 And from the heavenly odours breathed around my head I knew  
 How delicate must be their shape, how beautiful their hue!

“Then near and nearer still I heard small peals of laughter sweet,  
 And the infant Fay came dancing in with her white twinkling feet,  
 While in green rows the smiling Elves fell back on either side,  
 And up that avenue the Fay did like a sunbeam glide.

“But who came then into the Hall? One long since mourned as  
     dead!  
 Oh! never had the mould been strewn o’er such a starlike head!  
 On me alone she poured her voice, on me alone her eyes,  
 And, as she gazed, I thought upon the deep-blue cloudless skies.

“Well knew I my fair sister! and her unforgotten face!  
 Strange meeting one so beautiful in that bewildering place!  
 And like two solitary rills that by themselves flowed on,  
 And had been long divided—we melted into one.

“When that the shower was all wept out of our delightful tears,  
 And love rose in our hearts that had been buried there for years,  
 You well may think another shower straightway began to fall,  
 Even for our mother and our home to leave that heavenly Hall.

“I may not tell the sobbing and weeping that was there,  
 And how the mortal Nourice left her Fairy in despair,



But promised, duly every year, to visit the sad child,  
As soon as by our forest-side the first pale primrose smiled.

“ While they two were embracing, the Palace it was gone,  
And I and my dear sister stood by the Great Burial-stone ;  
While both of us our river saw in twilight glimmering by,  
And knew at once the dark Cairngorm in his own silent sky.”

The Child hath long been speaking to one who may not hear,  
For a deadly Joy came suddenly upon a deadly Fear,  
And though the Mother fell not down, she lay on Mhairi's breast,  
And her face was white as that of one whose soul has gone to rest.

She sits beneath the Elder-shade in that long mortal swoon,  
And piteously on her wan cheek looks down the gentle Moon ;  
And when her senses are restored, whom sees she at her side,  
But Her believed in childhood to have wandered off and died !

In these small hands, so lily-white, is water from the spring,  
And a grateful coolness drops from it as from an angel's wing,  
And to her Mother's pale lips her rosy lips are laid,  
While these long soft eyelashes drop tears on her hoary head.

She stirs not in her Child's embrace, but yields her old grey hairs  
Unto the heavenly dew of tears, the heavenly breath of prayers—  
No voice hath she to bless her child, till that strong fit go by,  
But gazeth on the long lost face, and then upon the sky.

The Sabbath-morn was beautiful - and the long Sabbath-day—  
The Evening-star rose beautiful when daylight died away ;  
Morn, day, and twilight, this lone Glen flowed over with delight,  
But the fulness of all mortal Joy hath blessed the Sabbath-night.

## A CHURCHYARD SCENE.

How sweet and solemn, all alone,  
With reverend steps, from stone to stone  
In a small village churchyard lying,  
O'er intervening flowers to move !  
And as we read the names unknown  
Of young and old to judgment gone,  
And hear in the calm air above  
Time onwards softly flying,  
To meditate, in Christian love,  
Upon the dead and dying !  
Across the silence seem to go  
With dreamlike motion, wavering, slow,  
And shrouded in their folds of snow,  
The friends we loved long long ago !  
Gliding across the sad retreat,  
How beautiful their phantom feet !  
What tenderness is in their eyes,  
Turned where the poor survivor lies  
'Mid monitory sanctities !  
What years of vanished joy are fanned  
From one uplifting of that hand  
In its white stillness ! when the Shade  
Doth glimmeringly in sunshine fade  
From our embrace, how dim appears  
This world's life through a mist of tears !  
Vain hopes ! blind sorrows ! needless fears !

Such is the scene around me now :  
A little Churchyard on the brow  
Of a green pastoral hill ;  
Its sylvan village sleeps below,  
And faintly here is heard the flow  
Of Woodburn's summer rill ;  
A place where all things mournful meet,  
And yet the sweetest of the sweet,  
The stillest of the still !

With what a pensive beauty fall  
Across the mossy mouldering wall  
That rose-tree's clustered arches ! See  
The robin-redbreast warily,  
Bright through the blossoms, leaves his nest :  
Sweet ingrate ! through the winter blest  
At the firesides of men—but shy  
Through all the sunny summer hours,  
He hides himself among the flowers  
In his own wild festivity.  
What lulling sound, and shadow cool  
Hangs half the darkened churchyard o'er  
From thy green depths so beautiful,  
Thou gorgeous sycamore !  
Oft hath the holy wine and bread  
Been blest beneath thy murmuring tent,  
Where many a bright and hoary head  
Bowed at that awful sacrament.  
Now all beneath the turf are laid  
On which they sat, and sang, and prayed.  
Above that consecrated tree  
Ascends the tapering spire that seems  
To lift the soul up silently  
To heaven with all its dreams,  
While in the belfry, deep and low,  
From his heaved bosom's purple gleams  
The dove's continuous murmurs flow,  
A dirge-like song, half-bliss, half-woe,  
The voice so lonely seems !



## THE WIDOW.

THE courtly hall is gleaming bright  
With fashion's graceful throng---  
All hearts are chained in still delight,  
For like the heaven-borne voice of night  
Breathes Handel's sacred song.  
Nor on my spirit melts in vain  
The deep—the wild—the mournful strain  
That fills the echoing hall  
(Though many a callous soul be there)  
With sighs, and sobs, and cherished pain—  
While on a face, as Seraph's fair,  
Mine eyes in sadness fall.

Not those the tears that smiling flow  
As fancied sorrow bleeds,  
Like dew upon the rose's glow ;  
—That Lady 'mid the glittering show  
Is clothed in widow's weeds.  
She sits in reverie profound,  
And drinks and lives upon the sound,  
As if she ne'er would wake !  
Her closed eyes cannot hold the tears  
That tell what dreams her soul have bound—  
In memory they of other years  
For a dead husband's sake.

Methinks her inmost soul lies spread  
Before my tearful sight—  
A garden whose best flowers are dead,  
A sky still fair (though darkened)  
With hues of lingering light.  
I see the varying feelings chase  
Each other o'er her pallid face,  
From shade to deepest gloom.

She thinks on living objects dear,  
 And pleasure lends a cheerful grace ;  
 But oh ! that look so dim and drear,  
 —Her heart is in the tomb.

Rivalling the tender crescent Moon  
 The Star of evening shines—  
 A warm, still, balmy night of June,  
 Low-murmuring with a fitful tune  
 From yonder grove of pines.  
 In the silence of that starry sky,  
 Exchanging vows of constancy,  
 Two happy lovers stray.  
 —To her how sad and strange ! to know,  
 In darkness while the phantoms fade,  
 That one a widowed wretch is now,  
 The other in the clay.

A wilder gleam disturbs her eye.  
 Oh ! hush the deep'ning strain !  
 And must the youthful Warrior die ?  
 A gorgeous funeral passes by,  
 The dead-march stuns her brain.  
 The singing voice she hears no more,  
 Across his grave the thunders roar !  
 How weeps yon gallant band  
 O'er him their valour could not save !  
 For the bayonet is red with gore,  
 And he, the beautiful and brave,  
 Now sleeps in Egypt's sand.

But far away in cloud and mist  
 The ghastly vision swims.  
 —Unto that dying cadence list !  
 She thinks the voices of the blest  
 Now chant their evening hymns.  
 O for a dove's unwearied wing,  
 That she might fly where angels sing  
 Around the judgment-seat ;  
 That Spirit pure to kiss again,  
 And smile at earthly sorrowing !  
 Washed free from every mortal stain,  
 At Jesus' blessèd feet.

How longs her spirit to recall  
That prayer so vain and wild !  
For, idly-wandering round the Hall,  
Her eyes are startled as they fall  
On her own beauteous Child.  
Gazing on one so good and fair,  
Less mournful breathes that holy air,  
And almost melts to mirth :  
Pleased will she sojourn here a while,  
And see, beneath her pious care,  
In heaven's most gracious sunshine smile  
The sweetest Flower on earth.

The song dies 'mid the silent strings,  
And the Hall is now alive  
With a thousand gay and fluttering things ;  
—The noise to her a comfort brings,  
Her heart and soul revive.  
With solemn pace and loving pride  
She walks by her fair daughter's side,  
Who views with young delight  
The gaudy sparkling revelry,—  
Unconscious that from far and wide  
On her is turned each charmèd eye—  
The Beauty of the night !

A Spirit she ! and Joy her name !  
She walks upon the air ;  
Grace swims throughout her fragile frame,  
And glistens like a lambent flame,  
Amid her golden hair.  
Her eyes are of the heavenly blue,  
A cloudless twilight bathed in dew ;  
The blushes on her cheek,  
Like the roses of the vernal year  
That lend the virgin snow their hue—  
And oh ! what pure delight to hear  
The gentle Vision speak !

Yet dearer than that rosy glow  
To me yon cheek so wan ;  
Lovely I thought it long ago,



But lovelier far now blanched with woe  
Like the breast-down of the swan.  
Then worship ye the sweet—the young—  
Hang on the witchcraft of her tongue,  
Wild-murmuring like the lute.  
On thee, O Lady! let me gaze,  
Thy soul is now a lyre unstrung,  
But I hear the voice of other days,  
Though these pale lips be mute.

Lovely thou art! yet none may dare  
That placid soul to move.  
Most beautiful thy braided hair,  
But awful holiness breathes there  
Unmeet for earthly love.  
More touching far than deep distress  
Thy smiles of languid happiness,  
That like the gleams of Even  
O'er thy calm cheek serenely play.  
—Thus at the silent hour we bless,  
Unmindful of the joyous day,  
The still sad face of Heaven.

## HYMN TO SPRING.

How beautiful the pastime of the Spring !  
Lo ! newly waking from her wintry dream,  
She, like a smiling infant, timid plays  
On the green margin of this sunny lake,  
Fearing, by starts, the little breaking waves  
(If rippings rather known by sound than sight  
May haply so be named) that in the grass  
Soon fade in murmuring mirth ; now seeming proud  
To venture round the edge of yon far point,  
That from an eminence softly sinking down,  
Doth from the wide and homeless waters shape  
A scene of tender, delicate repose,  
Fit haunt for thee, in thy first hours of joy,  
Delightful Spring !—nor less an emblem fair,  
Like thee, of beauty, innocence, and youth.

On such a day, 'mid such a scene as this,  
Methinks the poets who in lovely hymns  
Have sung thy reign, sweet Power, and wished it long,  
In their warm hearts conceived those eulogies  
That, lending to the world inanimate  
A pulse and spirit of life, for aye preserve  
The sanctity of Nature, and embalm  
Her fleeting spectacles in memory's cell  
In spite of time's mutations. Onwards roll  
The circling seasons, and as each gives birth  
To dreams peculiar, yea destructive oft  
Of former feelings, in oblivion's shade  
Sleep the fair visions of forgotten hours.  
But Nature calls the poet to her aid,  
And in his lays beholds her glory live  
For ever. Thus, in winter's deepest gloom,  
When all is dim before the outward eye,  
Nor the ear catches one delightful sound,  
They who have wandered in their musing walks

With the great poets, in their spirits feel  
 No change on earth, but see the unaltered woods  
 Laden with beauty, and inhale the song  
 Of birds, airs, echoes, and of vernal showers.

So hath it been with me, delightful Spring !  
 And now I hail thee as a friend who pays  
 An annual visit, yet whose image lives  
 From parting to return, and who is blest  
 Each time with blessings warmer than before.

Oh ! gracious Power ! for thy beloved approach  
 The expecting earth lay wrapt in kindling smiles,  
 Struggling with tears, and often overcome.  
 A blessing sent before thee from the heavens,  
 A balmy spirit breathing tenderness,  
 Prepared thy way, and all created things  
 Felt that the angel of delight was near.  
 Thou camest at last, and such a heavenly smile  
 Shone round thee, as beseemed the eldest-born  
 Of Nature's guardian spirits. The great Sun,  
 Scattering the clouds with a resistless smile,  
 Came forth to do thee homage ; a sweet hymn  
 Was by the low Winds chanted in the sky ;  
 And when thy feet descended on the earth,  
 Scarce could they move amid the clustering flowers  
 By Nature strewn o'er valley, hill, and field,  
 To hail her blest deliverer !—Ye fair Trees,  
 How are ye changed, and changing while I gaze !  
 It seems as if some gleam of verdant light  
 Fell on you from a rainbow ; but it lives  
 Amid your tendrils, brightening every hour  
 Into a deeper radiance. Ye sweet Birds,  
 Were you asleep through all the wintry hours,  
 Beneath the waters, or in mossy caves ?  
 There are, 'tis said, birds that pursue the spring,  
 Where'er she flies, or else in deathlike sleep  
 Abide her annual reign, when forth they come  
 With freshened plumage and enraptured song,  
 As ye do now, unwearied choristers,  
 Till the land ring with joy. Yet are ye not,  
 Sporting in tree and air, more beautiful  
 Than the young lambs, that from the valley-side  
 Send a soft bleating like an infant's voice,  
 Half happy, half afraid ! O blessed things !



At sight of this your perfect innocence,  
 The sterner thoughts of manhood melt away  
 Into a mood as mild as woman's dreams.  
 The strife of working intellect, the stir  
 Of hopes ambitious ; the disturbing sound  
 Of fame, and all that worshipped pageantry  
 That ardent spirits burn for in their pride,  
 Fly like departing clouds, and leave the soul  
 Pure and serene as the blue depths of heaven.

Now is the time in some meek solitude  
 To hold communion with those innocent thoughts  
 That blessed our earlier days ;—to list the voice  
 Of Conscience murmuring from her inmost shrine,  
 And learn if still she sing the quiet tune  
 That filled the ear of youth. If then we feel,  
 That 'mid the powers, the passions, and desires  
 Of riper age, we still have kept our hearts  
 Free from pollution, and 'mid tempting scenes  
 Walked on with pure and unprovèd steps,  
 Fearless of guilt, as if we knew it not ;  
 Ah me ! with what a new sublimity  
 Will the green hills lift up their sunny heads,  
 Ourselves as stately : Smiling will we gaze  
 On the clouds whose happy home is in the heavens ;  
 Nor envy the clear streamlet that pursues  
 His course 'mid flowers and music to the sea.  
 But dread the beauty of a vernal day,  
 Thou trembler before memory ! To the saint  
 What sight so lovely as the angel form  
 That smiles upon his sleep ! The sinner veils  
 His face ashamed,—unable to endure  
 The upbraiding silence of the seraph's eyes !—

Yet awful must it be, even to the best  
 And wisest man, when he beholds the sun  
 Prepared once more to run his annual round  
 Of glory and of love, and thinks that God  
 To him, though sojourning in earthly shades,  
 Hath also given an orbit, whence his light  
 May glad the nations, or at least diffuse  
 Peace and contentment over those he loves !  
 His soul expanded by the breath of Spring,  
 With holy confidence the thoughtful man  
 Renews his vows to virtue,—vows that bind

To purest motives and most useful deeds.  
 Thus solemnly doth pass the vernal day,  
 In abstinence severe from worldly thoughts ;  
 Lofty disdainings of all trivial joys  
 Or sorrows ; meditations long and deep  
 On objects fit for the immortal love  
 Of souls immortal ; weeping penitence  
 For duties (plain though highest duties be)  
 Despised or violated ; humblest vows,  
 Though humble strong as death, henceforth to walk  
 Elate in innocence ; and, holier still,  
 Warm gushings of his spirit unto God  
 For all his past existence, whether bright,  
 As the spring landscape sleeping in the sun,  
 Or dim and desolate like a wintry sea  
 Stormy and boding storms ! Oh ! such will be  
 Frequent and long his musings, till he feels  
 As all the stir subsides, like busy day  
 Soft-melting into eve's tranquillity,  
 How blest is peace when born within the soul.

And therefore do I sing these pensive hymns,  
 O Spring ! to thee, though thou by some art called  
 Parent of mirth and rapture, worshipped best  
 With festive dances and a choral song.  
 No melancholy man am I, sweet Spring !  
 Who, filling all things with his own poor griefs,  
 Sees nought but sadness in the character  
 Of universal Nature, and who weaves  
 Most doleful ditties in the midst of joy.  
 Yet knowing something, dimly though it be,  
 And therefore still more awful, of that strange  
 And most tumultuous thing, the heart of man,  
 It chanceth oft, that mixed with Nature's smiles  
 My soul beholds a solemn quietness  
 That almost looks like grief, as if on earth  
 There were no perfect joy, and happiness  
 Still trembled on the brink of misery !

Yea ! mournful thoughts like these even now arise,  
 While Spring, like Nature's smiling infancy,  
 Sports round me, and all images of peace  
 Seem native to this earth, nor other home  
 Desire or know. Yet doth a mystic chain  
 Link in our hearts foreboding fears of death

With every loveliest thing that seems to us  
 Most deeply fraught with life. Is there a child  
 More beauteous than its playmates, even more pure  
 Than they? while gazing on its face, we think  
 That one so fair most surely soon will die!  
 Such are the fears now beating at my heart.  
 Ere long, sweet Spring! amid forgotten things  
 Thou and thy smiles must sleep: thy little lambs  
 Dead, or their nature changed; thy hymning birds  
 Mute;—faded every flower so beautiful;—  
 And all fair symptoms of incipient life  
 To fulness swollen, or sunk into decay!

Such are the melancholy dreams that filled  
 In the elder time the songs of tenderest bards,  
 Whene'er they named the Spring. Thence, doubts and fears  
 Of what might be the final doom of man;  
 Till all things spoke to their perplexèd souls  
 The language of despair; and, mournful sight!  
 Even hope lay prostrate upon beauty's grave!—  
 Vain fears of death! breathed forth in deathless lays!  
 O foolish bards, immortal in your works,  
 Yet trustless of your immortality!  
 Not now are they whom Nature calls her bards  
 Thus daunted by the image of decay.  
 They have their tears, and oft they shed them too,  
 By reason unrebuked; but on the pale  
 Cold cheek of death, they see a spirit smile,  
 Bright and still brightening, even like thee, O Spring!  
 Stealing in beauty through the winter snow!—

Season beloved of Heaven! my hymn is closed!  
 And thou, sweet Lake! on whose retirèd banks  
 I have so long reposed, yet in the depth  
 Of meditation scarcely seen thy waves,  
 Farewell!—the voice of worship and of praise  
 Dies on my lips, yet shall my heart preserve  
 Inviolate the spirit whence it sprang!  
 Even as a harp, when some wild plaintive strain  
 Goes with the hand that touched it, still retains  
 The soul of music sleeping in its strings.



THE  
VOICE OF DEPARTED FRIENDSHIP.

I HAD a Friend who died in early youth !  
—And often in those melancholy dreams,  
When my soul travels through the umbrage deep  
That shades the silent world of memory,  
Methinks I hear his voice ! Sweet as the breath  
Of balmy ground-flowers stealing from some spot  
Of sunshine sacred, in a gloomy wood,  
To everlasting spring.

In the churchyard  
Where now he sleeps—the day before he died,  
Silent we sat together on a grave ;  
Till gently laying his pale hand on mine,  
Pale in the moonlight that was coldly sleeping  
On heaving sod and marble monument,—  
This was the music of his last farewell !  
“ Weep not my brother ! though thou seest me led  
By short and easy stages, day by day,  
With motion almost imperceptible  
Into the quiet grave. God’s will be done.  
Even when a boy, in doleful solitude  
My soul oft sat within the shadow of death !  
And when I looked along the laughing earth,  
Up the blue heavens, and through the middle air  
Joyfully ringing with the sky-lark’s song,  
I wept ! and thought how sad for one so young  
To bid farewell to so much happiness.  
But Christ hath called me from this lower world  
Delightful though it be—and when I gaze  
On the green earth and all its happy hills,  
’Tis with such feelings as a man beholds  
A little Farm which he is doomed to leave  
On an appointed day. Still more and more  
He loves it as that mournful day draws near,  
But hath prepared his heart—and is resigned.”  
—Then lifting up his radiant eyes to heaven,

He said with fervent voice—" O what were life  
Even in the warm and summer-light of joy  
Without those hopes, that like refreshing gales  
At evening from the sea, come o'er the soul  
Breathed from the ocean of eternity.  
—And oh ! without them who could bear the storms  
That fall in roaring blackness o'er the waters  
Of agitated life ! Then hopes arise  
All round our sinking souls, like those fair birds  
O'er whose soft plumes the tempest hath no power,  
Waving their snow-white wings amid the darkness,  
And wiling us with gentle motion, on  
To some calm island ! on whose silvery strand  
Dropping at once, they fold their silent pinions,—  
And as we touch the shores of paradise  
In love and beauty walk around our feet !"

## LORD RONALD'S CHILD.

THREE days ago Lord Ronald's child  
Was singing o'er the mountain-wild,  
Among the sunny showers  
That brought the rainbow to her sight,  
And bathed her footsteps in the light  
Of purple heather-flowers.  
But chilly came the evening's breath—  
The silent dew was cold with death—  
She reached her home with pain ;  
And from the bed where now she lies,  
With snow-white face and closed eyes,  
She ne'er must rise again.

Still is she as a frame of stone,  
That in its beauty lies alone,  
With silence breathing from its face,  
For ever in some holy place !  
Chapel or aisle ! on marble laid—  
With pale hands o'er its pale breast spread—  
An image humble, meek, and low,  
Of one forgotten long ago !

Soft feet are winding up the stair—  
And lo ! a Vision passing fair !  
All dressed in white—a mournful show—  
A band of orphan children come,  
With footsteps like the falling snow,  
To bear to her eternal home  
The gracious Lady who looked down  
With smiles on their forlorn estate—  
But Mercy up to heaven is gone,  
And left the friendless to their fate.

They pluck the honeysuckle's bloom,  
That through the window fills the room



With mournful odours—and the rose  
 That in its innocent beauty glows,  
 Leaning its dewy golden head  
 Towards the pale face of the dead,  
 Weeping like a thing forsaken  
 Unto eyes that will not waken.

All bathed in pity's gentle showers  
 They place these melancholy flowers  
 Upon the cold white breast !  
 And there they lie ! profoundly calm !  
 Ere long to fill with fading balm  
 A place of deeper rest !

By that fair Band the bier is borne  
 Into the open light of morn,—  
 And, till the parting dirge be said,  
 Upon a spot of sunshine laid  
 Beneath a grove of trees !  
 Bowed and uncovered every head,  
 Bright-tressed youth, and hoary age—  
 Then suddenly before the dead  
 Lord Ronald's gathered vassalage  
 Fall down upon their knees !

Glen-Etive and its mountains lie  
 All silent as the depth profound  
 Of that unclouded sunbright sky—  
 Low heard the melancholy sound  
 Of waters murmuring by ;—  
 Glides softly from the orphan-band  
 A weeping Child, and takes her stand  
 Close to the Lady's feet,  
 Then wildly sings a funeral hymn !  
 With overflowing eyes and dim  
 Fixed on the winding-sheet !

## HYMN.

O beautiful the streams  
 That through our valleys run,  
 Singing and dancing in the gleams  
 Of summer's cloudless sun.

The sweetest of them all  
From its fairy banks is gone ;  
And the music of the waterfall  
Hath left the silent stone !

Up among the mountains  
In soft and mossy cell,  
By the silent springs and fountains  
The happy wild-flowers dwell.

The queen-rose of the wilderness  
Hath withered in the wind,  
And the shepherds see no loveliness  
In the blossoms left behind.

Birds cheer our lonely groves  
With many a beauteous wing—  
When happy in their harmless loves  
How tenderly they sing.

O'er all the rest was heard  
One wild and mournful strain,—  
But hushed is the voice of that hymning bird,  
She ne'er must sing again !

Bright through the yew-trees' gloom,  
I saw a sleeping dove !  
On the silence of her silvery plume,  
The sunlight lay in love.

The grove seemed all her own  
Round the beauty of that breast—  
But the startled dove afar is flown !  
Forsaken is her nest !

In yonder forest wide  
A flock of wild-deer lies,  
Beauty breathes o'er each tender side,  
And shades their peaceful eyes !

The hunter in the night  
Hath singled out the doe,  
In whose light the mountain-flock lay bright,  
Whose hue was like the snow !

A thousand stars shine forth,  
With pure and dewy ray—  
Till by night the mountains of our north  
Seem gladdening in the day.

O empty all the heaven!  
Though a thousand lights be there—  
For clouds o'er the evening-star are driven,  
And shorn her golden hair!

That melancholy music dies—  
And all at once the kneeling crowd  
Is stirred with groans, and sobs, and sighs—  
As sudden blasts come rustling loud  
Along the silent skies.  
—Hush! hush! the dirge doth breathe again!  
The youngest of the orphan train  
Walks up unto the bier,  
With rosy cheeks, and smiling eyes  
As heaven's unclouded radiance clear;  
And there like Hope to Sorrow's strain  
With dewy voice replies:—

What though the stream be dead,  
Its banks all still and dry!  
It murmureth now o'er a lovelier bed  
In the air-groves of the sky.

What though our prayers from death  
The queen-rose might not save!  
With brighter bloom and balmier breath  
She springeth from the grave.

What though our bird of light  
Lie mute with plumage dim!  
In heaven I see her glancing bright—  
I hear her angel hymn.

What though the dark tree smile  
No more with our dove's calm sleep!  
She folds her wing on a sunny isle  
In heaven's untroubled deep.



True that our beauteous doe  
Hath left her still retreat—  
But purer now in heavenly snow  
She lies at Jesus feet.

O star! untimely set!  
Why should we weep for thee!  
Thy bright and dewy coronet  
Is rising o'er the sea!

## THE ANGLER'S TENT.

### ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Poem is the narrative of one day, the pleasantest of many pleasant ones, of a little Angling-excursion among the mountains of Westmoreland, Lancashire, and Cumberland. A tent, large panniers filled with its furniture, with provisions, &c., were loaded upon horses, and while the anglers, who separated every morning, pursued each his own sport up the torrents, were carried over the mountains to the appointed place by some lake or stream, where they were to meet again in the evening.

In this manner they visited all the wildest and most secluded scenes of the country. On the first Sunday they passed among the hills, their tent was pitched on the banks of Wast-Water, at the head of that wild and solitary lake, which they had reached by the mountain-path that passes Barn-Moor Tarn from Eskdale. Towards evening, the inhabitants of the valley, not exceeding half-a-dozen families, with some too from the neighbouring glens, drawn by the unusual appearance, came to visit the strangers in their tent. Without, the evening was calm and beautiful; within, were the gaiety and kindness of simple mirth. At a late hour, their guests departed under a most refulgent moon that lighted them up the surrounding mountains, on which they turned to hail with long-continued shouts and songs the blazing of a huge fire, that was hastily kindled at the door of the tent to bid them a distant farewell.

The images and feelings of these few happy days, and, above all, of that delightful evening, the author wished to preserve in poetry. What he has written, while it serves to himself and his friends as a record of past happiness, may, he hopes, without impropriety be offered to the public, since, if at all faithful to its subject, it will have some interest to those who delight in the wilder scenes of Nature, and who have studied with respect and love the character of their simple inhabitants.

THE hush of bliss was on the sunny hills,  
The clouds were sleeping on the silent sky,  
We travelled in the midst of melody  
Warbled around us from the mountain-rills.  
The voice was like the glad voice of a friend  
Murmuring a welcome to his happy home;  
We felt its kindness with our spirits blend,  
And said, "This day no farther will we roam!"

The coldest heart that ever looked on heaven,  
 Had surely felt the beauty of that day,  
 And, as he paused, a gentle blessing given  
 To the sweet scene that tempted him to stay.  
 But we, who travelled through that region bright,  
 Were joyful pilgrims under Nature's care,  
 From youth had loved the dreams of pure delight,  
 Descending on us through the lonely air,  
 When Heaven is clothed with smiles, and Earth as Heaven  
 is fair !

Seven lovely days had like a happy dream  
 Died in our spirits silently away,  
 Since Grassmere, waking to the morning ray,  
 Met our last lingering look with farewell gleam.  
 I may not tell what joy our being filled  
 Wandering like shadows over plain and steep,  
 What beauteous visions lonely souls can build  
 When 'mid the mountain solitude they sleep.  
 I may not tell how the deep power of sound  
 Can back to life long-faded dreams recall,  
 When lying 'mid the noise that lives around  
 Through the hushed spirit flows a waterfall.  
 To thee, my WORDSWORTH !\* whose inspirèd song  
 Comes forth in pomp from Nature's inner shrine,  
 To thee by birthright such high themes belong,  
 The unseen grandeur of the earth is thine !  
 One lowlier simple strain of human love be mine.

How leapt our hearts, when from an airy height,  
 On which we paused for a sweet fountain's sake,  
 With green fields fading in a peaceful lake,  
 A deep sunk vale burst sudden on our sight !  
 We felt as if at home ; a magic sound,  
 As from a spirit whom we must obey,  
 Bade us descend into the vale profound,  
 And in its silence pass the Sabbath-day.  
 The placid lake that rested far below,  
 Softly embosoming another sky,  
 Still as we gazed assumed a lovelier glow,  
 And seemed to send us looks of amity.  
 Our hearts were open to the gracious love  
 Of Nature, smiling like a happy bride ;  
 So following the still impulse from above,

\* Mr Wordsworth accompanied the author on this excursion.



Down the green slope we wind with airy glide,  
And pitch our snowy tent on that fair water's side.

Ah me ! even now I see before me stand,  
Among the verdant holly-boughs half-hid,  
The little radiant airy Pyramid,  
Like some wild dwelling built in Fairy-land.  
As silently as gathering cloud it rose,  
And seems a cloud descended on the earth,  
Disturbing not the Sabbath-day's repose,  
Yet gently stirring at the quiet birth  
Of every short-lived breeze : the sunbeams greet  
The beauteous stranger in the lonely bay ;  
Close to its shading tree two streamlets meet,  
With gentle glide, as weary of their play.  
And in the liquid lustre of the lake  
Its image sleeps, reflected far below ;  
Such image as the clouds of summer make,  
Clear seen amid the waveless water's glow,  
As slumbering infant still, and pure as April snow.

Wild though the dwelling seem, thus rising fair,  
A sudden stranger 'mid the sylvan scene,  
One spot of radiance on surrounding green,  
Human it is—and human souls are there !  
Look through that opening in the canvass wall,  
Through which by fits the scarce-felt breezes play,  
—Upon three happy souls thine eyes will fall,  
The summer lambs are not more blest than they.  
On the green turf all motionless they lie,  
In dreams romantic as the dreams of sleep,  
The filmy air slow-glimmering on their eye,  
And in their ear the murmur of the deep.  
Or haply now by some wild-winding brook,  
Deep, silent pool, or waters rushing loud,  
In thought they visit many a fairy nook  
That rising mists in rainbow colours shroud,  
And ply the Angler's sport involved in mountain cloud !

Yes ! dear to us that solitary trade,  
'Mid vernal peace in peacefulness pursued,  
Through rocky glen, wild moor, and hanging wood,  
White-flowering meadow, and romantic glade !  
The sweetest visions of our boyish years  
Come to our spirits with a murmuring tone

Of running waters,—and one stream appears,  
 Remembered all, tree, willow, bank, and stone !  
 How glad were we, when after sunny showers  
 Its voice came to us issuing from the school !  
 How fled the vacant, solitary hours,  
 By dancing rivulet, or silent pool !  
 And still our souls retain in manhood's prime  
 The love of joys our childish years that blest ;  
 So now encircled by these hills sublime,  
 We Anglers, wandering with a tranquil breast,  
 Build in this happy vale a fairy bower of rest !

Within that bower are strewn in careless guise,  
 Idle one day, the angler's simple gear ;  
 Lines that, as fine as floating gossamer,  
 Dropt softly on the stream the silken flies ;  
 The limber rod that shook its trembling length,  
 Almost as airy as the line it threw,  
 Yet often bending in an arch of strength  
 When the tired salmon rose at last to view,  
 Now lightly leans across the rushy bed,  
 On which at night we dream of sports by day ;  
 And, empty now, beside it close is laid  
 The goodly pannier framed of osiers grey ;  
 And, maple bowl in which we wont to bring  
 The limpid water from the morning wave,  
 Or from some mossy and sequestered spring  
 To which dark rocks a grateful coolness gave,  
 Such as might Hermit use in solitary cave !

And ne'er did Hermit, with a purer breast,  
 Amid the depths of sylvan silence pray,  
 Than prayed we friends on that mild quiet day,  
 By God and man beloved, the day of rest !  
 All passions in our souls were lulled to sleep,  
 Ev'n by the power of Nature's holy bliss ;  
 While Innocence her watch in peace did keep  
 Over the spirit's thoughtful happiness !  
 We viewed the green earth with a loving look,  
 Like us rejoicing in the gracious sky ;  
 A voice came to us from the running brook  
 That seemed to breathe a grateful melody.  
 Then all things seemed imbued with life and sense,  
 And as from dreams with kindling smiles to wake,  
 Happy, in beauty and in innocence ;

While, pleased our inward quiet to partake,  
Lay hushed, as in a trance, the scarcely-breathing lake.

Yet think not, in this wild and fairy spot,  
This mingled happiness of earth and heaven,  
Which to our hearts this Sabbath-day was given,  
Think not that far-off friends were quite forgot.  
Helm-crag arose before our half-closed eyes  
With colours brighter than the brightening dove ;  
Beneath that guardian mount a cottage \* lies  
Encircled by the halo breathed from Love !  
And sweet that dwelling † rests upon the brow  
(Beneath its sycamore) of Orest-hill,  
As if it smiled on Windermere below,  
Her green recesses and her islands still !  
Thus, gently-blended many a human thought  
With those that peace and solitude supplied,  
Till in our hearts the moving kindness wrought  
With gradual influence, like a flowing tide,  
And for the lovely sound of human voice we sighed.

And hark ! a laugh, with voices blended, stole  
Across the water, echoing from the shore !  
And during pauses short, the beating oar  
Brings the glad music closer to the soul.  
We leave our tent ; and lo ! a lovely sight  
Glides like a living creature through the air,  
For air the water seems thus passing bright,  
A living creature beautiful and fair !  
Nearer it glides ; and now the radiant glow  
That on its radiant shadow seems to float,  
Turns to a virgin band, a glorious show,  
Rowing with happy smiles a little boat.  
Towards the tent their lingering course they steer,  
And cheerful now upon the shore they stand,  
In maiden bashfulness, yet free from fear,  
And by our side, gay-moving hand in hand,  
Into our Tent they go, a beauteous sister-band !

Scarce from our hearts had gone the sweet surprise,  
Which this glad troop of rural maids awoke ;

\* At that time the residence of Mr Wordsworth's family.

† The author's cottage on the banks of Windermere.



Scarce had a more familiar kindness broke  
 From the mild lustre of their smiling eyes,  
 Ere the Tent seemed encircled by the sound  
 Of many voices ; in an instant stood  
 Men, women, children, all the circle round,  
 And with a friendly joy the strangers viewed.  
 Strange was it to behold this gladsome crowd  
 Our late so solitary dwelling fill ;  
 And strange to hear their greetings mingling loud  
 Where all before was undisturbed and still.  
 Yet was the stir delightful to our ear,  
 And moved to happiness our inmost blood,  
 The sudden change, the unexpected cheer,  
 Breaking like sunshine on a pensive mood,  
 This breath and voice of life in seeming solitude !

Hard task it was, in our small tent to find  
 Seats for our quickly-gathered company ;  
 But in them all was such a mirthful glee,  
 I ween they soon were seated to their mind !  
 Some viewing with a hesitating look  
 The panniers that contained our travelling fare,  
 On them at last their humble station took,  
 Pleased at the thought, and with a smiling air.  
 Some on our low-framed beds then chose their seat,  
 Each maid the youth that loved her best beside,  
 While many a gentle look, and whisper sweet,  
 Brought to the stripling's face a gladsome pride.  
 The playful children on the velvet green,  
 Soon as the first-felt bashfulness was fled,  
 Smiled to each other at the wondrous scene,  
 And whispered words they to each other said,  
 And raised in sportive fit the shining, golden head !

Then did we learn that this our stranger tent,  
 Seen by the lake-side gleaming like a sail,  
 Had quickly spread o'er mountain and o'er vale  
 A gentle shock of pleased astonishment.  
 The lonely dwellers by the lofty rills,  
 Gazed in surprise upon th' unwonted sight,  
 The wandering shepherds saw it from the hills,  
 And quick descended from their airy height.  
 Soon as the voice of simple song and prayer  
 Ceased in the little chapel of the dell,

The congregation did in peace repair  
To the lake-side, to view our wondrous cell.  
While leaving, for one noon, both young and old,  
Their clustered hamlets in this deep recess,  
All join the throng, in conscious goodwill bold,  
Elate and smiling in their Sabbath-dress,  
A mingled various group of homely happiness !

And thus our tent a joyous scene became,  
Where loving hearts from distant vales did most  
As at some rural festival, and greet  
Each other with glad voice and kindly name.  
Here a pleased daughter to her father smiled,  
With fresh affection in her softened eyes ;  
He in return looked back upon his child  
With gentle start and tone of mild surprise :  
And on his little grandchild, at her breast,  
An old man's blessing and a kiss bestowed,  
Or to his cheek the lisping baby prest,  
Light'ning the mother of her darling load ;  
While comely matrons, all sedately ranged  
Close to their husbands' or their children's side,  
A neighbour's friendly greeting interchanged,  
And each her own with frequent glances eyed,  
And raised her head in all a mother's harmless pride.

Happy were we among such happy hearts !  
And to inspire with kindness and love  
Our simple guests, ambitiously we strove,  
With novel converse and endearing arts.  
We talked to them, and much they loved to hear,  
Of those sweet vales from which we late had come ;  
For though these vales are to each other near,  
Seldom do dalesman leave their own dear home :  
Then would we speak of many a wondrous sight  
Seen in great cities,—temple, tower, and spire,  
And winding streets at nightfall blazing bright  
With many a starlike lamp of glimmering fire.  
The grey-haired men with deep attention heard,  
Viewing the speaker with a solemn face,  
While round our feet the playful children stirred,  
And near their parents took their silent place,  
Listening with looks where wonder breathed a glowing  
grace.

And much they gazed with never-tired delight  
 On varnished rod, with joints that shone like gold,  
 And silken line on glittering reel enrolled,  
 To infant anglers a most wondrous sight !  
 Scarce could their chiding parents then control  
 Their little hearts in harmless malice gay,  
 But still one, bolder than his fellows, stole  
 To touch the tempting treasures where they lay.  
 What rapture glistened in their eager eyes,  
 When, with kind voice, we bade these children take  
 A precious store of well-dissembled flies,  
 To use with caution for the strangers' sake !  
 The unlooked-for gift we graciously bestow  
 With sudden joy the leaping heart o'erpowers ;  
 They grasp the lines, while all their faces glow  
 Bright as spring-blossoms after sunny showers,  
 And wear them in their hats like wreaths of valley-flowers !

Nor could they check their joyance and surprise,  
 When the clear crystal and the silver bowl  
 Gleamed with a novel beauty on their soul,  
 And the wine mantled with its rosy dyes.  
 For all our pomp we showed with mickle glee,  
 And choicest viands, fitly to regale,  
 On such a day of rare festivity,  
 Our guests thus wondering at their native vale.  
 And oft we pledged them, nor could they decline  
 The social cup we did our best to press,  
 But mingled wishes with the joyful wine,  
 Warm wishes for our health and happiness.  
 And all the while, a low, delightful sound  
 Of voice soft-answering voice, with music filled  
 Our fairy palace's enchanted ground,  
 Such tones as seem from blooming tree distilled,  
 Where unseen bees repair their waxen cells to build.

Lost as we were in that most blessed mood  
 Which Nature's sons alone can deeply prove,  
 We lavished with free heart our kindest love  
 On all who breathed,—one common brotherhood.  
 Three faithful servants, men of low degree,  
 Were with us, as we roamed the wilds among,  
 And well it pleased their simple hearts to see  
 Their masters mingling with the rural throng.



Oft to our guests they sought to speak aside,  
And, in the genial flow of gladness, told  
That we were free from haughtiness or pride,  
Though scholars all, and rich in lands and gold.  
We smiled to hear our praise thus rudely sung,  
(Well might such praise our modesty offend)  
Yet, we all strove, at once with eye and tongue  
To speak, as if invited by a friend,  
And with our casual talk instruction's voice to blend.

Rumours of wars had reached this peaceful vale,  
And of the Wicked King, whom guilt hath driven  
On earth to wage a warfare against Heaven,  
These sinless shepherds had heard many a tale.  
Encircled as we were with smiles and joy,  
In quietness to Quiet's dwelling brought,  
To think of him whose bliss is to destroy,  
At such a season was an awful thought!  
We felt the eternal power of happiness  
And virtue's power; we felt with holy awe  
That in this world, in spite of chance distress,  
Such is the Almighty Spirit's ruling law.  
And joyfully did we these shepherds tell  
To hear all rumours with a tranquil mind,  
For, in the end, that all would yet be well,  
Nor this bad Monarch leave one trace behind,  
More than o'er yonder hills the idly-raving wind.

Then gravely smiled, in all the power of age,  
A hoary-headed, venerable man,  
Like the mild chieftain of a peaceful clan,  
'Mid simple spirits looked on as a sage.  
Much did he praise the holy faith we held,  
Which God, he said, to cheer the soul had given,  
For even the very angels that rebelled,  
By sin performed the blessed work of Heaven.  
The Wicked King, of whom we justly spake,  
Was but an instrument in God's wise hand,  
And though the kingdoms of the earth might quake,  
Peace would revisit every ravaged land.  
Even as the earthquake, in some former time,  
Scattered yon rugged mountain far and wide,  
Till years of winter's snow and summer's prime,  
To naked cliffs fresh verdure have supplied,  
—Now troops of playful lambs are bounding on its side.

Pleased were the simple group to hear the sire  
 Thus able to converse with men from far,  
 And much did they of vaguely-rumoured war,  
 That long had raged in distant lands, inquire.  
 Scarce could their hearts, at peace with all mankind,  
 Believe what bloody deeds on earth are done,  
 That man of woman born should be so blind  
 As walk in guilt beneath the blessed sun ;  
 And one, with thoughtful countenance, exprest  
 A fear lest on some dark disastrous day,  
 Across the sea might come that noisome pest,  
 And make fair England's happy vales his prey.  
 Short-lived that fear !—soon firmer thoughts arise :  
 Well could these dalesmen wield the patriot's sword,  
 And stretch the foe beneath the smiling skies ;  
 In innocence they trust, and in the Lord,  
 Whom they, that very morn, in gladness had adored !

But soon such thoughts to lighter speech give way ;  
 We in our turn a willing ear did lend  
 To tale of sports, that made them blithely spend  
 The winter-evening and the summer-day.  
 Smiling they told us of the harmless glee  
 That bids the echoes of the mountains wake,  
 When at the stated festival they see  
 Their new-washed flocks come snow-white from the lake  
 And joyful dance at neighbouring village fair,  
 Where lads and lasses, in their best attire,  
 Go to enjoy that playful pastime rare,  
 And careful statesmen shepherds new to hire !  
 Or they would tell, how, at some neighbour's cot,  
 When nights are long, and winter on the earth,  
 All cares are in the dance and song forgot,  
 And round the fire quick flies the circling mirth,  
 When nuptial vows are pledged, or at an infant's birth

Well did the roses blooming on their cheek,  
 And eyes of laughing light, that glistened fair  
 Beneath the artless ringlets of their hair,  
 Each maiden's health and purity bespeak.  
 Following the impulse of their simple will,  
 No thought had they to give or take offence ;  
 Glad were their bosoms, yet sedate and still,  
 And fearless in the strength of innocence.

Oft as, in accents mild, we strangers spoke  
 To these sweet maidens, an unconscious smile  
 Like sudden sunshine o'er their faces broke,  
 And with it struggling blushes mixed the while.  
 And oft as mirth and glee went laughing round,  
 Breathed in this maiden's ear some harmless jest  
 Would make her, for one moment, on the ground  
 Her eyes let fall, as wishing from the rest  
 To hide the sudden throb that beat within her breast.

Oh ! not in vain have purest poets told,  
 In elegies and hymns that ne'er shall die,  
 How, in the fields of famous Arcady,  
 Lived simple shepherds in the age of gold !  
 They fabled not, in peopling rural shades  
 With all most beautiful in heart and frame ;  
 Where without guile swains wooed their happy maids,  
 And love was friendship with a gentler name.  
 Such songs in truth and nature had their birth,  
 Their source was lofty and their aim was pure,  
 And still, in many a favoured spot of earth,  
 The virtues that awoke their voice endure !  
 Bear witness thou, O wild and beauteous dell,  
 To whom my gladdened heart devotes this strain !  
 —Oh ! long may all who in thy bosom dwell  
 Nature's primeval innocence retain,  
 Nor e'er may lawless foot thy sanctity profane !

Sweet Maids ! my wandering heart returns to you ;  
 And well the blush of joy, the courteous air,  
 Words unrestrained, and open looks declare  
 That fancy's day-dreams have not been untrue.  
 It was indeed a beauteous thing, to see  
 The virgin, while her bashful visage smiled,  
 As if she were a mother on her knee  
 Take up, with many a kiss, the asking child.  
 And well, I ween, she played the mother's part ;  
 For as she bended o'er the infant fair,  
 A mystic joy seemed stirring at her heart,  
 A yearning fondness, and a silent prayer.  
 Nor did such gentle maiden long refuse  
 To cheer our spirits with some favourite strain,  
 Some simple ballad, framed by rustic muse,  
 Of one who died for love, or, led by gain,  
 Sailed in a mighty ship to lands beyond the main.



And must we close this scene of merriment ?  
 —Lo ! in the lake soft burns the star of eve,  
 And the night-hawk hath warned our guests to leave,  
 Ere darker shades descend, our happy tent.  
 The Moon's bright edge is seen above the hill ;  
 She comes to light them on their homeward way ;  
 And every heart, I ween, now lies as still  
 As on yon fleecy cloud her new-born ray.  
 Kindly by young and old our hands are pressed,  
 And kindly we the gentle touch return ;  
 Each face declares that deep in every breast  
 Peace, virtue, friendship, and affection burn.  
 At last beneath the silent air we part,  
 And promise make that shall not be in vain,  
 A promise asked and given warm from the heart,  
 That we will visit all, on hill and plain,  
 If e'er it be our lot to see this land again.

Backward they gazed, as slowly they withdrew,  
 With step reluctant, from the water-side ;  
 And oft, with waving hand, at distance tried  
 Through the dim light to send a last adieu !  
 One lovely group still lingered on the green,  
 The first to come, the last to go away ;  
 While steeped in stillness of the moonlight scene,  
 Moored to a rock their little pinnacle lay.  
 These laughing damsels climb its humble side,  
 Like fairy elves that love the starry sea ;  
 Nor e'er did billows with more graceful glide  
 'Mid the wild main enjoy their liberty.  
 Their faces brightening in triumphant hue,  
 Close to each maid their joyful lovers stand ;  
 One gives the signal,—all the jovial crew  
 Let go, with tender press, the yielding hand ;  
 —Down drop the oars at once,—away they push from  
 land.

The boat hath left the silent bank, the tone  
 Of the retiring oar escapes the mind ;  
 Like mariners some ship hath left behind,  
 We feel, thus standing speechless and alone.  
 One moment lives that melancholy trance—  
 The mountains ring : Oh ! what a joy is there !  
 As hurries o'er their heights, in circling dance,  
 Cave-loving Echo, Daughter of the Air.

Is it some spirit of night that wakes the shout,  
 As o'er the cliffs, with headlong speed, she ranges ?  
 Is it, on plain and steep, some fairy rout  
 Answering each other in tumultuous changes ?  
 There seems amid the hills a playful war ;  
 Trumpet and clarion join the mystic noise ;  
 Now growing on the ear, now dying far !  
 Great Gabel from his summit sends a voice,  
 And the remotest depths of Ennerdale rejoice !

Oh ! well I know what means this din of mirth !  
 No spirits are they, who, trooping through the sky,  
 In chorus swell that mountain-melody ;  
 It comes from mortal children of the earth !  
 These are the voices that so late did cheer  
 Our tent with laughter ; from the hills they come  
 With friendly sound unto our listening ear,  
 A jocund farewell to our glimmering home.  
 Loth are our guests, though they have lingered long,  
 That our sweet tent at last should leave their sight ;  
 So with one voice they sing a parting song,  
 Ere they descend behind the clouds of night.  
 Nor are we mute ; an answering shout we wake,  
 At each short pause of the long, lengthening sound,  
 Till all is silent as the silent Lake,  
 And every noise above, below, around,  
 Seems in the brooding night-sky's depth of slumber drowned

Soon from that calm our spirits start again  
 With blither vigour ; nought around we see  
 Save lively images of mirth and glee,  
 And playful fancies hurry through our brain.  
 Shine not, sweet Moon ! with such a haughty light ;  
 Ye stars ! behind your veil of clouds retire ;  
 For we shall kindle on the earth, this night,  
 To drown your feeble rays, a joyous fire.  
 Bring the leaves withering in the holly-shade,  
 The oaken branches sapless now and hoar.  
 The fern no longer green, and whins that fade  
 'Mid the thin sand that strews the rocky shore.  
 Heap them above that new-awakened spark :  
 Soon shall a pyramid of flame arise ;  
 Now the first rustling of the vapour, hark !  
 The kindling spirit from its prison flies,  
 And in an instant mounts in glory to the skies !

Far gleams the Lake, as in the light of day,  
 Or when, from mountain-top, the setting sun,  
 Ere yet his earth-delighting course is run,  
 Sheds on the slumbering wave a purple ray.  
 A bright'ning verdure runs o'er every field,  
 As if by potent necromancer shed,  
 And a dark wood is suddenly revealed,  
 A glory resting on its ancient head.  
 And oh ! what radiant beauty doth invest  
 Our tent that seems to feel a conscious pride,  
 Whiter by far than any cygnet's breast,  
 Or cygnet's shadow floating with the tide.  
 A warmer flush unto the moonlight cold,  
 Winning its lovely way, is softly given,  
 A silvery radiance tinged with vivid gold ;  
 While thousand mimic stars are gaily driven  
 Through the bright glistening air, scarce known from those  
     in Heaven.

Amid the flame our lurid figures stand,  
 Or, through the shrouding vapour dimly viewed  
 To fancy seem, in that strange solitude,  
 Like the wild brethren of some lawless band.  
 One, snatching from the heap a blazing bough,  
 Would, like lone maniac, from the rest retire,  
 And, as he waved it, mutter deep a vow,  
 His head encircled with a wreath of fire.  
 Others, with rushing haste, and eager voice,  
 Would drag new victims to the insatiate power,  
 That like a savage idol did rejoice  
 Whate'er his suppliants offered to devour.  
 And aye strange murmurs o'er the mountains rolled,  
 As if from sprite immured in cavern lone,  
 While higher rose pale Luna to behold  
 Our mystic orgies, where no light had shone,  
 For many and many a year of silence—but her own.

Oh ! gracious Goddess ! not in vain did shine  
 Thy spirit o'er the heavens ; with reverent eye  
 We hailed thee floating through the happy sky ;  
 No smiles to us are half so dear as thine !  
 Silent we stood beside our dying flame,  
 In pensive sadness, born of wild delight,  
 And gazing heavenward, many a gentle name  
 Bestowed on her who beautifies the night.



Then, with one heart, like men who inly mourned,  
 Slowly we paced towards our fairy cell,  
 And e'er we entered, for one moment turned,  
 And bade the silent majesty farewell !  
 Our rushy beds invite us to repose ;  
 And while our spirits breathe a grateful prayer,  
 In balmy slumbers soon our eyelids close,  
 While, in our dreams, the Moon, serenely fair,  
 Still bathes in light divine the visionary air !

Methinks, next night, I see her mount her throne,  
 Intent with loving smile once more to hail  
 The deep, deep peace of this her loneliest vale,  
 —But where hath now the magic dwelling flown ?  
 Oh ! it hath melted like a dream away,  
 A dream by far too beautiful for earth ;  
 Or like a cloud that hath no certain stay,  
 But ever changing, like a different birth.  
 The aged holly trees more silently,  
 Now we are gone, stand on the silent ground ;  
 I seem to hear the streamlet floating by  
 With a complaining, melancholy sound.  
 Hushed are the echoes in each mountain's breast,  
 No traces there of former mirth remain ;  
 They all in friendly grandeur lie at rest  
 And silent, save where Nature's endless strain  
 From cataract and cave, delights her lonely reign.

Yet, though the strangers and their Tent have past  
 Away, like snow that leaves no mark behind,  
 Their image lives in many a guiltless mind,  
 And long within the shepherd's cot shall last.  
 Oft when, on winter night, the crowded seat  
 Is closely wheeled before the blazing fire,  
 Then will he love with grave voice to repeat  
 (He, the grey-headed venerable sire)  
 The conversation he with us did hold  
 On moral subjects, he had studied long ;  
 And some will gibe the maid who was so bold  
 As sing to strangers readily a song.  
 Then they unto each other will recall  
 Each little incident of that strange night,  
 And give their kind opinion of us all :  
 God bless their faces smiling in the light  
 Of their own cottage-hearth ! O, fair subduing sight !

Friends of my heart ! who shared that purest joy,  
 And oft will read these lines with softened soul,  
 Go where we will, yet years of absence roll,  
 Nought shall our sacred amity destroy.  
 We walked together through the mountain-calm,  
 In open confidence, and perfect trust ;  
 And pleasure, falling through our breasts like balm,  
 Told that the yearnings that we felt were just.  
 No slighting tone, no chilling look e'er marred  
 The happiness in which our thoughts reposed,  
 No words save those of gentleness were heard,  
 The eye spoke kindly when the lip was closed.  
 But chief, on that blest day that wakes my song,  
 Our hearts eternal truth in silence swore ;  
 The holy oath is planted deep and strong  
 Within our spirits,—in their inmost core,—  
 And it shall blossom fair till life shall be no more !

Most hallowed day ! scarce can my heart sustain  
 Your tender light by memory made more mild ;  
 Tears could I shed even like unto a child,  
 And sighs within my spirit hush the strain.  
 Too many clouds have dimmed my youthful life,  
 These wakeful eyes too many vigils kept ;  
 Mine hath it been to toss in mental strife,  
 When in the moonlight breathing Nature slept.  
 But I forget my cares, in bliss forget,  
 When, peaceful Valley ! I remember thee ;  
 I seem to breathe the air of joy, and yet  
 Thy brightening hues with moistened eyes I see.  
 So will it be, till life itself doth close,  
 Roam though I may o'er many a distant clime ;  
 Happy, or pining in unnoticed woes,  
 Oft shall my soul recall that blessed time,  
 And in her depth adore the beauteous and sublime !

Time that my rural reed at last should cease  
 Its willing numbers ; not in vain hath flowed  
 The strain that on my singing heart bestowed  
 The holy boon of undisturbèd peace.  
 O gentlest Lady ! Sister of my friend,  
 This simple strain I consecrate to thee ;  
 Haply its music with thy soul may blend,  
 Albeit well used to loftier minstrelsy.

Nor, may thy quiet spirit read the lay  
With cold regard, thou wife and mother blest !  
For he was with me on that Sabbath-day,  
Whose heart lies buried in thy inmost breast.  
Then go, my innocent and blameless tale  
In gladness go, and free from every fear,  
To yon sweet dwelling above Grassmere vale,  
And be to them I long have held so dear,  
One of their fireside songs, still fresh from year to year !



# APOLOGY FOR THE LITTLE NAVAL TEMPLE,

ON STORRS' POINT, WINANDERMERE.

NAY! Stranger! smile not at this little dome,  
Albeit quaint, and with no nice regard  
To highest rules of grace and symmetry,  
Plaything of art, it venture thus to stand  
'Mid the great forms of Nature. Doth it seem  
A vain intruder in the quiet heart  
Of this majestic Lake, that like an arm  
Of Ocean, or some Indian river vast,  
In beauty floats amid its guardian hills?  
Haply it may: yet in this humble tower,  
The mimicry of loftier edifice,  
There lives a silent spirit, that confers  
A lasting charter on its sportive wreath  
Of battlements, amid the mountain-calm  
To stand as proudly, as yon giant rock  
That with his shadow dims the dazzling lake!

Then blame it not: for know 'twas planted here,  
In mingled mood of seriousness and mirth,  
By one \* who meant to Nature's sanctity  
No cold unmeaning outrage. He was one  
Who often in adventurous youth had sailed  
O'er the great waters, and he dearly loved  
Their music wild; nor less the gallant souls  
Whose home is on the Ocean:—so he framed  
This jutting mole, that like a natural cape  
Meets the soft-breaking waves, and on its point,  
Bethinking him of some sea-structure huge,  
Watch-tower or light-house, reared this mimic dome,  
Seen up and down the lake, a monument  
Sacred to images of former days.

See! in the playfulness of English zeal  
Its low walls are emblazoned! there thou read'st

\* The late Sir John Legard, Bart.

Howe, Duncan, Vincent, and that mightier name  
 Whom death has made immortal.—Not misplaced  
 On temple rising from an inland sea  
 Such venerable names, though ne'er was heard  
 The sound of cannon o'er these tranquil shores,  
 Save when it pealed to waken in her cave  
 The mountain echo : yet this chronicle,  
 Speaking of war amid the depths of peace,  
 Wastes not its meaning on the heedless air.  
 It hath its worshippers : it sends a voice,  
 A voice creating elevated thoughts,  
 Into the hearts of our bold peasantry  
 Following the plough along these fertile vales,  
 Or up among the misty solitude  
 Beside the wild sheep-fold. The fishermen,  
 Who on the clear wave ply their silent trade,  
 Oft passing lean upon their dripping oars,  
 And bless the heroes : Idling in the joy  
 Of summer sunshine, as in light canoe  
 The stranger glides among these lovely isles,  
 This little temple to his startled soul  
 Oft sends a gorgeous vision, gallant crews  
 In fierce joy cheering as they onwards bear  
 To break the line of battle, meteor-like  
 Long ensigns brightening on the towery mast,  
 And sails in awful silence o'er the main  
 Lowering like thunder-clouds !—

Then, stranger ! give  
 A blessing on this temple, and admire  
 The gaudy pendant round the painted staff  
 Wreathed in still splendour, or in wanton folds,  
 Even like a serpent bright and beautiful,  
 Streaming its burnished glory on the air.  
 And whether silence sleep upon the stones  
 Of this small edifice, or from within  
 Steal the glad voice of laughter and of song,  
 Pass on with altered thoughts, and gently own  
 That Windermere, with all her radiant isles  
 Serenely floating on her azure breast,  
 Like stars in heaven, with kindest smiles may robe  
 This monument to heroes dedicate,  
 Nor Nature feel her holy reign profaned  
 By work of art, though framed in humblest guise,  
 When a high spirit prompts the builder's soul.

## THE FAIRIES.

A DREAM-LIKE REMEMBRANCE OF A DREAM.

IT chanced three merry Fairies met  
On the bridge of a mountain rivulet,  
Whose hanging arch through the misty spray,  
Like a little Lunar Rainbow lay,  
With turf and flowers a pathway meet,  
For the twinkling of unearthly feet,  
For bright were the flowers as their golden tresses,  
And green the turf as their Elfin-dresses.  
Aye the water o'er the Linn  
Was mocking, with a gleesome din,  
The small shrill laughter, as it broke  
In peals from these night-wandering Folk :  
While the stream danced on with a tinkling tune,  
All happy to meet by a blink o' the moon.  
Now laughing louder than before,  
They strove to deaden that ceaseless roar ;  
And, when vanquished was the waterfall,  
Loudly they shouted, one and all,  
Like the chorus of a Madrigal,  
Till the glen awoke from its midnight trance,  
And o'er the hills in flight-like dance,  
Was all the troop of echoes driven,  
This moment on earth, and that in heaven.

From the silent heart of a hollow Yew,  
The Owl sailed forth with a loud halco ;  
And his large yellow eyes looked bright  
With wonder, in the wan moonlight,  
As hovering white, and still as snow,  
He caught a glance of the things below,  
All burning on the bridge like fire  
In the sea-green glow of their wild attire.



"Haloo! Haloo! tu-whit! tu-who!"  
 Cried the gleesome Elves, and away they flew,  
 With mimic shriek, sob, cry, and howl,  
 In headlong chase of the frightened Owl.  
 With many a buffet they drove him onward,  
 Now hoisted him up, now pressed him downward;  
 They pulled at his horns, and with many a tweak,  
 Around and around they screwed his beak;  
 On his back they beat with a birch-spray flail,  
 And they tore the long feathers from his tail;  
 Then, like warriors mounted in their pride,  
 Behind his wings behold them ride!  
 And shouting, charge unto the war,  
 Each waving his soft plume-scymitar;  
 A war of laughter, not of tears,  
 The wild-wood's harmless Cuirassiers.

Through the depth of Ivy on the wall  
 (The sole remains of old Greystock Hall)  
 The Screamer is driven, half scared to death;  
 And the gamesome Fairies, all out of breath,  
 Their tiny robes in the air arranging,  
 And kisses in their flight exchanging;  
 Now slowly with the soft wind stealing  
 Right onwards, round about now wheeling,  
 Like leaves blown off in gusty weather,  
 To the rainbow-bridge all flock together;  
 And lo! on the green moss all alight,  
 Like a cluster of Goldfinches mingling bright.

What feats the Fairy Creatures played!  
 Now seeming of the height afraid,  
 And, folding the moss in fast embraces,  
 They peeped o'er the bridge with their lovely faces.  
 Now hanging like the fearless flowers  
 By their tiny arms in the Cataract-showers,  
 Swung back and forward with delight,  
 Like Pearls in the spray-shower burning bright!  
 Then they dropt at once into the Pool—  
 A moment gone! then beautiful  
 Ascending on slow-hovering wing,  
 As if with darkness dallying,  
 They rose again, through the smiling air,  
 To their couch of moss and flowerets fair,  
 And rooted lay in silence there.

Down into the gulf profound  
 Slid the stream without a sound !  
 A charm had hushed the thundering shocks,  
 And stillness steeped the blackened rocks.  
 'Twas fit, where these fair things were lying,  
 No sound, save of some Zephyr sighing,  
 Should stir the gentle Solitude !  
 The mountain's night-voice was subdued  
 To far-off music faint and dim,  
 From Nature's heart a holy hymn !  
 Nor was that Universal Strain  
 Through Fairy-bosoms breathed in vain ;  
 Entranced in joy the Creatures lay,  
 Listening the music far away,  
 Till One the deepening silence broke,  
 And thus in song-like murmurs spoke.

## MOUNTAIN-FAIRY.

" Soon as the lingering Sun was gone,  
 I sailed away from my sparry throne,  
 Mine own cool, silent, glimmering dwelling,  
 Below the roots of the huge Helvellyn.  
 As onwards like a thought I flew,  
 From my wings fast fell the pearly dew,  
 Sweet tiny orbs of lucid ray  
 Rising and setting on my way,  
 As if I had been some Planet fair,  
 That ruled its own bright atmosphere.  
 'O beauteous sight !' the Shepherd cried,  
 To the Shepherd slumbering at his side,—  
 'Look where the Mountain-Fairy flies !'  
 But ere he had opened his heavy eyes,  
 I had flown o'er Grassmere's moonlight flood,  
 And the rustling swing of old Rydal-Wood,  
 And sunk down 'mid the heather-bells  
 On the shady side of sweet Furness-Fells.  
 'Twas but one soft wave o' my wing!  
 A start, and an end to my journeying.  
 One moment's rest in a spot so dear,—  
 For the Moonlight was sleeping on Windermere,  
 And I saw in that long pure streak of light  
 The joy and the sadness of the night,  
 And mine eyes, in sooth, began to fill,  
 So beautiful that Lake—so still—

So motionless its gentle breast—  
 Save where just rocking in their rest,  
 A crowd of water-lilies lay  
 Like stars amid the milky way.

But what had I with the Lake to do ?  
 So off to the misty hills I flew,  
 And in dark ravines, and creviced rocks,  
 With my finger I counted my thousand flocks,  
 And each little Lamb by name I blest,  
 As snow-white they lay in their innocent rest.  
 When I saw some weak cold tottering Lamb  
 Recline 'gainst the side of its pitiful Dam,  
 Who seemed to have some wildering fear  
 Of Death, as of a Foe that was near,  
 I shone like a sunbeam soft and warm  
 Till the fleece lay smooth on its strengthened form,  
 And the happy Creatures lay down together  
 Like waves on the sea in gentle weather,  
 And in contentment calm and deep  
 Sank faintly-bleating into sleep.  
 In the soft moonlight glow I knew  
 Where the herbs that hold the poison grew ;  
 And at the touch of my feathery foot  
 They withered at once both stalk and root,  
 But I shook not the gracious tears of night  
 From the plants most dear to the Shepherd's sight,  
 And with mellow lustre bade them spring  
 In the yellow round of the Fairy's ring,  
 Till, methought, the hill-side smiled afar  
 With the face of many a verdant Star.  
 I marked the Fox at the mouth of his den,  
 And raised the shadows of Hunter-men,  
 And I bade aërial beagles rave,  
 And the horn twang through the Felon's cave,  
 Then buried him with Famine in his grave.

The Raven sat upon Langdale-Peak  
 With crusted blood on his ebon-beak,  
 And I dashed him headlong from the steep,  
 While the murderer croaked in his sullen sleep.  
 Away I sailed by the Eagle's nest  
 And the Eaglets couched warm beneath her breast,  
 But the Shepherd shall miss her cry at morn  
 For her eyes are dim and her plumage torn,



And I left in their Eyrie the Imps accurst  
 To die in their hunger, and cold, and thirst.  
 All, all is well with my lovely Flocks !  
 And so I dropt suddenly down the rocks,  
 From Loughrig-top, like a falling Star,  
 Seen doubtless through the mists afar  
 By a hundred Shepherds on the Hill  
 Wandering among the Moonlight still,  
 And with folded wings and feet earth-bound  
 I felt myself standing o'er the sound  
 Of this Waterfall, and with joy espied  
 A Sister-Elf at either side !  
 My Tale is told—nor strange nor new—  
 Now, sweet Lady Bright-Eyes ! what say you ? ”

As some wild Night-Flower through the dew  
 Looks to the Moon with freshened hue,  
 When a wandering breath of air  
 Hath lifted up its yellow hair,  
 And its own little glade grows bright  
 At the soft revealment of its light,  
 Upsprung, so sudden and so sweet,  
 The COTTAGE-FAIRY to her feet ;  
 And, looking round her with a smile,  
 Silent the Creature paused awhile,  
 Uncertain what glad thoughts should burst  
 In music from her spirit first,  
 Till, like a breath breathed clear from Heaven,  
 To her at once a voice was given,  
 And through the tune the words arose  
 As through the fragrant dew the leaflets of the Rose.

## COTTAGE-FAIRY.

“ Sisters ! I have seen this night  
 A hundred Cottage-Fires burn bright,  
 And a thousand happy faces shining  
 In the bursting blaze, and the gleam declining.  
 I care not I for the stars above,  
 The lights on earth are the lights I love :  
 Let Venus bless the Evening-air,  
 Uprise at morn Prince Lucifer,  
 But those little tiny stars be mine  
 That through the softened copse-wood shine,

With beauty crown the pastoral hill,  
And glimmer o'er the sylvan rill,  
Where stands the Peasant's ivied nest,  
And the huge mill-wheel is at rest.  
From out the honeysuckle's bloom  
I peeped into that laughing room,  
Then, like a hail-drop, on the pane  
Pattering, I stilled the din again,  
While every startled eye looked up ;  
And, half-raised to her lips the cup,  
The rosy Maiden's look met mine !  
But I veiled mine eyes with the silken twine  
Of the small wild-roses clustering thickly ;  
Then to her seat returning quickly,  
She 'gan to talk with bashful glee  
Of Fairies 'neath the greenwood Tree  
Dancing by moonlight, and she blest  
Gently our silent Land of rest.  
The Infants playing on the floor,  
At these wild words their sports gave o'er,  
And asked where lived the Cottage-Fairy ;  
The maid replied, ' She loves to tarry  
Ofttimes beside our very hearth,  
And joins in little children's mirth  
When they are gladly innocent ;  
And sometimes beneath the leafy Tent,  
That murmurs round our Cottage-door,  
Our overshadowing Sycamore,  
We see her dancing in a ring,  
And hear the blessed Creature sing—  
A Creature full of gentleness,  
Rejoicing in our happiness.'  
Then plucked I a wreath with many a gem  
Burning—a flowery Diadem ;  
And through the wicket with a glide  
I slipped, and sat me down beside  
The youngest of those Infants fair,  
And wreathed the blossoms round her hair.  
' Who placed these flowers on William's head ?  
His little wondering Sister said,  
' A wreath not half so bright and gay  
Crowned me, upon the morn of May,  
Queen of that sunny Holiday.'  
The tiny Monarch laughed aloud  
With pride among the loving crowd

And, with my shrillest voice, I lent  
 A chorus to their merriment ;  
 Then with such murmur as a Bee  
 Makes, from a flower-cup suddenly  
 Borne off into the silent sky,  
 I skimmed away, and with delight  
 Sailed down the calm stream of the night,  
 Till gently, as a flake of Snow,  
 Once more I dropt on earth below,  
 And girdled as with a rainbow zone,  
 The Cot beloved I call mine own.

“ Sweet Cot ! that on the mountain-side  
 Looks to the stars of Heaven with pride,  
 And then flings far its smiling cheer  
 O'er the radiant Isles of Windermere,—  
 Blest ! ever blest ! thy sheltered roof !  
 Pain, grief, and trouble, stand aloof  
 From the shadow of thy green Palm-Tree !  
 Let nought from Heaven e'er visit Thee,  
 But dews, and rays, and sounds of mirth ;  
 And ever may this happy Earth  
 Look happiest round thy small domain !  
 Thee were I ne'er to see again,  
 Methinks that agony and strife  
 Would fall even on a Fairy's life,  
 And nought should ever bless mine eyes  
 Save the dream of that vanished Paradise.  
 —The hushed bee-hives were still as death—  
 And the sleeping Doves held fast their breath,  
 Nestling together on the thatch ;  
 With my wing-tip I raised the latch,  
 And there that lovely Lady shone,  
 In silence sitting all alone,  
 Beside the cradle of her Child !  
 And ever as she gazed, she smiled  
 On his calm forehead white as snow ;  
 I rocked the cradle to and fro,  
 As on the broom a Linnet's nest  
 Swings to the mild wind from the west ;  
 And oft his little hands and breast,  
 With warm and dewy lips I kissed.  
 ‘ Sweet Fairy ! ’ the glad Mother said,  
 And down she knelt as if she prayed—



While glad was I to hear our name  
 Bestowed on such a beauteous frame,  
 And with my wings I hid mine eyes,  
 Till I saw the weeping kneeler rise  
 From her prayer in holy ecstasies !”

The COTTAGE-FAIRY ceased ; and Night,  
 That seemed to feel a calm delight  
 In the breath of that sweet-warbling tongue,  
 Was sad at closing of the song,  
 And all her starry eyne looked dull,  
 Of late so brightly beautiful ;  
 Till on the Fox-glove's topmost cup  
 The FAIRY OF THE LAKE leapt up,  
 And with that gorgeous column swinging,  
 By fits a low wild prelude singing,  
 And gracefully on tip-toe standing,  
 With outstretched arm, as if commanding,  
 The beauty of the Night again  
 Revived beneath her heavenly strain.—  
 Low, sad, and wild, were the tones I heard,  
 Like the opening song of the hidden Bird,  
 E'er music steeps the Italian vales  
 From the heart of a thousand Nightingales ;  
 But words were none ; the balmy air  
 Grew vocal round that Elfin fair,  
 And, like her fragrant breath, the song  
 Dropped dewily from that sweet tongue,  
 But 'twas a language of her own,  
 To grosser human sense unknown ;  
 And while in blissful reverie  
 My soul lived on that melody,  
 In a moment all as death was still :  
 Then, like an echo in a Hill  
 Far off one melancholy strain !  
 Too heavenly pure to rise again,—  
 And all alone the dreamer stood  
 Beside the disenchanted flood,  
 That rolled the rocky banks along  
 With its own dull, slow, mortal song.  
 —What wafted off the Fairies ? hush !  
 The storm comes down the glen—crush—crush—  
 And as the blackening rain-cloud broke,  
 The Pine Tree groans to the groaning Oak !

Thunder is in the waving wood—  
And from Rydal-mere's white-flashing flood  
There comes through the mist an angry roar,  
Loud as from the great sea-shore.  
Well, I ween, the Fairies knew  
The clouds that the sudden tempest brew,  
And had heard far-off the raging rills,  
As they leapt down from a hundred hills,—  
And the ghostlike moan that wails and raves  
From the toppling crags and the sable caves,—  
Ere the night-storm in his wrath doth come,  
And bids each meaner sound be dumb—  
So they sailed away to the land of rest,  
Each to the spot that it loved the best,  
And left our noisy world !

## THE HERMITAGE.

STRANGER ! this lonely glen in ancient times  
Was named the glen of blood ; nor Christian feet  
By night or day, from these o'erarching cliffs  
That haply now have to thy joyful shouts  
Returned a mellow music, ever brought  
One trembling sound to break the depth of silence.  
The village maiden, in this little stream,  
Though then, as now, most clearly beautiful,  
Ne'er steeped her simple garments, while she sang  
Some native air of sadness or of mirth.  
In these cold, shady pools, the fearless trout  
Ne'er saw the shadow, but of sailing cloud,  
Or kite that wheeling eyed the far-off lamb ;  
And on yon hazel bowers the ripened fruit  
Hung clustering, moved but by the frequent swing  
Of playful squirrel,—for no schoolboy here  
With crook and angle light on holiday  
Came nutting, or to snare the sportive fry.  
Even bolder spirits shunned the glen of blood !  
These rocks, the abode of echo, never mocked  
In sportive din the huntsman's bugle-horn ;  
And as the shepherd from the mountain-fold  
Homewards returned beneath the silent Moon,  
A low unconscious prayer would agitate  
His breathless heart, for here in unblest grave  
Lay one for whom ne'er tolled the passing bell !

And thus was Nature by the impious guilt  
Of one who scorned her gracious solitude,  
Defrauded of her worshippers ; though pure  
This glen, as consecrated house of God,  
Fit haunt of heaven-aspiring piety,  
Or in whose dripping cells the poet's ear  
Might list unearthly music, this sweet glen



With all its tender tints and pensive sounds,  
 Its balmy fragrance and romantic forms,  
 Lay lonely and unvisited, yea worse,  
 Peopled with fancied demons, and the brood  
 At enmity with man.

So was it once :

But now far other creed hath sanctified  
 This dim seclusion, and all human hearts  
 Unto its spirit deeply reconciled.  
 'Tis said, and I in truth believe the tale,  
 That many years ago an aged man,  
 Of a divine aspect and stately form,  
 Came to this glen, and took up his abode  
 In one of those wild caves so numerous  
 Among the hanging cliffs, though hid from view  
 By trailing ivy, or thick holly-bush,  
 Through the whole year so deeply, brightly green.  
 With evil eye the simple villagers  
 First looked on him, and scarcely dared to tell  
 Each other, what dim fears were in their souls.  
 But there is something in the voice and eye  
 Of beautiful old age, with angel power  
 That charms away suspicion, and compels  
 The unwilling soul to reverence and love.  
 So was it with this mystical old man !  
 When first he came into the glen, the spring  
 Had just begun to tinge the sullen rocks  
 With transient smiles, and ere the leafy bowers  
 Of summer rustled, many a visitant  
 Had sat within his hospitable cave,  
 From his maple bowl the unpolluted spring  
 Drunk fearless, and with him partook the bread  
 That his pale lips most reverently had blessed  
 With words becoming such a holy man !

Oft was he seen surrounded by a group  
 Of happy children, unto whom he spake  
 With more than a paternal tenderness  
 And they who once had gazed with trembling fear  
 On the wild dweller in the unholy glen,  
 At last with airy trip and gladsome song  
 Would seek him there, and listen on his knee  
 To mournful ditties, and most touching tales !

One only book was in this hermit's cell,  
 The Book of Life ; and when from it he read  
 With solemn voice devoutly musical,  
 His thoughtful eye still brightening as the words,  
 The words of Jesus, in that peaceful cave  
 Sounded more holily,—and his grey hair,  
 Betokening that ere long in Jesus' breast  
 Would be his blessed sleep,—on his calm brows  
 Spread quietly, like thin and snowy clouds  
 On the hushed evening sky :—While thus he sate,  
 Even like the Apostle whom our Saviour loved,  
 In his old age, in Patmos' lonely isle  
 Musing on Him that he had served in youth,—  
 Oh ! then, I ween, the awestruck villagers  
 Could scarce sustain his tones so deeply charged  
 With hope, and faith, and gratitude, and joy.  
 But when they gazed !—in the mild lineaments  
 Of his majestic visage, they beheld  
 How beautiful is holiness, and deemed  
 That sure he was some spirit sent by God  
 To teach the way to Heaven !

And yet his voice  
 Was oftentimes sadder, than as they conceived  
 An Angel's voice would be, and though to soothe  
 The sorrows of all others ever seemed  
 His only end in life, perhaps he had  
 Grievings of his own of which he nothing spake ;  
 Else were his locks more grey, more pale his cheek,  
 Than one had thought who only saw his form  
 So stately and so tall.—

Once did they speak  
 To him of that most miserable man  
 Who here himself had slain,—and then his eye  
 Was glazed with stern compassion, and a tear,—  
 It was the first they e'er had seen him shed,  
 Though mercy was the attribute he loved  
 Dearest in God's own Son,—bedimmed its light  
 For a short moment ; yea, that hermit old  
 Wept,—and his saddened face angelical  
 Veiled with his withered hands,—then on their knees  
 He bade his children (so he loved to call  
 The villagers) kneel down ; and unto God  
 Pray for his brother's soul.—

Amid the dust

The hermit long hath slept,—and every one  
 That listened to the saint's delightful voice.  
 In yonder churchyard, near the eastern porch,  
 Close to the altar-wall, a little mound  
 As if by Nature shaped, and strewn by her  
 With every tender flower that sorrow loves,  
 Tradition calls his grave. On Sabbath-day,  
 The hind oft hears the legendary tale  
 Rehearsed by village moralist austere  
 With many a pious phrase ; and not a child,  
 Whose trembling feet have scarcely learnt to walk,  
 But will conduct thee to the hallowed spot  
 And lisp the hermit's name.

Nor did the cave

That he long time from Nature tenanted  
 Remain unhonoured.—Duly every spring,  
 Upon the day he died, thither repaired  
 Many a pure spirit, to his memory  
 Chanting a choral hymn, composed by one  
 Who on his deathbed sat and closed his eyes.  
 "I am the resurrection and the life,"  
 Some old man then would, with a solemn voice,  
 Read from that Bible that so oft had blest  
 The Hermit's solitude with heavenly cheer.  
 This Book, sole relic of the sinless man,  
 Was from the dust kept sacred, and even now  
 Lies in yon box of undecaying yew,  
 And may it never fade !—

Stranger unknown !

Thou breath'st, at present, in the very cave  
 Where on the Hermit death most gently fell  
 Like a long-wished-for slumber. The great Lord,  
 Whose castle stands amid the music wild  
 Breathed from the bosom of an hundred glens,  
 In youth by nature taught to venerate  
 Things truly venerable, hither came  
 One year to view the fair solemnity :  
 And that the forest-weeds might not obstruct  
 The entrance of the cave, or worm defile  
 The soft green beauty of its mossy walls,  
 This massive door was from a fallen oak  
 Shaped rudely ; but all other ornament,



That porch of living rock with woodbines wreathed,  
 And outer roof with many a pensile shrub  
 Most delicate, he with wise feeling left  
 To Nature, and her patient servant, Time !

Stranger ! I know thee not : yet since thy feet  
 Have wandered here, I deem that thou art one  
 Whose heart doth love in silent communings  
 To walk with Nature, and from scenes like these  
 Of solemn sadness, to sublime thy soul  
 To high endurance of all earthly pains  
 Of mind or body ; so that thou connect  
 With Nature's lovely and more lofty forms,  
 Congenial thoughts of grandeur or of grace  
 In moral being. All creation takes  
 The spirit of its character from him  
 Who looks thereon ; and to a blameless heart,  
 Earth, air, and ocean, howsoe'er beheld,  
 Are pregnant with delight, while even the clouds,  
 Embathed in dying sunshine, to the base  
 Possess no glory, and to the wicked lower  
 As with avenging thunder.

This sweet glen,

How sweet it is thou feel'st, with sylvan rocks  
 Excluding all but one blue glimpse of sky  
 Above, and from the world that lies around  
 All but the faint remembrance, tempted once  
 To most unnatural murder, once sublimed  
 To the high temper of the seraphim :  
 And thus, though its mild character remained  
 Immutable,—with pious dread was shunned  
 As an unholy spot, or visited  
 With reverence, as a consecrated shrine.

Farewell ! and grave this moral on thy heart,  
 That Nature smiles for ever on the good,—  
 But that all beauty dies with innocence !”

## L I N E S

WRITTEN ON READING THE

MEMOIRS OF MISS ELISABETH SMITH.

PEACE to the dead ! the voice of Nature cries,  
Even o'er the grave where guilt or frailty lies ;  
Compassion drives each sterner thought away,  
And all seem good when mouldering in the clay.  
For who amid the dim religious gloom,  
The solemn Sabbath brooding o'er the tomb,  
The holy stillness that suspends our breath  
When the soul rests within the shade of death,  
What heart could then withhold the pensive sigh  
Reflection pays to poor mortality,  
Nor, sunk in pity near allied to love,  
E'en bless the being we could ne'er approve !  
The headstrong will with innocence at strife,  
The restless passions that deformed his life,  
Desires that spurned at reason's weak control,  
And dimmed the native lustre of the soul,  
The look repulsive that like ice repressed  
The friendly warmth that played within the breast,  
The slighting word, through heedlessness severe,  
Wounding the spirit that it ought to cheer,  
Lie buried in the grave ! or if they live,  
Remembrance only wakes them to forgive ;  
While vice and error steal a soft relief  
From the still twilight of a mellowing grief  
And oh ! how lovely do the tints return  
Of every virtue sleeping in the urn !  
Each grace that fledted unobserved away,  
Starts into life when those it decked decay ;  
Regret fresh beauty on the corse bestows,  
And self-reproach is mingled with our woes.

But nobler sorrows lift the musing mind,  
When soaring spirits leave their frames behind,  
Who walked the world in Nature's generous pride,  
And, like a sunbeam, lightened as they died !  
Hope, resignation, the sad soul beguile,  
And Grief's tear drops 'mid Faith's celestial smile :  
Then burns our being with a holy mirth  
That owns no kindred with this mortal earth ;  
For hymning angels in blest vision wave  
Their wings' bright glory o'er the seraph's grave !

Oh thou ! whose soul, unmoved by earthly strife,  
Led by the pole-star of eternal life,  
Owned no emotion stained by touch of clay,  
No thought that angels might not pleased survey ;  
Thou ! whose calm course through Virtue's fields was run  
From youth's fair morning to thy setting sun,  
Nor vice e'er dared one little cloud to roll  
O'er the bright beauty of thy spotless soul ;  
Thou ! who secure in good works strong to save,  
Resigned and happy, eyedst the opening grave,  
And in the blooming summer of thy years  
Scarce feltst regret to leave this vale of tears ;  
Oh ! from thy throne amid the starry skies,  
List to my words thus interwove with sighs,  
And if the high resolves, the cherished pain  
That prompt the weak but reverential strain,  
If love of virtue ardent and sincere  
Can win to mortal verse a cherub's ear,  
Bend from thy radiant throne thy form divine,  
And make the adoring spirit pure as thine !  
When my heart muses o'er the long review  
Of all thy bosom felt, thy reason knew,  
O'er boundless learning free from boastful pride,  
And patience humble though severely tried,  
Judgment unclouded, passions thrice refined,  
A heaven-aspiring loftiness of mind,  
And, rare perfection ! calm and sober sense  
Combined with fancy's wild magnificence ;  
Struck with the pomp of Nature's wondrous plan,  
I hail with joy the dignity of man,  
And soaring high above life's roaring sea,  
Spring to the dwelling of my God and Thee.



Short here thy stay ! for souls of holiest birth  
 Dwell but a moment with the sons of earth ;  
 To this dim sphere by God's indulgence given,  
 Their friends are angels, and their home is heaven.  
 The fairest rose in shortest time decays ;  
 The sun, when brightest, soon withdraws his rays ;  
 The dew that gleams like diamonds on the thorn,  
 Melts instantaneous at the breath of morn ;  
 Too soon a rolling shade of darkness shrouds  
 The star that smiles amid the evening clouds ;  
 And sounds that come so sweetly on the ear,  
 That the soul wishes every sense could hear,  
 Are as the Light's unwearied pinions fleet,  
 As scarce as beauteous, and as short as sweet.

Yet, though the unpolluted soul requires  
 Airs born in Heaven to fan her sacred fires,  
 And mounts to God exulting to be free  
 From fleshly chain that binds mortality,  
 The world is hallowed by her blest sojourn,  
 And glory dwells for ever round her urn !  
 Her skirts of beauty sanctify the air  
 That felt her breathings, and that heard her prayer ;  
 Vice dies where'er the radiant vision trod,  
 And there e'en Atheists must believe in God !  
 Such the proud triumphs that the good achieve !  
 Such the blest gift that sinless spirits leave !  
 The parted soul in God-given strength sublime,  
 Streams undimmed splendour o'er unmeasured time ;  
 Still on the earth the sainted hues survive,  
 Dead in the tomb, but in the heart alive.  
 In vain the tide of ages strives to roll  
 A bar to check the intercourse of soul ;  
 The hovering spirits of the good and great  
 With fond remembrance own their former state,  
 And musing virtue often can behold  
 In vision high their plumes of wavy gold,  
 And drink with tranced ear the silver sound  
 Of seraphs hymning on their nightly round.  
 By death untaught, our range of thought is small,  
 Bound by the attraction of this earthly ball.  
 Our sorrows and our joys, our hopes and fears,  
 Ignobly pent within a few short years ;  
 But when our hearts have read Fate's mystic book,  
 On Heaven's gemmed sphere we lift a joyful look,

Hope turns to Faith, Faith glorifies the gloom,  
And life springs forth exulting from the tomb!

Oh, blest ELIZA! though to me unknown  
Thine eye's mild lustre and thy melting tone;  
Though on this earth apart our lives were led,  
Nor my love found thee till thy soul was fled;  
Yet, can affection kiss thy silent clay,  
And rend the glimmering veil of death away:  
Fancy beholds with fixed, delighted eye,  
Thy white-robed spirit gently gliding by;  
Deep sinks thy smile into my quiet breast,  
As moonlight steeps the ocean-wave in rest!  
While thus, bright shade! thine eyes of mercy dwell  
On that fair land thou lovedst of old so well,  
What holy raptures through thy being flow,  
To see thy memory blessing all below,  
Virtue rekindle at thy grave her fires,  
And vice repentant shun his low desires!  
This the true Christian's heaven! on earth to see  
The sovereign power of immortality  
At war with sin, and in triumphant pride  
Spreading the empire of the crucified.

Oft 'mid the calm of mountain solitude,  
Where Nature's loveliness thy spirit wooed;  
Where lonely cataracts with sullen roar  
To thy hushed heart a fearful rapture bore,  
And caverns moaning with the voice of night,  
Steeped through the ear thy mind in strange delight  
I feel thy influence on my heart descend  
Like words of comfort whispered by a friend,  
And every cloud in lovelier figures roll,  
Shaped by the power of thy presiding soul!  
And when, slow-sinking in a blaze of light,  
The sun in glory bathes each radiant height,  
Amid the glow thy form seraphic seems  
To float refulgent with unborrowed beams;  
For thou, like him, hadst still thy course pursued,  
From thy own blessedness dispensing good;  
Brightly that soul in life's fair morn arose,  
And burned, like him, more glorious at its close.

But now, I feel my pensive spirit turn,  
Where parents, brothers, sisters, o'er thee mourn.

For though to all unconscious time supplies  
 A strength of soul that stifles useless sighs ;  
 And in our loneliest hours of grief is given  
 To our dim gaze a nearer glimpse of heaven,  
 Yet, human frailty pines in deep distress,  
 Even when a friend has soared to happiness,  
 And sorrow, selfish from excess of love,  
 Would glad recall the seraph from above !  
 And, chief, to thee ! on whose delighted breast,  
 While, yet a babe, she played herself to rest,  
 Who rocked her cradle with requited care,  
 And blessed her sleeping with a silent prayer ;  
 To thee, who first beheld, with watchful eye,  
 From her flushed cheek health's natural radiance fly.  
 And, though by fate denied the power to save,  
 Smoothed with kind care her passage to the grave,  
 When slow consumption led with fatal bloom  
 A rosy spectre smiling to the tomb ;  
 The strain of comfort first to thee would flow,  
 But thou hast comforts man could ne'er bestow ;  
 And e'en misfortune's long and gloomy roll  
 Wakes dreams of glory in thy stately soul.  
 For reason whispers, and religion proves,  
 That God by sorrow chasteneth whom he loves ;  
 And suffering virtue smiles at misery's gloom,  
 Cheered by the light that burns beyond the tomb.

All Nature speaks of thy departed child,  
 The flowery meadow, and the mountain wild ;  
 Of her the lark 'mid sunshine oft will sing,  
 And torrents flow with dirge-like murmuring !  
 The lake, that smiles to heaven a watery gleam,  
 Shows in the vivid beauty of a dream  
 Her, whose fine touch in mellowing hues arrayed  
 The misty summit and the woodland glade,  
 The sparkling depth that slept in waveless rest,  
 And verdant isles reflected on its breast.  
 As down the vale thy lonely footsteps stray,  
 While eve steals dimly on retiring day,  
 And the pale light that nameless calm supplies,  
 That holds communion with the promised skies,  
 When Nature's beauty overpowers distress,  
 And stars soft-burning kindle holiness,  
 Thy lips in passive resignation move,  
 And peace broods o'er thee on the wings of love.



The languid mien, the cheek of hectic dye,  
The mournful beauty of the radiant eye,  
The placid smile, the light and easy breath  
Of nature blooming on the brink of death,  
When the fair phantom breathed in twilight balm  
A dying vigour and deceitful calm,  
The tremulous voice that ever loved to tell  
Thy fearful heart, that all would soon be well,  
Steal on thy memory, and though tears will fall  
O'er scenes gone by that thou wouldst fain recall,  
Yet oft has faith with deeper bliss beguiled  
A parent weeping her departed child,  
Than love maternal, when her baby lay  
Hushed at her breast, or smiling in its play,  
And, as some glimpse of infant fancy came,  
Murmuring in scarce-heard lisp some broken name.  
Thou feel'st no more grief's palpitating start,  
Nor the drear night hangs heavy on thy heart.  
Though sky and star may yet awhile divide  
Thy mortal being from thy bosom's pride,  
Your spirits mingle—while to thine is given  
A loftier nature from the touch of heaven.

EXTRACT FROM AN UNFINISHED POEM,

ENTITLED "THE HEARTH."

MY soul, behold the beauty of his home !  
The very heavens look down with gracious smiles  
Upon its holy rest. How bright a green  
Sleeps round the dwelling of two loving hearts !  
The air lies hushed above the peaceful roof,  
As if it felt the sanctity within.  
On glides the river with a tranquil flow,  
Delighting in his music, as he bathes  
The happy bounds where happiness doth stray.  
—I see them sitting by each other's side,  
In the heart's silent secrecy ! I hear  
The breath of meditation from their souls.  
They speak : a soft, subduing tenderness,  
Born of devotion, innocence and bliss,  
Steals from their bosoms in a silver voice  
That makes a pious hymning melody.  
They look : a gleam of light as sadly sweet  
As if they listened to some mournful tale,  
Swims in their eyes that almost melt to tears.  
They smile : oh ! never did such languor steal  
From lustre of two early-risen stars  
When all the silent heavens appear their own.  
And lo ! an infant shows his gladsome face !  
His beautiful and shining golden head  
Lies on his mother's bosom, like a rose  
Fallen on a liliated bank. A dewy light  
Meets the soft smiling of his upward eye,  
As in the playful restlessness of joy  
He clings around her neck, and fondly strives  
To reach the kisses mantling from her soul.  
And now, the baby in his cradle sleeps,  
Hushed by his mother's prayer ! How soft her tread  
Falls, like a snowflake, on the noiseless floor !

She almost fears to breathe too fond a sigh  
Towards the father of her darling child.  
—Sleep broods o'er all the house : the mother's heart,  
Beating within her husband's folding arms,  
Dreams of sweet looks of waking happiness,  
Unceasing greetings of congenial thought,  
Deep blendings of existence ; till awoke  
By the long stirring of delightful dreams,  
She with a silent prayer of thankfulness  
Leans gently-breathing on the breast of love !  
—Can guilt or misery ever enter here ?  
Ah ! no ; the spirit of domestic peace,  
Though calm and gentle as the brooding dove,  
And ever murmuring forth a quiet song,  
Guards, powerful as the sword of cherubim,  
The hallowed porch. She hath a heavenly smile  
That sinks into the sullen soul of vice,  
And wins him o'er to virtue, so transforms  
The purpose of his heart, that sudden shame  
Smothers the curses struggling into birth,  
And makes him turn an eye of kindness  
Even on the blessings that he came to blast.  
It is a lofty thought, O guardian love !  
To think that he who lives beneath thine eye  
Can never be polluted. Pestilence,  
The dire, contagious pestilence of sin,  
May walk abroad, and lay its victims low ;  
But they, whose upright spirits worship thee,  
Breathe not the tainted air—they live apart  
Unharmed, as Israel's heaven-protected sons,  
When the exterminating angel passed  
With steps of blood o'er Egypt's groaning land.  
Then ever keep unbroken and unstained  
The Sabbath-sanctity of home ; the shrine  
Where spirit in its rapture worships God.  
By Heaven beloved for ever are the walls  
That duly every morn and evening hear  
Our whispered hymns ! Eternity broods there.  
Yea ! like a father smiling on a band  
Of happy children, the Almighty One  
Dwells in the midst of us, appearing oft  
In visible glory, while our filial souls,  
Made pure beneath the watching of his eye,  
Walk stately in the conscious praise of Heaven !



## EDITH AND NORA.

### A PASTORAL POET'S DREAM.

SHE hath risen up from her morning prayer,  
And chained the waves of her golden hair,  
Hath kissed her sleeping sister's cheek,  
And breathed the blessing she might not speak,  
Lest the whisper should break the dream that smiled  
Round the snow-white brow of the sinless child.  
Her radiant lamb and her purpling dove  
Have ta'en their food from the hand they love ;  
The low deep coo and the plaintive bleat  
In the morning calm, how clear and sweet !  
Ere the sun has warmed the dawning hours,  
She hath watered the glow of her garden flowers,  
And welcomed the hum of the earliest bee  
In the moist bloom working drowsily ;  
Then up the flow of the rocky rill  
She trips away to the pastoral hill ;  
And, as she lifts her glistening eyes  
In the joy of her heart to the dewy skies,  
She feels that her sainted parents bless  
The life of their orphan Shepherdess.

'Tis a lonely glen ! but the happy child  
Hath friends whom she meets in the morning-wild !  
As on she trips, her native stream,  
Like her hath awoke from a joyful dream,  
And glides away by her twinkling feet,  
With a face as bright and a voice as sweet.  
In the osier bank the ouzel sitting,  
Hath heard her steps, and away is flitting  
From stone to stone, as she glides along,  
Then sinks in the stream with a broken song.  
The lapwing, fearless of his nest,  
Stands looking round with his delicate crest,

Or a love-like joy is in his cry,  
As he wheels and darts and glances by.  
Is the heron asleep on the silvery sand  
Of his little lake? Lo! his wings expand  
As a dreamy thought, and withouten dread,  
Cloud-like he floats o'er the maiden's head.  
She looks to the birchwood glade, and lo!  
There is browsing there the mountain-roe,  
Who lifts up her gentle eyes, nor moves  
As on glides the form whom all nature loves.  
Having spent in heaven an hour of mirth,  
The lark drops down to the dewy earth,  
And as silence smooths his yearning breast  
In the gentle fold of his lowly nest,  
The linnet takes up the hymn, unseen  
In the yellow broom or the bracken green.  
And now, as the morning-hours are glowing,  
From the hill-side cots the cocks are crowing,  
And the shepherd's dog is barking shrill  
From the mist fast rising from the hill,  
And the shepherd's self, with locks of grey,  
Hath blessed the Maiden on her way!  
And now she sees her own dear flock  
On a verdant mound beneath the rock,  
All close together in beauty and love,  
Like the small fair clouds in heaven above,  
And her innocent soul at the peaceful sight  
Is swimming o'er with a still delight.

And how shall sweet Edith pass the day,  
From her home and her sister so far away,  
With none to whom she may speak the while,  
Or share the silence and the smile,  
When the stream of thought flows calm and deep,  
And the face of joy is like that of sleep?  
Fear not—the long, still summer-day  
On downy wings hath sailed away,  
And is melting unawares in even,  
Like a pure cloud in the heart of heaven,  
Nor weariness nor woe hath paid  
One visit to the happy maid  
Sitting in sunshine or in shade.  
For many a wild tale doth she know,  
Framed in these valleys long ago

By pensive shepherds, unto whom  
The sweet breath of the heather-bloom  
Brought inspiration, and the sky  
Folding the hill-tops silently,  
And airs so spirit-like, and streams  
Aye murmuring through a world of dreams.  
A hundred plaintive tunes hath she—  
A hundred chants of sober glee—  
And she hath sung them o'er and o'er,—  
As on some solitary shore,  
'Tis said the mermaid oft doth sing  
Beneath some cliffs o'ershadowing,  
While melteth o'er the waters clear  
A song which there is none to hear !  
Still at the close of each wild strain  
Hath gentle Edith lived again  
O'er long-past hours—while smiles and sighs  
Obeyed their own loved melodies.  
Now rose to sight the hawthorn glade,  
Where that old blind Musician played  
So blithely to the dancing ring—  
Or, in a fit of sorrowing,  
Sung mournful songs of other years  
That filled his own dim eyes with tears.  
And then the Sabbath seemed to rise  
In stillness o'er the placid skies,  
And from the small Kirk in the dell  
Came the clear chime of holy bell,  
Solemnly ceasing, when appeared  
The grey-haired man beloved and feared—  
The Man of God—whose eyes were filled  
With visions in the heavens beheld,  
And rightfully inspirèd fear,  
Whose yoke, like love's, is light to bear.  
—And thus sole-sitting on the brae,  
From human voices far away,  
Even like the flowers round Edith's feet,  
Shone forth her fancies wild or sweet ;  
Some in the shades of memory  
Unfolding out reluctantly,  
But breathing from that tender gloom  
A faint, ethereal, pure perfume ;  
Some burning in their full-blown pride,  
And by the sun's love beautified ;



None withered—for the air is holy,  
 Of a pure spirit's melancholy ;  
 And God's own gracious eye hath smiled  
 On the sorrows of this orphan child ;  
 Therefore, her parents' grave appears  
 Green, calm, and sunbright through her tears,  
 Beneath the deepening hush of years.

An image of young Edith's life,  
 This one still day—no noise—no strife—  
 Alike calm—morning—noon—and even—  
 And earth to her as pure as heaven.

Now night comes wavering down the sky :  
 The clouds like ships at anchor lie,  
 All gathered in the glimmering air,  
 After their pleasant voyage : there  
 One solitary bark glides on  
 So slow, that its haven will ne'er be won.  
 But a wandering wind hath lent it motion,  
 And the last sail hath passed o'er the heavenly ocean.  
 Are these the hills so steeped by day,  
 In a greenness that seemed to mock decay,  
 And that stole from the sun so strong a light,  
 That it well might dare the eclipse of night ?  
 Where is the sound that filled the air  
 Around, and above, and everywhere ?  
 Soft wild pipes hushed ! and a world of wings  
 All shut with their radiant shiverings !  
 The wild bees now are all at rest  
 In their earthen cell or their mossy nest,  
 Save when some lated labourers come  
 From the far-off hills with a weary hum,  
 And drop down 'mid the flowers, till morn  
 Shall awaken to life each tiny horn.  
 Dew sprinkles sleep on every flower,  
 And each bending stalk has lost its power—  
 No toils have they, but in beauty blest,  
 They seem to partake in nature's rest.  
 Sleep calms the bosom of the earth,  
 And a dream just moves it in faintest mirth.

The slumber of the hills and sky  
 Hath hushed into a reverie

The soul of Edith—by degrees,  
 With half-closed eyes she nothing sees  
 But the glimmer of twilight stretched afar,  
 And one bright solitary star,  
 That comes like an angel with his beams,  
 To lead her on through the world of dreams,  
 She feels the soft grass beneath her head,  
 And the smell of flowers around her shed,  
 Breathing of earth,—as yet, she knows  
 Whence is the sound that past her flows  
 (The flowery fount in its hill-side cell),  
 But a beauty there is which she cannot tell  
 To her soul that beholds it, spread all around ;  
 And she feels a rapture, oh ! more profound  
 Than e'er by a dream was breathed, or driven  
 Through a bosom, all suddenly filled with heaven.

Oh ! come ye from heaven ye blessed Things,  
 So silent with your silvery wings  
 Folded in moonlight glimmerings ?  
 —They have dropt like two soft gleams of light,  
 Those gracious Forms, on the verdant height  
 Where Edith in her slumber lies,  
 With calm face meeting the calm skies,  
 Like one whose earthly course is o'er,  
 And sleepeth to awake no more !  
 Gazing upon the child they stand,  
 Till one with small soft silent hand  
 Lifts from that brow the golden hair—  
 “ Was ever mortal face so fair ?  
 God gives to us the sleeping maid ! ”  
 And scarcely are the kind words said,  
 Than Edith's lovely neck is wreathed  
 With arms as soft as zephyrs breathed  
 O'er sleeping lilies,—and slowly raised  
 The still form of the child, amazed  
 To see those visages divine,  
 And eyes so filled with pity, shine  
 On her, a simple shepherdess,  
 An orphan in the wilderness !

“ O, happy child ! who livest in mirth  
 And joy of thine own on this sinful earth,  
 Whose heart, like a lonely stream, keeps singing,  
 Or, like a holy bell, is ringing

So sweetly in the silent wild—  
 Wilt thou come with us, thou happy child,  
 And live in a land where woe and pain  
 Are heard but as a far-off strain  
 Of mournful music,—where the breath  
 Of life is murmuring not of death ;  
 And happiness alone doth weep,  
 And nought but bliss doth break our sleep.  
 Wilt thou come with us to the Land of Dreams ? ”  
 --A kiss as soft as moonlight seems  
 To fall on Edith’s brow and cheek—  
 As that voice no more is heard to speak ;  
 And bright before her half-closed eyes  
 Stand up these shapes from Paradise,  
 Breathing sweet fear into her heart !  
 —She trembleth lest their beauty part,  
 Cloud-like, ere she be full awake,  
 And leave her weeping for their sake,  
 An orphan shepherdess again,  
 Left all by herself in that lonely glen !

“ Fear not, sweet Edith ! to come along  
 With us, though the voice of the Fairy’s song  
 Sound strange to thy soul thus murmuring near—  
 Fear not, for thou hast nought to fear !  
 Oft hast thou heard our voice before,  
 Hymn-like pass by thy cottage door  
 When thou and thy sister were at prayers,—  
 Oft hast thou heard it in wild low airs,  
 Circling thy couch on the heathery hill,—  
 And when all the stars in heaven were still,  
 As their images in the lake below,  
 That was our voice that seemed to flow,  
 Like softest waters through the night,  
 The music breathed from our delight.  
 Then, come with us, sweet Edith ! come  
 And dwell in the Lake-Fairy’s home ;  
 And happier none can be in heaven,  
 Than we in those green valleys, given  
 By Nature’s kind beneficence  
 To us, who live in innocence ;  
 And on our gentle missions go,  
 Up to the human world of woe,  
 To make by our music mortal elves  
 For a dream as happy as ourselves ;



All fitting back ere the morn arise,  
To our own untroubled Paradise."

"O waft me there, ere my dream is gone,  
For dreams have a wild world all their own !  
And never was vision like to this—  
O waft me away ere I wake from bliss !  
But where is my little sister ? Where  
The child whom her mother with dying prayer  
Put into my bosom, and bade us be  
True to each other, as on the sea  
Two loving birds, whom a wave may divide,  
But who float back soon to each other's side !  
Bring Nora here, and we two will take  
Our journey with you deep down the Lake,  
And let its waters for ever close  
O'er the upper world of human woes,  
For young though we be, and have known no strife,  
Yet we start at the shadows of mortal life ;  
And many a tear have we two shed  
In each other's arms, on an orphan bed,—  
So let Nora to my heart be given,  
And with you will we fly, and trust in Heaven."

A sound of parting wings is heard,  
As when at night some wandering bird  
Flits by us, absent from its nest  
Beyond the hour of the songster's rest.  
For, the younger Fairy away hath flown,  
And hath Nora found in her sleep alone,  
Hath raised her up between her wings,  
And lulled her with gentlest murmurings,  
And borne her over plain and steep  
With soft smooth glide that breaks not sleep,  
And laid her down as still as death  
By Edith's side on the balmy heath,  
And all ere twice ten waves have broke  
On the Lake's smooth sand, or the aged oak  
Hath ceased to shiver its leaves so red  
Beneath the breeze that just touched its head.  
The heath-flowers all are shining bright,  
And every star has its own soft light,  
And all the quiet clouds are there,  
And the same sweet sound is in the air,

From stream and echo mingling well  
 In the silence of the glimmering dell,—  
 But no more is seen the radiant fold  
 Of Fairy-wings bedropt with gold,  
 Nor those sweet human faces ! They  
 Have melted like the dew away,  
 And Edith and Nora never more  
 Shall be sitting seen on the earthly shore !  
 For they drift away with peaceful motion,  
 Like birds into the heart of ocean,  
 Some silent spot secure from storms—  
 Who float on with their soft-plumed forms  
 Whiter than the white sea-foam,  
 Still dancing on from home to home ;  
 Fair creatures ! in their lonely glee  
 Happier than stars in heaven or sea.

Long years are past—and every stone  
 Of the orphans' cot is with moss o'ergrown,  
 And wild-stalks beautiful and tall  
 Hang o'er the little garden-wall,  
 And the clear well within the rock  
 Lies with its smiling calm unbroke  
 By dipping pitcher ! There the hives !  
 But no faint feeble hum survives—  
 Dead is that cottage once so sweet,  
 Shrouded as in a winding-sheet—  
 Nor even the sobbing of the air  
 Mourns o'er the life that once was there !

O happy ye ! who have flown afar  
 From the sword of those ruthless men of war,  
 That, for many a year, have bathed in blood  
 Scotland's green glens of solitude !  
 Orphans were ye—but your lips were calm  
 When together ye sang the evening psalm ;  
 Nor sound of terror on the breeze,  
 E'er startled you up from your humble knees,  
 When on the dewy daisied sod,  
 In heaven ye worshipped your fathers' God,  
 After the simple way approved  
 By men whom God and angels loved.  
 Dark—dark days come—when holy prayers  
 Are sinful held, and snow-white hairs

By ruffian hands are torn and strewed,  
 Even where the old man bows to God !  
 Sabbath is heavy to the soul,  
 When no kirk-bell is heard to toll,  
 Struck dumb as ice—no bridal show  
 Shines cheerful through these days of woe ;  
 Now are the blest baptismal rites  
 Done by lone streams, in moonless nights ;  
 Now every lover loves in dread ;  
 Sleep flies from cradle and from bed ;  
 The silent meal in fear is blest ;  
 In fear the mother gives her breast  
 To the infant, whose dim eyes can trace  
 A trouble in her smiling face.  
 The little girl her hair has braided,  
 Over a brow by terror shaded ;  
 And virgins, in youth's lovely years,  
 Who fear not death, have far worse fears.  
 Wailing is heard o'er all the land,  
 For, by day and night, a bloody hand  
 A bloody sword doth widely wave,  
 And peace is none, but in the grave.

But Edith and Nora lead happy hours  
 In the Queen Lake-Fairy's palace-bowers,  
 Nor troubles from the world of ill  
 E'er reach that kingdom calm and still ;  
 A dream-like kingdom sunk below  
 The fatal reach of waking woe !  
 There, radiant water-drops are shed,  
 Like strings of pearl round each orphan's head,  
 Glistening with many a lovely ray,  
 Yet, all so light, that they melt away,  
 Unfelt by the locks they beautify—  
 The flowers that bloom there never die,  
 Breathing for ever through the calm  
 A gentle breath of honeyed balm ;  
 Nor ever happy fairy grieves  
 O'er the yellow fall of the forest leaves ;  
 Nor mourns to hear the rustling dry  
 Of their faded pride in the frosty sky ;  
 For all is young and deathless there,  
 All things unlike—but all things fair.  
 Nor is that saddest beauty known  
 That lies in the thoughts of pleasure flown ;



Nor doth joy ever need to borrow  
A charm to its soul from the smiles of sorrow.

Nor are the upper world and skies  
Withheld, when they list, from these orphans' eyes—  
The shadow of green trees on earth  
Falls on the lake—and the small bird's mirth  
Doth often through the silence ring  
In sweet, shrill, merry jargoning—  
So that the orphans almost think  
They are lying again on the broomy brink  
Of their native Dee—and scarcely know  
If the change hath been to bliss or woe,  
As, 'mid that music wild, they seem  
To start back to life from a fairy dream.  
So all that most beautiful is above  
Sends down to their rest its soul of love ;  
Nor have they in their bliss forgot  
The walls, roof, and door, of their native cot ;  
Nor the bed in which their parents died,  
And they themselves slept side by side !  
They know that Heaven hath brought them here,  
To shield them from the clouds of fear ;  
And therefore on their sinless breasts  
When they go to sleep the Bible rests,  
The Bible that they read of old,  
Beside their lambs in the mountain-fold,  
Unseen but by one gracious eye,  
That blest their infant piety !

On what doth the wondering shepherd gaze,  
As o'er Loch-Ken the moonlight plays,  
And in the planet's silvery glow,  
Far shines the smooth sand, white as snow ?  
In heaven or lake there is no breeze,  
Yet a glimmering sail that shepherd sees,  
Swan-like steer on its stately way  
Into the little crescent bay ;  
Now jocundly its fair gleam rearing,  
And now in darkness disappearing,  
Till 'mid the water-lilies riding  
It hangs, and to the green shore gliding  
Two lovely creatures silently  
Sit down beneath the star-light sky,

And look around, in deep delight,  
 On all the pure still smiles of night.  
 As they sit in beauty on the shore,  
 The shepherd feels he has seen before  
 The quiet of their heavenly eyes :  
 “ ’Tis the orphans come back from paradise,  
 Edith and Nora ! They now return,  
 When this woe-worn land hath ceased to mourn.  
 We thought them dead, but at Heaven’s command,  
 For years they have lived in Fairy land,  
 And they glide back by night to their little cot,  
 O absent long, but by none forgot ! ”

The boat with its snow-white sail is gone,  
 And the creatures it brought to shore are flown ;  
 Still the crowd of water-lilies shake,  
 And a long bright line shines o’er the lake,  
 But nought else tells that a bark was near ;  
 While the wildered shepherd seems to hear  
 A wild hymn wandering through the wood,  
 Till it dies up the mountain solitude ;  
 And a dreamy thought, as the sounds depart,  
 Of Edith and Nora comes o’er his heart.

At morning’s first pure silent glow,  
 A band of simple shepherds go  
 To the orphans’ cot, and there they behold  
 The dove so bright, with its plumes of gold,  
 And the radiant lamb, that used to glide  
 So spirit-like by fair Edith’s side.  
 Fair creatures ! that no more were seen  
 On the sunny thatch or the flowery green,  
 Since the lovely sisters had flown away,  
 And left their cottage to decay !  
 Back to this world returned again,  
 They seem in sadness and in pain,  
 And coo and bleat is like the breath  
 Of sorrow mourning over death.

Lo ! smiling on their rushy bed,  
 Lie Edith and Nora—embraced—and dead !  
 A gentle frost has closed their eyes,  
 And hushed—just hushed—their balmy sighs.  
 Over their lips, yet rosy red,  
 A faint, pale, cold decay is shed ;

A dimness hangs o'er their golden hair,  
That sadly tells no life is there ;  
There beats no heart, no current flows  
In bosoms sunk in such repose ;  
Limbs may not that chill quiet have,  
Unless laid ready for the grave.  
Silence lies there from face to feet,  
And the bed she loves best is a winding-sheet.

Let the coffin sink down soft and slowly,  
And calm be the burial of the holy !  
One long look in that mournful cell—  
Let the green turf heave—and then, farewell !  
No need of tears ! in this churchyard shade  
Oft had the happy orphans played  
Above these quiet graves ! and well they lie  
After a calm bright life of purity,  
Beneath the flowers that once sprang to meet  
The motion of their now still feet !  
The mourners are leaving the buried clay  
To the holy hush of the Sabbath-day,  
When a lamb comes sadly bleating by,  
And a dove soft wavering through the sky,  
And both lie down without a sound,  
In beauty on the funeral mound !  
What may these lovely creatures be ?  
—Two sisters who died in infancy,  
And thus had those they loved attended,  
And been by those they loved befriended !  
Whate'er—fair creatures ! might be their birth,  
Never more were they seen on earth ;  
But to young and old belief was given  
That with Edith and Nora they went to heaven.



## LINES WRITTEN IN A BURIAL-GROUND

ON THE NORTHERN COAST OF THE HIGHLANDS.

How mournfully this burial-ground  
Sleeps 'mid old Ocean's solemn sound,  
Who rolls his bright and sunny waves  
All round these deaf and silent graves !  
The cold wan light that glimmers here,  
The sickly wild-flowers may not cheer ;  
If here, with solitary hum,  
The wandering mountain-bee doth come,  
'Mid the pale blossoms short his stay,  
To brighter leaves he booms away.  
The Sea-bird, with a wailing sound,  
Alighteth softly on a mound,  
And, like an image, sitting there  
For hours amid the doleful air,  
Seemeth to tell of some dim union,  
Some wild and mystical communion,  
Connecting with his parent sea  
This lonesome, stoneless cemetery.

This may not be the burial-place  
Of some extinguished kingly race,  
Whose name on earth no longer known  
Hath mouldered with the mouldering stone.  
That nearest grave, yet brown with mould,  
Seems but one summer-twilight old ;  
Both late and frequent hath the bier  
Been on its mournful visit here,  
And you green spot of sunny rest  
Is waiting for its destined guest.

I see no little kirk—no bell  
On Sabbath tinkleth through this dell.

How beautiful those graves and fair,  
That, lying round the house of prayer,  
Sleep in the shadow of its grace !  
But death has chosen this rueful place  
For his own undivided reign !  
And nothing tells that e'er again  
The sleepers will forsake their bed—  
Now, and for everlasting dead,  
For Hope with Memory seems fled !

Wild-screaming Bird ! unto the sea  
Winging thy flight reluctantly,  
Slow-floating o'er these grassy tombs  
So ghost-like, with thy snow-white plumes,  
At once from thy wild shriek I know  
What means this place so steeped in woe !  
Here, they who perished on the deep  
Enjoy at last unrocking sleep,  
For Ocean, from his wrathful breast,  
Flung them into this haven of rest,  
Where shroudless, coffinless they lie,—  
'Tis the shipwrecked seaman's cemetery.

Here seamen old, with grizzled locks,  
Shipwrecked before on desert rocks,  
And by some wandering vessel taken  
From sorrows that seem God-forsaken,  
Home-bound, here have met the blast  
That wrecked them on Death's shore at last !  
Old friendless men, who had no tears  
To shed, nor any place for fears  
In hearts by misery fortified,—  
And, without terror, sternly died.  
Here, many a creature, moving bright  
And glorious in full manhood's might,  
Who dared with an untroubled eye  
The tempest brooding in the sky,  
And loved to hear that music rave,  
And danced above the mountain-wave,  
Hath quaked on this terrific strand,—  
All flung like sea-weeds to the land ;  
A whole crew lying side by side,  
Death-dashed at once in all their pride.  
And here, the bright-haired, fair-faced boy,  
Who took with him all earthly joy

From one who weeps both night and day,  
For her sweet son borne far away,  
Escaped at last the cruel deep,  
In all his beauty lies asleep ;  
While she would yield all hopes of grace  
For one kiss of his pale, cold face !

O I could wail in lonely fear,  
For many a woeful ghost sits here,  
All weeping with their fixèd eyes !  
And what a dismal sound of sighs  
Is mingling with the gentle roar  
Of small waves breaking on the shore ;  
While ocean seems to sport and play  
In mockery of its wretched prey !  
And lo ! a white-winged vessel sails  
In sunshine, gathering all the gales  
Fast-freshening from yon isle of pines,  
That o'er the clear sea waves and shines.  
I turn me to the ghostly crowd,  
All smeared with dust, without a shroud,  
And silent every blue-swollen lip !  
Then gazing on the sunny ship,  
And listening to the gladsome cheers  
Of all her thoughtless mariners,  
I seem to hear in every breath  
The hollow under-tones of Death,  
Who, all unheard by those who sing,  
Keeps tune with low wild murmuring,  
And points with his lean bony hand  
To the pale ghosts sitting on this strand,  
Then dives beneath the rushing prow,  
Till on some moonless night of woe  
He drives her shivering from the steep  
Down—down a thousand fathoms deep.



## THE FRENCH EXILE.

MY Mary! wipe those tears away  
That dim thy lovely eyes,  
Ner on that wild, romantic lay,  
That leads through fairy worlds astray,  
Waste all thy human sighs.  
Come hither on the lightsome wing  
Of innocence, and with thee bring  
Thy smiles that warmly fall  
Into the heart with sunny glow ;  
When once he tunes his harp to sing,  
Thou wilt not be in haste to go.—  
—The Minstrel's in the Hall !

Quickly she started from her seat,  
With blushing, virgin grace ;  
Her long hair floating like a stream,  
While through it shone with tender gleam  
Her calm and pensive face !  
Soon as she heard the Minstrel's name,  
Across her silent cheek there came  
A blithe yet pitying ray ;  
For often had she heard me tell  
Of the French Exile, blind and lame,  
Who sung and touched the harp so well—  
—Old Louis Fontenaye.

Silent he sat his harp beside,  
Upon an antique chair ;  
And something of his country's pride  
Did, exiled though he was, reside  
Throughout his foreign air !  
A snow-white dog of Gascon breed,  
With ribbons decked, was there to lead  
His dark steps,—and secure

The paltry alms that traveller threw,  
 Alms that in truth he much did need,  
 For every child that saw him, knew  
 That he was wretched poor.

His harp with figures quaint and rare  
 Was decked, and strange device ;  
 There, you beheld the mermaid fair  
 In mirror braid her sea-green hair,  
 In wild and sportive guise.  
 There, on the imitated swell  
 The Tritons blew the wreathèd shell  
 Around some fairy isle ;  
 —He framed it, when almost a child,  
 Long ere he left his native dell :  
 Who saw the antic carving wild  
 Could scarce forbear to smile.

With silver voice, the lady said,  
 She knew how well he sung !—  
 —Starting, he raised his hoary head,  
 To hear from that kind-hearted maid  
 His own dear native tongue.  
 He seemed as if restored to sight,  
 So suddenly his eyes grew bright  
 When that music touched his ear ;  
 The liliated fields of France, I ween,  
 Before him swam in softened light,  
 And the sweet waters of the Seine  
 They all are murmuring near.

Even now, his voice was humbly sad,  
 Subdued by woe and want ;  
 So crushed his heart, no wish he had  
 To feel for one short moment glad,  
 That hopeless Emigrant !  
 —The aged man is young again,  
 And cheerily chants a playful strain  
 While his face with rapture shines ;—  
 How rapidly his fingers glance  
 O'er the glad strings ! his giddy brain  
 Drinks in the chorus and the dance,  
 Beneath his clustering vines.

We saw it was a darling tune  
 With his old heart,—a cheer  
 That made all pains forgotten soon ;—  
 Gay looked he as a bird in June  
 That loves itself to hear.  
 Nor undelightful were the lays  
 That warm and flowery sang the praise  
 Of France's lovely Queen,  
 When with the Ladies of her Court,  
 Like Flora and her train of fays,  
 She came at summer-eve to sport  
 Along the banks of Seine.

But fades the sportive roundelay ;  
 Both harp and voice are still ;  
 The dear delusion will not stay,  
 The murmuring Seine flows far away,  
 Sink cot and vine-clad hill !  
 Though his cheated soul is wounded sore,  
 His aged visage dimmed once more,  
 The smile will not depart ;  
 But struggles 'mid the wrinkles there,  
 For he clings unto the parting shore,  
 And the morn of life so melting-fair,  
 Still lingers in his heart.

Ah me ! what touching silentness  
 Slept o'er the face divine  
 Of my dear maid ! methought each tress  
 Hung 'mid the light of tenderness,  
 Like clouds in soft moonshine.  
 With artful innocence she tried  
 In languid smiles from me to hide  
 Her tears that fell like rain ;  
 But when she felt I must perceive  
 The drops of heavenly pity glide,  
 She owned she could not choose but grieve,  
 So gladsome was the strain !

If when his griefs once more began,  
 His eyes had been restored,  
 And met her face so still and wan,  
 How had that aged, exiled man  
 The pitying Saint adored !



Yet though the angel light that played  
Around her face, pierced not the shade  
That veiled his eyeballs dim,—  
Yet to his ear her murmurs stole,  
And, with a faltering voice, he said  
That he felt them sink into his soul  
Like the blessed Virgin's hymn !

He prayed that Heaven its flowers would strew  
On both our heads through life,  
With such a tone, as told he knew  
She was a virgin fond and true,  
Mine own betrothèd wife !  
And something too he strove to say  
In praise of our green isle,—how they  
Her generous children, though at war  
With France, and both on field and wave  
Encountering oft in fierce array,  
Would not from home or quiet grave  
Her exiled sons debar !

Long was the aged Harper gone  
Ere Mary well could speak,—  
So I cheered her soul with loving tone,  
And, happy that she was my own,  
I kissed her dewy cheek.  
And, when once more I saw the ray  
Of mild-returning pleasure play  
Within her glistening eyes,  
I bade the gentle maiden go  
And read again that Fairy lay,  
Since she could weep, 'mid fancied woe,  
O'er real miseries.

## THE THREE SEASONS OF LOVE.

WITH laughter swimming in thine eye,  
That told youth's heartfelt revelry ;  
And motion changeful as the wing  
Of swallow wakened by the spring ;  
With accents blithe as voice of May  
Chanting glad Nature's roundelay ;  
Circled by joy like planet bright  
That smiles 'mid wreathes of dewy light,—  
Thy image such, in former time,  
When thou, just entering on thy prime,  
And woman's sense in thee combined  
Gently with childhood's simplest mind,  
First taught'st my sighing soul to move  
With hope towards the heaven of love !

Now years have given my Mary's face  
A thoughtful and a quiet grace :—  
Though happy still,—yet chance distress  
Hath left a pensive loveliness ;  
Fancy hath tamed her fairy gleams,  
And thy heart broods o'er home-born dreams !  
Thy smiles, slow-kindling now and mild,  
Shower blessings on a darling child ;  
Thy motion slow, and soft thy tread,  
As if round thy hushed infant's bed !  
And when thou speak'st, thy melting tone,  
That tells thy heart is all my own,  
Sounds sweeter, from the lapse of years,  
With the wife's love, the mother's fears !

By thy glad youth and tranquil prime  
Assured, I smile at hoary time !  
For thou art doomed in age to know  
The calm that wisdom steals from woe ;

The holy pride of high intent,  
The glory of a life well-spent.  
When, earth's affections nearly o'er,  
With Peace behind, and Faith before,  
Thou render'st up again to God,  
Untarnished by its frail abode,  
Thy lustrous soul,—then harp and hymn,  
From bands of sister seraphim,  
Asleep will lay thee, till thine eye  
Open in Immortality.



## MY COTTAGE.

“ One small spot  
Where my tired mind may rest and call it *home*.  
There is a magic in that little word ;  
It is a mystic circle that surrounds  
Comforts and virtues never known beyond  
The hallowed limit.”

SOUTHEY'S *Hymn to the Penates*.

HERE have I found at last a home of peace  
To hide me from the world ; far from its noise,  
To feed that spirit, which, though sprung from earth,  
And linked to human beings by the bond  
Of earthly love, hath yet a loftier aim  
Than perishable joy, and through the calm  
That sleeps amid the mountain-solitude,  
Can hear the billows of eternity,  
And hear delighted.

Many a mystic gleam,  
Lovely though faint, of imaged happiness  
Fell on my youthful heart, as oft her light  
Smiles on a wandering cloud, ere the fair Moon  
Hath risen in the sky. And oh ! Ye dreams  
That to such spiritual happiness could shape  
The lonely reveries of my boyish days,  
Are ye at last fulfilled ? Ye fairy scenes,  
That to the doubting gaze of prophecy  
Rose lovely, with your fields of sunny green,  
Your sparkling rivulets and hanging groves  
Of more than rainbow lustre, where the swing  
Of woods primeval darkened the still depth  
Of lakes bold-sweeping round their guardian hills  
Even like the arms of Ocean, where the roar  
Sullen and far from mountain cataract  
Was heard amid the silence, like a thought

Of solemn mood that tames the dancing soul  
 When swarming with delights ;—Ye fairy scenes !  
 Fancied no more, but bursting on my heart  
 In living beauty, with adoring song  
 I bid you hail ! and with as holy love  
 As ever beautified the eye of saint  
 Hymning his midnight orisons, to you  
 I consecrate my life,—till the dim stain  
 Left by those worldly and unhallowed thoughts  
 That taint the purest soul, by bliss destroyed,  
 My spirit travel like a summer sun,  
 Itself all glory, and its path all joy.

Nor will the musing penance of the soul,  
 Performed by moonlight, or the setting sun,  
 To hymn of swinging oak, or the wild flow  
 Of mountain-torrent, ever lead her on  
 To virtue, but through peace. For Nature speaks  
 A parent's language, and, in tones as mild  
 As e'er hushed infant on its mother's breast,  
 Wins us to learn her lore. Yea ! even to guilt,  
 Though in her image something terrible  
 Weigh down his being with a load of awe,  
 Love mingles with her wrath, like tender light  
 Streamed o'er a dying storm. And thus where'er  
 Man feels as man, the earth is beautiful.  
 His blessings sanctify even senseless things,  
 And the wide world in cheerful loveliness  
 Returns to him its joy. The summer air,  
 Whose glittering stillness sleeps within his soul,  
 Stirs with its own delight : The verdant earth,  
 Like beauty waking from a happy dream,  
 Lies smiling : Each fair cloud to him appears  
 A pilgrim travelling to the shrine of peace ;  
 And the wild wave, that wantons on the sea,  
 A gay though homeless stranger. Ever blest  
 The man who thus beholds the golden chain  
 Linking his soul to outward Nature fair,  
 Full of the living God !

And where, ye haunts  
 Of grandeur and of beauty ! shall the heart,  
 That yearns for high communion with its God,  
 Abide, if e'er its dreams have been of you ?  
 The loveliest sounds, forms, hues, of all the earth

Linger delighted here : Here guilt might come,  
 With sullen soul abhorring Nature's joy,  
 And in a moment be restored to Heaven.  
 Here sorrow, with a dimness o'er his face,  
 Might be beguiled to smiles,—almost forget  
 His sufferings, and, in Nature's living book,  
 Read characters so lovely, that his heart  
 Would, as it blessed them, feel a rising swell  
 Almost like joy !—O earthly paradise !  
 Of many a secret anguish hast thou healed  
 Him, who now greets thee with a joyful strain.

And oh ! if in those elevated hopes  
 That lean on virtue,—in those high resolves  
 That bring the future close upon the soul,  
 And nobly dare its dangers ;—if in joy  
 Whose vital spring is more than innocence,  
 Yea ! Faith and Adoration !—if the soul  
 Of man may trust to these,—and they are strong,  
 Strong as the prayer of dying penitent,—  
 My being shall be bliss. For witness, Thou !  
 Oh Mighty One ! whose saving love has stolen  
 On the deep peace of moonbeams to my heart,—  
 Thou ! who with looks of mercy oft has cheered  
 The starry silence, when, at noon of night,  
 On some wild mountain thou hast not declined  
 The homage of thy lonely worshipper,—  
 Bear witness, Thou ! that, both in joy and grief,  
 The love of nature long hath been with me  
 The love of virtue :—that the solitude  
 Of the remotest hills to me hath been  
 Thy temple :—that the fountain's happy voice  
 Hath sung thy goodness, and thy power has stunned  
 My spirit in the roaring cataract !

Such solitude to me ! Yet are there hearts,—  
 Worthy of good men's love, nor unadorned  
 With sense of moral beauty,—to the joy  
 That dwells within the Almighty's outward shrine,  
 Senseless and cold. Ay, there are men who see  
 The broad sun sinking in a blaze of light,  
 Nor feel their disembodied spirits hail  
 With adoration the departing God ;  
 Who on the night-sky, when a cloudless moon  
 Glides in still beauty through unnumbered stars,



Can turn the eye unmoved, as if a wall  
 Of darkness screened the glory from their souls.  
 With humble pride I bless the Holy One  
 For sights to these denied. And oh ! how oft  
 In seasons of depression,—when the lamp  
 Of life burned dim, and all unpleasant thoughts  
 Subdued the proud aspirings of the soul,—  
 When doubts and fears withheld the timid eye  
 From scanning scenes to come, and a deep sense  
 Of human frailty turned the past to pain,  
 How oft have I remembered that a world  
 Of glory lay around me, that a source  
 Of lofty solace lay in every star,  
 And that no being need behold the sun,  
 And grieve, that knew WHO hung him in the sky.  
 Thus unperceived I woke from heavy grief  
 To airy joy : and seeing that the mind  
 Of man, though still the image of his God,  
 Leaned by his will on various happiness,  
 I felt that all was good ; that faculties,  
 Though low, might constitute, if rightly used,  
 True wisdom ; and when man hath here attained  
 The purpose of his being, he will sit  
 Near Mercy's throne, whether his course hath been  
 Prone on the earth's dim sphere, or, as with wing  
 Of viewless eagle, round the central blaze.

Then ever shall the day that led me here  
 Be held in blest remembrance. I shall see,  
 Even at my dying hour, the glorious sun  
 That made Winander one wide wave of gold,  
 When first in transport from the mountain-top  
 I hailed the heavenly vision ! Not a cloud,  
 Whose wreaths lay smiling in the lap of light,  
 Not one of all those sister-isles that sleep  
 Together, like a happy family  
 Of beauty and of love, but will arise  
 To cheer my parting spirit, and to tell  
 That Nature gently leads unto the grave  
 All who have read her heart, and kept their own  
 In kindred holiness.

But ere that hour  
 Of awful triumph, I do hope that years  
 Await me, when the unconscious power of joy

Creating wisdom, the bright dreams of soul  
 Will humanise the heart, and I shall be  
 More worthy to be loved by those whose love  
 Is highest praise :—that by the living light  
 That burns for ever in affection's breast,  
 I shall behold how fair and beautiful  
 A human form may be.—Oh, there are thoughts  
 That slumber in the soul, like sweetest sounds  
 Amid the harp's loose strings, till airs from Heaven  
 On earth, at dewy nightfall, visitant,  
 Awake the sleeping melody! Such thoughts,  
 My gentle Mary, I have owed to thee.  
 And if thy voice e'er melt into my soul  
 With a dear home-toned whisper,—if thy face  
 E'er brighten in the unsteady gleams of light  
 From our own cottage-hearth ;—O Mary ! then  
 My overpowered spirit will recline  
 Upon thy inmost heart, till it become,  
 O sinless seraph ! almost worthy thee.

Then will the earth,—that ofttimes to the eye  
 Of solitary lover seems o'erhung  
 With too severe a shade, and faintly smiles  
 With ineffectual beauty on his heart,—  
 Be clothed with everlasting joy ; like land  
 Of blooming faëry, or of boyhood's dreams  
 Ere life's first flush is o'er. Oft shall I turn  
 My vision from the glories of the scene  
 To read them in thine eyes ; and hidden grace,  
 That slumbers in the crimson clouds of Even,  
 Will reach my spirit through their varying light,  
 Though viewless in the sky. Wandering with thee,  
 A thousand beauties never seen before  
 Will glide with sweet surprise into my soul,  
 Even in those fields where each particular tree  
 Was looked on as a friend,—where I had been  
 Frequent, for years, among the lonely glens.

Nor, 'mid the quiet of reflecting bliss,  
 Will the faint image of the distant world  
 Ne'er float before us :—Cities will arise  
 Among the clouds that circle round the sun,  
 Gorgeous with tower and temple. The night-voice  
 Of flood and mountain to our ear will seem  
 Like life's loud stir :—And, as the dream dissolves,

With burning spirit we will smile to see  
 Only the Moon rejoicing in the sky,  
 And the still grandeur of the eternal hills.

Yet, though the fulness of domestic joy  
 Bless our united beings, and the home  
 Be ever happy where thy smiles are seen,  
 Though human voice might never touch our ear  
 From lip of friend or brother ;—yet, oh ! think  
 What pure benevolence will warm our hearts,  
 When with the undelaying steps of love  
 Through yon o’ershadowing wood we dimly see  
 A coming friend, far distant then believed,  
 And all unlooked-for. When the short distrust  
 Of unexpected joy no more constrains,  
 And the eye’s welcome brings him to our arms,  
 With gladdened spirit he will quickly own  
 That true love ne’er was selfish, and that man  
 Ne’er knew the whole affection of his heart  
 Till resting on another’s. If from scenes  
 Of noisy life he come, and in his soul  
 The love of Nature, like a long-past dream,  
 If e’er it stir, yield but a dim delight,  
 Oh ! we shall lead him where the genial power  
 Of beauty, working by the wavy green  
 Of hill-ascending wood, the misty gleam  
 Of lakes reposing in their peaceful vales,  
 And, lovelier than the loveliness below,  
 The moonlight Heaven, shall to his blood restore  
 An undisturbèd flow, such as he felt  
 Pervade his being, morning, noon, and night.  
 When youth’s bright years passed happily away,  
 Among his native hills, and all he knew  
 Of crowded cities, was from passing tale  
 Of traveller, half-believed, and soon forgotten.

And fear not, Mary ! that, when winter comes,  
 These solitary mountains will resign  
 The beauty that pervades their mighty frames,  
 Even like a living soul. The gleams of light  
 Hurrying in joyful tumult o’er the cliffs,  
 And giving to our musings many a burst  
 Of sudden grandeur, even as if the eye  
 Of God were wandering o’er the lovely wild,



Pleased with his own creation ;—the still joy  
Of cloudless skies ; and the delighted voice  
Of hymning fountains,—these will leave awhile  
The altered earth :—But other attributes  
Of nature's heart will rule, and in the storm  
We shall behold the same prevailing Power  
That slumbers in the calm, and sanctify,  
With adoration, the delight of love.

\* \* \* \* \*

I lift my eyes upon the radiant Moon,  
That long unnoticed o'er my head has held  
Her solitary walk, and as her light  
Recalls my wandering soul, I start to feel  
That all has been a dream. Alone I stand  
Amid the silence. Onward rolls the stream  
Of time, while to my ear its waters sound  
With a strange rushing music. O my soul !  
Whate'er betide, for aye remember thou  
These mystic warnings, for they are of Heaven.

## LINES

WRITTEN ON THE BANKS OF WINANDERMERE, ON RECOVERY  
FROM A DANGEROUS ILLNESS.

ONCE more, dear Lake ! along thy banks I rove,  
And bless thee in my heart that flows with love.  
Methinks, as life's awakening embers burn,  
Nature rejoices in her son's return ;  
And, like a parent, after absence long,  
Sings from her heart of hearts a cheerful song.  
Oh ! that fresh breeze through all my being stole,  
And made sweet music in my gladdened soul !  
To me just rescued from the opening grave,  
How bright the radiance of the dancing wave !  
A gleam of joy, a soft endearing smile,  
Plays 'mid the greenness of each sylvan isle,  
And, in the bounty of affection, showers  
A loving welcome o'er these blissful bowers.  
Quick glides the hymning streamlet, to partake  
The deep enjoyment of the happy lake ;  
The pebbles, sparkling through the yellow brook,  
Seem to my gaze to wear a livelier look ;  
And little wild-flowers, that in careless health  
Lay round my path in unregarded wealth,  
In laughing beauty court my eyes again,  
Like friends unchanged by coldness or disdain.  
Now life and joy are one :—to Earth, Air, Heaven,  
An undisturbèd jubilee is given ;  
While, happy as in dreams, I seem to fly,  
Skimming the ground, or soaring through the sky,  
And feel, with sudden life-pervading glee,  
As if this rapture all were made for me.

And well the glory to my soul is known ;  
For mystic visions stamped it as my own.

While sickness lay, like ice, upon my breath,  
 With eye prophetic, through the shades of death  
 That brooded o'er me like a dreary night,  
 This beauteous scene I saw in living light.  
 No friend was near me : and a heavy gloom  
 Lay in deep silence o'er the lonely room ;  
 Even hope had fled ; and as in parting strife  
 My soul stood trembling on the brink of life,—  
 When lo ! sweet sounds, like those that now I hear,  
 Of stream and zephyr stole into my ear.  
 Far through my heart the mingled music ran,  
 Like tones of mercy to a dying man.  
 Beneath the first light of the morning's mirth,  
 Like new-waked beauty lay the dewy earth ;  
 The mighty sun I saw, as now I see,  
 And my soul shone with kindred majesty :  
 Calm smiled the Lake ; and from that smile arose  
 Faith, hope, and trust, oblivion of my woes :  
 I felt that I should live ; nor could despair  
 Bedim a scene so glorious, and so fair.

Now is the vision truth. Disease hath flown,  
 And in the midst of joy I stand alone.  
 The eye of God is on me : the wide sky  
 Is sanctified with present Deity,  
 And, at his bidding, Nature's aspect mild  
 Pours healing influence on her wasted child.  
 My eye now brightens with the brightening scene,  
 Cheered with the hues of kind restoring green ;  
 As with a lulling sound the fountain flows,  
 My tingling ear is filled with still repose ;  
 The summer silence, sleeping on the plain,  
 Sends settled quiet to my dizzy brain ;  
 And the moist freshness of the glittering wood  
 Cools with a heart-felt dew my feverish blood.

O blessed Lake ! thy sparkling waters roll  
 Health to my frame, and rapture to my soul.  
 Emblem of peace, of innocence, and love !  
 Sleeping in beauty given thee from above :  
 This earth delighting in thy gentle breast,  
 And the glad heavens attending on thy rest !  
 Can he e'er turn from virtue's quiet bowers,  
 All fragrant dropping with immortal flowers,



Whose inward eye, as with a magic art,  
Beholds thy glory imaged in his heart?  
No! he shall live, from guilt and vice afar,  
As in the silent Heavens some lonely star.  
A light shall be around him to defend  
The holy head of Nature's bosom friend.  
And if the mists of error e'er should come  
To that bright sphere where virtue holds her home,  
She has a charm to scare the intruder thence;  
Or, powerful in her spotless innocence,  
With one calm look her spirit will transform  
To a fair cloud the heralds of the storm.

Nor less, Winander! to thy power I owe  
Rays of delight amid the gloom of woe.  
Yes! oft, when self-tormenting fancy framed  
Forms of dim fear that grief has never named;  
When the whole world seemed void of mental cheer,  
Nor spring nor summer in the joyless year,  
Oft has thy image of upbraiding love,  
Seen on a sudden through some opening grove,  
Even like the tender unexpected smile  
Of some dear friend I had forgot the while,  
In silence said, "My son, why not partake  
The peace now brooding o'er thy darling lake?  
Oh! why in sullen discontent destroy  
The law of Nature, Universal Joy?"

Sweet Lake! I listen to thy guardian voice:  
I look abroad; and, looking, I rejoice.  
My home is here; ah! never shall we part,  
Till life's last pulse hath left my wasted heart.  
True that another land first gave me birth,  
And other lakes beheld my infant mirth:  
Far from these skies dear friendships have I known,  
And still in memory lives their softened tone;  
Yet though the image of my earlier years  
'Mid Scotland's mountains dim my eyes with tears,  
And the heart's day-dreams oft will lingering dwell  
On that wild region which she loves so well,—  
Think not, sweet Lake! before my years are told  
My love for thee and thine can e'er grow cold:  
For here hath Hope fixed her last earthly bound,  
And where Hope rests in peace, is hallowed ground.

And oh ! if e'er that happy time shall come,  
When she I love sits smiling in my home,  
And, oft as chance may bid us meet or part,  
Speaks the soft word that slides into the heart,  
Then fair as now thou art, yea ! passing fair,  
Thy scarce-seen waters melting into air,  
Far lovelier gleams will dance upon thy breast,  
And thine isles bend their trees in deeper rest.  
Then will my joy-enlightened soul descry  
All that is beautiful on land or sky ;  
For, when the heart is calm with pure delight,  
Revels the soul 'mid many a glorious sight.  
The earth then kindles with a vernal grace,  
Glad as the laugh upon an infant-face :  
The sun himself is clothed with vaster light,  
And showers of gentler sadness bathe the night.

Dreams of delight ! while thus I fondly weave  
Your fairy-folds, oh ! can ye e'er deceive ?  
Are ye in vain to cheated mortals given,  
Lovely impostors in the garb of Heaven ?  
Fears, hopes, doubts, wishes, hush my pensive shell,  
Fount of them all, dear Lake ! farewell ! farewell !

## PICTURE OF A BLIND MAN.

WHY sits so long beside yon cottage-door  
That aged man with tresses thin and hoar ?  
Fixed are his eyes in one continued gaze,  
Nor seem to feel the sun's meridian blaze ;  
Yet are the orbs with youth-like colours bright,  
As o'er the iris falls the trembling light.  
Changeless his mien ; not even one fitting trace  
Of spirit wanders o'er his furrowed face ;  
No feeling moves his venerable head :  
—He sitteth there—an emblem of the dead !  
The staff of age lies near him on the seat,  
His faithful dog is slumbering at his feet,  
And yon fair child, who steals an hour for play  
While thus her father rests upon his way,  
Her sport will leave, nor cast one look behind,  
Soon as she hears his voice,—for he is blind !

List ! as in tones through deep affection mild  
He speaks by name to the delighted child !  
Then, bending mute in dreams of painful bliss  
Breathes o'er her neck a father's tenderest kiss,  
And with light hand upon her forehead fair  
Smooths the stray ringlets of her silky hair !  
A beauteous phantom rises through the night  
For ever brooding o'er his darkened sight,  
So clearly imaged both in form and limb,  
He scarce remembers that his eyes are dim,  
But thinks he sees in truth the vernal wreath  
His gentle infant wove, that it might breathe  
A sweet restoring fragrance through his breast,  
Chosen from the wild-flowers that he loves the best.  
In that sweet trance he sees the sparkling glee  
That sanctifies the face of infancy ;



The dimpled cheek where playful fondness lies,  
 And the blue softness of her smiling eyes ;  
 The spirit's temple unprofaned by tears,  
 Where God's unclouded loveliness appears ;  
 Those gleams of soul to every feature given,  
 When youth walks guiltless by the light of heaven !

And oh ! what pleasures through his spirit burn,  
 When to the gate his homeward steps return ;  
 When fancy's eye the curling smoke surveys,  
 And his own hearth is gaily heard to blaze !  
 How beams his sightless visage ! when the press  
 Of Love's known hand, with cheerful tenderness,  
 Falls on his arm, and leads with guardian care  
 His helpless footsteps to the accustomed chair ;  
 When the dear voice he joyed from youth to hear  
 With kind inquiry comes unto his ear,  
 And tremulous tells how lovely still must be  
 Those fading beauties that he ne'er must see !

Though ne'er by him his cottage-home be seen,  
 Where to the wild brook slopes the daisied green ;  
 Though the bee, slowly borne on laden wing,  
 To him be known but by its murmuring ;  
 And the long leaf that trembles in the breeze  
 Be all that tells him of his native trees ;  
 Yet dear to him each viewless object round  
 Familiar to his soul from touch or sound.  
 The stream, 'mid banks of osier winding near,  
 Lulls his calm spirit through the listening ear :  
 Deeply his soul enjoys the loving strife  
 When the warm summer air is filled with life ;  
 And as his limbs in quiet dreams are laid,  
 Blest is the oak's contemporary shade.

Happy old Man ! no vain regrets intrude  
 On the still hour of sightless solitude.  
 Though deepest shades o'er outward Nature roll,  
 Her cloudless beauty lives within thy soul.  
 —Oft to yon rising mount thy steps ascend,  
 As to the spot where dwelt a former friend ;  
 From whose green summit thou couldst once behold  
 Mountains far-off in dim confusion rolled,  
 Lakes of blue mist, where gleamed the whitening sail,  
 And many a woodland interposing vale.

Thou seest them still : and oh ! how soft a shade  
Does memory breathe o'er mountain, wood, and glade !  
Each craggy pass, where oft in sportive scorn  
Had sprung thy limbs in life's exulting morn ;  
Each misty cataract, and torrent-flood,  
Where thou a silent angler oft hast stood ;  
Each sheltered creek where through the roughest day  
Floated thy bark without the anchor's stay ;  
Each nameless field by nameless thought endeared ;  
Each little hedgerow that thy childhood reared,  
That seems unaltered yet in form and size,  
Though fled the clouds of fifty summer skies,  
Rise on thy soul,—on high devotion springs  
Through Nature's beauty borne on Fancy's wings,  
And while the blissful vision floats around,  
Of loveliest form, fair hue, and melting sound,  
Thou carest not, though blindness may not roam,—  
For Heaven's own glory smiles around thy home.

## PEACE AND INNOCENCE.

THE lingering lustre of a vernal day  
From the dim landscape slowly steals away ;  
One lovely hour !—and then the stars of Even  
Will sparkling hail the apparent Queen of Heaven ;  
For the tired Sun, now softly sinking down,  
To his fair daughter leaves his silent throne.  
Almost could I believe with life imbued,  
And hushed in dreams, this gentle solitude.  
Look where I may, a tranquillising soul  
Breathes forth a life-like pleasure o'er the whole.  
The shadows settling on the mountain's breast  
Recline, as conscious of the hour of rest ;  
Steadfast as objects in a peaceful dream ;  
The sleepy trees are bending o'er the stream ;  
The stream, half veiled in snowy vapour, flows  
With sound like silence, motion like repose,  
My heart obeys the power of earth and sky,  
And 'mid the quiet slumbers quietly !

A wreath of smoke, that feels no breath of air,  
Melts amid yon fair clouds, itself as fair,  
And seems to link in beauteousness and love  
That earthly cottage to the domes above.  
There my heart rests,—as if by magic bound :  
Blessings be on that plat of orchard-ground !  
Wreathed round the dwelling like a fairy ring,  
Its green leaves lost in richest blossoming.  
Within that ring no creature seems alive ;  
The bees have ceased to hum around the hive ;  
On the tall ash the rooks have roosted long,  
And the fond dove hath cooed his latest song :  
Now, shrouded close beneath the holly-bush,  
Sits on her low-built nest the sleeping thrush.



All do not sleep : behold a spotless lamb  
 Looks bleating round, as if it sought its dam.  
 Its restless motion and its piteous moan  
 Tell that it fears all night to rest alone,  
 Though heaven's most gracious dew descends in peace  
 Softly as snow-flakes on its radiant fleece.  
 That mournful bleat hath touched the watchful ear  
 Of one to whom the little lamb is dear,  
 As innocent and lovely as itself !  
 See where with springs she comes, the smiling elf !  
 Well does the lamb her infant guardian know :  
 Joy brightening dances o'er her breast of snow,  
 And light as flying leaf, with sudden glide,  
 Fondly she presses to the maiden's side.  
 With kindness quieting its late alarms,  
 The sweet child folds it in her nursing arms ;  
 And calling it by every gentle name  
 That happy innocence through love can frame ;  
 With tenderest kisses lavished on its head,  
 Conducts it frisking to its sheltered bed.

Kind-hearted infant ! be thy slumbers bland !  
 Dream that thy sportive lambkin licks thy hand,  
 Or, wearied out by races short and fleet,  
 Basks in the sunshine, resting on thy feet ;  
 That waking from repose, unbroken, deep,  
 Thou scarce shalt know that thou hast been asleep !  
 With eyelids trembling through thy golden hair,  
 I hear thee lisping low thy nightly prayer.  
 O sweetest voice ! what beauty breathes therein !  
 Ne'er hath its music been impaired by sin.  
 In all its depths my soul shall carry hence  
 The air serene born of thy innocence.  
 To me most awful is thy hour of rest,  
 For little children sleep in Jesus' breast !

## LOUGHRIG TARN.

THOU guardian Naiad of this little Lake,  
Whose banks in unprofanèd Nature sleep,  
(And that in waters lone and beautiful  
Dwell spirits radiant as the homes they love,  
Have poets still believed), O surely blest  
Beyond all genii or of wood or wave,  
Or sylphs that in the shooting sunbeams dwell,  
Art thou! yea, happier even than summer-cloud  
Beloved by air and sky, and floating slow  
O'er the still bosom of upholding heaven.

Beauteous as blest, O Naiad, thou must be!  
For, since thy birth, have all delightful things,  
Of form and hue, of silence and of sound,  
Circled thy spirit, as the crowding stars  
Shine round the placid Moon. Lov'st thou to sink  
Into thy cell of sleep? The water parts  
With dimpling smiles around thee, and below,  
The unsunned verdure, soft as cygnet's down,  
Meets thy descending feet without a sound.  
Lov'st thou to sport upon the watery gleam?  
Lucid as air around thy head it lies  
Bathing thy sable locks in pearly light,  
While, all around, the water-lilies strive  
To shower their blossoms o'er the virgin queen.  
Or doth the shore allure thee?—well it may:  
How soft these fields of pastoral beauty melt  
In the clear water! neither sand nor stone  
Bars herb or wild-flower from the dewy sound,  
Like Spring's own voice now rippling round the Tarn.  
There oft thou liest 'mid the echoing bleat  
Of lambs, that race amid the sunny gleams;  
Or bee's wide murmur as it fills the broom  
That yellows round thy bed. O gentle glades,  
Amid the tremulous verdure of the woods,

In steadfast smiles of more essential light,  
 Lying like azure streaks of placid sky  
 Amid the moving clouds, the Naiad loves  
 Your glimmering alleys, and your rustling bowers ;  
 For there, in peace reclined, her half-closed eye  
 Through the long vista sees her darling Lake,  
 Even like herself, diffused in fair repose.

Not undelightful to the quiet breast  
 Such solitary dreams as now have filled  
 My busy fancy ; dreams that rise in peace,  
 And thither lead, partaking in their flight  
 Of human interests and earthly joys.  
 Imagination fondly leans on truth,  
 And sober scenes of dim reality  
 To her seem lovely as the western sky,  
 To the rapt Persian worshipping the sun.  
 Methinks this little lake, to whom my heart  
 Assigned a guardian spirit, renders back  
 To me, in tenderest gleams of gratitude,  
 Profounder beauty to reward my hymn.

Long hast thou been a darling haunt of mine,  
 And still warm blessings gushed into my heart,  
 Meeting or parting with thy smiles of peace.  
 But now, thy mild and gentle character,  
 More deeply felt than ever, seems to blend  
 Its essence pure with mine, like some sweet tune  
 Oft heard before with pleasure, but at last,  
 In one high moment of inspirèd bliss,  
 Borne through the spirit like an angel's song.

This is the solitude that reason loves !  
 Even he who yearns for human sympathies,  
 And hears a music in the breath of man,  
 Dearer than voice of mountain or of flood,  
 Might live a hermit here, and mark the sun  
 Rising or setting 'mid the beauteous calm,  
 Devoutly blending in his happy soul  
 Thoughts both of earth and heaven !—Yon mountain-side  
 Rejoicing in its clustering cottages,  
 Appears to me a paradise preserved  
 From guilt by Nature's hand, and every wreath  
 Of smoke, that from these hamlets mounts to heaven,



In its straight silence holy as a spire  
Reared o'er the house of God.

Thy sanctity  
Time yet hath revered ; and I deeply feel  
That innocence her shrine shall here preserve  
For ever.—The wild vale that lies beyond,  
Circled by mountains trod but by the feet  
Of venturous shepherd, from all visitants,  
Save the free tempests and the fowls of heaven,  
Guards thee ;—and wooded knolls fantastical  
Seclude thy image from the gentler dale,  
That by the Brathay's often-varied voice  
Cheered as it winds along, in beauty fades  
'Mid the green banks of joyful Windermere !

O gentlest Lake ! from all unhallowed things  
By grandeur guarded in thy loveliness,  
Ne'er may thy poet with unwelcome feet  
Press thy soft moss embathed in flowery dies,  
And shadowed in thy stillness like the heavens.  
May innocence for ever lead me here,  
To form amid the silence high resolves  
For future life ; resolves that, born in peace,  
Shall live 'mid tumult, and though haply mild  
As infants in their play, when brought to bear  
On the world's business, shall assert their power  
And majesty—and lead me boldly on,  
Like giants conquering in a noble cause.

This is a holy faith, and full of cheer  
To all who worship Nature, that the hours,  
Passed tranquilly with her, fade not away  
For ever like the clouds, but in the soul  
Possess a secret silent dwelling-place,  
Where with a smiling visage memory sits,  
And startles oft the virtuous, with a show  
Of unsuspected treasures. Yea, sweet Lake !  
Oft hast thou borne into my grateful heart  
Thy lovely presence, with a thousand dreams  
Dancing and brightening o'er thy sunny wave,  
Though many a dreary mile of mist and snow  
Between us interposed. And even now,

When yon bright star hath risen to warn me home,  
I bid thee farewell in the certain hope,  
That thou, this night, wilt o'er my sleeping eyes  
Shed cheering visions, and with freshest joy  
Make me salute the dawn. Nor may the hymn  
Now sung by me unto thy listening woods,  
Be wholly vain,—but haply it may yield  
A gentle pleasure to some gentle heart,  
Who blessing, at its close, the unknown bard,  
May, for his sake, upon thy quiet banks  
Frame visions of his own, and other songs  
More beautiful, to Nature and to Thee !

## WAKING DREAMS.

### A FRAGMENT.

O THAT my soul might breathe one touching strain,  
By the gracious Muses destined not to die,  
But murmuring oft, o'er valley, hill, and plain,  
Enrolled 'mid Scotia's native minstrelsy !  
O more than blest the spirit of thy sky,  
Its stormy clouds, its depth of slumb'rous blue,  
And gladly would I close my filial eye  
In the calm fondness of a last adieu,  
Could I but frame one lay to Thee and nature true.

In olden time, thy glens were heard to roll  
The voice of song—deep, solemn, and divine,  
That claimed dominion o'er the happy soul,  
Most spirit-like, as from a secret shrine.  
Oft as the dewy Evening star 'gan shine,  
Th' inspirèd shepherd sought some lonely cave,  
Nor, singing there, beheld its dim decline,  
Nor heard, entranced, the Piny forest rave,  
Nor saw the glorious sun descending to the wave.

The solitary soul, in such recess,  
An air-swept lyre, the breath of heaven obeyed ;  
And still his hymns were hymns of tenderness,  
Of blissful loves, or earthly bliss decayed.  
The Poet died ; and in the dust was laid !  
The green earth hides him in its smiling rest !  
For, haply now, the churchyard is a glade,  
Where by the feet of wandering wild-deer prest,  
The flowers in morning-dew are glistening o'er his  
breast.

Yet Wisdom weeps not o'er such Poet's fate,  
Though seeming robbed of his eternal fame



The soul whom heaven and genius consecrate,  
 In Nature's memory lives without a name.  
 The beauty of the wild-flower is the same  
 To him who loves it for that beauty's sake,  
 And for that sake alone ! fair is the flame  
 Of nameless stars that suddenly awake,  
 And the earth laughs with light of many a nameless lake.

Yet looking now o'er this delightful earth,  
 A clinging spirit of immortal love  
 Is blending with the sweet land of my birth !  
 As if on field, lake, mountain, glen, and grove,  
 When I am dead, some part of me might move  
 Some faint memorial of my mortal day  
 Sleeping like moonlight the old woods above !  
 My soul in sorrow turneth from decay ;  
 O might it live on earth, embalmed in heavenly lay !

Have I not e'er since reason's dawning light  
 Thee, Scotland, worshippèd with praise and prayer !  
 Lovely by day, magnificent by night !  
 Where is the cloud-wrapt hill, the valley fair,  
 If mortal feet might climb or wander there,  
 Whose echo ne'er hath answered to my voice ?  
 The unsunned-glen, the breathless forest, where,  
 That hath not heard my raptured soul rejoice  
 In Nature's hush divine, her spirit-humbling noise ?

I, like an eagle, o'er the mountain cliff,  
 Have soared in dreams as lofty and as lone ;  
 On air-woven lakes, I from my fairy skiff  
 The anchor of my solitude have thrown.  
 Methinks, that but to me some spots are known !  
 —Give answer from afar, thou once-seen glen,  
 Thou shadowy, silent world of mist and stone,  
 Thy desert shapes like images of men,  
 In mockery of man's voice, the small pipe of the wren !

Or answer thou ! with music and with light,  
 Thou vale of vales ! that to the Evening star  
 My soul did consecrate one summer night,  
 When loth that such sweet darkness should debar  
 My soul from loveliness it could not mar,  
 I asked that gentle orb to be the guide  
 Of one, who from his way had wandered far,

And soon she led me where my heart espied  
Valley and lakelet bright, by midnight glorified !

Yet to the impulse of such lifeless things  
I ne'er so far surrendered up my dreams,  
As not to feel my spirit's folded wings,  
Like a bird basking in life's sunny gleams.  
Yea ! whether musing by the moorland streams,  
Or in the arms of mountain-silence bound,  
For human eyes far off the loveliest gleams  
Came smiling o'er the loveliness around,  
Yea ! even the trickling dew was like a human sound.

For other friendships have I learned to cherish,  
Than with the sky, the ocean, and the earth ;  
Lovely they are and pure—but they must perish,  
For perishing the fount that gave them birth.  
But on the human face immortal mirth,  
Or calm, than mirth far lovelier, may endure ;  
Nor shall that heart e'er ache in spiritual dearth,  
Nor ever pine for pleasures, high and pure,  
Linked to its brother-man, in brotherhood secure.

Among the hills a hundred homes have I ;  
My table in the wilderness is spread ;  
In those lone spots, a human smile can buy  
Plain fare, kind welcome, and a rushy bed.  
O dead to Christian love ! to nature dead,  
Who, when some cottage at the close of day  
Hath o'er his soul its cheerful dimness shed,  
Feels not that God was with him on his way,  
Nor with these simple folks devoutly kneels to pray.

What means the silent lake, the cataract's roar,  
The snow-like moonshine on the summer-hill,  
Old ocean thundering o'er his solemn shore,  
Or the faint hymning of the infant rill ?  
Say, can such things th' immortal spirit fill  
With perfect voice or silence like their own ?  
No, in its trance the soul is longing still  
For other music ; by one breath o'erthrown,  
The fancy's pageant sinks with its aërial throne.

Where is the radiance, touching as the hue,  
Breathed by delight o'er childhood's laughing cheek ?

What glimpse of ether, beauteous as the dew  
 In eyes whose gazing silence seems to speak  
 Of something in our souls more hushed and meek  
 Than aught that sleeps on sky, earth, sea, or air !  
 Then turn from such vain images, and seek  
 True beauty shrined amid yon golden hair ;  
 Behold yon snow-white brow—her throne, her heaven  
       is there.

Then, as thou wanderest through thy native vales  
 Like wild-flowers spread to cheer thee on thy way  
 (Wild-flowers all dancing in the sunny gales),  
 Sweet sinless children, smiling in their play,  
 Will chain thy footsteps oft with fond delay !  
 Thou see'st, as in some mere's unclouded glow,  
 The pure bright morn of being's vernal day,  
 And, gazing on the heaven that lies below,  
 Feel'st not to draw thy breath amid this world of woe.

If such the temper of thy heart, what joy  
 Is rising there, when on some radiant steep  
 Thou see'st the solitary shepherd-boy  
 (While his white flock amid the sunshine sleep),  
 Through all the long day's stillness, lone and deep,  
 Sitting, unwearied as the gladsome brook  
 That sings along with many a frolic leap,  
 While earnestly his unuplifted look  
 Lives on the yellow page of some old fairy book.

Alone thou need'st not be, though all around  
 Thy dreaming soul a mountainous region lie  
 Spread like a sea that heaves without a sound,  
 Chained in tumultuous silence 'mid the sky.  
 Cloud-like ascends before thine inward eye  
 The wreathèd smoke, from many a palm-tree grove,  
 'Mid the still desert mounting silently,  
 Straight up to heaven ! and, as it fades above,  
 Looks like some guardian Power that eyes the earth  
       with love.

Blessings be on yon hill-side cottages !  
 A starry group rejoicing in the mist !  
 Blest be the leaves, fruit, branches of the trees,  
 And the thatched roof they shelter ever blest.



Long hath the light of knowledge and of rest  
 Thence banished sin, and suffering there beguiled ;  
 That loving angel, Innocence, hath kissed  
 Frequent the cheek of every rosy child,  
 And leads them dancing on along the pathless wild.

Ah me ! when wandering at sweet eventide,  
 'Mid the fair vales of England, as they lay,  
 Of their own beauty touched with stately pride,  
 Encircled with the diadem of May !  
 Here palace-domes, there dwellings light and gay,  
 In groves embosomed, or with rosy showers,  
 Bride-like adorned in beautiful array,  
 Where, charmed by fragrance, the delighted Hours,  
 Seemed, as the sun went down, still lingering 'mid the  
 flowers.

How hath that gorgeous vision in the air  
 (Light, music, fragrance, cottage, tower, and dome),  
 Melted to nothing ! Thou art smiling there,  
 Most sweetly smiling through the dewy gloom,  
 Just as Eve's star and crescent-moon illumine  
 Heaven's arch, that folds thee in the hush of night,  
 Wild Hamlet ! In thy quiet's inner room  
 The wanderer sits, and wonders in delight  
 On what kind angel's wing hath been his homeward flight.

\* \* \* \* \*

## M A R Y.

THREE days before my Mary's death,  
We walked by Grassmere shore ;  
" Sweet Lake !" she said with faltering breath,  
" I ne'er shall see thee more !"

Then turning round her languid head,  
She looked me in the face,  
And whispered, " When thy friend is dead,  
Remember this lone place."

Vainly I struggled at a smile,  
That did my fears betray ;  
It seemed that on our darling isle  
Foreboding darkness lay.

My Mary's words were words of truth ;  
None now behold the Maid ;  
Amid the tears of age and youth,  
She in her grave was laid.

Long days, long nights, I ween, were past  
Ere ceased her funeral knell ;  
But to the spot I went at last  
Where she had breathed " farewell !"

Methought, I saw the phantom stand  
Beside the peaceful wave ;  
I felt the pressure of her hand—  
Then looked towards her grave.

Fair, fair beneath the evening sky  
The quiet churchyard lay :  
The tall pine-grove most solemnly  
Hung mute above her clay.

Dearly she loved their arching spread,  
Their music wild and sweet,  
And, as she wished on her deathbed,  
Was buried at their feet.

Around her grave a beauteous fence  
Of wild-flowers shed their breath,  
Smiling like infant innocence  
Within the gloom of death.

Such flowers from bank of mountain brook  
At eve we used to bring,  
When every little mossy nook  
Betrayed returning Spring.

Oft had I fixed the simple wreath  
Upon her virgin breast ;  
But now such flowers as formed it, breathe  
Around her bed of rest.

Yet all within my silent soul,  
As the hushed air was calm ;  
The natural tears that slowly stole,  
Assuaged my grief like balm.

The air that seemed so thick and dull  
For months unto my eye ;  
Ah me ! how bright and beautiful  
It floated on the sky !

A trance of high and solemn bliss  
From purest ether came ;  
'Mid such a heavenly scene as this,  
Death is an empty name !

The memory of the past returned  
Like music to my heart,—  
It seemed that causelessly I mourned,  
When we were told to part.

“ God’s mercy,” to myself I said,  
“ To both our souls is given—  
To me, sojourning on earth’s shade,  
To her—a Saint in Heaven !”



## SOLITUDE.

O VALE of visionary rest !  
—Hushed as the grave it lies  
With heaving banks of tenderest green  
Yet brightly, happily serene,  
As cloud-vale of the sleepy west  
Reposing on the skies.  
Its reigning spirit may not vary—  
What change can seasons bring  
Unto so sweet, so calm a spot,  
Where every loud and restless thing  
Is like a far-off dream forgot ?  
Mild, gentle, mournful, solitary,  
As if it aye were spring,  
And Nature loved to witness here  
The still joys of the infant year,  
'Mid flowers and music wandering glad,  
For ever happy, yet for ever sad.  
This little world how still and lone  
With that horizon of its own !  
And, when in silence falls the night,  
With its own moon how purely bright !  
No shepherd's cot is here—no shieling  
Its verdant roof through trees revealing—  
No branchy covert like a nest,  
Where the weary woodmen rest,  
And their jocund carols sing  
O'er the fallen forest-king.  
Inviolatè by human hand  
The fragrant white-stemmed birch-trees stand,  
With many a green and sunny glade  
'Mid their embowering murmurs made  
By gradual soft decay—  
Where stealing to that little lawn  
From secret haunt and half-afraid,  
The doe, in mute affection gay,

At close of eve leads forth her fawn  
Amid the flowers to play.  
And in that dell's soft bosom, lo!  
Where smileth up a cheerful glow  
Of water pure as air,  
A tarn by two small streamlets spread  
In beauty o'er its waveless bed,  
Reflecting in that heaven so still  
The birch-grove mid-way up the hill,  
And summits green and bare.

How lone! beneath its veil of dew  
That morning's rosy fingers drew,  
Seldom shepherd's foot hath prest  
One primrose in its sunny rest.  
The sheep at distance from the spring  
May here her lambkins chance to bring,  
Sporting with their shadows airy,  
Each like tiny Water-fairy  
Imaged in the lucid lake!  
The hive-bee here doth sometimes make  
Music, whose sweet murmurings tell  
Of his sheltered straw-roofed cell  
Standing 'mid some garden gay,  
Near a cottage far away.  
By the lake-side, on a stone  
Stands the heron all alone,  
Still as any lifeless thing!  
Slowly moves his laggard wing,  
And cloud-like floating with the gale  
Leaves at last the quiet vale.

## THE SISTERS.

SWEET Creature ! issuing like a dream  
So softly from that wood !  
—She glideth on a sunny gleam—  
In youth and innocence so bright,  
She lendeth lustre to day-light  
And life to solitude !  
O'er all her face a radiance fair  
That seemeth to be native there !  
No transient smile, no burst of joy  
Which time or sorrow may destroy,  
A soul-breathed calm that ne'er may cease !  
The spirit of eternal peace !  
The sunshine may forsake the sky,  
But the blue depths of ether lie  
In steadfast meek serenity.  
Onward she walks—with that pure face  
Shedding around its gladdening grace—  
Those cloudless eyes of tenderest blue  
Sparkling through a tearlike dew—  
That golden hair that floats in air  
Fine as the glittering gossamer—  
That motion dancing o'er the earth  
Without an aim—in very mirth—  
That lark-like song whose strengthening measure  
Is soaring through the air of pleasure—  
—Is she not like the innocent Morn ?  
When from the slow-unfolding arms  
Of Night, she starts in all her charms,  
And o'er the glorious earth is borne,  
With orient pearls beneath her feet,—  
All round her, music warbling sweet,  
And o'er her head the fulgent skies  
In the fresh light of Paradise.



Lo ! Sadness by the side of Joy !  
—With raven tresses on her brow  
Braided o'er that glimpse of snow—  
O'er her bosom stray locks spread  
As if by grief dishevellèd—  
Unsparkling eyes where smiles appear  
More mournful far than many a tear—  
Voice most gentle, sad, and slow,  
Whose happiest tones still breathe of woe—  
As in our ancient Scottish airs  
Even joy the sound of sorrow wears—  
Motion like a cloud that goes  
From deep to more profound repose—  
Seems she not in pensive light  
Image of the falling night ?  
—Still survive faint gleams of day,  
But all sinking to decay—  
There is almost mirth and gladness,  
Tempered soft with peace and sadness—  
Sound comes from the stream and hill,  
But the darkening world is still—  
The heavens above are bright and holy,  
Most beautiful—most melancholy—  
And gazing with suspended breath,  
We dream of grief—decay—and death !

## THE FAREWELL AND RETURN.

I WENT where two dear friends did dwell,  
Husband and Wife—to bid farewell,  
Before I left my peaceful home,  
Alone through distant lands to roam.  
I found them by their sparkling hearth,  
In perfect love and inward mirth—  
Through virtue happy in themselves,  
And sporting with four beauteous Elves,  
Who, like the tender flowers of Spring  
Moved by the zephyr's lightest wing,  
Danced here and there in playful guise,  
With sunny heads and laughing eyes,  
With song of joy and wanton shout—  
A happy—restless—maddening rout!

They look unto the opening door,  
And all their noisy mirth is o'er!  
To graveness sink their wanton wiles  
And blushes hide their struggling smiles.  
Quick to their mother's lap they run,  
As trembling to be looked upon—  
There half-delighted—half-afraid,  
They hide, then slowly raise the head—  
And venture thus to look at me  
With sweet restraint and bashful glee,  
Till the dear child I love the best  
With downcast look steals from the rest,  
And with an infant's blessed art  
Twines her white arms around my heart.

And now the stir—the noise revive!  
The little cottage seems alive,  
As if a new-awakened soul  
Like light were gladdening through the whole.

The happy parents smile to see  
 Their Mary lisping on my knee  
 With bolder look and freer tone,  
 As if she felt that seat her own.  
 While oft her gamesome brothers tried  
 To win from my protecting side  
 The little truant maid away,  
 By taunting jibe and novel play.  
 But vain both jibe and play to move  
 An infant's heart when touched with love !

Soon evening brings the hour of rest—  
 And Mary on my loving breast  
 Hath fallen asleep ! so not to wake  
 The blessed babe, I gently take  
 Her guiltless bosom soft and fair,  
 Unto her bed—and breathe a prayer  
 That all her future life be spent  
 Happy as she is innocent !  
 Near me her joyful parents stand,  
 Bless me by name and press my hand—  
 Their mingling tones my spirit meet,  
 Though always kind, now doubly sweet—  
 A golden chain in concord mild  
 Links closely parents, friend, and child.

Years past along—and lo ! once more  
 I stand beside that cottage-door ;—  
 The hour in which I went away  
 Seems but the eve of yesterday.  
 Motionless there I linger long,  
 O'erpowered with a tumultuous throng  
 Of memories, fancies, hopes, and fears,  
 Sinkings of heart, sighs, smiles, and tears.  
 No cause had I for mournful thought,  
 Yet in my beating heart there wrought  
 A dread of something undefined !  
 While like the hollow midnight wind,  
 A voice fell sullen on my ear,  
 “Think not to find your Mary here !”

A dreary stillness reigned around  
 Deep as the hush of burial-ground,  
 As if all life were banished thence  
 By breath of noisome pestilence.



Not so—I met a ghastly man  
 With haggard eyes and visage wan ;  
 In his dim looks so charged with woe  
 My dearest friend I scarce could know.  
 One moment's pause—then did he fall  
 Upon my neck—and told me all !  
 That she my darling girl was dead,  
 And by his own hands newly laid  
 Spotless within her spotless shroud—  
 His voice here died—he wept aloud.

Vainly his tortured soul I cheered—  
 When lo ! his wretched wife appeared,  
 Unlike that wife when last we parted,  
 Then deeply blest—now broken-hearted.  
 She gazed on me with eyeballs wild,  
 And shrieked the name of her dead child ;  
 And with convulsive sobs opprest  
 She fainted on her husband's breast !  
 The memory of that happy night  
 Came o'er her like a sudden blight !  
 Those gentle looks—those melting smiles—  
 These happy shouts—those wanton wiles—  
 That dreaming face upon its bed—  
 —Now lying there, pale, cold, and dead !

Ah me ! beneath a beauteous sky  
 The Fairy-land of peace doth lie,  
 Through which united spirits stray  
 Companions on the destined way  
 That leads to everlasting life !  
 Yet oft that darkening sky is rife  
 With thunder-bearing clouds ! they fade—  
 And heaven's blue depths again displayed  
 Seem steeped in quiet more profound !  
 —I walked unto the burial-ground,  
 Where that delightful child doth rest—  
 There both her parents deeply blest !  
 Methought I saw their souls rejoice,  
 Listening in heaven that Seraph's voice.

## LINES

WRITTEN AT A LITTLE WELL BY THE ROADSIDE,  
LANGDALE.

THOU lonely spring of waters undefiled !  
Silently slumbering in thy mossy cell,  
Yea, moveless as the hillock's verdant side  
From which thou hadst thy birth, I bless thy gleam  
Of clearest coldness, with as deep-felt joy  
As pilgrim kneeling at his far-sought shrine ;  
And as I bow to bathe my freshened heart  
In thy restoring radiance, from my lips  
A breathing prayer sheds o'er thy glassy sleep  
A gentle tremor

Nor must I forget  
A benison for the departed soul  
Of him who, many a year ago, first shaped  
This little Font,—imprisoning the spring  
Not wishing to be free, with smooth slate-stone,  
Now in the beauteous colouring of age  
Scarcely distinguished from the natural rock.  
In blessèd hour the solitary man  
Laid the first stone,—and in his native vale  
It serves him for a peaceful monument,  
'Mid the hill silence.

Renovated life  
Now flows through all my veins :—old dreams revive ;  
And while an airy pleasure in my brain  
Dances unbidden, I have time to gaze,  
Even with a happy lover's kindest looks,  
On Thee, delicious Fountain !

Thou dost shed  
(Though sultry stillness fill the summer air  
And parch the yellow hills), all round thy cave,  
A smile of beauty lovely as the Spring

Breathes with his April showers. The narrow lane  
 On either hand ridged with low shelving rocks,  
 That from the roadside gently lead the eye  
 Up to thy bed,—Ah me ! how rich a green,  
 Still brightening, wantons o'er its moistened grass !  
 With what a sweet sensation doth my gaze,  
 Now that my thirsty soul is gratified,  
 Live on the little cell ! The water there,  
 Variously dappled by the wreathèd sand  
 That sleeps below in many an antic shape,  
 Like the mild plumage of the pheasant-hen  
 Soothes the beholder's eye. The ceaseless drip  
 From the moss-fretted roof, by Nature's hand  
 Vaulted most beautiful, even like a pulse  
 Tells of the living principle within,—  
 A pulse but seldom heard amid the wild.

Yea, seldom heard : there is but one lone cot  
 Beyond this well :—it is inhabited  
 By an old shepherd during summer months,  
 And haply he may drink of the pure spring,  
 To Langdale Chapel on the Sabbath-morn  
 Going to pray,—or as he home returns  
 At silent eve : or traveller such as I,  
 Following his fancies o'er these lonely hills,  
 Thankfully here may slake his burning thirst  
 Once in a season. Other visitants  
 It hath not ; save perchance the mountain-crow,  
 When ice hath locked the rills, or wandering colt  
 Leaving its pasture for the shady lane.

Methinks, in such a solitary cave,  
 The fairy forms belated peasant sees,  
 Oft nightly dancing in a glittering ring  
 On the smooth mountain-sward, might here retire  
 To lead their noontide revels, or to bathe  
 Their tiny limbs in this transparent well.  
 A fitter spot there is not : flowers are here  
 Of loveliest colours and of sweetest smell,  
 Native to these our hills, and ever seen  
 A fairest family by the happy side  
 Of their own parent spring ;—and others too,  
 Of foreign birth, the cultured garden's joy,  
 Planted by that old shepherd in his mirth,  
 Here smile like strangers in a novel scene.





## THE PAST.

How wild and dim this Life appears !  
One long, deep, heavy sigh !  
When o'er our eyes, half-closed in tears,  
The images of former years  
Are faintly glimmering by !  
And still forgotten while they go,  
As on the sea-beach wave on wave  
Dissolves at once in snow.  
Upon the blue and silent sky  
The amber clouds one moment lie,  
And like a dream are gone !  
Though beautiful the moonbeams play  
On the lake's bosom bright as they,  
And the soul intensely loves their stay,  
Soon as the radiance melts away  
We scarce believe it shone !  
Heaven-airs amid the harp-strings dwell,  
And we wish they ne'er may fade—  
They cease ! and the soul is a silent cell,  
Where music never played.  
Dream follows dream through the long night-hours,  
Each lovelier than the last—  
But ere the breath of morning-flowers,  
That gorgeous world flies past.  
And many a sweet angelic cheek,  
Whose smiles of love and kindness speak,  
Glides by us on this earth—  
While in a day we cannot tell  
Where shone the face we loved so well  
In sadness or in mirth.

## PEACE.

I COULD believe that sorrow ne'er sojourned  
Within the circle of these sunny hills ;  
That this small lake, beneath the morning light,  
Now lying so serenely beautiful,  
Ne'er felt one passing storm, but on its breast  
Retained for aye the silent imagery  
Of those untroubled heavens.

How still yon isle,  
Scarcely distinguished from its glimmering shadow  
In the water pure as air ! Yon little flock  
How snow-white ! lying on the pastoral mount,  
Basking in the sunshine. That lone fisherman,  
Who draws his net so slowly to the shore,  
How calm an image of secluded life !  
While the boat moving with its twinkling oars,  
On its short voyage to yon verdant point  
Fringed with wild birch-wood, leaves a shining track  
Connecting by a pure and silvery line  
The quiet of both shores.

So deep the calm  
I hear the solitary stock-dove's voice  
Moaning across the lake, from the dark bosom  
Of yon old pine-grove. Hark, the village clock  
Tolls soberly ! And, 'mid the tufted elms,  
Reveals the spire still pointing up to heaven.  
I travel on unto the noisy city,  
And on this sunny bank mine hour of rest  
Stream-like has murmured by—yet shall the music  
Oft rise again—the lake, hills, wood, and grove,  
And that calm House of God. Sweet Vale, Farewell !



## THE DESOLATE VILLAGE.

### FIRST DREAM.

SWEET Village ! on thy pastoral hill  
Arrayed in sunlight sad and still,  
As if beneath the harvest-moon,  
Thy noiseless homes were sleeping !  
It is the merry month of June,  
And creatures all of air and earth  
Should now their holiday of mirth  
With dance and song be keeping.  
But, loveliest village ! silent thou,  
As cloud wreathed o'er the morning's brow,  
When light is faintly breaking,  
And midnight's voice afar is lost,  
Like the wailing of a wearied ghost,  
The shades of earth forsaking.  
'Tis not the Day to Scotia dear,  
A summer Sabbath mild and clear ;  
Yet from her solemn burial-ground  
The small kirk-steeple looks around,  
Enshrouded in a calm  
Profound as fills the house of prayer,  
E'er from the band of virgins fair  
Exhales the choral psalm.  
A sight so steeped in perfect rest  
Is slumbering not on nature's breast  
In the smiles of earthly day.  
'Tis a picture floating down the sky,  
By fancy framed in years gone by,  
And mellowing in decay.  
That thought is gone !—the village still  
With deepening quiet crowns the hill,  
Its low green roofs are there :  
In soft material beauty beaming,  
As in the silent hour of dreaming  
They hung embowered in air.

Is this the Day when to the mountains  
 The happy shepherds go,  
 And bathe in sparkling pools and fountains  
 Their flocks made white as snow ?  
 Hath gentle girl and gamesome boy,  
 With meek-eyed mirth or shouting joy,  
 Gone tripping up the brae,  
 Till far behind their Town doth stand,  
 Like an image in sweet Fairy-land,  
 When the Elves have flown away ?  
 —O sure if aught of human breath  
 Within these walls remain,  
 Thus deepening in the hush of death,  
 'Tis but some melancholy crone,  
 Who sits with solemn eyes  
 Beside the cradle all alone,  
 And lulls the infant with a strain  
 Of Scotia's ancient melodies.

What if these homes be filled with life ?  
 'Tis the sultry month of June,  
 And when the cloudless sun rides high  
 Above the glittering air of noon,  
 All nature sinks opprest,—  
 And labour shuts his weary eye  
 In the mid-day hour of rest.  
 Yet let the soul think what it will,  
 Most dirge-like mourns that moorland rill :  
 How different once its flow,  
 When with a dreamy motion gliding  
 'Mid its green fields in love abiding,  
 Or leaping o'er the mossy linn,  
 And sporting with its own wild din,  
 Seemed water changed to snow.  
 Beauty lies spread before my sight,  
 But grief-like shadows dim its light,  
 And all the scene appears  
 Like a churchyard when a friend is dying,  
 In more than earthly stillness lying,  
 And glimmering through our tears.

Sweet Woodburn ! like a cloud that name  
 Comes floating o'er my soul.  
 Although thy beauty still survive,  
 One look hath changed the whole.

The gayest village of the gay  
 Beside thy own sweet river,  
 Wert thou on week or Sabbath day !  
 So bathed in the blue light of joy,  
 As if no trouble could destroy  
 Peace doomed to last for ever.  
 Now in the shadow of thy trees  
 Still lovely in the tainted breeze,  
 The fell Plague-Spirit grimly lies  
 And broods, as in despite  
 Of uncomplaining lifelessness,  
 On the troops of silent shades that press  
 Into the churchyard's cold recess,  
 From that region of delight.

Last summer from the school-house door,  
 When the glad play-bell was ringing,  
 What shoals of bright-haired elves would pour  
 Like small waves racing on the shore,  
 In dance of rapture singing !  
 Oft by yon little silver well,  
 Now sleeping in neglected cell,  
 The village-maid would stand,  
 While resting on the mossy bank  
 With freshened soul the traveller drank  
 The cold cup from her hand ;  
 Haply some soldier from the war,  
 Who would remember long and far  
 That Lily of the Land.  
 And still the green is bright with flowers,  
 And dancing through the sunny hours,  
 Like blossoms from enchanted bowers  
 On a sudden wafted by,  
 Obedient to the changeful air,  
 And proudly feeling they are fair,  
 Glide bird and butterfly.

But where is the tiny hunter-rout  
 That revelled on with dance and shout  
 Against their airy prey ?  
 Alas ! the fearless linnet sings,  
 And the bright insect folds its wings  
 Upon the dewy flower that springs  
 Above these children's clay.



And if to yon deserted well  
Some solitary maid,  
As she was wont at eve, should go—  
There silent as her shade  
She stands a while—then sad and slow  
Walks home, afraid to think  
Of many a loudly-laughing ring  
That dipped their pitchers in that spring,  
And lingered round its brink.

On—on—through woeful images  
My spirit holds her way !  
Death in each drooping flower she sees :  
And oft the momentary breeze  
Is singing of decay.

—So high upon the slender bough  
Why hangs the crow her nest ?  
All undisturbed her young have lain  
This spring-time in their nest ;  
Nor as they flew on tender wing  
E'er feared the cross-bow or the sling.  
Tame as the purpling turtle-dove,  
That walks serene in human love,  
The magpie hops from door to door ;  
And the hare, not fearing to be seen,  
Doth gambol on the village green  
As on the lonely moor.  
The few sheep wandering by the brook  
Have all a dim neglected look,  
Oft bleating in their dumb distress  
On her their sweet dead shepherdess.  
The horses pasturing through the range  
Of gateless fields all common now,  
Free from the yoke enjoy the change,  
To them a long long Sabbath-sleep !  
Then gathering in one thunderous band,  
Across the wild they sweep,  
Tossing the long hair from their eyes—  
Till far the living whirlwind flies  
As o'er the desert sand.  
From human let their course is free—  
No lonely angler down the lea  
Invites the zephyr's breath—  
And the beggar far away doth roam,

Preferring in his hovel home  
 His penury to death.  
 On that green hedge a scattered row  
 Now weather-stained—once white as snow—  
 Of garments that have long been spread,  
 And now belong unto the dead,  
 Shroud-like proclaim to every eye,  
 “This is no place for charity!”

O blest are ye! unthinking creatures!  
 Rejoicing in your lowly natures,  
 Ye dance round human tombs!  
 Where gladlier sings the mountain lark  
 Than o'er the churchyard dim and dark!  
 Or where, than on the churchyard wall,  
 From the wild rose-tree brighter fall  
 Her transitory blooms!  
 What is it to that lovely sky  
 If all her worshippers should die!  
 As happily her splendours play  
 On the grave where human forms decay,  
 As o'er the dewy turf of morn,  
 Where the virgin, like a woodland fay  
 On wings of joy was borne.  
 —Even now a soft and silvery haze  
 Hill—village—tree—is steeping  
 In the loveliness of happier days,  
 Ere rose the voice of weeping!  
 When incense-fires from every hearth  
 To heaven stole beautiful from earth.

Sweet spire! that crown'st the house of God!  
 To thee my spirit turns,  
 While through a cloud the softened light  
 On thy yellow dial burns.  
 Ah, me! my bosom inly bleeds  
 To see the deep-worn path that leads  
 Unto that open gate!  
 In silent blackness it doth tell  
 How oft thy little sullen bell  
 Hath o'er the village tolled its knell,  
 In beauty desolate.  
 Oft, wandering by myself at night  
 Such spire hath risen in softened light  
 Before my gladdened eyes,—

And as I looked around to see  
The village sleeping quietly  
Beneath the quiet skies,—  
Methought that 'mid her stars so bright,  
The moon in placid mirth,  
Was not in heaven a holier sight  
Than God's house on the earth.  
Sweet image ! transient in my soul !  
That very bell hath ceased to toll  
When the grave receives its dead—  
And the last time it slowly swung,  
'Twas by a dying stripling rung  
O'er the sexton's hoary head !  
All silent now from cot or hall !  
Comes forth the sable funeral !  
The Pastor is not there !  
For yon sweet manse now empty stands,  
Nor in its walls will holier hands  
Be e'er held up in prayer.



## THE DESOLATE VILLAGE.

### SECOND DREAM.

#### BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY.

O HUSHED be our souls as this burial-ground !  
And let our feet without a sound  
Glide o'er the mournful clay ;  
For lo ! two radiant creatures flitting  
O'er the gravestones ! now moveless sitting  
On a low funeral mound ! 'Tis day !  
And, but that ghosts where'er they rove  
Do in their breathless beauty love  
The cold, the wan, and the silent light  
O'er the churchyard shed by the Queen of night,  
Sure sister-Shades were they !  
—Of many 'tis the holy faith,  
E'er from the dying frame  
Departs the latest lingering breath,  
Its earthly garb the same,  
A shadowy likeness still doth come,  
A noiseless, pale-faced, beckoning wraith  
To call the stranger home !  
Or, are ye angels, who from bliss,  
With dewy fall, unto our earth  
On wings of Paradise descend,  
The grave of innocence to kiss,  
And tears of an immortal birth  
With human tears to blend ?  
Ay ! there they sit ! like earthly creatures  
With softer, sadder, fainter features !  
A halo round each head ;  
Fair things whose earthly course is o'er,  
And who bring from some far-distant shore  
The beauty that on earth they wore,  
With the silence of the dead.

The dream of ghost and angel fades,  
And I gaze upon two orphan-maids,  
Frail creatures, doomed to die !  
Spirits may be fair in their heavenly sleep,  
But sure when mortal beings weep  
In tears a beauty lies more deep,  
The glimmering of mortality !  
Their aged friend in slumber lies,  
And hath closed for an hour the only eyes  
That ever cheered their orphan-state,  
At the hour of birth left desolate !  
She sleeps ! and now these maids have come  
With mournful hearts to this mournful home,  
Led here by a pensive train  
Of thoughts still brooding on the dead ;  
For they have watched the breast of pain  
Till it moved not on its bed,  
The lifeless lips together prest,  
And many a ghastly body drest,  
And framed the shroud for the corse of bone  
That lay unheeded and alone,  
When all its friends were dead and gone !

So they walk not to yon breezy mountain  
To sit in the shade of its silvery fountain,  
And 'mid that lofty air serene  
Forget the dim and wailing scene  
That spreads beneath their feet.  
They walk not down yon fairy stream  
Whose liquid lapses sweet  
Might wrap them in some happy dream  
Of a pure, calm, far retreat,  
As on that rivulet seems to flow,  
Escaping from a world of woe.  
But this still realm is their delight,  
And hither they repair  
Communion with the dead to hold.  
Peaceful, as at the fall of night,  
Two little lambkins gliding white  
Return unto the gentle air  
That sleeps within the fold.  
Or like two birds to their lonely nest,  
Or wearied waves to their bay of rest,  
Or fleecy clouds, when their race is run,

That hang, in their own beauty blest,  
'Mid the calm that sanctifies the west  
Around the setting sun.

Phantoms ! ye waken to mine eye  
Sweet trains of earthly imagery :—  
Whate'er on Nature's breast is found  
In loveliness without a sound,  
That silent seems to soul and sense,  
Emblem of perfect innocence :  
Two radiant dewdrops that repose  
On mossy bank at evening's close,  
And happy in the gentle weather,  
In beauty disappear together :  
Two flowers upon the lonesome moor,  
When a dim day of storm is o'er,  
Lifting up their yellow hair  
To meet the balm of the slumbering air :  
Two sea-birds from the troubled ocean  
Floating with a snowy motion,  
In the absence of the gale  
Over a sweet inland vale :  
Two early-risen stars that lie  
Together on the evening-sky,  
And imperceptibly pursue  
Their walk along the depths of blue.  
—Sweet beings ! on my dreams ye rise  
With all your frail humanities !  
Nor earth below, nor heaven above,  
An image yields of peace and love,  
So perfect as your pensive breath  
That brings unsought a dream of death ;  
Each sigh more touching than the last,  
Till life's pathetic tune be past !



## THE DESOLATE VILLAGE.

### THIRD DREAM.

#### THE DEPARTURE.

THE grave is filled and the turf is spread  
To grow together o'er the dead.  
The little daisies bright and fair  
Are looking up scarce injured there,  
And one warm night of summer-dew  
Will all their wonted smiles renew,  
Restoring to its blooming rest  
A soft couch for the sky-lark's breast.  
The funeral-party, one by one  
Have given their blessing and are gone—  
Prepared themselves ere long to die,  
A small, sad, silent company.  
The orphans robed in spotless white  
Yet linger in the holy ground,  
And shed all o'er that peaceful mound  
A radiance like the wan moonlight.  
—Then from their mother's grave they glide  
Out of the churchyard side by side.  
Just at the gate they pause and turn—  
I hear sad blended voices mourn  
“Mother, farewell!” the last endeavour  
To send their souls back to the clay.  
Then they hide their eyes—and walk away  
From her grave—now and for ever!

Not till this parting invocation  
To their mother's buried breast,  
Had they felt the power of desolation!  
Long as she lived, the village lay  
Calm—unrepining in decay—

For grief was its own consolation,  
 And death seemed only rest.  
 —But now a dim and sullen breath  
 Hath characterized the face of death ;  
 And tears, and sighs, and sobs, and wailing,  
 All round—o'er human joy prevailing—  
 Or 'mid the pausing fits of woe,  
 Wild silence, like a depth of snow  
 Shrouding in slumber stern and dull  
 The spring-fields late so beautiful,  
 Upon their fainting spirits press  
 With weight of utter hopelessness,  
 And drive them off, they heed not where,  
 So that oblivion's ebbless wave  
 May lie for ever on one grave,  
 One village of despair.

Faint with such spectacles of woe  
 Towards their solitary home  
 Across the village-green they go—  
 Eyeing the streamlet's murmuring flow,  
 Where melt away the specks of foam,  
 Like human creatures dying  
 'Mid their voyage down life's peaceful stream,  
 Upon the bosom of a dream  
 In thoughtless pleasure lying.  
 Calm reveries of composing grief !  
 Whose very sadness yields relief  
 To heart, and soul, and eye.  
 The Orphans look around—and lo !  
 How touching is that lilac's glow,  
 Beneath the tall laburnum's bow  
 That dazzling spans the sky !  
 That golden gleam—that gentle fire  
 Forces even anguish to admire ;  
 And gently cheers away distress  
 By the power of nature's loveliness.  
 From many a little garden steal  
 Odours that have been wasting long  
 A sweetness there was none to feel ;  
 And from the hidden flowers a song  
 Of bees, in happy multitude  
 All busy in that solitude,  
 An image brings of all the strife  
 And gladness of superior life,

Till man seem, 'mid these insects blest,  
A brother-insect hardly missed.

They seize that transient calm ; the door  
Of their own cottage open stands—  
Far lonelier than one hour before,  
When they with weak and trembling hands  
The head of that dear coffin bore  
Unto its darksome bed !  
To them far drearier than the tomb,  
The naked silence of the room  
Deserted by the dead.  
They kiss the dim and senseless walls,  
Then hurry fast away ;  
Some sudden thought their feet recalls,  
And trifles urge their stay,  
Till with the violence of despair  
They rush into the open air,  
And bless its thatch and sheltering tree,  
Then leave it everlastingly !  
—On, on they go, in sorrow blind,  
Yet with a still and gentle motion  
That speaks the inner soul resigned ;  
Like little billows o'er the ocean  
Still flowing on with tide and wind,  
And though the tempest smite their breast,  
Reaching at last some bay of rest.

God bless them on their pilgrimage !  
And may His hand divine  
With healing dew their woes assuage,  
When they have reached that silent shrine  
By nature framed in the open air,  
With soft turf for the knees of prayer,  
And dome of many a pastoral hill  
Lying in heaven serene and still ;  
For pilgrims ne'er to Sion went  
More mournful, or more innocent,  
Before the rueful Cross to lie  
At midnight on Mount Calvary.  
Two favourite sheep before them go—  
Each with its lambs of spotless snow  
Frisking around with pattering feet,  
With peaceful eyes and happy bleat.



Happy ! yet like a soft complaint !  
 As if at times the voice of sorrow  
 Through the hushed air came breathing faint  
 From blessed things that fear no morrow.  
 —Each Shepherdess holds in her hand  
 A verdant crook of the willow-wand,  
 Wreathed round with melancholy flowers  
 Gathered 'mid the hills in happier hours.  
 In a small cage a thrush is sitting—  
 Or restless as the light  
 That through his sunny prison plays,  
 From perch to perch each moment flitting,  
 His quick and glancing eye surveys  
 The novel trees and fields so bright,  
 And like a torrent gushing strong  
 He sends through heaven his sudden song,  
 A song that all dim thought destroys,  
 And breathes o'er all its own wild joys.

As on the Orphans hold their way  
 Through the stillness of the dying day,  
 Fairies might they seem who are returning,  
 At the end of some allotted time,  
 Unto their own immortal clime ;  
 Each bearing in its lovely hand  
 Some small memorial of the land  
 Where they, like common human frames,  
 And called by gentle Christian names,  
 For long had been sojourning ;  
 Some little fair insensate thing,  
 Relic of that wild visiting !  
 Bird that beneath a brighter spring  
 Of its own vanished earth will sing ;  
 Those harmless creatures that will glide  
 O'er faëry vales in earthly snow,  
 And from the faëry river's flow  
 Come forth more purely beautified.

Now with a wild and mournful song,  
 The fair procession moves along,  
 While, by that tune so sweet  
 The little flock delighted, press  
 As if with human tenderness  
 Around the singer's feet.

Up—up the gentie slope they wind,  
Leaving the laughing flowers behind  
That seem to court their stay.  
One moment on the top they stand,  
At the wild-unfolding vale's command,  
—Then down into that faëry land  
Dream-like they sink away !

## LINES

WRITTEN ON SEEING A PICTURE BY BERGHEM, OF

### AN ASS IN A STORM-SHOWER.

POOR wretch ! that blasted leafless tree,  
More frail and death-like even than thee,  
Can yield no shelter to thy shivering form ;  
The sleet, the rain, the wind of Heaven  
Full in thy face are coldly driven,  
As if thou wert alone the object of the storm.

Yet chilled with cold, and drenched with rain,  
Mild creature ! thou dost not complain  
By sound or look of these ungracious skies ;  
Calmly as if in friendly shed,  
There stand'st thou, with unmoving head,  
And a grave, patient meekness in thy half-closed eyes.

Long could my thoughtful spirit gaze  
On thee ; nor am I loth to praise  
Him who in moral mood this image drew ;  
And yet, methinks, that I could frame  
An image different, yet the same,  
More pleasing to the heart, and yet to Nature true.

Behold a lane retired and green,  
Winding amid a forest-scene  
With blooming furze in many a radiant heap ;  
There is a browsing Ass espied,  
One colt is frisking by her side,  
And one among her feet is safely stretched in sleep.

And lo ! a little maiden stands,  
With thistles in her tender hands,

Tempting with kindly words the colt to eat ;  
    Or gently down before him lays,  
    With words of solace and of praise,  
    Plucked from the untrodden turf the herbage soft and  
    sweet.

The summer sun is sinking down,  
And the peasants from the market town  
With cheerful hearts are to their homes returning ;  
Groups of gay children too are there,  
Stirring with mirth the silent air,  
O'er all their eager eyes the light of laughter burning.

The Ass hath got his burthen still !  
The merry elves the panniers fill ;  
Delighted there from side to side they swing :  
The creature heeds nor shout nor call,  
But jogs on careless of them all,  
Whether in harmless sport they gaily strike or sing.

A gypsy-group ! the secret wood  
Stirs through its leafy solitude,  
As wheels the dance to many a jocund tune ;  
The unpannied Ass slowly retires  
From the brown tents, and sparkling fires,  
And silently feeds on beneath the silent moon.

The Moon sits o'er the huge oak tree,  
More pensive 'mid this scene of glee  
That mocks the hour of beauty and of rest ;  
The soul of all her softest rays  
On yonder placid creature plays,  
As if she wished to cheer the hardships of the opprest.

But now the silver moonbeams fade,  
And, peeping through a flowery glade,  
Hushed as a wild-bird's nest, a cottage lies :  
An Ass stands meek and patient there,  
And by her side a spectre fair,  
To drink the balmy cup once more before she dies.

With tenderest care the pitying dame  
Supports the dying maiden's frame,



And strives with laughing looks her heart to cheer ;  
 While playful children crowd around  
 To catch her eye by smile or sound,  
 Unconscious of the doom that waits their lady dear !

I feel this mournful dream impart  
 A holier image to my heart,  
 For oft doth grief to thoughts sublime give birth :  
 Blest creature ! through the solemn night,  
 I see thee bathed in heavenly light,  
 Shed from that wondrous child—The Saviour of the  
     Earth.

When flying Herod's murderous rage,  
 Thou on that wretched pilgrimage  
 Didst gently near the virgin-mother lie ;  
 On thee the humble Jesus sate,  
 When thousands rushed to Salem's gate  
 To see 'mid holy hymns the sinless man pass by.

Happy thou wert, nor low thy praise,  
 In peaceful patriarchal days,  
 When countless tents slow passed from land to land  
 Like clouds o'er heaven : the gentle race  
 Such quiet scene did meetly grace,  
 Circling the pastoral camp in many a stately band.

Poor wretch ! my musing dream is o'er ;  
 Thy shivering form I view once more,  
 And all the pains thy race is doomed to prove ;  
 But they whose thoughtful spirits see  
 The truth of life, will pause with me,  
 And bless thee in a voice of gentleness and love !

## PRAYER TO SLEEP.

O GENTLE Sleep, wilt thou lay thy head  
For one little hour on thy lover's bed,  
And none but the silent stars of night  
Shall witness be to our delight !

Alas ! 'tis said that the couch must be  
Of the Eider-down that is spread for thee,  
So, I in my sorrow must lie alone,  
For mine, sweet Sleep ! is a couch of stone.

Music to thee I know is dear ;  
Then, the saddest of music is ever here,  
For Grief sits with me in my cell,  
And she is a syren who singeth well.

But thou, glad Sleep ! lovest gladsome airs,  
And wilt only come to thy lover's prayers  
When the bells of merriment are ringing,  
And bliss with liquid voice is singing.

Fair Sleep ! so long in thy beauty wooed,  
No rival hast thou in my solitude ;  
Be mine, my Love ! and we two will lie  
Embraced for ever—or awake to die !

Dear Sleep ! farewell !—hour, hour, hour, hour,  
Will slowly bring on the gleam of morrow,  
But thou art Joy's faithful paramour,  
And lie wilt thou not in the arms of Sorrow.

## LINES

WRITTEN ON READING

MR CLARKSON'S HISTORY OF THE ABOLITION OF  
THE SLAVE TRADE.

'MID the august and never-dying light  
Of constellated spirits, who have gained  
A throne in heaven, by power of heavenly acts,  
And leave their names immortal and unchanged  
On earth, even as the names of sun and moon,  
See'st thou, my soul ! 'mid all that radiant host  
One worthier of thy love and reverence,  
Than He, the fearless spirit who went forth,  
Mailed in the armour of invincible faith,  
And bearing in his grasp the spear of truth,  
Fit to destroy or save,—went forth to wage,  
Against the fierce array of bloody men,  
Avarice and ignorance, cruelty and hate,  
A holy warfare ! Deep within his soul,  
The groans of anguish, and the clank of chains,  
Dwelt ceaseless as a cataract, and filled  
The secret haunts of meditative prayer.  
Encircled by the silence of the hearth,  
The evening silence of a happy home ;  
Upon his midnight bed, when working soul  
Turns inward, and the steady flow of thought  
Is all we feel of life ; in crowded rooms,  
Where mere sensation oft takes place of mind,  
And all time seems the present ; in the sun,  
The joyful splendour of a summer-day ;  
Or 'neath the moon, the calm and gentle night ;  
Where'er he moved, one vision ever filled  
His restless spirit. 'Twas a vision bright  
With colours born in heaven, yet oh ! bedimmed  
With breath of sorrow, sighs, and tears, and blood !

Before him lay a quarter of the world,  
A mighty land, washed by unnumbered floods,  
Born in her bosom,—floods that to the sea  
Roll ocean-like, or in the central wilds  
Fade like the dim day melting into night ;  
A land all teeming with the gorgeous show  
Of nature in profuse magnificence !  
Valleys and groves, where untamed herds have ranged  
Without a master since the birth of time !  
Fountains and caves filled with the hidden light  
Of diamond and of ruby, only viewed  
With admiration by the unenvying sun !  
Millions of beings like himself he sees  
In stature and in soul,—the sons of God,  
Destined to do Him homage, and to lift  
Their fearless brows unto the burning sky,  
Stamped with His holy image ! Noble shapes,  
Kings of the desert, men whose stately tread  
Brings from the dust the sound of liberty !  
The vision fades not here ; he sees the gloom  
That lies upon these kingdoms of the sun,  
And makes them darker than the dreary realms,  
Scarce-moving at the pole. A sluggish flow  
Attends those floods so great and beautiful,  
Rolling in majesty that none adores.  
And lo ! the faces of those stately men,  
Silent as death, or changed to ghastly shapes  
By madness and despair ! His ears are torn  
By shrieks and ravings, loud, and long, and wild,  
Or the deep-muttered curse of sullen hearts,  
Scorning in bitter woe their gnawing chains !  
He sees, and shuddering feels the vision true,  
A pale-faced band, who in his mother-isle  
First looked upon the day, beneath its light  
Dare to be tyrants, and with coward deeds  
Sully the glory of the Queen of waves !  
He sees that famous Isle, whose very winds  
Dissolve like icicles the tyrant's chains,  
On Afric bind them firm as adamant,  
Yet boast, with false and hollow gratitude,  
Of all the troubled nations of the earth  
That she alone is free ! The awful sight  
Appals not him ; he draws his lonely breath  
Without a tremor ; for a voice is heard  
Breathed by no human lips,—heard by his soul,—



That he by Heaven is chosen to restore  
Mercy on earth, a mighty conqueror  
Over the sins and miseries of man.  
The work is done ! the Niger's sullen waves  
Have heard the tidings,—and the orient Sun  
Beholds them rolling on to meet his light  
In joyful beauty.—Tombût's spiry towers  
Are bright without the brightness of the day,  
And Houssa wakening from his age-long trance  
Of woe, amid the desert, smiles to hear  
The last faint echo of the blissful sound.

## LINES

WRITTEN ON OAK ISLAND, KILLARNEY.

FAR in the heart of Island-solitude.  
Our tent was pitched, beneath a grove of oaks.  
A scene more solemn never hermit chose  
For penitence and prayer ; nor pensive bard  
Wept over, dreaming of his dying hour  
And the happy stillness of a sylvan grave.  
That ancient wood was breathless as a tomb,  
Save when the stockdove in his central haunt  
Awakening suddenly a loud deep song,  
Startled the silence, ev'n as with a peal  
Of faint and far-off thunder. From the door  
Of our lone tent, thus wildly-canopied,  
Down to the lake-side, gently sloped a bank,  
Like the heaved bosom of the sea-green wave ;  
Where the pure waters of a crescent bay  
Kissed with a murmuring joy the fragrant heath,  
Impurpled with its bloom. On either side,  
As emulous of that refulgent bank,  
Hills brightly-girdled with green arbutus-groves  
Rose up to heaven ; yet bowed their lofty heads  
In homage to that mountain \* where the Bird  
Of Jove abides. Right in the front he spread  
His cliffs, his caverns, and his streamy glens,  
Flinging an air of wild sublimity  
O'er beauty's quiet home ! Yet, not exiled  
Was that fair spirit from the home she loved.  
Her sweet smile trembled on the o'ershadowed wave  
Even at the mountain's foot ; like dew it lay

\* Eagle Mountain.

On the relenting sternness of the rocks ;  
 The black and sullen entrances of caves  
 Dropped wild-flowers at her bidding ; ere it reached  
 Her ear, the tumult of the cataract  
 Was pleasant music ; but her perfect bliss  
 Came from the clear blue sky, and from the clouds  
 That seemed eternal in their depth of rest.

I closed mine eye, that, undisturbed by sense  
 Of outward objects, I might gaze and gaze  
 On that transcendent landscape, as it lay  
 Dreamily imaged in my happy soul.  
 But all seemed wavering as the restless sea,  
 Or the white morning-mist. Soon darkness veiled  
 The far-withdrawing vision, and a blank  
 Like blindness or decay of memory  
 Brooded where all those glorious things had shone.

Up started fancy from her dreamless sleep !  
 For lo ! the loveliest of all earthly lakes  
 (And let me breathe thy name so beautiful,  
 Winander !) lay before me, in the light  
 Of the sweet harvest-moon. She, gracious Queen,  
 Hung motionless above the liquid vale,  
 To her as dear as her own native heaven !  
 The cliffs that tower round that romantic shore  
 Seemed jealous of her love, and gave their breasts  
 To meet her tender smiles : each shaded bay,  
 Bright with the image of its guardian star,  
 To catch one glimpse seemed opening its fair trees ;  
 Delighting in her mild and placid eye  
 The whispering islands softly hymned her praise :  
 Gladly had all the woods revealed their depths  
 To the spirit glimmering on their topmost boughs ;  
 And the far mountains that by day appear  
 So stern and frowning, by her power subdued,  
 Flung down their mighty bulks into repose  
 Like Genii by enchantment lulled asleep !  
 Then, as if wafted on an angel's wing,  
 Wondering I found myself beneath the shade  
 Of my own sycamore, that from its heart  
 Did sing a mournful and pathetic strain,  
 Gladsome withal ! a strain that lowly breathed  
 " Welcome, O Wanderer ! welcome to thy home ! "

A light was in my cottage—I beheld  
A shadow move across it—then I heard  
A soft step gently stealing through the gloom.  
Long was the silence that enchained our souls!  
For by his own sweet fire, a husband sat  
Once more! sat gazing on his first-born child,  
Who on his sinless mother's happy breast  
An emblem seemed of innocence in heaven!



# THE FALLEN OAK,

## A VISION.

SCENE — *A Wood, near Keswick, belonging to Greenwich Hospital.*

### I.

BENEATH the shadow of an ancient oak,  
Dreaming I lay, far 'mid a solemn wood,  
When a noise like thunder stirred the solitude,  
And from that trance I suddenly awoke !  
A noble tree came crashing to the ground,  
Through the dark forest opening out a glade ;  
While all its hundred branches stretching round,  
Crushed the tall hazels in its ample shade.  
Methought, the vanquished monarch as he died  
Uttered a groan : while loud and taunting cheers  
The woodmen raised o'er him whose stubborn pride  
Had braved the seasons for an hundred years.  
It seemed a savage shout, a senseless scorn,  
Nor long prevailed amid the awful gloom ;  
Sad looked the forest of her glory shorn,  
Reverend with age, yet bright in vigour's bloom,  
Slain in his hour of strength, a giant in his tomb.

### II.

I closed mine eyes, nor could I brook to gaze  
On the wild havoc in one moment done ;  
Hateful to me shone forth the blessèd sun,  
As through the new formed void he poured his rays.  
Then rose a dream before my sleeping soul !  
A wood-nymph tearing her dishevelled hair,  
And wailing loud, from a long vista stole,  
And eyed the ruin with a fixed despair.

The velvet moss, that bathed its roots in green,  
 For many a happy day had been her seat ;  
 Than valley wide more dear this secret scene ;  
 —She asked no music but the rustling sweet  
 Of the rejoicing leaves ; now, all is gone,  
 That touched the Dryad's heart with pure delight.  
 Soon shall the axe destroy her fallen throne,  
 Its leaves of gold, its bark so glossy bright—  
 —But now she hastes away,—death-sickenening at the  
 sight !

## III.

A nobler shape supplied the Dryad's place ;  
 Soon as I saw the spirit in her eye,  
 I knew the mountain-goddess, Liberty,  
 And in adoring reverence veiled my face.  
 Smiling she stood beside the prostrate oak,  
 While a stern pleasure swelled her lofty breast,  
 And thus, methought, in thrilling accents spoke—  
 “ Not long, my darling 'Tree ! must be thy rest !  
 Glorious thou wert, when towering through the skies  
 In winter-storms, or summer's balmy breath ;  
 And thou, my Tree ! shalt gloriously arise,  
 In life majestic, terrible in death !  
 For thou shalt float above the roaring wave,  
 Where flags denouncing battle stream afar ;—  
 Thou wert, from birth, devoted to the brave,  
 And thou shalt sail on like a blazing star,  
 Bearing victorious NELSON through the storms of  
 war ! ”

## NATURE OUTRAGED.

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

TO ROBERT SYM, ESQ., EDINBURGH.

ONCE, on the very gentlest stillest day  
That ever Spring did in her gladness breathe  
O'er this delightful earth, I left my home  
With a belovèd friend, who ne'er before  
Had been among these mountains,—but whose heart,  
Led by the famous poets, through the air  
Serene of Nature oft had voyagèd,  
On fancy's wing, and in her magic bowers  
Reposed, by wildest music sung to sleep :—  
So that, enamoured of the imaged forms  
Of beauty in his soul, with holiest zeal  
He longed to hail the fair original,  
And do her spiritual homage.

That his love  
Might, consonant to Nature's dictate wise,  
From quiet impulse grow, and to the power  
Of meditation and connecting thought,  
Rather than startling glories of the eye,  
Owe its enthronement in his inmost heart,  
I led him to behold a little lake,  
Which I so often in my lonely walks  
Had visited, but never yet had seen  
One human being on its banks, that I  
Thought it mine own almost, so thither took  
My friend, assured he could not choose but love  
A scene so loved by me !

Before we reached  
The dell wherein this little lake doth sleep,  
Into involuntary praise of all  
Its pensive loveliness, my happy heart

Would frequent burst, and from those lyric songs,  
 That, sweetly warbling round the pastoral banks  
 Of Grassmere, on its silver waves have shed  
 The undying sunshine of a poet's soul,  
 I breathed such touching strains as suited well  
 The mild spring-day, and that secluded scene,  
 Towards which, in full assurance of delight,  
 We two then walked in peace.

On the green slope

Of a romantic glade, we sat us down,  
 Amid the fragrance of the yellow broom,  
 While o'er our heads the weeping birch-tree streamed  
 Its branches arching like a fountain-shower,  
 Then looked towards the lake,—with hearts prepared  
 For the warm reception of all lovely forms  
 Enrobed in loveliest radiance, such as oft  
 Had steeped my spirit in a holy calm,  
 And made it by the touch of purest joy  
 Still as an infant's dream.

But where had fled

The paradise beloved in former days ?  
 I looked upon the countenance of my friend,  
 Who, lost in strange and sorrowful surprise,  
 Could scarce forbear to smile. Is this, he cried,  
 The lone retreat, where from the secret top  
 Of Helicon, the wild-eyed muse descends  
 To bless thy slumbers ? this the virgin scene  
 Where beauty smiles in undisturbèd peace ?

I looked again : but ne'er did lover gaze,  
 At last returning from some foreign clime,  
 With more affectionate sorrow on the face  
 That he left fair in youth, than I did gaze  
 On the altered features of my darling vale,  
 That, 'mid the barbarous outrages of art,  
 Retained, I ween, a heavenly character  
 That nothing could destroy. Yet much was lost  
 Of its original brightness : Much was there,  
 Marring the spirit I remembered once  
 Perfectly beautiful. The meadow field,  
 That with its rich and placid verdure lay  
 Even like a sister-lake, with nought to break  
 The smoothness of its bosom, save the swing



Of the hoar Canna, or, more snowy white,  
 The young lamb frisking in the joy of life,—  
 O grief! a garden, all unlike, I ween,  
 To that where bloomed the fair Hesperides,  
 Usurped the seat of Nature, while a wall  
 Of most bedazzling splendour, o'er whose height,  
 The little birds, content to flit along  
 From bush to bush, could never dare to fly,  
 Preserved from those who knew no ill intent,  
 Fruit-trees exotic, and flowers passing rare,  
 Less lovely far than many a one that bloomed  
 Unnoticed in the woods.

And lo! a house,  
 An elegant villa! in the Grecian style!  
 Doubtless contrived by some great architect  
 Who had an Attic soul; and in the shade  
 Of Academe or the Lyceum walked,  
 Forming conceptions fair and beautiful.  
 Blessèd for ever be the sculptor's art  
 It hath created guardian deities  
 To shield the holy building,—heathen gods  
 And goddesses, at which the peasant stares  
 With most perplexing wonder; and light Fauns  
 That the good owner's unpoetic soul  
 Could not among the umbrage of the groves  
 Imagine, here, for ever in his sight,  
 In one unwearied posture frisk in stone.

My friend, quoth I, forgive these words of mine,  
 That haply seem more sportive than becomes  
 A soul that feels for Nature's sanctity  
 Thus blindly outraged; but when evil work  
 Admits no remedy, we then are glad  
 Even from ourselves to hide, in mirth constrained,  
 An unavailing sorrow. Oh! my friend,  
 Hadst thou beheld, as I, the glorious rock  
 By that audacious mansion hid for ever,  
 —Glorious I well might call it, with bright bands  
 Of flowers, and weeds as beautiful as flowers  
 Refulgent,—crowned, as with a diadem,  
 With oaks that loved their birth-place, and alive  
 With the wild tones of echo, bird, and bee,—  
 Thou couldst have wept to think that paltry Art  
 Could so prevail o'er Nature, and weak man

Thus stand between thee and the works of God.  
 Well might the Naiad of that stream complain !  
 The glare of day hath driven her from her haunts,  
 Shady no more : The woodman's axe hath cleared  
 The useless hazels where the linnet hung  
 Her secret nest ; and yon hoar waterfall,  
 Whose misty spray rose through the freshened leaves  
 To heaven, like Nature's incense, and whose sound  
 Came deadened through the multitude of boughs  
 Like a wild anthem by some spirit sung,  
 Now looks as cheerless as the late-left snow  
 Upon the mountain's breast, and sends a voice,  
 From the bare rocks, of dreariness and woe.  
 See ! farther down the streamlet, art hath framed  
 A delicate cascade ! The channel stones  
 Hallowed by rushing waters, and more green  
 Even than the thought of greenness in the soul,  
 Are gone ; and pebbles, carefully arranged  
 By size and colour, at the bottom lie  
 Imprisoned ; while a smooth and shaven lawn,  
 With graceful gravel walks most serpentine,  
 Surrounds the noisy wonder, and sends up  
 A smile of scorn unto the rocky fells,  
 Where, 'mid the rough fern, bleat the sheltered sheep.

Oft hath the poet's eye on these wild fells  
 Beheld entrancing visions ;—but the cliffs,  
 In unscaled majesty, must frown no more ;  
 No more the coves profound draw down the soul  
 Into their stern dominion : even the clouds,  
 Floating or settling on the mountain's breast,  
 Must be adored no more :—far other forms  
 Delight his gaze, to whom, alas, belongs  
 This luckless vale.—On every eminence,  
 Smiles some gay image of the builder's soul,  
 Watch-tower or summer-house, where oft, at eve,  
 He meditates to go, with book in hand,  
 And read in solitude ; or weather-cock,  
 To tell which way the wind doth blow ; or fort,  
 Commanding every station in the vale  
 Where enemy might encamp, and from whose height  
 A gaudy flag might flutter, when he hears  
 With a true British pride of Frenchmen slain,  
 Ten thousand in one battle, lying grim  
 By the brave English, their dead conquerors !

Such was the spirit of the words I used  
 On witnessing such sacrilege. We turned  
 Homewards in silence, even as from the grave  
 Of one in early youth untimely dead,  
 And all that to my pensive friend I said  
 Upon our walk, were some few words of grief,  
 That thoughtlessness and folly, in one day,  
 Could render vain the mystic processes  
 Of Nature, working for a thousand years  
 The work of love and beauty ; so that Heaven  
 Might shed its gracious dews upon the earth,  
 Its sunshine and its rain, till living flowers  
 Rose up in myriads to attest its power,  
 But, in the midst of this glad jubilee,  
 A blinded mortal came, and with a nod,  
 Thus rendering ignorance worse than wickedness,  
 Bid his base servants "tear from Nature's book  
 A blissful leaf with worst impiety."

If thou, whose heart has listened to my song,  
 From Nature hold'st some fair inheritance  
 Like that whose mournful ruins I deplore,  
 Remember that thy birthright doth impose  
 High duties on thee, that must be performed,  
 Else thou canst not be happy. Thou must watch  
 With holy zeal o'er Nature while she sleeps,  
 That nought may break her rest ; her waking smiles  
 Thou must preserve and worship ; and the gloom  
 That sometimes lies like night upon her face,  
 Creating awful thoughts, that gloom must hush  
 The beatings of thy heart, as if it lay  
 Like the dread shadow of eternity.  
 Beauteous thy home upon this beauteous earth,  
 And God hath given it to thee : therefore, learn  
 The laws by which the Eternal doth sublime  
 And sanctify his works, that thou mayest see  
 The hidden glory veiled from vulgar eyes,  
 And by the homage of enlightened love,  
 Repay the power that blest thee. Thou shouldst stand  
 Ofttimes amid thy dwelling-place, with awe  
 Stronger than love, even like a pious man  
 Who in some great cathedral, while the chant  
 Of hymns is in his soul, no more beholds  
 The pillars rise august and beautiful,  
 Nor the dim grandeur of the roof that hangs



Far, far above his head, but only sees  
The opening heaven-gates, and the white-robed bands  
Of spirits prostrate in adoring praise.  
So shalt thou to thy death-hour find a friend,  
A gracious friend in Nature, and thy name,  
As the rapt traveller through thy fair domains  
Oft-lingering journeys, shall with gentle voice  
Be breathed amid the solitude, and linked  
With those enlightened spirits that promote  
The happiness of others by their own,  
The consummation of all earthly joy.



## MELROSE ABBEY.

It was not when the sun through the glittering sky,  
In summer's joyful majesty,  
Looked from his cloudless height ;—  
It was not when the sun was sinking down,  
And tinging the ruin's mossy brown  
With gleams of ruddy light ;—  
Nor yet when the moon, like a pilgrim fair,  
'Mid star and planet journeyed slow,  
And, mellowing the stillness of the air,  
Smiled on the world below ;—  
That, MELROSE ! 'mid thy mouldering pride,  
All breathless and alone,  
I grasped the dreams to day denied,  
High dreams of ages gone !—  
Had unshriev'd guilt for one moment been there,  
His heart had turned to stone !  
For oft, though felt no moving gale,  
Like restless ghost in glimmering shroud,  
Through lofty Oriel opening pale  
Was seen the hurrying cloud ;  
And, at doubtful distance, each broken wall  
Frowned black as bier's mysterious pall  
From mountain-cave beheld by ghastly seer ;  
It seemed as if sound had ceased to be ;  
Nor dust from arch, nor leaf from tree,  
Relieved the noiseless ear.  
The owl had sailed from her silent tower,  
Tweed hushed his weary wave,  
The time was midnight's moonless hour,  
My seat a dreaded Douglas' grave !

My being was sublimed by joy,  
My heart was big, yet I could not weep ;  
I felt that God would ne'er destroy  
The mighty in their tranced sleep.  
Within the pile no common dead  
Lay blended with their kindred mould ;

Theirs were the hearts that prayed, or bled,  
In cloister dim, on death-plain red,  
The pious and the bold.  
There slept the saint whose holy strains  
Brought seraphs round the dying bed ;  
And there the warrior, who to chains  
Ne'er stooped his crested head.  
I felt my spirit sink or swell  
With patriot rage or lowly fear,  
As battle-trump, or convent-bell,  
Rung in my trancèd ear.  
But dreams prevailed of loftier mood,  
When stern beneath the chancel high  
My country's spectre-monarch stood,  
All sheathed in glittering panoply ;  
Then I thought with pride what noble blood  
Had flowed for the hills of liberty.  
—High the resolves that fill the brain  
With transports trembling upon pain,  
When the veil of time is rent in twain,  
That hides the glory past !  
The scene may fade that gave them birth,  
But they perish not with the perishing earth ;  
For ever shall they last.  
And higher, I ween, is that mystic might  
That comes to the soul from the silent night,  
When she walks, like a disembodied spirit,  
Through realms her sister shades inherit,  
And soft as the breath of those blessèd flowers  
That smile in Heaven's unfading bowers,  
With love and awe, a voice she hears  
Murmuring assurance of immortal years.  
In hours of loneliness and woe  
Which even the best and wisest know,  
How leaps the lightened heart to seize  
On the bliss that comes with dreams like these  
As fair before the mental eye  
The pomp and beauty of the dream return,  
Dejected virtue calms her sigh,  
And leans resigned on memory's urn.  
She feels how weak is mortal pain,  
When each thought that starts to life again,  
Tells that she hath not lived in vain.  
—For Solitude, by Wisdom wooed,  
Is ever mistress of delight,

And even in gloom or tumult viewed,  
 She sanctifies their living blood  
 Who learn her lore aright.  
 The dreams her awful face imparts,  
 Unhallowed mirth destroy ;  
 Her griefs bestow on noble hearts  
 A nobler power of joy.  
 While hope and faith the soul thus fill,  
 We smile at chance distress,  
 And drink the cup of human ill  
 In stately happiness.  
 Thus even where death his empire keeps  
 Life holds the pageant vain,  
 And where the lofty spirit sleeps,  
 There lofty visions reign.  
 Yea, often to night-wandering man  
 A power fate's dim decrees to scan,  
 In lonely trance by bliss is given ;  
 And midnight's starless silence rolls  
 A giant vigour through our souls,  
 That stamps us sons of Heaven.

Then, MELROSE ! Tomb of heroes old !  
 Blest be the hour I dwelt with thee ;  
 The visions that can ne'er be told  
 That only poets in their joy can see,  
 The glory born above the sky  
 The deep-felt weight of sanctity !  
 Thy massy towers I view no more  
 Through brooding darkness rising hoar,  
 Like a broad line of light dim seen  
 Some sable mountain-cleft between !  
 Since that dread hour, hath human thought  
 A thousand gay creations brought  
 Before my earthly eye ;  
 I to the world have lent an ear,  
 Delighted all the while to hear  
 The voice of poor mortality.  
 Yet, not the less doth there abide  
 Deep in my soul a holy pride,  
 That knows by whom it was bestowed,  
 Lofty to man, but low to God ;  
 Such pride as hymning angels cherish,  
 Blest in the blaze where man would perish.

## L I N E S

WRITTEN BY MOONLIGHT AT SEA.

AH me ! in dreams of struggling dread,  
Let foolish tears no more be shed,  
Tears wept on bended knee,  
Though years of absence slowly roll  
Between us and some darling soul  
Who lives upon the sea !  
Weep, weep not for the mariner,  
Though distant far he roam,  
And have no lovely resting-place  
That he can call his home.  
Friends hath he in the wilderness,  
And with those friends he lives in bliss  
Without one pining sigh !  
The waves that round his vessel crowd,  
The guiding star, the breezy cloud,  
The music of the sky.  
And, dearer even than Heaven's sweet light,  
He gazes on that Wonder bright,  
When sporting with the gales,  
Or lying in a beauteous sleep  
Above her shadow in the deep,  
—The Ship in which he sails.  
Then weep not for the mariner !  
He needeth not thy tears ;  
From his soul the Ocean's midnight voice  
Dispels all mortal fears.  
Quietly slumber shepherd-men  
In the silence of some inland glen,  
Lulled by the gentlest sounds of air and earth ;  
Yet as quietly rests the mariner,  
Nor wants for dreams as melting fair  
Amid the Ocean's mirth.



## THE NAMELESS STREAM.

GENTLE as dew, a summer shower  
In beauty bathed tree, herb, and flower,  
And told the stream to murmur on  
With quicker dance and livelier tone.  
The mist lay steady on the fell,  
While lustre steeped each smiling dell,  
Such wild and fairy contrast made  
The magic power of light and shade.  
Through trees a little bridge was seen,  
Glittering with yellow, red, and green,  
As o'er the moss with playful glide  
The sunbeam danced from side to side,  
And made the ancient arch to glow  
Various as Heaven's reflected bow.  
Within the dripping grove was heard  
Rustle or song of joyful bird ;  
The stir of rapture filled the air  
From unseen myriads mingling there ,  
Life lay entranced in sinless mirth,  
And Nature's hymn swam o'er the earth !

In this sweet hour of peace and love,  
I chanced from restless joy to move,  
When by my side a being stood  
Fairer than Naiad of the flood,  
Or her who ruled the forest scene  
In days of yore, the Huntress Queen.  
Wildness, subdued by quiet grace,  
Played o'er the vision's radiant face,  
Radiant with spirit fit to steer  
Her flight around the starry sphere,  
Yet, willing to sink down in rest  
Upon a guardian mortal breast.  
Her eyes were rather soft than bright,  
And, when a smile half-closed their light,

They seemed amid the gleam divine  
 Like stars scarce seen through fair moonshine !  
 While ever, as with sportive air,  
 She lightly waved her clustering hair,  
 A thousand gleams the motion made,  
 Danced o'er the auburn's darker shade.

O MARY ! I had known thee long,  
 Amid the gay, the thoughtless throng,  
 Where mien leaves modesty behind,  
 And manner takes the place of mind ;  
 Where woman, though delightful still,  
 Quits Nature's ease for Fashion's skill,  
 Hides, by the gaudy gloss of art,  
 The simple beauty of her heart,  
 And, born to lift our souls to heaven,  
 Strives for the gaze despised when given,  
 Forgets her being's godlike power  
 To shine the wonder of an hour.  
 Oft had I sighed to think that thou,  
 An angel fair, couldst stoop so low ;  
 And as with light and airy pride,  
 'Mid worldly souls I saw thee glide,  
 Wasting those smiles that love with tears  
 Might live on all his blessed years,  
 Regret rose from thy causeless mirth,  
 That Heaven could thus be stained by Earth.

O vain regret ! I should have known  
 Thy soul was strung to loftier tone,  
 That wisdom bade thee joyful range  
 Through worldly paths thou couldst not change,  
 And look with glad and sparkling eye  
 Even on life's cureless vanity.  
 —But now, thy being's inmost blood  
 Felt the deep power of solitude.  
 From Heaven a sudden glory broke,  
 And all thy angel soul awoke.  
 I hailed the impulse from above,  
 And friendship was sublimed to love.  
 Fair are the vales that peaceful sleep  
 'Mid mountain-silence lone and deep,  
 Sweet narrow lines of fertile earth,  
 'Mid frowns of horror, smiles of mirth !

## THE NAMELESS STREAM.

Fair too the fixed and floating cloud,  
The light obscure by eve bestowed,  
The sky's blue stillness, and the breast  
Of lakes, with all that stillness blest.  
But dearer to my heart and eye,  
Than valley, mountain, lake, or sky,  
One Nameless Stream, whose happy flow  
Blue as the heavens, or white as snow,  
And gently-swelling sylvan side  
By Mary's presence beautified,  
Tell ever of expected years,  
The wish that sighs, the bliss that fears,  
Till taught at last no more to roam,  
I worship the bright Star of Home.

## ELEGY

### ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

ERE Margaret was three months old,  
Her father laid her in the mould !  
Poor Babe ! her fleeting visit here  
Was marked by many a sigh and tear,  
And sudden starts of unknown pain  
Oft seemed to shake her little brain !  
Scarcely unto her ear was known  
A yearning mother's gentle tone ;  
She could not by her smiles repay  
The sleepless night, the anxious day ;  
And yet, at times, her eyes would rest  
With gladness on that mother's breast,  
And sinking, with a murmur there,  
Like a hushed stir of vernal air,  
We saw her little bosom move  
Blest by the genial fount of love !  
Gently the stroke of death did come,  
And sent her to a heavenly home ;  
Ev'n like the wild harp's transient strain,  
She slept—and never woke again !  
And now, beneath her spotless shroud,  
Like a pale star behind a cloud,  
Or a young flower that dies in May,  
Chilled by hoar-frost—the Baby lay.  
Ah, me ! it was a sad delight,  
Through the dim stillness of the night,  
While grief the glimmering air possest,  
To mark her little bed of rest !  
The sweet child bore no looks of death,  
She seemed alive, though 'reft of breath ;  
Her lips retained their sunny glow,  
But her cold cheek was pale as snow !



While thus she lay, no painful trace  
 Broke the fair silence of her face ;  
 But something like a smile did play  
 Over the dead insensate clay,  
 As if a happy dream had shed  
 A halo round that guiltless head.

At morning light we took our way,  
 To drop the dear babe in the clay.  
 No mourners might that corse attend,  
 Save father—servant—neighbour—friend ;  
 For none but real weepers gave  
 A blessing to mine infant's grave.  
 The vernal noon was soft and mild,  
 Meet for the funeral of a child ;  
 Round the small grave the sunbeams stole,  
 Pure as the infant's sainted soul :  
 And th' opening heavens appeared to shed  
 A loving lustre o'er the dead.  
 The fair unfolding buds of Spring  
 Sustained our quiet sorrowing ;  
 For wide o'er the rejoicing earth  
 Wild-flowers were springing in their mirth,  
 Of many a bright and heavenly dye,  
 Emblems of sinless infancy.  
 Oh ! fairer, sweeter far than they,  
 My Flower now dropt into the clay !  
 Shut by the sod roof, smooth and even,  
 Her blossoms from the dews of heaven !

When evening came, the silent hearth,  
 Two nights before alive with mirth,  
 With dim and languid lustre shone,  
 As if it knew our babe was gone.  
 At once our spirits felt beguiled  
 Of grief—we spake not of our child—  
 Yet every word we softly said,  
 Told that our thoughts were with the dead.  
 I looked into the mother's face,  
 And a calm smile had taken place  
 Of tears, by Jesu's self approved !  
 Our only child, so much beloved,  
 Had left us for a cradle blest  
 Beyond a mortal mother's breast.—

We knew—we felt that God was kind—  
What awful bliss to be resigned !

And is our home a silent cell  
Moved only by the passing-bell,  
That on that May-day morning clear  
All our kind village wept to hear ?  
No—it is filled from morn till night  
With smiles, shouts, dances of delight,  
And songs of nature's bursting glee,  
And wild elves' mimic minstrelsy ;  
And rosy cheeks are sparkling there,  
And orbs glide by of golden hair ;  
And white arms wreathed in loving ring,  
While Innocence is dallying  
With that bright shape—her brother Joy !  
—Who gave them may again destroy—  
But dance along, ye blithesome crew,  
And I will join the pastime too ;  
For whether on life's mystic Tree  
Fair blossoms shine resplendently,  
Or one chill blast of passing air  
Hath swept its broken branches bare,  
The tempests blow, the sunbeams shine,  
Alike, from Mercy's awful Shrine.

## ART AND NATURE.

SYLPH-LIKE, and with a graceful pride,  
I saw the wild Louisa glide  
Along the dance's glittering row,  
With footsteps soft as falling snow.  
On all around her smiles she poured,  
And though by all admired, adored,  
She seemed to hold the homage light,  
And careless claimed it as her right.  
With syren voice the Lady sung :  
Love on her tones enraptured hung,  
While timid awe and fond desire  
Came blended from her witching lyre.  
While thus, with unresisted art,  
The Enchantress melted every heart,  
Amid the glance, the sigh, the smile,  
Herself, unmoved and cold the while,  
With inward pity eyed the scene,  
Where all were subjects—she a Queen !

Again, I saw that Lady fair :  
Oh ! what a beauteous change was there !  
In a sweet cottage of her own  
She sat, and she was all alone,  
Save a young child she sung to rest  
On its soft bed, her fragrant breast.  
With happy smiles and happy sighs,  
She kissed the infant's closing eyes,  
Then, o'er him in the cradle laid,  
Moved her dear lips as if she prayed.  
She blessed him in his father's name :  
Lo ! to her side that father came,  
And, in a voice subdued and mild,  
He blessed the mother and her child !  
I thought upon the proud saloon,  
And that Enchantress Queen ; but soon,  
Far-off Art's fading pageant stole,  
And Nature filled my thoughtful soul !

## LINES

WRITTEN IN A HIGHLAND GLEN.

To whom belongs this valley fair,  
That sleeps beneath the filmy air,  
    Even like a living thing?  
Silent,—as infant at the breast,—  
Save a still sound that speaks of rest,  
    That streamlet's murmuring!

The heavens appear to love this vale ;  
Here clouds with scarce-seen motion sail,  
    Or 'mid the silence lie.  
By that blue arch, this beauteous earth  
Mid evening's hour of dewy mirth  
    Seems bound unto the sky.

O! that this lovely vale were mine!  
Then, from glad youth to calm decline,  
    My years would gently glide ;  
Hope would rejoice in endless dreams,  
And memory's oft-returning gleams  
    By peace be sanctified.

There would unto my soul be given,  
From presence of that gracious heaven,  
    A piety sublime  
And thoughts would come of mystic mood,  
To make in this deep solitude  
    Eternity of time.

And did I ask to whom belonged  
This vale?—I feel that I have wronged  
    Nature's most gracious soul.



She spreads her glories o'er the earth,  
And all her children from their birth  
Are joint-heirs of the whole.

Yea! long as Nature's humblest child  
Hath kept her Temple undefiled  
By sinful sacrifice,  
Earth's fairest scenes are all his own,  
He is a monarch, and his throne  
Is built amid the skies.

## THE WIDOWED MOTHER.

BESIDE her Babe, who sweetly slept,  
A widowed mother sat and wept  
    O'er years of love gone by ;  
And as the sobs thick-gathering came,  
She murmured her dead husband's name  
    'Mid that sad lullaby.

Well might that lullaby be sad,  
For not one single friend she had  
    On this cold-hearted earth ;  
The sea will not give back its prey—  
And they were wrapt in foreign clay  
    Who gave the orphan birth.

Steadfastly as a star doth look  
Upon a little murmuring brook,  
    She gazed upon the bosom  
And fair brow of her sleeping son—  
“ O merciful Heaven ! when I am gone  
    Thine is this earthly blossom ! ”

While thus she sat—a sunbeam broke  
Into the room ; the babe awoke,  
    And from his cradle smiled !  
Ah me ! what kindling smiles met there !  
I know not whether was more fair,  
    The mother or her child !

With joy fresh-sprung from short alarms,  
The smiler stretched his rosy arms,  
    And to her bosom leapt—

All tears at once were swept away,  
And said a face as bright as day,—  
“Forgive me that I wept!”

Sufferings there are from nature sprung,  
Ear hath not heard, nor poet's tongue  
May venture to declare ;  
But this as Holy Writ is sure,  
“The griefs she bids us here endure  
She can herself repair !”

WRITTEN ON THE BANKS OF WASTWATER,  
DURING A STORM.

THERE is a lake hid far among the hills,  
That raves around the throne of solitude,  
Not fed by gentle streams, or playful rills,  
But headlong cataract and rushing flood.  
There, gleam no lovely hues of hanging wood,  
No spot of sunshine lights her sullen side ;  
For horror shaped the wild in wrathful mood,  
And o'er the tempest heaved the mountain's pride.  
If thou art one, in dark presumption blind,  
Who vainly deem'st no spirit like to thine,  
That lofty genius deifies thy mind,  
Fall prostrate here at Nature's stormy shrine,  
And as the thunderous scene disturbs thy heart,  
Lift thy changed eye, and own how low thou art.

WRITTEN ON THE BANKS OF WASTWATER,  
DURING A CALM.

Is this the lake, the cradle of the storms,  
Where silence never tames the mountain-roar,  
Where poets fear their self-created forms,  
Or, sunk in trance severe, their God adore ?  
Is this the lake, for ever dark and loud  
With wave and tempest, cataract and cloud ?  
Wondrous, O Nature ! is thy sovereign power,  
That gives to horror hours of peaceful mirth ;  
For here might beauty build her summer-bower !  
Lo ! where yon rainbow spans the smiling earth,  
And, clothed in glory, through a silent shower  
The mighty Sun comes forth, a godlike birth ;  
While, 'neath his loving eye, the gentle Lake  
Lies like a sleeping child too blest to wake !



## WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT, ON HELM-CRAG.

Go up among the mountains, when the storm  
 Of midnight howls, but go in that wild mood,  
 When the soul loves tumultuous solitude,  
 And through the haunted air, each giant form  
 Of swinging pine, black rock, or ghostly cloud,  
 That veils some fearful cataract tumbling loud,  
 Seems to thy breathless heart with life imbued.  
 'Mid those gaunt, shapeless things thou art alone !  
 The mind exists, thinks, trembles through the ear,  
 The memory of the human world is gone,  
 And time and space seem living only *here*.  
 Oh ! worship thou the visions then made known,  
 While sable glooms round Nature's temple roll,  
 And her dread anthem peals into thy soul.

## THE VOICE OF THE MOUNTAINS.

LIST ! while I tell what forms the mountain's voice !  
 —The storms are up ; and from yon sable cloud  
 Down rush the rains ; while 'mid the thunder loud  
 The viewless eagles in wild screams rejoice.  
 The echoes answer to the unearthly noise  
 Of hurling rocks, that, plunged into the Lake,  
 Send up a sullen groan : from clefts and caves,  
 As of half-murdered wretch, hark ! yells awake,  
 Or red-eyed frenzy as in chains he raves.  
 These form the mountain's voice ; these, heard at night,  
 Distant from human being's known abode,  
 To earth some spirits bow in cold affright,  
 But some they lift to glory and to God.

## THE EVENING-CLOUD.

A CLOUD lay cradled near the setting sun,  
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow :  
Long had I watched the glory moving on  
O'er the still radiance of the Lake below.  
Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow !  
Even in its very motion there was rest :  
While every breath of eve that chanced to blow,  
Wafted the traveller to the beauteous West.  
Emblem, methought, of the departed soul !  
To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given ;  
And by the breath of mercy made to roll  
Right onwards to the golden gates of Heaven,  
Where, to the eye of Faith, it peaceful lies,  
And tells to man his glorious destinies.

## WRITTEN ON THE SABBATH-DAY.

WHEN by God's inward light, a happy child,  
I walked in joy, as in the open air,  
It seemed to my young thought the Sabbath smiled  
With glory and with love. So still, so fair,  
The Heavens looked ever on that hallowed morn,  
That, without aid of memory, something there  
Had surely told me of its glad return.  
How did my little heart at evening burn,  
When, fondly seated on my father's knee,  
Taught by the lip of love, I breathed the prayer,  
Warm from the fount of infant piety !  
Much is my spirit changed ; for years have brought  
Intenser feeling and expanded thought ;  
—Yet, must I envy every child I see !

## WRITTEN ON SKIDDAW, DURING A TEMPEST.

IT was a dreadful day, when late I passed  
 O'er thy dim vastness, SKIDDAW !—Mist and cloud  
 Each subject Fell obscured, and rushing blast  
 To thee made darling music, wild and loud,  
 Thou Mountain-Monarch ! Rain in torrents played,  
 As when at sea a wave is borne to Heaven,  
 A watery spire, then on the crew dismayed  
 Of reeling ship with downward wrath is driven.  
 I could have thought that every living form  
 Had fled, or perished in that savage storm,  
 So desolate the day. To me were given  
 Peace, calmness, joy : then, to myself I said,  
 Can grief, time, chance, or elements control  
 Man's chartered pride, the Liberty of Soul ?

---

I WANDERED lonely, like a pilgrim sad,  
 O'er mountains known but to the eagle's gaze ;  
 Yet, my hushed heart, with Nature's beauty glad,  
 Slept in the shade, or gloried in the blaze.  
 Romantic vales stole winding to my eye  
 In gradual loveliness, like rising dreams ;  
 Fair, nameless tarns, that seem to blend with sky  
 Rocks of wild majesty and elfin streams.  
 How strange, methought, I should have lived so near,  
 Nor ever worshipped Nature's altar here !  
 Strange ! say not so—hid from the world and thee,  
 Though in the midst of life their spirits move,  
 Thousands enjoy in holy liberty  
 The silent Eden of unenvied Love !

WRITTEN ON THE EVENING I HEARD OF THE DEATH  
OF MY FRIEND, WILLIAM DUNLOP.

A GOLDEN cloud came floating o'er my head,  
With kindred glories round the sun to blend !  
Though fair the scene, my dreams were of the dead ;  
—Since dawn of morning I had lost a friend.  
I felt as if my sorrow ne'er could end :  
A cold, pale phantom on a breathless bed,  
The beauty of the crimson west subdued,  
And sighs that seemed my very life to rend,  
The silent happiness of eve renewed.  
Grief, fear, regret, a self-tormenting brood  
Dwelt on my spirit, like a ceaseless noise ;  
But, oh ! what tranquil holiness ensued,  
When, from that cloud, exclaimed a well-known voice,  
—God sent me here, to bid my friend rejoice !

---

THE Lake lay hid in mist, and to the sand  
The little billows hastening silently,  
Came sparkling on, in many a gladsome band,  
Soon as they touched the shore, all doomed to die !  
I gazed upon them with a pensive eye,  
For on that dim and melancholy strand,  
I saw the image of Man's destiny.  
So hurry we, right onwards, thoughtlessly,  
Unto the coast of that Eternal Land ;  
Where, like the worthless billows in their glee,  
The first faint touch unable to withstand,  
We melt at once into Eternity.  
O Thou who weigh'st the waters in thine hand,  
My awe-struck Spirit puts her trust in Thee !



# LINES

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

THE REV. JAMES GRAHAME,

AUTHOR OF "THE SABBATH," ETC.

WITH tearless eyes and undisturbèd heart,  
O Bard of sinless life and holiest song !  
I muse upon thy deathbed and thy grave ;  
Though round that grave the trodden grass still lies  
Besmeared with clay ; for many feet were there,  
Fast-rooted to the spot, when slowly sank  
Thy coffin, GRAHAME ! into the quiet cell.  
Yet, well I loved thee, even as one might love  
An elder brother, imaged in the soul  
With solemn features, half-creating awe,  
But smiling still with gentleness and peace.  
Tears have I shed when thy most mournful voice  
Did tremblingly breathe forth that touching air  
By Scottish shepherd haply framed of old,  
Amid the silence of his pastoral hills,  
Weeping the flowers on Flodden-field that died.  
Wept too have I, when thou didst simply read  
From thine own lays so simply beautiful  
Some short pathetic tale of human grief,  
Or orison or hymn of deeper love,  
That might have won the sceptic's sullen heart  
To gradual adoration, and belief  
Of Him who died for us upon the Cross.  
Yea ! oft when thou wert well, and in the calm  
Of thy most Christian spirit blessing all  
Who looked upon thee, with those gentlest smiles  
That never lay on human face but thine ;  
Even when thy serious eyes were lighted up  
With kindling mirth, and from thy lips distilled  
Words soft as dew, and cheerful as the dawn,  
Then too I could have wept, for on thy face,  
Eye, voice, and smile, nor less thy bending frame

By other cause impaired than length of years,  
Lay something that still turned the thoughtful heart  
To melancholy dreams, dreams of decay,  
Of death and burial, and the silent tomb.

And of the tomb thou art an inmate now !  
Methinks I see thy name upon the stone  
Placed at thy head, and yet my cheeks are dry.  
Tears could I give thee, when thou wert alive,  
The mournful tears of deep foreboding love  
That might not be restrained ; but now they seem  
Most idle all ! thy worldly course is o'er,  
And leaves such sweet remembrance in my soul  
As some delightful music heard in youth,  
Sad, but not painful, even more spirit-like  
Than when it murmured through the shades of earth.

Short time wert thou allowed to guide thy flock  
Through the green pastures, where in quiet glides  
The Siloah of the soul ! Scarce was thy voice  
Familiar to their hearts, who felt that heaven  
Did therein speak, when suddenly it fell  
Mute, and for ever. Empty now and still .  
The holy house which thou didst meekly grace,  
When with uplifted hand, and eye devout,  
Thy soul was breathed to Jesus, or explained  
The words that lead unto eternal life.  
From infancy thy heart was vowed to God ;  
And aye the hope that one day thou might'st keep  
A little fold, from all the storms of sin  
Safe-sheltered, and by reason of thy prayers  
Warmed by the sunshine of approving Heaven,  
Upheld thy spirit, destined for a while  
To walk far other paths, and with the crowd  
Of worldly men to mingle. Yet even then,  
Thy life was ever such as well became  
One whose pure soul was fixed upon the Cross !  
And when with simple fervent eloquence,  
GRAHAME pled the poor man's cause, the listener oft  
Thought how becoming would his visage smile  
Across the house of God, how beauteously  
That man would teach the saving words of Heaven !

How well he taught them, many a one will feel  
Unto their dying day ; and when they lie

On the grave's brink, unfearing and composed,  
 Their speechless souls will bless the holy man  
 Whose voice exhorted, and whose footsteps led  
 Unto the paths of life ; nor sweeter hope,  
 Next to the gracious look of Christ, have they  
 Than to behold his face who saved their souls.

But closed on earth thy blessèd ministry !  
 And while thy native Scotland mourns her son  
 Untimely reft from her maternal breast,  
 Weeps the fair Sister-Land, with whom erewhile  
 The stranger sojourned, stranger but in birth,  
 For well she loved thee, as thou wert her own.

On a most clear and noiseless Sabbath-night  
 I heard that thou wert gone, from the soft voice  
 Of one who knew thee not, but deeply loved  
 Thy spirit meekly shining in thy song.  
 At such an hour the death of one like thee  
 Gave no rude shock, nor by a sudden grief  
 Destroyed the visions from the starry sky  
 Then settling in my soul. The moonlight slept  
 With a diviner sadness on the air ;  
 The tender dimness of the night appeared  
 Darkening to deeper sorrow, and the voice  
 Of the far torrent from the silent hills  
 Flowed, as I listened, like a funeral strain  
 Breathed by some mourning solitary thing.  
 Yet Nature in her pensiveness still wore  
 A blissful smile, as if she sympathised  
 With those who grieved that her own Bard was dead  
 And yet was happy that his spirit dwelt  
 At last within her holiest sanctuary,  
 'Mid long-expecting angels.

And if e'er  
 Faith, fearless faith in the eternal bliss  
 Of a departed brother, may be held  
 By beings blind as we, that faith should dry  
 All eyes that weep for GRAHAME ; or through their tears  
 Show where he sits august and beautiful  
 On the right hand of Jesus, 'mid the saints  
 Whose glory he on earth so sweetly sang.  
 No fears have we when some delightful child  
 Falls from its innocence into the grave !



Soon as we know its little breath is gone,  
 We see it lying in its Saviour's breast,  
 A heavenly flower there fed with heavenly dew.  
 Childlike in all that makes a child so dear  
 To God and man, and ever consecrates  
 Its cradle and its grave, my GRAHAME, wert thou !  
 And hadst thou died upon thy mother's breast  
 Ere thou couldst lisp her name, more fit for heaven  
 Thou scarce hadst been, than when thy honoured head  
 Was laid into the dust, and Scotland wept  
 O'er hill and valley for her darling Bard.

How beautiful is genius when combined  
 With holiness ! Oh, how divinely sweet  
 The tones of earthly harp, whose chords are touched  
 By the soft hand of Piety, and hung  
 Upon Religion's shrine, there vibrating  
 With solemn music in the ear of God.  
 And must the Bard from sacred themes refrain ?  
 Sweet were the hymns in patriarchal days,  
 That, kneeling in the silence of his tent,  
 Or on some moonlight hill, the shepherd poured  
 Unto his heavenly Father. Strains survive  
 Erst chanted to the lyre of Israel,  
 More touching far than ever poet breathed  
 Amid the Grecian Isles, or later times  
 Have heard in Albion, land of every lay.  
 Why therefore are ye silent, ye who know  
 The trance of adoration, and behold  
 Upon your bended knees the throne of Heaven,  
 And him who sits thereon ? Believe it not,  
 That Poetry, in purer days the nurse,  
 Yea ! parent oft of blissful piety,  
 Should silent keep from service of her God,  
 Nor with her summons, loud but silver-toned,  
 Startle the guilty dreamer from his sleep,  
 Bidding him gaze with rapture or with dread  
 On regions where the sky for ever lies  
 Bright as the sun himself, and trembling all  
 With ravishing music, or where darkness broods  
 O'er ghastly shapes, and sounds not to be borne.

Such glory, GRAHAME ! is thine : Thou didst despise  
 To win the ear of this degenerate age  
 By gorgeous epithets, all idly heaped



On theme of earthly state, or, idler still,  
 By tinkling measures and unchastened lays,  
 Warbled to pleasure and her syren-train,  
 Profaning the best name of poesy.  
 With loftier aspirations, and an aim  
 More worthy man's immortal nature, Thou  
 That holiest spirit that still loves to dwell  
 In the upright heart and pure, at noon of night  
 Didst fervently invoke, and, led by her  
 Above the Aonian mount, sent from the stars  
 Of heaven such soul-subduing melody  
 As Bethlehem-shepherds heard when Christ was born.

It is the Sabbath-day : Creation sleeps  
 Cradled within the arms of heavenly love !  
 The mystic day, when from the vanquished grave  
 The world's Redeemer rose, and hailed the light  
 Of God's forgiving smile. Obscured and pale  
 Were then the plumes of prostrate seraphim,  
 Then hushed the universe her sphere-born strain,  
 When from His throne, Paternal Deity  
 Declared the Saviour not in vain had shed  
 His martyred glory round the accursèd Cross,  
 That fallen man might sit in Paradise,  
 And earth to heaven ascend in jubilee.  
 O blessèd day, by God and man beloved !  
 With more surpassing glory breaks thy dawn  
 Upon my soul, remembering the sweet hymns  
 That he, whom nations ever more shall name  
 The Sabbath-Bard, in gratulation high  
 Breathed forth to thee, as from the golden urn  
 That holds the incense of immortal song.

That Poem, so divinely melancholy  
 Throughout its reigning spirit, yet withal  
 Bathing in hues of winning gentleness  
 The pure religion that alone can save,  
 Full many a wanderer to the paths of peace  
 Ere now hath made return, and he who framed  
 Its hallowed numbers, in the realms of bliss  
 Hath met and known the smiles of seraph-souls,  
 By his delightful genius saved from death.  
 Oft when the soul is lost in thoughtless guilt,  
 And seeming deaf unto the still small voice  
 Of conscience and of God, some simple phrase

Of beauty or sublimity will break  
 The spell that linked us to the bands of sin,  
 And all at once, as waking from a dream,  
 We shudder at the past, and bless the light  
 That breaks upon us like the new-born day.  
 Even so it fares with them, who to this world  
 Have yielded up their spirits, and, impure  
 In thought and act, have lived without a sense  
 Of God, who counts the beatings of their hearts.  
 But men there are of a sublimer mould,  
 Who, dedicate with no unworthy zeal  
 To human Science, up the toilsome steep  
 Where she in darkness dwells, with pilgrim-feet  
 By night and day unwearied strive to climb,  
 Pride their conductor, glory their reward.  
 Too oft, alas ! even in the search of truth  
 They pass her on the way, although she speak  
 With loving voice, and cast on them her eyes  
 So beautifully innocent and pure.  
 To such, O GRAHAME ! thy voice cries from the tomb  
 Thy worth they loved, thy talents they admired,  
 And when they think how peaceful was thy life,  
 Thy death far more than peaceful, though thou sought'st,  
 Above all other knowledge, that of God  
 And His redeeming Son ; when o'er the page  
 Where thy mild soul for ever sits enshrined,  
 They hang with softened hearts, faith may descend  
 Upon them as they muse, or hope that leads  
 The way to faith, even as the morning-star  
 Shines brightly, heralding approaching day.

But happier visions still now bless my soul.  
 While lonely wandering o'er the hills and dales  
 Of my dear native country, with such love  
 As they may guess, who, from their father's home  
 Sojourning long and far, fall down and kiss  
 The grass and flowers of Scotland, in I go,  
 Not doubting a warm welcome from the eyes  
 Of woman, man, and child, into a cot  
 Upon a green hill-side, and almost touched  
 By its own nameless stream that bathes the roots  
 Of the old ash tree swinging o'er the roof.  
 Most pleasant, GRAHAME ! unto thine eye and heart  
 Such humble home ! there often hast thou sat  
 'Mid the glad family listening to thy voice

So silently, the ear might then have caught  
 Without the rustle of the falling leaf.  
 And who so sweetly ever sang as thou,  
 The joys and sorrows of the poor man's life?  
 Not fancifully drawn, that one might weep,  
 Or smile, he knew not why, but with the hues  
 Of truth all brightly glistening, to the heart  
 Cheering, as earth's soft verdure to the eye,  
 Yet still and mournful as the evening light.  
 More powerful in the sanctity of death,  
 There reigns thy spirit over those it loved!  
 Some chosen books by pious men composed,  
 Kept from the dust, in every cottage lie  
 Through the wild loneliness of Scotia's vales,  
 Beside the Bible, by whose well-known truths  
 All human thoughts are by the peasant tried.  
 O blessèd privilege of Nature's Bard!  
 To cheer the house of virtuous poverty,  
 With gleams of light more beautiful than oft  
 Play o'er the splendours of the palace wall.  
 Methinks I see a fair and lovely child  
 Sitting composed upon his mother's knee,  
 And reading with a low and lisping voice  
 Some passage from the Sabbath, while the tears  
 Stand in his little eyes so softly blue,  
 Till, quite o'ercome with pity, his white arms  
 He twines around her neck, and hides his sighs  
 Most infantine, within her gladdened breast,  
 Like a sweet lamb, half sportive, half afraid,  
 Nestling one moment 'neath its bleating dam.  
 And now the happy mother kisses oft  
 The tender-hearted child, lays down the book,  
 And asks him if he doth remember still  
 The stranger who once gave him, long ago,  
 A parting kiss, and blest his laughing eyes!  
 His sobs speak fond remembrance, and he weeps  
 To think so kind and good a man should die.

Though dead on earth, yet he from heaven looks down  
 On thee, sweet child! and others pure like thee!  
 Made happier, though an angel, by the sight  
 Of happiness, and virtue by himself  
 Created or preserved; and oft his soul  
 Leaves for a while her amaranthine bowers,  
 And dimly hears the choral symphonies



Of spirits singing round the Saviour's throne,  
 Delighted with a glimpse of Scotland's vales  
 Winding round hills where once his pious hymns  
 Were meditated in his silent heart,  
 Or with those human beings here beloved,  
 Whether they smile, as virtue ever smiles,  
 With sunny countenance gentle and benign,  
 Or a slight shade of sadness seems to say,  
 That they are thinking of the sainted soul  
 That looks from Heaven on them !—

A holy creed

It is, and most delightful unto all  
 Who feel how deeply human sympathies  
 Blend with our hopes of heaven, which holds that death  
 Divideth not, as by a roaring sea,  
 Departed spirits from this lower sphere.  
 How could the virtuous even in heaven be blest,  
 Unless they saw the lovers and the friends,  
 Whom soon they hope to greet ? A placid lake  
 Between Time floateth and Eternity,  
 Across whose sleeping waters murmur oft  
 The voices of the immortal, hither brought  
 Soft as the thought of music in the soul.  
 Deep, deep the love we bear unto the dead !  
 The adoring reverence that we humbly pay  
 To one who is a spirit, still partakes  
 Of that affectionate tenderness we owned  
 Towards a being, once, perhaps, as frail  
 And human as ourselves, and in the shape  
 Celestial, and angelic lineaments,  
 Shines a fair likeness of the form and face  
 That won in former days our earthly love.

O GRAHAME ! even I in midnight dreams behold  
 Thy placid aspect, more serenely fair  
 Than the sweet moon that calms the autumnal heaven.  
 Thy voice steals, 'mid the pauses of the wind,  
 Unto my listening soul more touchingly  
 Than the pathetic tones of airy harp  
 That sound at evening like a spirit's song.  
 Yet, many are there dearer to thy shade,  
 Yea, dearer far than I ; and when their tears  
 They dry at last (and wisdom bids them weep,  
 If long and oft, O sure not bitterly),



Then wilt thou stand before their raptured eyes  
As beautiful as kneeling saint e'er deemed  
In his bright cell Messiah's visioned form.  
I may not think upon her blissful dreams  
Who bears thy name on earth, and in it feels  
A Christian glory and a pious pride,  
That must illumine the widow's lonely path  
With never-dying sunshine.—To her soul  
Soft sound the strains now flowing fast from mine !  
And in those tranquil hours when she withdraws  
From loftier consolations, may the tears  
(For tears will fall, most idle though they be),  
Now shed by me to her but little known,  
Yield comfort to her, as a certain pledge  
That many a one, though silent and unseen,  
Thinks of her and the children at her knees,  
Blest for the father's and the husband's sake.

## TROUTBECK CHAPEL.

How sweet and solemn at the close of day,  
After a long and lonely pilgrimage  
Among the mountains, where our spirits held  
With wildering fancy and her kindred powers  
High converse, to descend as from the clouds  
Into a quiet valley, filled with trees  
By Nature planted, crowding round the brink  
Of an oft-hidden rivulet, or hung  
A beauteous shelter o'er the humble roof  
Of many a moss-grown cottage !

In that hour

Of pensive happiness, the wandering man  
Looks for some spot of still profounder rest,  
Where nought may break the solemn images  
Sent by the setting sun into his soul.  
Up to yon simple edifice he walks,  
That seems beneath its sable grove of pines  
More silent than the home where living thing  
Abides, yea, even than desolated tower  
Wrapt in its ivy-shroud.

I know it well,

The Village-Chapel ! Many a year ago,  
That little dome to God was dedicate ;  
And ever since, hath undisturbèd peace  
Sat on it, moveless as the brooding dove  
That must not leave her nest. A mossy wall,  
Bathed though in ruins with a flush of flowers,  
(A lovely emblem of that promised life  
That springs from death), doth placidly enclose  
The bed of rest, where with their fathers sleep  
The children of the vale, and the calm stream  
That murmurs onward with the self-same tone

For ever, by the mystic power of sound  
 Binding the present with the past, pervades  
 The holy hush as if with God's own voice,  
 Filling the listening heart with piety.

Oh ! ne'er shall I forget the hour, when first  
 Thy little chapel stole upon my heart,  
 Secluded TROUTBECK ! 'Twas the Sabbath-morn,  
 And up the rocky banks of thy wild stream  
 I wound my path, full oft I ween delayed  
 By sounding waterfall, that 'mid the calm  
 Awoke such solemn thoughts as suited well  
 The day of peace ; till all at once I came  
 Out of the shady glen, and with fresh joy  
 Walked on encircled by green pastoral hills.  
 Before me suddenly thy Chapel rose  
 As if it were an image : even then  
 The noise of thunder rolled along the sky,  
 And darkness veiled the heights,—a summer-storm  
 Of short forewarning and of transient power.  
 Ah me ! how beautifully silent thou  
 Didst smile amid the tempest ! O'er thy roof  
 Arched a fair rainbow, that to me appeared  
 A holy shelter to thee in the storm,  
 And made thee shine amid the brooding gloom,  
 Bright as the morning star. Between the fits  
 Of the loud thunder rose the voice of Psalms,  
 A most soul-moving sound. There unappalled,  
 A choir of youths and maidens hymned their God,  
 With tones that robbed the thunder of its dread,  
 Bidding it rave in vain.

Out came the sun  
 In glory from his clouded tabernacle ;  
 And, wakened by the splendour, up the lark  
 Rose with a loud and yet a louder song,  
 Chaunting to heaven the hymn of gratitude.  
 The service closed ; and o'er the churchyard spread  
 The happy flock who in that peaceful fold  
 Had worshipped Jesus, carrying to their homes  
 The comfort of a faith that cannot die,  
 That to the young supplies a guiding light  
 Steadier than reason's, and far brighter too,  
 And to the aged sanctifies the grass  
 That grows upon the grave

O happy lot,  
Methought, to tend a little flock like this,  
Loving them all, and by them all beloved !  
So felt their shepherd on that Sabbath-morn  
Returning their kind smiles ;—a pious man,  
Content in this lone vale to teach the truths  
Our Saviour taught, nor wishing other praise  
Than of his great task-master. Yet his youth  
Not unadorned with science, nor the lore  
Becoming in their prime accomplished men,  
Told that among the worldly eminent  
Might lie his shining way :—but, wiser far,  
He to the shades of solitude retired,  
The birthplace of his fathers, and there vowed  
His talents and his virtues, rarest both,  
To God who gave them, rendering by his voice  
This beauteous Chapel still more beautiful,  
And the blameless dwellers in this quiet dale  
Happier in life and death.



## A CHURCHYARD DREAM.

METHOUGHT that in a Burial-ground  
One still, sad vernal day,  
Upon a little daisied mound  
I in a slumber lay ;  
While faintly through my dream I heard  
The hymning of that holy bird,  
Who with more gushing rapture sings  
The higher up in Heaven float his unwearied  
wings !

In that my mournful reverie,  
Such song of heavenly birth  
The voice seemed of a soul set free  
From this imprisoning earth ;  
Higher and higher still it soared,  
A holy anthem that adored,  
Till vanished song and singer blest  
In the blue depths of everlasting rest.

Just then a Child in sportive glee  
Came gliding o'er the graves,  
Like a lone bird that on the sea  
Floats dallying with the waves ;  
Upon the vernal flowers awhile  
She poured the beauty of her smile,  
Then laid her bright cheek on the sod,  
And, overpowered with joy, slept in the eye of  
God.

The flowers that shine all round her head  
May well be breathing sweet,  
For flowers are they that Spring hath shed  
To deck her winding-sheet ;  
And well the tenderest gleams may fall  
Of sunshine on that hillock small

On which she sleeps, for they have smiled  
 O'er the predestined grave of that unconscious  
 Child.

In bridal garments, white as snow,  
 A solitary Maid  
 Doth meekly bring a sunny glow  
 Into that solemn shade.  
 A Churchyard seems a joyful place  
 In the visit of so sweet a face ;  
 A soul is in that deep blue eye  
 Too good to live on earth—too beautiful to die.

But Death behind a marble Tomb  
 Looks out upon his prey,  
 And smiles to know that heavenly bloom  
 Is yet of earthly clay.  
 Far off I hear a wailing wide,  
 And, while I gaze upon that Bride,  
 A silent Wraith before me stands,  
 And points unto a grave with cold, pale, claspèd  
 hands.

A Matron beautiful and bright,  
 As is the silver Moon  
 Whose lustre tames the sparkling light  
 Of the starry eyes of June,  
 Is shining o'er the Churchyard lone,  
 While circling her as in a zone,  
 Delighted dance five Cherubs fair,  
 And round their native urn shake wide their  
 golden hair.

O Children they are holy things,  
 In sight of Earth and Heaven !  
 An Angel shields with guardian wings,  
 The home where they are given.  
 Strong power there is in children's tears,  
 And stronger in their lispèd prayers—  
 But the vulture stoops down from above,  
 And, 'mid her orphan brood, bears off the Parent  
 Dove.

The young—the youthful—the mature  
 Have smiled and all past by,

As if nought lovely could endure  
Beneath the envious sky ;  
While bowed with age and age's woes,  
Still near—yet still far off the close  
Of weary life, yon aged Crone  
Can scarce with blind eyes find her Husband's  
funeral-stone.

All dead the joyous, bright, and free,  
To whom this life was dear !—  
The green leaves shivered from the tree  
And dangling left the sere !  
O dim wild world !—but from the sky  
Down came the glad Lark waveringly,  
And startled by his liquid mirth  
I rose to walk in Faith the darkling paths of  
Earth.

## THE MAGIC MIRROR.

METHOUGHT beneath a Castle huge I stood,  
That seemed to grow out of a rock sublime,  
Through the dominion of its solitude  
Augustly frowning at the rage of Time.  
Its lofty minarets, indistinct and dim,  
Looked through the brooding clouds ; and as a smile  
Of passing sunlight showed these structures grim  
Burning like fire, I could have thought the while  
That they were warriors keeping watch on high,  
All motionless, and sheathed in radiant panoply.

What mortal feet these rampart-heights might scale !  
Lo ! like black atoms mingling in the sky  
The far-off rooks and their fleet shadows sail ;  
Scarce hears the soul their melancholy cry.  
What lovely colours bathed the frowning brow  
Of that imperial mansion ! Radiant green,  
And purple fading in a yellow glow !  
Oh ! lovelier ne'er on mossy bank was seen  
In vernal joy ; while bands of chartered flowers  
Revelled like fairy sprites along their palace towers.

Down sank the drawbridge with a thundering shock ;  
And in an instant, ere the eye could know,  
Bound the stern castle to the opposing rock,  
And hung in calmness o'er the flood below ;—  
A roaring flood, that, born amid the hills,  
Forced his lone path through many a darksome glen,  
Till, joined by all his tributary rills,  
From lake and tarn, from marish and from fen,  
He left his empire with a kingly glee,  
And fiercely bade recoil the billows of the sea.

I felt it was a dream ; nor wished to wake :  
Though dim and pale by fits the vision grew ;



And oft that ocean dwindled to a lake,  
 And cliff and castle from the clouds withdrew.  
 Oft, all I heard was but a gentle swell,  
 Like the wild music of the summer leaves ;  
 Till, like an army mustering in the dell,  
 The blasts came rushing from their pine-clad caves,  
 And swept the silence of the scene away,  
 Even like a city stormed upon the Sabbath-day.\*

Though strange my dream, I knew the Scottish strand,  
 And the bold Firth that rolling fiercely bright  
 Far-distant faded 'mid that mountain land,  
 As 'mid dark clouds a sudden shower of light.  
 Long have my lips been mute in Scotland's praise !  
 Now is the hour for inspiration's song !  
 The shadowy glories of departed days  
 Before my tranced soul in tumult throng,  
 And I, with fearless voice, on them will call,  
 From camp and battle-field, from princely bower and hall.

With only my still shadow by my side,  
 And Nature's lifeless things that slept around,  
 I seemed to be ! when, from the portal wide,  
 Startling as sudden light, or wandering sound.  
 Onwards a figure came, with stately brow,  
 And as he glanced upon the ruined pile  
 A look of regal pride, " Say, who art thou,  
 (His countenance brightening with a scornful smile,  
 He sternly cried), whose footsteps rash profane  
 The wild romantic realm where I have willed to reign ? "

But ere to these proud words I could reply,  
 How changed that scornful face to soft and mild ;  
 A witching frenzy glittered in his eye,  
 Harmless, withal, as that of playful child.  
 And when once more the gracious vision spoke,  
 I felt the voice familiar to mine ear ;  
 While many a faded dream of earth awoke  
 Connected strangely with that unknown Seer,  
 Who now stretched forth his arm, and on the sand  
 A circle round me traced, as with Magician's wand.

Desire or power then had I none to move,  
 In that sweet prison a delighted thrall ;

\* The image in this line is from a poem of Mr Coleridge.

Died all remembrances of daily love,  
Or, if they glimmered, vain I held them all.  
Alone on that Magician could I gaze ;  
His voice alone compelled was I to hear,  
Wild as the autumnal wind that fitful plays  
A wailing dirge unto the dying year,  
Amid the silence of the midnight hour,  
Moaned through the ivied window of a mouldering tower.

He felt his might, and sported with my soul,  
Even as the sea-wind dallies with a boat  
That now doth fleeter than the billows roll,  
Now, as at anchor, on the calm doth float.  
Nor heeded he to see my senses locked  
In the dim maze of wildering fantasy ;  
But ever and anon my wonder mocked  
With careless looks of gentle tyranny.  
Well-used was that Magician to the sight  
Of souls by him subdued to terror and delight.

How bold the fearful oft in dreams become !  
Familiar in the midst of all things strange !  
Unshuddering then, with spirits will we roam,  
Calm and unconscious of the unearthly change !  
Even so it fared with me ; ere long I grew  
Familiar with the wizard of my dream,  
When from his lofty breast he slowly drew  
What seemed a mirror by its glancing gleam,  
And bade me therein look, where I might see  
Wild sights come floating by in clouds of glamoury.

Then burned that glass insufferably bright,  
Till closed my eyelids with the sudden pain ;  
As when the downward rays of mid-day light  
Kindle to fire upon the verdant main.  
Ne'er diamond spark outshone the common air  
With purer radiance, nor the setting sun  
Streamed on the window of cathedral fair  
A deeper blaze, to tell his course was run :  
I gazed again ; and lo ! that Mirror soon  
With tenderest lustre smiled, like a September moon.

Unto another world it opening gave.  
There, castles stood majestic in their prime,

And mailèd chieftains, rising from the grave,  
 Their banners hung o'er battlements sublime.  
 Oft changed the magic scene ; here Lady bright,  
 In hazel grove, beneath the western star,\*  
 Listened the love tale of her faithful Knight ;  
 Here the red beacon blazed, and to the war  
 Fierce clans come rushing, while the blaze illumes  
 Targe, spear, and battle-axe, and widely-tossing plumes.

How sweet the moon on yon fair Abbey shone! †  
 Bathing in liquid light so sadly faint  
 The flowerets drooping pale in sculptured stone,  
 And the still image of each mouldering saint.  
 And what may bring a Warrior's crested head ‡  
 Unto these holy courts and cloisters dim ?  
 Thou daring spirit, why disturb the dead ?  
 Yawns the damp tomb, and lo ! a spectre grim, §  
 Yet with his dead face beautiful withal,  
 Lies 'mid immortal light that fills the vaulted hall.

The Abbey melted like a cloud away,  
 And many a gorgeous pageant charmed my heart :  
 But how may I recount in feeble lay  
 The beauteous marvels of that wizard's art ?  
 No ! not unto myself dare I to tell  
 What various visions o'er that Mirror rolled,  
 Till viewed my softened soul a lovely dell,  
 Where upon Yarrow's banks a Minstrel old ||  
 Did sit, and wake to lords and ladies high  
 The last expiring strains of Border Minstrelsy.

Gone was the Magic Glass ! I looked around ;  
 There hung the castle, like a thunder-cloud  
 Above the darkened sea whose hollow sound  
 Subdued my spirit more than tempest loud ;  
 And by my side, upon that solemn shore,  
 That Wizard strange did like an Image stand,  
 Watching the working of the ancient lore  
 That o'er the glass had passed at his command :  
 And when he saw me lost in wild surprise,  
 Once more he flashed its light upon my startled eyes.

\* The meeting of Margaret and Cranstoun, in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*.  
 † Melrose.  
 ‡ Deloraine.  
 § Michael Scott.  
 || Conclusion of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*.



Ye lesser glories, in my spirit sleep !

But proudly fling thy white arms to the sea,  
Queen of the unconquered North ! \* lo ! yonder deep,

With all his subject waves, doth worship thee !  
Stately thou sittest on thy mountain throne,

Thy towers and temples like a cloudy sky ;  
And scarce canst tell what fabrics are thine own,

Hung 'mid the air-built phantoms floating by.

Oh ! ne'er may that bright diadem be shorn,

By thee, for many an age, majestically worn !

Nor dim and silent were thy regal halls

(The mansion, now, of grief and solitude !)

But mirth and music shook thy pictured walls,

And Scotland's monarch reigned in Holy-Rood.

Well did I know, 'mid banneret and peer,

Star of the Stuart-line, accomplished James !

His graceful words I almost seemed to hear,

As, lightly ranging 'mid those high-born dames,

To each, in turn, some gallant wish he sighed,

But lingered still near one, † his ruin and his pride !

Thou field of carnage ! silent be thy name !

Where Scotland's royal standard sank in blood ;

While round their monarch, like a guardian flame

Wasted in vain, his dying nobles stood.

Gladly I saw dark clouds in tumult pass

O'er that red sea of horror and despair ;

And the last image in the Magic Glass,

Even like the seraph Mercy, saintly fair,

Over her wounded foe hung sorrowing, ‡

And slaked his burning thirst with water from the spring.

“ Dry up those tears,” the gentle wizard cried,

“ Nor weep while nature in her glory smiles ! ”—

And lo ! with sylvan mountains beautified,

Incumbent cliffs, lone bays, and fairy isles,

Floated a lake § that I could scarce behold,

So bright it gleamed with its enchanted waves !

While ever and anon wild music rolled

From fractured rocks, and undiscovered caves,

\* See the description of Edinburgh in *Marmion*.

† Dame Heron.

‡ Clara and Marmion.

§ Loch Catrine.



As if some spirit warbled from the steep  
A low unearthly song, to charm the lake to sleep.

A spirit!—lo! her fairy vessel glides  
Round the green edge of yonder oaken brake!  
Before its prow the sparkling wave divides  
In homage to the Lady of the Lake.  
While, gazing from the shore, an armèd Knight\*  
Holds distant parley with that unknown Queen,  
Whose eyes, with fear and wonder, glistening bright,  
Lend a new wildness to the mountain scene!  
O lovelier far, in that bewildered trance,  
Than Lady of the Mere,† by shores of old romance!

Wild rose her palace, 'mid the unbroken calm,  
Burning with flowers, that like a wreath of light  
Girdled the living dome, and breathing balm  
Sweet to the soul as all those hues so bright!  
The work of human hands it may not be,  
And unto dreams of fairy power gave birth;  
Yet, 'mid such dreams, the spirit paused to see  
Some dim-discovered traces of this earth,  
While on that lady's countenance divine  
A pensive shadow lay, that told her mortal line.

Yea! worldly cares to that enchanted dome,  
Despite of Nature's guardian power, intrude;  
Though bathed in sunshine, yet a stormy gloom  
Is gathering o'er the hermit solitude.  
In evil hour yon princely stranger came!  
For ambushed foemen glare from every dell:—  
Clan-Alpin hath beheld the Cross of Flame,  
The sign of war her children love so well;  
And all her heathery mountains teem with life,  
With warriors gaunt and grim, and armed for mortal strife.

Lake, rock, and mountain, cataract and flood,  
Mine eyes behold no more; with eager breath,  
I gaze on clashing falchions dimmed with blood,  
And plumèd helms that seem to frown with death.  
One of those shapes so beautiful and brave,  
Like oak-tree sternly bending to the blast,

\* Fitz-James.

† See Wordsworth's Poems.

Must fall this day—but proud shall be his grave!  
 In wrath life's bootless energy hath past!—  
 Fallen is the eagle that so strongly flew—  
 Long Celtic bards shall wail the dirge of Roderick Dhu.

Oh! not by vulgar arm was Roderick slain!  
 Less than a king the victor may not be:  
 See! how his war-steed bears him o'er the plain,  
 How nods his crest with regal majesty!  
 Strevlina's gate may bow her lofty head  
 To kiss the plume that mocked each hostile sword,  
 Nor by such homage be dishonourèd:  
 Methinks, in his disguise, she knows her lord,  
 As if beneath her arch King James did ride,  
 With all his unhelmed peerage by his gracious side.

By kingly acts a king should aye be known!  
 Then look through yonder lustre-beaming hall:  
 Stately the figures there,—yea! every one!  
 But Scotland's monarch far outshines them all.  
 And is she here, the Lady of the Lake?  
 Hush thy quick-beating heart, thou trembling thing!  
 And let him smile who suffers for thy sake.\*  
 On your betrothèd arms the golden ring  
 The Knight of Snowdoun's kingly hands impose,  
 A talisman that breaks the spell of all your woes.

The wizard's voice here touched upon my heart,  
 And quick I waked, like one who, scarce asleep,  
 Springs from his slumber with a sudden start  
 To shun some yawning gulf, or headlong steep.  
 "Thou lov'st," said he, "on warlike pomp to gaze;  
 'Tis a true Scottish pride—look here again,  
 And dream no more of deeds of other days."—  
 Glad I obeyed,—and lo! the shores of Spain †  
 Rose beautifully terrible like heaven,  
 When all its lowering clouds in wrathful hosts are driven.

Woe to yon Tyrant! to his legions woe!  
 Joy to the vulture on his herdless rock!  
 Glad would ye be to hear the Ebro flow  
 Once more, and leave the shepherd with his flock,

\* Græme.

† Don Roderick.

Ye savage slaves, that shame the name of France !

But ne'er that sound of safety must ye hear.

List ye that tread !—the red-cross ranks advance !

Vain valour's stand, and vain the flight of fear,

For who shall live, when, shouting in their joy,

The British brother-bands move onwards to destroy ?

Wasted on air were these warm words of mine—

The wizard and his Magic Glass were fled ;

The solemn hush, that speaks the day's decline,

Across the sea without a wave was shed.

The rooks had ceased their cawing in the sky,

Nor hummed the wild-bee on the wall-flower bright

That on the old tower bloomed luxuriantly ;

Then rose the lovely Star that brings the night,

Till Luna entered on her placid reign,

And a sweet crescent smiled, reflected from the main.

## THE CHILDREN'S DANCE.

How calm and beautiful the frosty night  
Has stolen unnoticed like the hush of sleep  
O'er Grassmere-vale ! Beneath the mellowing light  
How sinks in softness every rugged steep !  
The old church-tower a solemn watch doth keep  
O'er the sweet village she adorns so well ;  
Faintly the freezing stream is heard to weep,  
Wild-murmuring far within its icy cell,  
And hark ! across the lake, clear chimes the chapel-  
bell.

Soon will the moon and all her stars be here :  
A stealing light proclaims her o'er yon hill.  
Slowly she raiseth up her radiant sphere,  
And stillness, at her smile, becomes more still.  
My heart forgets all thoughts of human ill,  
And man seems happy as his place of birth :  
All things that yield him joy my spirit fill  
With kindred joy ; and even his humblest mirth  
Seems at this peaceful hour to beautify the earth.

Beyond this vale my fancy may not fly,  
Held by its circle in a magic chain ;  
Of merry-making, and festivity  
Even 'mid this moonlight-scene shall be my strain.  
Nor, gracious Nature ! when I wake again  
A hymn of loftier temper in thy praise,  
Wilt thou the Poet's homage-song disdain,  
For thou hast never listened to his lays,  
Who loved not lowly life and all its simple ways.

Through many a vale how rang each snow-roofed cot,  
This livelong day with rapture blithe and wild !  
All thoughts but of the lingering eve forgot  
Both by grave parent, and light-hearted child.  
Hail to the night ! whose image oft beguiled



Youth's transient sadness with a startling cheer !  
 The *Ball-night* this by younkers proudly styled !  
 The joy at distance bright burns brighter near—  
 Now smiles the happiest hour of all their happy year !

All day the earthen floors have felt their feet  
 Twinkling quick measures to the liquid sound  
 Of their own small-piped voices shrilly sweet,  
 As hand in hand they wheeled their giddy round.  
 Ne'er fairy-revels on the greensward mound  
 To dreaming bard a lovelier show displayed,  
 Titania's self did ne'er with lighter bound  
 Dance o'er the diamonds of the dewy glade,  
 Than danced, at peep of morn, mine own dear mountain-  
 maid.

Oft in her own small mirror had the gleam,  
 The softened gleam of her rich golden hair,  
 That o'er her white neck floated in a stream,  
 Kindled to smiles that infant's visage fair,  
 Half-conscious she that beauty glistened there !  
 Oft had she glanced her restless eyes aside  
 On silken sash so bright and debonnair,  
 Then to her mother flown with leaf-like glide,  
 Who kissed her cherub-head with tears of silent pride.

But all these glad rehearsals now are o'er,  
 And young and old in many a glittering throng  
 By tinkling copsewood and hill-pathway pour,  
 Cheering the air with laughter and with song,  
 Those first arrived think others tarrying long,  
 And chide them smiling with a friendly jeer,  
 "To let the music waste itself was wrong,  
 So stirringly it strikes upon the ear,  
 The lame might dance," they cry, "the aged-deaf might  
 hear."

And lo ! the crowded ball-room is alive  
 With restless motion, and a humming noise,  
 Like on a warm spring-morn a sunny hive,  
 When round their queen the waking bees rejoice.  
 Sweet blends with graver tones the silvery voice  
 Of children rushing eager to their seats ;  
 The Master proud of his fair flock employs  
 His guiding beck that due attention meets,—  
 List ! through the silent room each anxious bosom beats !

Most beautiful and touching is the scene!  
More blissful far to me than Fancy's bower!  
Arched are the walls with wreaths of holly green,  
Whose dark red-berries blush beside the flower  
That kindly comes to charm the wintry hour,  
The Christmas rose! the glory white as snow!  
The dusky roof seems brightened by the power  
Of bloom and verdure mingling thus below,  
Whence many a taper-light sends forth a cheerful glow.

There sit together tranquilly arrayed  
The friends and parents of the infant-band;  
A mother nodding to her timid maid  
With cheering smiles—or beckoning with her hand,  
A sign of love the child doth understand.  
There, deeper thoughts the father's heart employ,  
His features grave with fondness melting-bland,  
He asks his silent heart, with gushing joy,  
If all the vale can match his own exulting boy.

See! where in blooming rows the children sit!  
All loving partners by the idle floor  
As yet divided—save where boy doth flit,  
Lightly as small wave running 'long the shore,  
To whisper something, haply said before,  
Unto the soft cheek of his laughing May!  
The whiles the master eyes the opening door,  
And, fearing longer than one smile to stay,  
Turns on his noiseless heel, and jocund wheels away.

O band of living flowers! O taintless wreath!  
By nature nourished 'mid her mountain air!  
O sweet unfolding buds that blush and breathe  
Of innocence and love! I scarce may dare  
To gaze upon you!—What soft gleams of hair!  
What peaceful foreheads! and what heavenly eyes!  
Bosoms so sweet will never harbour care;  
Such spiritual breath was never made for sighs!  
For you still breathe on earth the gales of paradise.

But I will call you by your human name,—  
Children of earth, of frailty, and distress!  
Alternate objects ye of praise and blame!  
The spell is broken—do I love you less?  
Ah! no!—a deepening, mournful tenderness

Yearns at my heart, e'en now when I behold  
 What trivial joys the human soul can bless!  
 I feel a pathos that can ne'er be told  
 Breathed from yon mortal locks of pure ethereal gold.

Where now that angel face—that fairy frame—  
 The joyful beauty of that burnished head  
 That shining forth o'er all—a starlike flame—  
 Once through this room admiring rapture shed?  
 Can that fair breast so full of life be dead?  
 All mute those ruddy lips whose dewy balm  
 As if through breathing flowers sweet music shed?  
 Those bounding limbs chained now in endless calm—  
 —For her last Sabbath-day was sung the funeral psalm!

One reverend head I miss amid the throng—  
 'Tis bowed in sorrow o'er his cottage hearth!  
 The tread of dancing feet—the voice of song—  
 The gladsome viol—and the laugh of mirth  
 To him seem mockery on this lonesome earth.  
 Rich in one child—he felt as if his store  
 Of bliss might never yield to mortal dearth;  
 But dry the cup of joy that once ran o'er!  
 —Now that grey-headed man is poorest of the poor.

That was a stirring sound—my heart feels light  
 Once more, and happy as a lamb at play.  
 At music such as this pale thought takes flight;  
 It speaks of Scotland too, a dear strathspey!  
 No vulgar skill the Master doth display,  
 The living bow leaps dancing o'er the strings,  
 The wrinkled face of Age is bright as day,  
 While each glad child in fancied measure springs,  
 And feels as if through air he skimmed on flying wings.

A hush of admiration chains the breath,  
 And calms the laughing features of us all;  
 The room, erewhile so loud, is still as death—  
 For lo! the Infant-monarchs of the ball  
 Rise from their seats, rejoicing at the call,  
 And move soft-gliding to their proper place!  
 He in his triumph rising straight and tall;  
 She light of air, and delicate of face,  
 More bright through fear's faint shade her wild uncon-  
 scious grace.



Towards each other their delighted eyes  
They smiling turn, and all at once may tell  
From their subdued and sinless ecstasies  
That these fair children love each other well.  
They sport and play in the same native dell ;  
There, each lives happy in a sheltered nest ;  
And though the children of our vales excel  
In touching beauty—far above the rest  
Shine forth this starlike pair—the loveliest and the best.

Like a faint shadow falls the pride of youth  
O'er faces sparkling yet with childhood's light—  
Joy, friendship, fondness, innocence, and truth,  
That blushing maiden to her boy unite,  
More than a brother dear ! Ay—this glad night  
Across their quiet souls will often move,  
A spot of vernal sunshine ever bright !  
When through youth's fairy-land no more they rove,  
And feel that Grief oft sits beside her sister Love.

But lo ! their graceful salutations lend  
A mutual boldness to each beating heart ;  
Up strikes the tune—suspense is at an end—  
Like fearless forest-fawns away they start !  
How wildly nature now combines with art !  
The motions of the infant mountaineer  
Wont o'er the streams and up the hills to dart,  
Subdued by precept and by music here  
Enthral the admiring soul at once through eye and ear.

Like sunbeams glancing o'er a meadow-field,  
From side to side the airy spirits swim.  
What keen and kindling rapture shines revealed  
Around their eyes, and moves in every limb !  
See ! how they twine their flexile arms so slim,  
In graceful arches o'er their hanging hair,  
Whose ringlets for a while their eyes bedim.  
The music stops—they stand like statues there—  
Then parting glide away on noiseless steps of air.

And now a ready hand hath round them thrown  
A flowing garland, for their beauteous Queen  
Wreathed by her playmates—roses newly blown  
White-clustering 'mid the ivy's vivid green.  
Enfolded thus in innocence, they lean



Their silky heads in inclination dear,  
 Their blent locks fluttering thro' the space between;  
 And do they not, advancing thus, appear  
 Like angels sent by Spring to usher in the year?

Their movements every instant lighter grow.  
 Motion to them more easy seems than rest :  
 Their cheeks are tinged with a diviner glow—  
 Their gleaming looks a perfect bliss attest.  
 Now is the triumph of their art confest  
 By rising murmurs, and soft-rustling feet  
 All round the admiring room—they cease—opprest  
 With a pride-mingled shame—and to their seat  
 Fly off, 'mid thundering praise, with bosoms fluttering  
 sweet.

Around their Queen her loving playmates press,  
 Proud of her dancing, as it were their own ;  
 With voices trembling through their tenderness,  
 Like to the flute's low tones when sweetly blown !  
 Envy to their pure breasts is yet unknown ;  
 Too young and happy for a moment's guile !  
 There Innocence still sacred keeps her throne,  
 Well-pleased, in that calm hold, to see the while  
 Linger on human lips an unpolluted smile.

Ah me ! that Bards in many a lovely lay,  
 Forgetting all their own delightful years,  
 Should sing that life is but one little day,  
 And this most blessèd world the vale of tears !  
 Even in such songs mysterious truth appears :  
 We weep—forget—or muse resigned on death—  
 But oh ! that those inevitable years  
 The soul should sully with bedimmed breath,  
 And prove how vain a dream is all our childhood's faith !

Go to thy mother's arms, thou blessèd thing !  
 And in her yearning bosom hide thy head :  
 Behold ! how bliss resembleth sorrowing !  
 When smiles are glistening—why should tears be shed ?  
 Nor, grey-haired man ! art thou dishonourèd  
 By those big drops that force at last their way  
 Down thy grave wrinkled face ! When thou art dead,  
 That child thou knowest will weep upon thy clay—  
 Thus fathers oft are sad when those they love are gay.

But why should merriment thus feel alloy,  
 Sanctioned by Nature though such sadness be ?  
 —Look on yon Figure ! how he swells with joy !  
 With head-erecting pride and formal glee !  
 And may a Poet dare to picture thee,  
 As stiff thou walk'st thy pupils sly among ;  
 While roguish elf doth ape thy pedantry ?  
 Loudly, I trow, would bark the critic throng,  
 If vulgar name like thine should slip into my song.

And yet thou shalt not go without the meed  
 Of well-earned praise—one tributary line :  
 And haply as I tune my simple reed,  
 Such theme the pastoral muse may not decline.  
 Nor vain nor useless is a task like thine—  
 That, ere the gleams of life's glad morning fly,  
 Bids native grace with fresh attractions shine,  
 Taming the wild—emboldening the shy—  
 And still its end the same—the bliss of infancy !

Nor think the coldest spirit could withstand  
 The genial influence breathed, like balm from heaven,  
 From rosy childhood, in a vernal band  
 Dancing before him every happy Even.  
 When through the gloom their gliding forms are driven,  
 Like soft stars hurrying through the airy mist,  
 Unto his heart paternal dreams are given,  
 And in the bliss of innocent beauty blest  
 Oft hath that simple man their burnished ringlets kissed.

No idle, worthless, wandering man is he,  
 But in this vale of honest parents bred :  
 Trained to a life of patient industry,  
 He with the lark in summer leaves his bed  
 Through the sweet calm by morning twilight shed,  
 Walking to labour by that cheerful song ;  
 And, making now pure pleasure of a trade,  
 When winter comes with nights so dark and long,  
 'Tis his to train to grace the smiling infant throng.

And he, I ween, is aye a welcome guest  
 In every cottage-home on hill and vale ;  
 And oft by matron grave is warmly prest  
 To honour with his praise her home-brewed ale.  
 Smiles the grown maid her master to regale,

Mindful of all his kindness when a child ;  
 Invited thus, the master may not fail  
 To laud with fitting phrase the liquor mild,  
 And prays that heaven may bless the cottage on the wild.

O fair the mazy dance that breaks my dream !  
 Heaven dawns upon me as I starting wake !  
 A flight of fancy this—a frolic whim—  
 A mirthful tumult in which all partake.  
 So dance the sunny atoms o'er a lake ;  
 So small clouds blend together in the sky ;  
 So when the evening gales the grove forsake,  
 The radiant lime-leaves twinkle yet on high,  
 So flutter new-fledged birds to their own melody.

Through bright confusion order holds her reign,  
 And not one infant there but well doth know  
 By cunning rules her station to regain,  
 And fearless of mistakes to come and go.  
 Yet did the master no small pains bestow  
 On these small elves so docile, and so true  
 To tune and figure. Nature willed it so,  
 Who framed to grace their stature as it grew,  
 And trained their fairy feet among the morning dew.

True that, in polished life, refinement sheds  
 A fragile elegance o'er childhood's frame,—  
 And in a trembling lustre steeps their heads,  
 A finer charm, a grace without a name.  
 There culture kindly breathes on nature's flame ;  
 And angel beauty owns her genial sway.  
 But oh ! too oft doth dove-eyed Pity claim  
 The unconscious victims dancing light and gay,  
 For sickness lends that bloom, the symbol of decay.

Here Health, descending from her mountain-throne  
 Surveys with rapture yon delighted train  
 Of rosy sprites, by day and night her own,  
 Though mortal creatures, strangers yet to pain !  
 For she hath taught them up the hills to strain,  
 Following her foot-prints o'er the dewy flowers,  
 Light as the shadows flitting o'er the plain,  
 Soon as the earth salutes the dawning hours  
 With song and fragrance poured from all her glitter-  
 ing bowers.



Nor deem to gilded roofs alone confined  
 The magic charm of manners mild and free ;  
 Attendant mostly they on peace of mind,  
 Best cherished by the breath of purity.  
 Yea ! oft in scenes like this of rustic glee,  
 Where youth, and joy, and innocence resort,  
 The *Manners* gladly rule the revelry,  
 Unseen, they mingle in the quickening sport,  
 Well pleased 'mid village-hinds to hold their homely court.

See ! with what tenderness of mien, voice, eye,  
 Yon little stripling, scarce twelve summers old,  
 Detains his favourite partner gliding by,  
 Becoming, as she smiles, more gaily bold !  
 'Tis thus the pleasures of our youth unfold  
 The fairest feelings of the human heart ;  
 Nor, o'er our heads when silvering years are rolled,  
 Will the fond image from our fancy part,  
 But clings tenacious there 'mid passion, pride, and art.

Ay ! nights like this are felt o'er many a vale !  
 Their sweet remembrance mocks the drifted snow  
 That chokes the cottage up,—it bids the hail  
 With cheerful pattering 'gainst the panes to blow.  
 Hence, if the town-bred traveller chance to go  
 Into the mountain-dwellings of our poor,  
 The peasants greet with unembarrassed brow  
 The splendid stranger honouring thus their door,  
 And lead his steps with grace along the rushy floor.

But now the lights are waxing dim and pale,  
 And shed a fitful gleaming o'er the room ;  
 'Mid the dim hollies one by one they fail,  
 Another hour, and all is wrapt in gloom.  
 And lo ! without, the cold bright stars illumine  
 The cloudless air, so beautiful and still,  
 While proudly placed in her meridian dome  
 Night's peerless Queen the realms of heaven doth fill  
 With peace and joy, and smiles on each vast slumbering  
 hill.

The dance and music cease their blended glee,  
 And many a wearied infant hangs her head,  
 Dropping asleep upon her mother's knee,  
 Worn out with joy, and longing for her bed.  
 Yet some lament the bliss too quickly fled,



And fain the dying revels would prolong—  
 Loth that the parting "Farewell" should be said,  
 They round the Master in a circle throng—  
 Unmoved, alas! he stands their useless prayers among.

And now an old man asks him, ere they go,  
 If willing he a parting tune to play—  
 One of those Scottish tunes so sweet and slow!  
 And proud is he such wishes to obey.  
 Then "Auld lang syne," the wild and mournful lay  
 Ne'er breathed through human hearts unmoved by tears,  
 Wails o'er the strings, and wailing dies away!  
 While tremblingly his mellow voice he rears,  
 Ah me! the aged weep to think of former years!

Now rising to depart, each parent pays  
 Some compliment well-suited to his ear—  
 Couched, through their warmth of heart, in florid phrase,  
 Yet, by a parent's honest hopes, sincere!  
 They trust to meet him all another year,  
 If gracious heaven to them preserves the boon  
 Of life and health—and now with tranquil cheer  
 Their hearts still touched with that delightful tune,  
 Homeward they wend along beneath the silent moon.

O'er Loughrig-cliffs I see one party climb,  
 Whose empty dwellings through the hushed midnight  
 Sleep in the shade of Langdale-pikes sublime—  
 Up Dummail-Raise, unmindful of the height,  
 His daughter in his arms, with footsteps light  
 The father walks, afraid lest she should wake!  
 Through lonely Easdale past yon cots so white  
 On Helm-crag side, their journey others take;  
 And some to those sweet homes that smile by Rydal lake.

He too, the Poet of this humble show,  
 Silent walks homeward through the hour of rest—  
 While quiet as the depth of spotless snow,  
 A pensive calm contentment fills his breast!  
 O wayward man! were he not truly blest!  
 That lake so still below—that sky above!  
 Unto his heart a sinless infant prest,  
 Whose ringlets like the glittering dew-wire move,  
 Floating and sinking soft amid the breath of love!

## AN EVENING IN FURNESS ABBEY.

AN Apparition hung amid the hush  
Of the lone vale ; whether exhaled from earth  
Or dropt from heaven, as yet my beating heart,  
That quaked unto the sudden solitude,  
Knew not, nor cared to know—a mist—a cloud—  
Material shadow—or a spiritual dream !  
Slowly and waveringly it seemed to change  
Into a hoary edifice, o'erhung  
By hoary trees with mouldering boughs as mute  
Even as the mouldering stones—a ghost-like show !  
Uncertain in their tremor where to rest,  
Like birds disturbed at night, my startled thoughts  
Floated around the dim magnificence  
Of air-woven roofs, and arches light as air  
Spanning the faded sunset, till the pile,  
Still undergoing, as my spirit gazed  
Intenslier and intenslier through the gloom,  
Strange transformation from the beautiful  
To the sublime, breathing alternately  
Life-kindling hope and death-foretelling fear,  
Majestically settled down at last  
Into its own religious character,  
A House of prayer and penitence—dedicate  
Hundreds of years ago to God, and Her  
Who bore the Son of Man ! An Abbey fair  
As ever lifted reverentially  
The solemn quiet of its stately roof  
Beneath the moon and stars.

And though that Time  
Had hushed the choral anthems, and o'erthrown  
The altar, nor the holy crucifix  
Spared, whereon hung outstretched in agony  
The Eternal's visioned arms, 'twas dedicate  
To prayer and penitence still ; so said the hush

Of earth and heaven unto the setting sun,  
 Speaking, methought, to nightly-wandering man,  
 With a profounder meaning than the burst  
 Of hymns in morn or evening orisons  
 Chanted, within imagination's ear,  
 By supplicants whose dust hath long been mixed  
 With that of the hard stones on which they slept,  
 The cells that heard their penitential prayers,  
 The cloisters where between the hours of prayer  
 The brethren walked in whispering solitude,  
 Or sate, with bent-down head each in his niche  
 Fixed as stone-image, with his rosary  
 In pale hands, dropping on each mystic bead  
 To Mary Mother mild a contrite tear.

Moonless as yet, without one single star,  
 Lay the blue amplitude of space serene,  
 Which we in our delight call heaven. No cloud,  
 Nor thought of cloud, that region all divine  
 Reposed on or passed by ; its holiness  
 Seemed perfect in its pure simplicity,  
 Absorbing the whole being like a thought,  
 Till sky and soul were one. It was that hour  
 When Gloaming comes on hand-in-hand with Night  
 Like dark twin-sisters, and the fairer Day  
 Is loth to disappear ; when all three meet,  
 Gloaming, and Day, and Night, with dewdrops crowned,  
 And veiled, half-veiled, each with her shadowy hair ;  
 When unseen roses, known but by their balm,  
 Full-blown or budding, from their humble beds  
 Breathe incense to those dim divinities  
 Pleased with the transient scent of transient things,  
 As heaven still is with earth ; when all three meet  
 In the uncertain dimness of the sky,  
 Each with a beauty of her own combined  
 Into harmonious colouring, like a tune  
 Sung by three angel voices, up in heaven,  
 Unto the rapt ear of the listening earth.  
 It was an hour for any hallowed thought  
 Akin to grief, the highest mood allowed  
 To mortal creatures, for all happiness  
 Worthy that holy name seems steeped in tears  
 Like flowers in dew, or tinged with misty hues  
 Like stars in halo. Feelings that had slept  
 For long long years o'erlaid within the soul



By brooding passions, rose again to power,  
As sweet as when they first their lustre lent  
To life's young morn, that needed in the sky  
No sun to light the glorious universe.  
As sweet but for a moment—for they die  
Away into the melancholy breathed  
From a profound conviction conscience-born,  
That they no resting place on earth have now,  
All phantoms ! doomed to glide back to their cells,  
And haply there, beyond the reach of day,  
To lie for evermore ! In such an hour  
Some pensive passage in our Book of Life,  
Restored to its original characters,  
Gleams on our eyes again, until we wish,  
In love and pity of the yearned-for dead,  
So passionate our desolate spirit's throes,  
That we had ne'er been born, or even now  
Were with the invisible in weal or woe  
To all eternity ! How burn our hearts  
Within us ! while they strive to grasp again  
First loves, first friendships from the clutch of death  
That will not lose its hold ; when brethren blest  
Renewed some sacrament of sighs and tears,  
Religious far beyond the weight of words,  
Voiceless in sanctity ! When days divine,  
Closing on nights diviner still, bequeathed  
New treasures to augment the unhoarded store  
Of golden thoughts, and fancies squandered free  
As dewdrops by the morn, yet never missed  
By the innocent prodigal, who flung them back  
Into the lap of Nature showering still  
Her orient pearls for his especial joy !  
As o'er some chosen vale the rainbow hangs,  
Tinging the heavens with beauty, till they sing  
A new song to the pathway of the power  
Beloved by gods and men, the Spring who comes  
To glorify the earth ! Of partings then  
We do remember us made long ago,  
When youthful heads to stern necessity  
First bowed astonished,—of embraces torn  
Asunder, felt to be embraces still,  
Divided though they be by winds and waves,  
And isles, and continents, and months, and years,—  
Vain barriers to the reaches of our souls,  
That in the midst of life's great desert meet



From far, as on two whirlwinds borne, or wings  
Stronger than Jove's own birds, the plumes of thought,  
Winnowing their way across the wilderness.  
Or to strange glamour, lo ! deathbeds spread  
Their shroud-like whiteness, and their grave-like calm,  
Again before our eyes that may not shun  
The mortal vision ! There a parent lies,  
Unhappy only that no voice is left  
To utter benediction on our heads,  
Not one small word for all that love so great  
That gushes out with the last sob of life,  
And leaves us orphans—in our agony  
Loading those temples with remorseful love  
Whose grey hairs haply when they waved with life  
We heeded not, even in the hour of prayer.  
Oh ! oft on nights so beautiful comes back,  
All of her own accord, like some fair bird,  
That, flying far away over a wood  
Or mountain, seeming to be lost for ever  
Among the clouds, in sunshine reappears,  
At first a dim speck, soon a shining star,  
Till, folding up at once her lovely wings  
Into composed brightness, down she drops  
Into her nest, by that sweet singer left  
But for one hurried hour of homeless joy !  
Oh ! oft on nights so beautiful comes back,  
All of her own accord, unchanged her eyes,  
Seraphic sweetness, and the glow unchanged  
Of that refulgent head, which when it rose  
Of old before me through the twilight dews,  
I felt that the whole region of the heavens  
Needed no other star—comes back, God-sent,  
From the dim mountain-range beyond the grave,  
Whose awful summits, sometimes seen in sleep,  
Sublime our dreams beyond the poetry  
Of mightiest bards, when chained by fleshy bonds  
Within this waking world—comes back from bliss  
My holy Orphan ! She had heard a voice  
Calling upon her, one still Sabbath morn,  
When like a lily of the field arrayed  
For going to the house of God, to lay  
Her Bible down, and come away to heaven !  
Even in one hour she died—just as the psalm,  
Through which her singing like a silver harp  
Was wont to lead the sacred melody,

Came to her ear, across the banks and braes  
 Of yellow broom in which her father's cot  
 Nest-like was built ; nor ever mortal eyes  
 Saw that sweet bird in living beauty more !

How reverend the old Abbey's ivied walls !  
 How pleasant in their sweet solemnity,  
 Unto my spirit, long disturbed by grief,  
 Nor less by joy, now tranquil as the core  
 Of that hushed chancel, as the inmost heart  
 Of that night-darkening oak ! Many long years  
 Since I last visited, then all alone,  
 The vale of Nightshade. Wandering up and down  
 Earth's deserts and her Edens—in the flush  
 Of flowery fields enamelled by the spring  
 Now forming fancy-garlands—in the gloom  
 Of forests, where no hermit had his cave,  
 So sullen that o'ershadowing solitude,  
 Weaving a net of necromantic dreams—  
 Now by the shore of some great inland loch,  
 Or sea-arm tossing white among the hills  
 To the black thunder-cloud, sole sitting there  
 So motionless the long-winged heron swayed  
 His flight not from the stone of which I seemed  
 A part, incorporated with the dash  
 Of howling waves, and savage blasts that shook  
 The avalanche from the cliff, descending swift  
 Down to the glen, as the scared eagle soared  
 Up into heaven ! Now down the broomy burn  
 That wimpled on round gardened villages,  
 Angling along, attended by a group  
 Of eager children, their short sunny hour  
 Of mid-day play devouring ; then away,  
 Each with his scaly treasure held aloft,  
 Shouting out praises of the stranger's skill  
 And bounty—lavish of the silver fry.  
 Now by some moorland stream-fount welling out  
 A sheep-surrounded circle of bright green,  
 That would have shamed the emerald, 'neath a rock  
 Fern-feathered, and with white-stemmed birch-tree  
 crowned,  
 Lying remote above the hum of man,  
 With face up to the sky, nor wanting food  
 For meditation, while one single cloud  
 Came journeying from afar, or Beauty breathed

Upon the braided sky most delicate  
 A fleecy whiteness that subdued the blue  
 To cloudy character without a cloud !

Thus wandering, wafted like the thistle-down,  
 Yet not so wholly aimless, not so moved  
 By impulse from without, liker a bee  
 That with the wind goes humming, yet directs  
 At his own gladsome will his gauzy wings  
 Right onward to the honeyed sycamore,  
 Or silent peal of pendant fox-glove bells,  
 Or mountain-bosom from a distance seen  
 Pitch-black, but near as winds his shrilly horn,  
 Brighter than purple on a monarch's robe,  
 And bathed in richer perfume—wandering thus  
 In ignorance of the future of my life,  
 Nor caring, wishing, hoping, fearing aught  
 Beyond the pregnant present—each wild day  
 A world within itself, my griefs and joys  
 All at my own creation and command,  
 As far as human soul may be let loose  
 From impositions of necessity,  
 Forgetting oft in self-willed fancy's flight  
 All human ties that would enchain her dreams  
 Down to a homelier bliss, and loving more  
 The dim aërial shadow of this life  
 Even than the substance of the life itself,  
 Morn found me on the mountain-tops, and Night  
 Descended on me in the glens, where hut  
 Or shieling scarcely hid me from the stars.  
 All shadows then of life how beautiful !  
 As sometimes when the sunset spell is strong,  
 And all the elements seem rarified,  
 Mountains and woods and towers delight the soul,  
 On an inverted world in wonder down  
 Deep-gazing, as it hangs in the abyss  
 Of the vanished lake, far far beyond  
 The real mountains, where the living flocks  
 Are browsing or at rest—the real woods,  
 Where flit the living birds from shade to shade,  
 Or in the sunshine sing—the real towers,  
 Where chime the clear-toned Sabbath evening-bells  
 Unto the real clouds, whose purple light  
 On people walking to the house of God  
 Falls gracious ; for all these are what they seem,



And but by common things inhabited ;  
 But those are all ideal in that glow  
 So evanescent in its purity,  
 And appertain to a remoter life  
 Untouched by sin or sorrow, not a sound  
 Disturbing their beatitude divine,  
 Transmitted, through the silence of the eye,  
 To that congenial region of the spirit  
 Where all reflections from this noisy world  
 Hang floating in their beauty, till the breath  
 Of some rude passion curl along the calm,  
 And all at once is gone ! Then reappears  
 The daily bosom of our mother earth,  
 Where weary feet are pacing to and fro ;  
 And weary hearts are wishing they were laid  
 In her insensate dust !

Those days are gone ;  
 And it has pleased high Heaven to crown my life  
 With such a load of happiness, that at times  
 My very soul is faint with bearing up  
 The blessèd burden. For that airy world,  
 So full of coruscations and strange fires  
 Electric, one that by a golden chain  
 Hangs balanced in its planetary peace,  
 I love to dwell in now ; and in the mists  
 And storms that sometimes stain its atmosphere,  
 Or shake it till the orb doth seem to quake  
 Even to its centre, I behold the hand,  
 I hear the voice of my Creator's love.  
 And now the Genius of the household fire—  
 The Christian Lar, who hath our Sabbath hours  
 Under his felt protection, whispers low  
 His gentle inspiration through my heart  
 Which loveth dearlier now a homeborn song—  
 That I may chant unto my children dear,  
 Not undelighted with a father's voice,  
 To them made music by a father's love—  
 Than wildest strain in sylvan solitude  
 Piped to the strange-faced rocks, and figures grim  
 That frown in forests, when the day is dark  
 As night, in spite of the meridian sun.  
 What though imagination's wings be chained ?  
 Formed are the fetters of soft balmy flowers.  
 Gathered by angel-hands in Paradise.



No need that I should with creative eyes  
 Raise up fair shadowy creatures racing fleet  
 On the hill-side, or lying fast asleep  
 On mossy couch, beneath the mossy arms  
 Of antique oak,—some shape of beauty rare,  
 Oread or Dryad,—or in grotto cool  
 Among the music of the waterfall  
 Naiad as pure as the small silver spring  
 In which she had her birth, on some May-morn  
 Issuing in pearly beauty from the gleam,  
 And disappearing like a foambell there,  
 When first she hears the harmless stockdove's voice.  
 For rising up throughout my wedded years  
 That melted each away so quietly  
 Into the other, that I never thought  
 Of wondering at the growth before my eyes  
 Of my own human flowers most beautiful—  
 So imperceptible had been the change  
 From infancy to childhood—lovely both—  
 And then to grace most meek and maidenly,  
 Three spirits given by God to guard and keep  
 For ever in their native innocence,  
 Glide o'er my floors like sunbeams, and like larks  
 Are oft heard singing to their happy selves,  
 No eye upon them but the eye of Heaven.  
 And now, revisiting these Abbey-walls,  
 How changed my state from what it was of yore,  
 When 'mid an hundred homes no home had I  
 Whose hearth had power to chain me from the rest !  
 No roof, no room, no bower in the near wood  
 In which at once are now concentrated  
 All the sweet scents and all the touching sounds,  
 All the bright rays of life.

Linked hand in hand,  
 Mute and most spirit-like, from out the gloom  
 Of the old Abbey issuing, all their smiles  
 Subdued to a sweet settled pensiveness  
 By the religion of the ruin, lo !  
 The three came softly gliding on my dream,  
 Attended by the moonshine ; for the Orb  
 Looked through the oriel window, and the vale  
 Soon overflowed with light. As they approached,  
 My heart embraced them in their innocence,  
 And sinless pride expressed itself in prayer.

From morn they had been with me in the glens  
And on the mountains, by the lakes and rivers,  
And through the hush of the primeval woods,  
And such a beauteous day was fitly closed  
By such a beauteous night. No word they spake,  
But held their swimming eyes in earnestness  
Fixed upon mine, as if they wished to hear  
My voice amid the silence, for the place  
Had grown too awful for their innocent hearts ;  
And half in love, and half in fear, they prest  
Close to their father's side, till at a sign  
They sat them down upon a fragment fallen,  
With all its flowers and mosses, from the arch  
Through which the moon was looking ; and I said  
That I would tell to them a tale of tears,  
A tale of sorrows suffered long ago !

Close to our feet an antique tombstone lay,  
Which time, with reverential tenderness,  
Had seemed to touch, so that the images,  
There sculptured centuries ago, were yet  
Perfect almost as when they felt the shower  
Of the first agony ! All in mail, from head  
To feet, the figure of a warrior stretched  
His height heroic, by his side a sword  
Such as of old, with huge two-handed sway,  
Made lanes in battles, but the giant-hands,  
Palm unto palm, even like a saint's in prayer,  
Upon his breast were folded piously,  
And meek his visage as a child's in sleep.  
Across the stone and at that warrior's feet  
The figure—so it seemed—of female young,  
In simple vestments, such as worn of old  
By one of low degree, the child of hind  
Or forester. The very winds of heaven,  
As if in pity of their mournfulness  
Had spared the lineaments of that gentle face,  
And delicately, in its dove-like calm,  
Her bosom now did in the moonlight lie ;  
No wrinkle on her forehead, and the hair,  
Though stone-wreathed, seemingly as soft as silk  
Beneath a silken fillet that upbound  
The gathered locks into a simple snood,  
Such as in olden time each maiden wore  
Before her bridal day. In lowliest guise,

As if unworthy by the side to lie  
 Of that great lord, whose lineage high was drawn  
 From crownèd kings—an image he of pride,  
 And she of most abased humility,  
 As far beneath that mighty one in death  
 As she had been in life, when palace-halls  
 Hung o'er his unhelmed head, or banners proud  
 Rustled o'er his plumes in battle—She the while  
 Plaiting her rushes by the cottage door,  
 Or singing old songs in the sylvan shade  
 To her sole self among the spotted deer.

Oft had I gazed on those two effigies,  
 When to the solitary mountain-gloom  
 Sent devious from my pilgrimage, by force  
 Of those fine impulses that bear us on  
 From awe to awe, till suddenly is found  
 Some glorious vision that we did not seek,  
 Nor knew was on the earth ; and of the dreams  
 That came to me from out the ruined pile,  
 Legend surviving dimly when the moth  
 Hath eat to dust the hoary chronicles,  
 And ballad sung with many a various voice  
 In different glens, by maidens at their wheel  
 To wondering children, or at hour of noon  
 In gay hay-harvest, 'neath the hawthorn shade,  
 To toil by music to his strength restored  
 As if by dropping dews—by sweet degrees  
 My soul formed to itself a history  
 Of the dead figured thus—a tale that grew  
 Almost unconsciously and unawares ;  
 As one who wandering through the rich-stored woods  
 In dreary idlesse, ever and anon,  
 Plucks here and there a ground-flower, till, behold !  
 Yellow and blue and purple, in his hands  
 One gathered constellation, that illumes  
 With sudden beauty all the wilderness.  
 In days of yore, these pleasant realms—now stretched  
 In variegated beauty from the dip  
 Of the low hills in which the mountains fade  
 Away from the Lake-land, into wide bays,  
 And far, far off to beacons promontories—  
 Were forest-grown even to the very sea ;  
 Nor wanted Walney's storm-beat isle, now bare,  
 Its murmur of old groves, nor Fouldrey's Pile



Its stately sycamores that loved the spray  
 Of the rock-scaling tide. The horizon hung  
 On trees, round all its dark circumference ;  
 While here and there, a church-tower lifted up  
 Its peaceful battlements, or warlike keep  
 Frowned on the cliff, the watchman's sun-tipt spear  
 Far glancing o'er the woods. Hundreds of huts  
 Were hidden in that sylvan gloom,—some perched  
 On verdant slopes from the low coppice cleared ;  
 Some in deep dingles, secret as the nest  
 Of robin-redbreast, built among the roots  
 Of pine, on whose tall top the throstle sings.  
 Hundreds of huts ! yet all apart, and felt  
 Far from each other ; 'mid the multitude  
 Of intervening stems, each glen or glade  
 By its own self a perfect solitude,  
 Hushed but not mute, for many a little stream,  
 Now dead, then sang its sweet accompaniment  
 Unto the ceaseless warbling of the birds,  
 And silence listened to the frequent chant  
 Of stated hymn that from the Abbey rose  
 By nights, and days as still as any nights,  
 Each echo more mysterious than before,  
 Far, far away reviving, and at last  
 Evanished, like a prayer received in heaven.

Oh ! let one Hut be rescued from the dust !  
 And let its thousand rose-balls burn again  
 On porch-wall roof, and let the self-same dews  
 There lie unmelted by the morn that rose  
 Hundreds of years ago ! Oh ! back to life  
 Return Thou in thy matchless beauty—Thou  
 Whom Love and Wonder in the olden time  
 Baptised in tears that flowed from very bliss,  
 THE FLOWER OF FURNESS ! by no other name  
 Known to the dwellers in the woods, when life  
 Rejoiced to breathe within a form so fair ;  
 Nor now by other name is ever known  
 That image lying at that warrior's feet !

Lo ! walking forth into the sunny air,  
 Her face yet shaded by the pensiveness  
 Breathed o'er it from her holy orisons,  
 She pours a blessing from her dewy eyes  
 O'er that low roof, and then the large blue orbs



Salute serenely the high arch of heaven.  
 On—on she shines away into the woods !  
 And all the birds burst out in ecstasy  
 As she hath reappeared. And now she stands  
 In a lone glade beside the Fairies' Well—  
 So named she in delight a tiny spring  
 In the rich mosses fringed with flowery dies,  
 O'erhung by tiny trees, that tinier still  
 Seemed through that mirror, in whose light she loved  
 Each morn to reinstate with simple braids  
 Into its silken snood her virgin hair,  
 Unconsciously admired by her own soul  
 Made happy—such is Nature's law benign—  
 Even by the beauty of her own innocence.

Of gentle blood was she ; but tide of time,  
 Age after age, bore onwards to decay  
 The fortunes of her fathers, and at last  
 The memory of the once illustrious dead  
 Forgotten quite, and to all common ears  
 The name they were so proud of most obscure  
 And meaningless, among the forest-woods,  
 The poor descendant of that house was now,  
 But for the delicate Wild-Flower blooming there,  
 Last of his race, a lowly Forester !  
 Yet never Lady, in her jewelled pride,  
 As she appeared upon her bridal morn,  
 Pictured by limner who had lived in love  
 With rarest beauty all his life, in halls  
 Of nobles, and the palaces of kings,  
 E'er looked more lovely through Time's tints divine,  
 Than she who stood now by the Fairies' Well,  
 Imagination's phantom, lily-fair,  
 In pure simplicity of humblest life.

Hark ! hark ! the music of a bugle-horn !  
 And lo ! all bright in hunter's green, a plume  
 Of eagle feathers nodding as he bounds  
 Deerlike into the glade, with bow and arrows  
 Armed, but no savage outlaw he, a Form  
 In stature taller than the sons of men,  
 Descends of a sudden on the wilderness,  
 Before that Flower, now quaking in her fear,  
 Even like her sister lilies, when a flash

Of lightning sheers the woods, and the strange growl  
 Of thunder mutters through the solitude.  
 But soon that fear expired—or mixed with love,  
 Such love as innocent spirits feel, amazed  
 By some surpassing shape of mortal mould,  
 Earthly, yet lending to the things of earth  
 A statelier, more seraphic character.  
 Recovering from that tremor, a long gaze  
 Bound her to what she feared and loved ; and then  
 Folding her hands across her breast, she sank  
 In a submissive attitude meekly down,  
 And gracefully, with bended knees, saluting  
 Noble, or Prince, or King !

Even like some Power  
 Olympian, of that high mythology,  
 In whose religion fair Achaia held  
 Perpetual intercourse with visible forms  
 Balmy and bright with scents and hues of heaven,  
 And oft enamoured of Earth's Daughters, Gods,  
 Descending to enjoy our mortal love,  
 Forgot their native skies, that Vision stood  
 One moment in his majesty, then stooped  
 Lord-like in homage of that lowly maid,  
 And raised her to his bosom, on the light  
 Of her closed eyelids, letting fall a kiss  
 As gentle as when brother lays his lips  
 On a sweet sister's brow, when on return  
 From foreign travel he beholdeth her  
 Whom he had left a child, to maidenhood  
 Grown up in happiness, a stately flower,  
 Whom all admire, but few may dare to love !

No sound amid the silence of the woods  
 Was heard, save moaning faint and far away  
 The stockdove's voice ; and near the Fairies' Well  
 The beating of that maiden's heart, such sighs  
 As murmur from the lips of one oppressed  
 In sleep by some divine and dangerous dream.  
 Released from that too dear imprisonment,  
 At bidding of those princely eyes, and hands  
 Familiar with command, yet gentle both,  
 She sat her down obedient, by the brink  
 Of the pure spring, and knew that by her side,

Although her darkened eyes beheld him not,  
 Was that bright Noble with his eagle-plumes.  
 "Would that she were within her father's hut,  
 Escaped from the delight that filled and shook  
 Her soul with dread!" So prayed she—but her limbs  
 Were chained as palsy-stricken, and her face  
 O'erflowed with powerless tears! Soothed by sweet words,  
 Whose meanings yet were indistinct and dim,  
 But murmured in such music as she felt  
 Could breathe no evil, and could only come  
 From one who pity had for innocence,  
 Ere long she lifted up her face, and gave  
 Again its troubled beauty to the gaze  
 That looked into her life! That she was fair,—  
 That it had pleased God to make her fair,  
 She knew, as well as that the summer sky  
 Is felt by all hearts to be beautiful.  
 Else, wherefore paused each passer-by to bid  
 A blessing on her countenance? Why was she  
 Alone, among so many maidens, called  
 The Flower of Furness? Yet, if ever pride  
 Did touch her spirit at that pleasant name,  
 Such pride it was as one might almost think,  
 When gazing on the lily or the rose,  
 Breathes a fine impulse through these Favourites  
 Of sun and air and universal nature,  
 Till shaking off the dewdrops, they expand  
 In their full beauty, o'er some desert-place  
 Shedding the lustre of their happiness!  
 All too divine her loveliness to praise;  
 But showered from eloquent lips and eloquent eyes  
 Came down upon her now such looks—rays—words,  
 Blended in union irresistible,  
 That no more could her bosom turn away  
 From that descent of sound, and light, and dew,  
 Than rose or lily from the gentle face  
 Of the flower-loving Sun, when o'er her bed,  
 Her humble bed in the untrodden wild,  
 The soaring lark within the rainbow sings!

Within th' embrace, even on the very breast  
 Of one of England's most illustrious knights,  
 By birth illustrious, and by feats of arms  
 Done for the Holy Cross in Palestine,  
 As innocent entirely as a dove



In pity prest by some affectionate child  
To its fond bosom,—unacquainted yet  
With sin, or sin-born sorrow, however near  
May be their fatal presence, lieth now—  
And God's own eye is on her, and the eyes  
Of all His angels in that perilous hour—  
The daughter of a lowly forester !  
Too humble to oppose, too blest to fear  
The kiss that thrills her forehead ! For a name,  
That from the far-off mountains to the sea  
Was like a household word in hut and hall,  
Now murmured in her ear ; and never maid,  
High-born or humble, suffered scath or scorn  
From the LE FLEMING, in his glorious youth  
Pure as a star, whose light is always pure,  
Because its station is aloft, and prayers  
From earth prevent its being stained in heaven.  
It passed—that meeting—with the morning clouds !  
But oft and oft was with the morning clouds  
Renewed, and by the light of setting suns  
And rising moons, and that soft burning star  
Which ever, so impassioned spirits dream,  
Looks down on lovers like a thing that loves.  
And ever as they met by day or night,  
That maiden yielded up her tranced life  
To the dear dream, which all the while she knew  
Was but a dream, and strove she to believe  
That it might last for ever, though a voice,  
A still small voice within the aching depths  
Where fear and sorrow struggled, oft did say  
That all such dreams were transient as the dew.  
And aye at his departure disappeared  
All joy from this dark world. The sylvan shades  
Were haunted now by miserable thoughts,  
Coming and going ghost-like ; what they meant  
By their dire threatenings, one so weak as she  
And wretched might not know ; but whisperings  
Prophetic of some sad calamity,  
Of early death and burial, from the lush  
Of the old trees would come, and oft did pass  
Close by her ear, upon the bed where sleep  
Now seldom dropped oblivion. Now the moon,  
The splendid harvest moon, that used to shine  
Upon her pleasant paths so cheerfully,  
Disturbed her with a lustre all too fair



For weary weeper on a sinful earth ;  
 And something, though she wist not what it was,  
 Something whose shadow was most terrible,  
 Oft seemed to stand between her and the stars.  
 Seldom her old songs now the maiden sang !  
 They told of lowly and of happy loves,  
 Of true hearts, after many a patient year  
 That tried their faith by absence, or the woe  
 Of rumoured death, or houseless poverty,  
 Wedded at last, and living all their lives  
 In merry greenwood, cheerful as the doves  
 That cooed, or flowers that bloomed, upon their roof.  
 She durst not sing such happy songs as these,  
 And fain would have forgot the melodies  
 In which they were embalmed ! Oh ! never now  
 Had she the heart to chant that ballad old,  
 Wherein 'twas shown how once a king's own son,  
 Disguisèd as a woodsman, came and wooed  
 A forest maiden, and at last prevailed  
 On the poor wretch to be his paramour ;  
 Who, in a little month, forsaken, died !  
 But not till she had broke her parents' hearts !  
 " But not till she had broke her parents' hearts !"  
 A strange voice muttered. When she looked around,  
 She saw that not so much as one leaf stirred,  
 Or insect's wing, in all the solitude !  
 And thus there was not one familiar word,  
 Or one familiar thought, that could not bring  
 The groans from out her heart, as if it lay,  
 Her very soul, outstretched upon a rack,  
 While a dark fiend did smite, till swoonings dim  
 O'ershadowed all her senses, and despair  
 Fell on her worse than death ! And this was—Love !

But in his passion for that star-like flower,  
 Which, waving sweetly in the woodland air,  
 Unto his rapt imagination seemed  
 To show whate'er was fairest, brightest, best,  
 In the created things that beauty breathe,  
 More touching far, because so suddenly,  
 And far removed out of the lofty sphere  
 In which he shone, the new Existence rose  
 Almost beyond belief, far far beyond,  
 Even in the grace he loved, all images  
 Of lady or queen in fabling poesy

(And he had listened to the amorous lays  
 Sung to the harp by wandering Troubadour  
 In tent pitched by the sea of Galilee,  
 Or by the desert-well o'ershadowèd  
 By palm-trees blest by weary pilgrimage),  
 In such a passion the Le Fleming walked  
 Statelier and statelier, like a very god  
 Who reigneth in his undivided sway  
 O'er his own world ; and prouder far was he  
 Of the fair May he wooed among the woods,  
 And of the fragrant lilies in her breast,  
 And of those moist celestial violets  
 Her undisguising eyes, than heretofore  
 He e'er had been of smile of high-born dame,  
 Who, from balcony stooping down, let fall  
 To him, the victor in the tournament,  
 Her colours sighed for by all England's peers.

From that great sire, who with the Conqueror  
 Came over from the warlike Normandy,  
 Le Fleming gloried in his lofty line  
 Unstained, for centuries, by any stream  
 Of less illustrious blood. And would he wed  
 The daughter of a Forester ? blest flower,  
 Although indeed she be ! by nature dropt  
 Among the common weeds that fade unseen  
 Around his lordly feet ! No ! she shall be  
 His Bonnibelle, his Burde, his Paramour,  
 To some enchanted forest-bower among  
 The guardian mountains spirited away !  
 And there to sing, and sigh, and weep, and weave  
 Disconsolate fancies in her solitude ;  
 By vows, which Heaven itself will consecrate,  
 Even at the sylvan altar of pure Truth,  
 Together linked for ever, far beyond  
 The sanctity of Ritual e'er pronounced  
 In abbey's gloom by soulless celibate !  
 " To sing, and sigh, and smile, and weep ! " Ay, there  
 Despised, loved, pitied, worshipped and adored !  
 For beauty such as hers might be adored,  
 In bower of bliss, though Sorrow kept the door,  
 And Sin, veiled like a Seraph, strewed the couch  
 Unruffled by Repentance !

Oh! my soul!

How glimmering are the bounds that oft divide  
 Virtue from Vice, and from the Night of Guilt  
 The Day-spring of religion! Conscience shuts  
 Her shining eye, lulled into fatal sleep  
 Even by the voice of Love! or, worst of all  
 Imaginable miseries, looketh on  
 And listeneth, heedless of her sacred trust,  
 On troubled bliss that leads our souls to death!  
 Though God's vicegerent, sovereign of the soul,  
 And showing clear credentials from above,  
 Yet even that Seraph, by allurements won,  
 Or by severe temptation terrified,  
 The Terrene for the Heavenly (as at night  
 A marish vapour seems a luminary  
 Whose dwelling is upon the steadfast skies),  
 Mistakes most ruefully; and, slave of Fate,  
 Walks onwards to perdition! Witness ye!  
 Who on the wings of passion, even like doves  
 Borne by their instinct o'er untravelled seas,  
 Safe in the hurricane, till they gently drop  
 Into their native nest, vainly believe  
 That you, like those glad birds, are flying home  
 To Heaven, directed by the Polar Star  
 Hung out to guide us mortal mariners,  
 While you are hurrying to the sunless clime  
 Of God-forsaken sin and misery!

“O Father, Mother!”—“Fear not, mine own Flower!  
 But they will both be happy, when they see  
 Thee happy as the morn. Thou must not weep  
 Any more tears for them; and yet I love  
 That paleness on thy cheek, for Nature's ties  
 Are holy; but the holiest of them all  
 Is that, which spite of fortune and of fate,  
 And evil stars, in life and death unites  
 Two souls whom this bad world and its bad laws  
 In vain would seek to sever! From that world  
 Far, far apart, and all its heartlessness,  
 We two shall live—Oh! let me see thine eyes  
 Again, and kiss away these idle tears—  
 And not a whisper ever shall be heard  
 From any human voice that is not charged  
 With prayers and blessings upon thee and thine!  
 Yes! thou, even in their prayers, shalt still be called



The Flower of Furness, when the poor do kneel  
To Him who pities and forgives us all,  
And our transgressions, calling on the Saints,  
And Her whom we adore, to hold thee ever  
Under their own protection, as thou walk'st  
Among the woods, dispensing charity  
To widows and to orphans ; every boon  
Felt in their sickness, penury, or age,  
To be still more angelical and divine,  
Because of the sweet sound and the sweet light  
Breathed with it from thy bosom and thine eyes  
Day after day more and more beautiful,  
If that indeed may be, from being vowed  
To love and pity all life-long, and knowing  
No happiness but that of doing good !  
Yet, never never ceasing, till we die,  
To hold within the sanctuary of thy heart  
Thine own Le Fleming, though unworthy he,  
But for the life-deep passion that attends  
Thy coming and thy going, on thy breast  
To lay his head in heaven ! God bless that smile !—  
Ay ! ours will be the sunniest life, my dove,  
That ever glanced or glided o'er the earth !  
Sometimes upon thy palfrey, silver-reined,  
Thy true knight by thy side, through alleys green  
Of glimmering forest, queen-like thou shalt go,  
As in adventurous days of old romance ;  
But peril near thee shall be none, no fiend  
Or giant starting up among the woods  
All still and beautiful as Faëry Londe.  
Or habited like huntress, even with bow  
In thy fair hand, and o'er thy shoulders fair  
A quiver, thou shalt like Diana's self  
Pursue the spotted deer. Yet drop of blood  
In these our innocent pastimes ne'er shall stain  
Arrow of thine ; for thou from infancy  
Hast loved the timid race ; most sweet to thee  
To stand and look upon the hind at play  
In shady places with her fawns, and soon  
They all will learn to look upon thy face  
With fearless love, nor shun thy noiseless feet  
Along the moss-sward underneath the bows  
So mossy of the overarching oaks.  
Oh ! I will lead thee through a hundred vales  
Solemn or sweet to visit, our two selves



The only human creatures in the gloom  
 Flung down like night upon us from the cliffs  
 Of huge Helvellyn, where the eagles cry ;  
 Or in the hush, as gentle as thy sleep,  
 Of lovely Grassmere, where the church-tower stands  
 Above the ashes of my ancestors,  
 A place always as peaceful as a dream ;  
 Or floating in our pinnace through the isles  
 Of wooded Windermere, the river-lake  
 Hung for a while between two worlds of stars.  
 Nor need'st thou fear, my innocent, with me  
 To visit, through the moonshine steering slow,  
 On Lady-Isle that holy Oratory ;  
 And on my bosom leaning, there to pray  
 That if indeed there any error be,  
 Frailty, or guilt, or sin, in love like ours,  
 Even for the dear sake of such contrite tears  
 As now flow from thine eyes, and still must flow,—  
 For fondest kisses cannot reach their source  
 Profound—there both of us will plead and pray,  
 My spirit then as humble as thine own,  
 That it may be forgiven. But if from thee  
 I now must walk away in my despair,  
 And never, never see thee any more  
 In all this loveless life, this weary world ;  
 If all my supplications now must fall  
 Into that bosom, idle as the shower  
 Of transitory tears which soon will melt  
 Away in its fair sweetness, how shall I  
 Bear up against the utter wretchedness  
 Of such a desolation? Keep my head  
 From going down to a dishonoured grave !”

He ceased ; nor in that passion did he know,  
 Although he dimly feared, his wickedness.  
 For his was not a heart of stone ; but filled  
 To overflowing with heroic thoughts,  
 With tender feelings, and with fancies wild ;  
 A being he, if ever such there were,  
 By nature made to love, and be beloved,  
 Even as a vernal day. But pride, the sin  
 Of seraphs, and of mortal men who stand  
 Upon the sunny summits of this life,  
 The native greatness of his character  
 Had lowered unawares, and to the core

Corrupted, but not withered ; for they grew  
 Strong at the heart, and in luxuriance still,  
 The passions that were given him to uplift  
 His soul, and gain for him a name in peace,  
 Fair, as in war it was most glorious.  
 And now he would beguile to sin and shame,  
 And woe and death, and doom beyond the grave—  
 For in the sacred judgments of our souls  
 Such seems the lot of ruined innocence—  
 That virgin, whom his love had found as pure  
 As dewdrop in a dream, as glad as light  
 Upon the hills of God !

With claspèd hands,  
 And eyes beseechful, yet upbraiding not,  
 Imploringly the silent statue prayed  
 That he would yet have pity on her youth,  
 Even for her parents' sakes ! Then like a dove,  
 That, stricken by some sudden bird of prey,  
 Falls moaning near its nest, down at his feet  
 She dropt, with one long sigh that seemed to say,  
 "My heart is broken !" To the Fairies' Well  
 He bore the corpse ; for in his agony  
 That word, most hideous of all hideous words,  
 Was heard within the dream of his remorse,  
 While a more ghastly whiteness overspread  
 The face of her whom he had murdered. Lo !  
 Through the dim opening of her eyes appears  
 Something that may be life ! The eyelids move  
 A little, and that glimpse of heavenly blue,  
 Faint though it be and clouded, may not dwell  
 In orbs that have eclipsèd been by death.  
 See ! how the breathing mystery we call Soul  
 Comes back ! Where was it even now, when throbbèd  
 No pulse—no sense took notice—and the heart  
 Beat not nor fluttered, nor one single thought  
 Remained within the many-chambered brain ?  
 Gazing bewildered on some other world,  
 She all at once starts up unto her knees,  
 And fixes wildly on Le Fleming's face  
 Eyes full of manifest insanity,  
 As if she were a fiend unto a fiend  
 Gibbering in wrathful speech. Oh ! not a word  
 Has meaning, or, if any meaning range  
 Among the altered syllablings of names

Familiar once and sacred, it is such  
 As well might break the hardest heart to hear,  
 Sinful, and like a poisonous breath distilled  
 Even from the dews of those most innocent lips,  
 Even from the sweet stream of those innocent veins,  
 Even from the pure drops of that innocent heart,  
 Whose worst confessions, before God and man,  
 A little while ago were scarcely worth  
 The shedding of a tear !

But Mercy's hand

Hath readjusted now the wondrous springs  
 On which the reasonable spirit moves,  
 And hath at once her being and her powers,  
 All knowledge of herself and of this world,  
 Of Heaven and of the God who reigns in Heaven ;  
 Else, in their dread disorder, to the beasts  
 That range the fields inferior in all sense  
 And feeling, the most sad and terrible  
 Of all the sad and terrible things in Nature—  
 And once again the Flower of Furness shines  
 In all her beauty brought back from afar,  
 In innocence returning from the gates  
 Of Hades. “ Yes ! I swear by all the stars  
 Reeling so strangely through the skies—by all  
 The uncouth glimmering of that moon—by Him  
 Who died for sinners—and a sinner I  
 Beyond all other sinners—and I swear  
 By father and by mother, whom my sin  
 Will soon send to their graves, to follow thee,  
 Where'er thou beckonest, and in love to lie  
 Upon thy breast, though in some dungeon-cell  
 Our couch may be, among all crawling things  
 That flesh and blood doth shudder at, and life  
 Recoils from into madness—I am thine !  
 Body and soul—am thine ! and for thy sake  
 I sacrifice them both to endless death ! ”

Remorse ! What art thou but a pang of guilt,  
 By the destruction of some bliss enjoyed  
 Alarmed and troubled, or by vanishing  
 Of some bliss madly longed for ? Virtue hangs  
 Upon a stay more frail than gossamere  
 That hangs on thee ! Back from the gates of death  
 By thee no sinner ever yet was turned ;



For thou art as unlike to sweet Contrition  
 As the swart Ethiop on the Afric desert  
 To Una wandering along Faëry Land !  
 As bounds upon the battle-field the soul  
 Of warrior to the cry of victory  
 Round his Van-banner, bounded then the soul  
 Of the Le Fleming ! Cruel in his bliss,  
 And most relentless—nor to pity moved  
 By that confession, in their darkness felt  
 By very fiends to be most pitiful ;  
 But even while her parents' ghosts stood by,  
 So said the lost child who beheld them plain,  
*His* old grey head and *her* distracted eyes,  
 He tied her to her oath, as to a stake  
 Within the roarings of the coming sea ;  
 And to her fate resigned, she touched his lips  
 With one kiss cold as tombstone when the night  
 Descends in frost upon a cemetery.

Not till the parting that did then befall,  
 Could that lost creature ever know that Love  
 Was but one name for all life's miseries.  
 For she had fixed another trysting-hour  
 From which she never more was to return  
 Unto her sinless bed, but disappear  
 Away with him from her old parents' eyes,  
 And before God Almighty break their hearts.  
 The moon had sunk ; and over all the stars  
 Black clouds came sailing from the sea ; and sighs  
 And groans most human-like went up and down  
 The creaking woods, with dreariest intervals  
 Of utter silence. At the door she stood,  
 And feared to lift the latch ; then blind and deaf  
 She tottered o'er the threshold, and beheld  
 Her miserable father on his knees,  
 Before what, by the twinkling of the hearth,  
 Was seen to be a corpse—her mother's corpse,  
 Sitting with unclosed eyelids on a chair,  
 And staring glazedly throughout the gloom  
 Straight on her daughter's face ! “ My wickedness  
 Has killed my mother ! ” And no other words  
 Did issue from her lips till morning light ;  
 But in a most unbreathing trance she lay,  
 Her father sometimes fearing she was dead.  
 As if awaking from her usual sleep,



She at her usual hour arose, and knelt  
 By her bedside to say her usual prayers,  
 When all on a sudden starting up, she paced  
 Like one who hath deranged been for years,  
 In strange directions up and down the room,  
 Eyeing particular pieces of the walls,  
 As if that she were reading on a book,  
 And by the knowledge of some dismal thing  
 Distracted and amazed. Then all at once  
 Laying her finger on her lips, "Hush! hush!"  
 She said, "hush! hush! my mother sleeps!  
 Those cruel sunbeams must not be allowed  
 To strike her face!" Then with wild shrieks she flew  
 Into her father's arms, and tore herself  
 Next moment from them with distorted features,  
 Shouting and yelling, "Fiend—fiend—fiend!"

The sea,

Whose foam has been through all the thunderous night  
 With floating shipwreck strewn, begins at morn  
 To heave in terrible beauty, and subsiding  
 Hour after hour through all the fitful day  
 Into a rolling gloom, by sunset, lo!  
 The world of waters is as still as sleep!  
 So raged—so heaved—so rolled—and so to calm  
 Profound and perfect, that poor maniac's soul  
 Returned. And once again among the woods  
 The Flower of Furness in her beauty walked;  
 But pale and silent as a ghost, and none  
 In awe and pity dared to speak to her,  
 Or to the unearthly stillness of her grief.  
 In his bereavement her old father went,  
 As he had gone for more than forty years,  
 To work for their poor livelihood, far off  
 On the High-Furness fells. The day goes by,  
 On which our soul's belovèd dies! The day,  
 On which the body of the dead is stretched  
 By hands that decked it when alive; the day  
 On which the dead is shrouded; and the day  
 Of burial—one and all pass by! The grave  
 Grows green ere long; the churchyard seems a place  
 Of pleasant rest; and all the cottages,  
 That keep for ever sending funerals  
 Within its gates, look cheerful every one,  
 As if the dwellers therein never died,

And this earth slumbered in perpetual peace.  
 For every sort of suffering there is sleep  
 Provided by a gracious Providence,  
 Save that of sin. We must at first endure  
 The simple woe of knowing they are dead,  
 A soul-sick woe in which no comfort is,  
 And wish we were beside them in the dust !  
 That anguish dire cannot sustain itself ;  
 But settles down into a grief that loves,  
 And finds relief in unreprieved tears.  
 Then cometh Sorrow like a Sabbath ! Heaven  
 Sends resignation down, and faith ; and last  
 Of all, there falls a kind oblivion  
 Over the going out of that sweet light  
 In which we had our being ; and the wretch,  
 Widowed and childless, laughs in his old age,  
 Laughs and is merry even among the tombs  
 Of all his kindred ! Say not that the dead  
 Are unforgotten in their graves. For all  
 Beneath the sun and moon is transitory ;  
 And sacred sorrow like a shadow flies,  
 As unsubstantial as the happiness  
 Whose loss we vainly wept.

And will she keep  
 That Trysting-Hour ? And all for love of him  
 Who reigneth o'er her soul, as doth the sun,  
 Though hidden, o'er some melancholy sky,  
 Forsake her widowed father's house—the grave  
 Of her who died within the very hour  
 Her daughter pledged her oath to shame and sin ?  
 That Trysting-Hour is come. The Wizard's Oak  
 With its dark umbrage hides them from the moon  
 And stars, but yet a little glimmering light  
 Is in the glade, and he beholds a face  
 White as the face of one who hath been dressed  
 That morning for interment. beautiful,  
 With fixed features that shall never more  
 Be touched by one faint smile ! “ My mother's dead.  
 And I have been, and fear that I am now,  
 Not in my proper mind. But I am come,  
 Though weak in body as I am in soul  
 Most truly wicked,—I am come to keep  
 My oath, and go with thee to love and death ! ”

It was an hour for Passion's self to die  
 In Pity ; and the moonshine sadly fell  
 On his caresses tender now and pure  
 As those in which a father holds his child,  
 When called on to set sail to-morrow's morn,  
 From his sole orphan, to some far-off sea.  
 A sacred hush subdued his blood, which flowed  
 As cold as hers who wept herself away  
 Within the embrace she had no cause to fear,  
 Or turn from in her innocence. Her love  
 Was felt to be religion towards one  
 Who, while the beatings of his heart met hers,  
 Knew how to venerate the sanctity  
 Of nature overwhelmed by vast distress.  
 By pity touched, and shaken by remorse,  
 He promised to allow her virgin life,  
 At her beseechings, till another Spring  
 To breathe amid her native woods ; till then  
 To come no more upon her solitude.  
 " And haply thus," she said, " he might forget  
 Her sinful sorrow and her sinful love—  
 Her sinful self—and better it would be  
 For both their sakes, if ere next May-day came,  
 He were to hear that she was dead and buried ! "

Into a foreign land he went away.  
 The winter came, and all the winter's snow  
 Again did melt and melt from the green earth ;  
 And the warm winds of April woke once more  
 The sweet perennial flowers on bank and brae,  
 Primrose and violet, with embroidery rare  
 Decking the ground-moss in each forest glade,  
 Around the woodlark's nest. Once more the Spring  
 Upon the Flower of Furness looked from heaven ;  
 And well might now the very elements  
 Sigh for her sake and weep. For she hath held,  
 All through the gloomy days and raving nights  
 Of winter, converse with a dreadful Shape,  
 Shadowy indeed, and unsubstantial,  
 Yet obvious on her path whene'er she went  
 Alone into the woods—with lips, hands, eyes,  
 All silent, and its glidings silent too,  
 But in its sadness always terrible,  
 Although it wore her mother's countenance,  
 With such dim alteration as the grave



Breathes o'er the ghost of one in life beloved !  
 If to the Fairies' Well she dared to go,  
 'Twas there ! From out the holy Abbey's gloom  
 It issued ! Underneath the Wizard's Oak  
 It had its seat ; and from the solemn sea,  
 If ever near the moonlight waves she walked,  
 Arose the Apparition ! That the grave,  
 Or land beyond the grave, sends back the dead,  
 From sin to warn in mercy, or to sin  
 To drive in wrath our miserable souls,  
 By passion and imagination stirred  
 From their mysterious depths, hath ever been  
 The creed of guilty creatures, terrified  
 By their communion with the spiritual world.  
 And yet religion saith we stand in need  
 Of no such spectral visitations. Guilt  
 The sole creator of all ghosts that haunt  
 Her gloom ! One dread Idea duly comes,  
 As on the dial's face the certain shade  
 Upon our Conscience ; and our moral being,  
 Immortal prey of its immortal fears,  
 Doth shudder at some immaterial Thing  
 In which its apprehensions are embodied  
 Of divine wrath and retribution ;  
 A messenger sent to us, so we think,  
 From shades that lie beyond the shades of death,  
 But rising from the night of our own souls  
 And lost therein, again to reappear  
 When Faith's star sets, and heaven itself is black  
 As hell extending through Eternity !

“ Have pity on your daughter ! On the child  
 Whom you so tenderly on earth did love !  
 Have pity on me, for our Saviour's sake ! ”  
 But still the frowning Phantom turned away !  
 Nor had the name of the dear Son of God  
 Power o'er that icy ear, that icy eye,  
 Unchangeable as the Almighty's doom !

May-day had come and gone, and May-day night  
 From heaven o'er many a merry festival  
 Had hung her earliest star. The Trysting-Hour  
 Fell like a hush upon the woods ; and lo !  
 'True as the sea-tide from some far-off shore,  
 The Knight of Rydal, underneath the shade



Of the Old Wizard's Oak. Nor panted long  
His heart for her sweet footsteps ; like a leaf  
Instant she came, as lightly, noiselessly,  
And murmuring in his ear, " Within an hour  
Come to my father's hut ;" ere he could kiss  
Her brow or breast, the shade had disappeared !  
The Knight stood there, till many a brilliant eye  
Looked through the blue serene ; the Trysting-Star  
Was close beside the moon ; and soon he stooped  
His eagle-plumes below the humble door  
Within whose shade the Flower of Furness slept.  
All full of moonlight was the little room ;  
And there, upon her lowly couch did lie,  
Clothed in white raiment, free from spot or stain  
As her own virgin limbs, her virgin soul,  
The daughter of the widowed Forester,  
Whom in his passion he had sought to lure  
To sin and shame, even while he talked of heaven.  
" These are my bridal robes !" and he beheld  
That she was in her shroud. " Nay, do not fear  
To kiss my lips, though they be white and cold,  
And whiter still, and colder soon will be !"  
Sweet sounds he heard, but in his agony  
He knew not now the meaning of the words ;  
But well he knew the meaning of the sight  
That swam before his eyes, for death was there,  
As surely as that death is in the grave.  
" Our love was sinful—and my Mother's ghost  
Was sent by God to save us from our sin.  
Long, long she bore a dreadful countenance,  
For though my spirit shuddered in remorse,  
It had not known repentance. But last night,  
When I was praying, blest contrition came,  
And at that moment, softer, sweeter far  
Than ever voice of earthly thing could be,  
A whisper said, ' My daughter ! thy great sin  
Hath been forgiven thee ! ' I raised up my eyes,  
And close beside my bed, within the reach  
Of my embrace, my sainted Mother stood,  
One of God's Angels, and let fall a kiss  
Upon my mortal brow, that breathed of heaven.  
And now my days are numbered on the earth.  
Before that moon shall set, below the Throne  
Must stand the soul of her who speaks to thee ;

And I may now in death a holier blessing  
 Leave with thee, if thy heart indeed be changed,  
 Than ever yet did sinful woman's love  
 Give to her husband on their bridal day.  
 I knew, before I saw that gracious Ghost,  
 I had not long to live ; and in the woods,  
 Oh ! even beside the Fairies' Well, I framed  
 This shroud, and gathered for myself these flowers—  
 Take one, and keep it for my sake—the rest  
 Go with me to the grave. Oh ! never, never,  
 Through all the longest life of happiness  
 That heaven may have in store for thee, forget  
 Me, the poor penitent ! and swear to me,  
 Swear on this cross, that never more thine eyes  
 Will fall with sinful thoughts on any wretch  
 Like me—for I, thou saidst, was fair—now look  
 Upon my breast—ay, thou may'st kiss it now,  
 Unblamed ! And I unblamed may take the kiss  
 To heaven ! See—see—they come—they come !  
 My mother's Spirit, and my little sister's  
 Who left us when a child, and her's who died  
 A few days after that her lover's ship  
 Was wrecked on Holy Isle, my earliest friend,  
 Out of our own small family—Holy ones !  
 Oh ! bear me with you on your wings away !  
 Farewell, my Father—weep not for thy child !  
 And thou ! for whom I die—Farewell—farewell !”

He looked, and she was dead !—the Civil Wars  
 Ere long did drench all England in her best  
 And richest blood ; and fighting valiantly  
 For the Red Rose of Lancaster he fell,  
 Foremost among his conquering Chivalry,  
 And then his great heart gloriously got rid  
 Of all its mortal sorrows. He had told  
 Unto his sister, the fair Lady Blanche,  
 The story of his love and his despair ;  
 A gentle lady, in her pride of place  
 Most poor in spirit, and who looked on life,  
 Humble or high, as Christians used to look  
 In apostolic days. His obsequies  
 Were celebrated—such his own desire—  
 In Furness Abbey, and his body laid  
 Within its holy cloisters. With a fine

And pious feeling, she herself designed,  
In her own brain and her own heart, his Tomb!  
And oft, 'tis said, she came and sat for hours  
Beside the sculptor, while he chiselled out  
Into the deep repose of shadowed death  
These Images, till she through tears beheld  
Her Hero-Brother in his panoply,  
A most majestic Figure! and as meek  
The Flower of Furness lying at his feet!

## UNIMORE.

### A DREAM OF THE HIGHLANDS.

[It appears from some pencil-marks on the margins of his copy of Unimore, that the author intended to have made some very extensive alterations on this poem. None of the hints, however, which he had jotted down for his own guidance, have been worked out by him—so that the text of the poem, with the exception of two or three verbal alterations from the MS. referred to, is here printed as it originally stood in *Blackwood's Magazine*.]

#### VISION FIRST.

MORVEN.

MORVEN and Morn and Spring and Solitude !  
As yet it is scarce sunrise, but the sun  
Sends dawn before him, while his dazzling disc  
Is soaring from the sea, a gentle light,  
Tender and delicate exceedingly,  
'Neath which, as if it were a glittering veil,  
Lies the new-woke and undisturbèd earth,  
Conscious once more of the sweet hour of Prime.  
No object in creation now looks dead.  
Stones, rocks, knolls, heather, broom, and furze and fern,  
Have all a life-like semblance in the hush,  
So strong is the expression of their joy ;  
Alive appears each solitary tree,  
Half-tree, half-shrub, birch with its silver stem,  
And hazel azure-hued ; with feeling smiles,  
The feeling of its own fresh loveliness,  
That budding brake ; and these wild briars enwreathed  
With honeysuckles wild, brimful of life,  
Now trail along, and clamber up and fill  
The air with odours, by short-sleeping bee  
Already visited ; though not a bird  
Within the nested foliage more than stirs,  
Or twitters o'er the blissful wilderness.  
Life breathes intenser beauty o'er the flowers.



There within one small round of greensward set  
 Dew-diamonded daisies, happy all  
 In their own sweetness and simplicity ;  
 With lustre burnishing yon mossy nook  
 An inexhaustible hoard of primroses,  
 Heaped up by spring for the delight of morn,  
 Miser at once and prodigal ; here steeped,  
 And striped and starred in colours manifold,  
 Mosses that 'twould be sin to tread upon ;  
 And lo ! the white mist lying like a dream,  
 Motionless almost, yet the while ascending  
 With gradual revelation of the desert  
 Brightly and balmily swimming far and wide,  
 And yet the spirit of its character  
 Varying not altering, as the circle spreads  
 Serener and more spacious ;—Like the Land  
 Where old songs say the Silent People dwell,  
 And aye one creature with a Christian name  
 Attends the Fairy Queen, by her beloved  
 O'er all elves else, though spite of all that love,  
 Oft is her seven years' sojourn dimmed with tears  
 Shed for their sake who, since the fatal hour  
 That saw their daughter spirited away,  
 Have little done but wander up and down  
 Wondering and weeping, or upon the brae  
 Whence she evanished, with their faces plunged  
 In both their hopeless hands, sit side by side,  
 Far from all human ken, from morn till night,  
 And all on through the moonlight starriness,  
 Without once knowing that there is a sky.

Morven and Morn and Spring and Solitude !  
 In front is not the scene magnificent ?  
 Through the mist partly broken into fragments  
 Fleece-like, and partly rolled voluminous  
 Higher and higher up what now is seen  
 To be a range of mountains, blind-faced cliffs  
 And hoary crags and blasted stumps look out  
 Strangely, and all as if they were alive,  
 From midst of that disparting glamoury ;  
 While from yon indistinct and dubious gloom,  
 Even now as sable as a mass of night,  
 Softening and brightening into 'woodiness  
 A shadowy slope with loveliest lights bestrewn  
 (For see ! the sun is in ascension),

Emerges an old forest. Haunt, no doubt,  
 Of many a sylvan, shy, thick-spotted roe,  
 And red-deer vagrant from the stony heights  
 Below the eagle's eyrie ; single trees,  
 Each in itself a grove, at intervals  
 Gigantic towering o'er a race of giants,  
 Illustrious in the yellow glow of morn.  
 And now the mists from earth are clouds in heaven ;  
 Clouds slowly castellating in a calm  
 Sublimier than a storm ; while brighter breathes  
 O'er the whole firmament the breadth of blue,  
 Because of that excessive purity  
 Of all those hanging snow-white palaces,  
 A gentle contrast, but with power divine.

Morven and Morn and Spring and Solitude !  
 A multitudinous sea of mountain-tops ;  
 And lo ! th' uneyeable sun flames up the heavens.  
 Broad daylight now through all the winding glens  
 Is flowing river-like, but with no sound ;  
 And there are goings on of human life  
 In hut and shieling and in woodland bower,  
 On the green pastures and the yellow sands ;  
 And from the high cliff the deer-stalker sees  
 And hears the coble of the fisherman  
 Glancing and clanking, as she scarcely seems  
 To move o'er the still water sleepily,  
 From her stern almost level with the light  
 Letting her long net drop into the sea.

Harmonious all as music ! For the soul,  
 Creative in the power of her delight,  
 Painter and Poet, though she knows it not,—  
 Believing all that crowd of images  
 That o'er the mountains swarm or on the main  
 To appertain by their appropriate right  
 To dead insensate Nature, while in truth  
 From the divinity within us born,  
 From life to death they fluctuate evermore,—  
 Mistakes her inward thoughts for outward things,  
 And erring in her blest simplicity,  
 By dreams thus glorifies the universe !

Morven ! this magic lies upon thee now,  
 Imagination, she it is who bathes

With blue celestial as an angel's eyes  
 Thy cloud-sustaining depths which she calls Heaven !  
 By many an intermediate link of thought  
 She joins that frowning family of rocks  
 In strange relationship, till on the edge  
 Of the flat moor, that moss-enshrouded cairn,  
 Where heroes that once fought with Fingal sleep,  
 Is felt one with the skyey pinnacle  
 Round which that speck—it is an eagle—soars.  
 Silent in nature all thy waterfalls,  
 For distance makes them dumb as wreaths of snow ;  
 But in Imagination's ear they sound  
 Thundrous for ever in the wilderness.  
 Where now are all thy rivers ? In black woods  
 Night-hidden flow they through the blazing morn.  
 Or their imprisoned foam is only seen  
 By the fleet merlin shrieking 'twixt the crags  
 That topple o'er the turmoil far below.  
 But she beholdeth and she heareth all  
 The dazzling and the din, the flowing peace,  
 The leaping fury ; hers the glory, when  
 Sunshiny rivers set the straths on fire ;  
 And hers the gloom, when sullen as the grave  
 Their blackness bears upon its serpent bulk  
 No image, but of the huge thunder-cloud  
 That makes the earth as grim as its own heaven.

Morven belongs now wholly to the morn ;  
 And morn's sole sovereign, the almighty Sun,  
 Surveys his kingdom with a regal eye,  
 On the blue, broad, and braided firmament  
 Throned, while his cloud-retinue hovering hangs  
 In idol-worship round the fount of light—  
 King call him not, he is indeed a god !

Look o'er the edge of the bare precipice !  
 Forgotten are the mountains ; and your heart  
 Quakes and recoils, as dizzying down and down  
 Ventures your eyesight, often shut in fear,  
 Nor daring to become familiar  
 With that strange world withdrawing from your gaze,  
 Most awful in its still profundity,  
 Nor of this steadfast earth ! Why tremble so ?  
 Hold by the rock, lest wild imaginings



Do tempt you headlong o'er the battlements  
 Plumb down to undiscoverable death.  
 Unto the bottom of that blind abyss,  
 What a terrific distance from the sky !  
 There might the floating eagle's self feel fear !  
 But, look again, and with a steadied gaze ;  
 And lo ! the dangerous is the beautiful,  
 The beautiful indeed the true sublime.  
 What an abyss of glorious poetry !  
 All that seemed mist and vapour like a shroud  
 In the dim dawning and the clearing morn,  
 In daylight is pure air. No—'tis not air,  
 Transparent though it be, and glimmering too  
 As gossamer by heat spun out of light,  
 A fine web yielding to the insect's wing ;  
 The solid earth was ne'er so shadowy—  
 It is—it is—the liquid element,  
 An arm of the great Sea !

#### A Highland Loch !

Loch-Sunart ! who, when tides and tempests roar,  
 Comes in among these mountains from the main,  
 'Twixt wooded Ardnamurchan's rocky cape  
 And Ardmore's shingly beach of hissing spray ;  
 And while his thunders bid the Sound of Mull  
 Be dumb, sweeps onwards past a hundred bays  
 Hill-sheltered from the wrath that foams along  
 The mad mid-channel,—all as quiet they  
 As little separate worlds of summer dreams,—  
 And by storm-loving birds attended up  
 The mountain-hollow, white in their career  
 As are the breaking billows, spurns the Isles  
 Of craggy Carnich, and green Oronsay  
 Drenched in that sea-born shower o'er tree-tops driven,  
 And ivied stones of what was once a tower  
 Now hardly known from rocks—and gathering might  
 In the long reach between Dungallan caves  
 And Point of Arderinis ever fair  
 With her Elysian groves, bursts through that strait  
 Into another ampler inland sea ;  
 Till, lo ! subdued by some sweet influence,—  
 And potent is she though so meek the Eve,—  
 Down sinketh wearied the old Ocean  
 Insensibly into a solemn calm,—



And all along that ancient burial-ground  
 (Its kirk is gone), that seemeth now to lend  
 Its own eternal quiet to the waves,  
 Restless no more, into a perfect peace  
 Lulling and lulled at last, while drop the airs  
 Away as they were dead, the first risen star  
 Beholds that lovely archipelago,  
 All shadowed there as in a spiritual world,  
 Where time's mutations shall come nevermore !

In prime of day, such now Loch-Sunart's sleep.  
 The loch is there, but where the water-line  
 Is lying, that mysterious multitude  
 Of images in their confusion rich  
 Beyond the domes of sleep, pile below pile  
 Descending and descending, disarray  
 Fantastic were not the whole pomp sublime,  
 Conceals from sight, so that the beauty seems  
 All of one element, nor Wonder finds  
 An end of wondering, nor Love end of love,  
 Gazing together down the abyss divine.

Though none on earth, there is a breath in heaven  
 That airy architecture all at once  
 Changes from palaces to ships ; a fleet  
 With all sails set is waiting for the wind,  
 A fair wind to the isles of Paradise,  
 Bound thither for a freight of golden joys,  
 On hope's first voyage o'er the untried deep.  
 That fleet hangs still—but, lo ! yon single ship  
 This moment hath slipped anchor, and with flags,  
 Like flying serpents that devour the air,  
 Brightening the blue above her snow-white wings,  
 As if a condor suddenly took flight  
 Boldly she beareth from the bay, her prow  
 Enamoured of the orient, far away,  
 Out of sight almost, ere you think farewell,  
 And now sunk in the sun.

A dream ! a dream !

## VISION SECOND.

## THE NAIAD.

Our waking is like sleep, our sleep like waking,  
One undivided undisturbed delight.  
So let us visionaries on the plumes  
Of our strong dream descend, and as we sink  
In such sweet fear as only serves to give  
A stronger power to fancy, admire the flowers  
Rock-loving Spring doth sprinkle o'er the sides  
Of the black precipice all the fathoms down  
That vast abyss, profusely sowing them  
In constellations round the merlin's nest.  
The spirit knows no gross impediments  
In dreams ; but like a thing aërial  
She sinks, and soars, and glides, and floats away  
Delighted, her delight none witnessing,  
O'er heaven and earth ; nor doth she fear the depths  
Of the old sunless sea, but visiteth  
The kingdoms of the coral, whose groves need  
Nor sun, nor moon, nor stars, nor any light,  
Alien to their own meteorous waves,  
By night as clear as day ; where under roofs  
Of purple and of crimson, shining warm  
Above the gentle yellow of the sands,  
To Tritons trumpeting on wreathèd shells  
Their limb-electrifying melodies  
The green-haired Nereids dance, and dancing sing  
Songs heard by seamen on their midnight watch,  
Who fondly dream it is the Mermaid's voice  
Hymning their gallant ship, till fancy sees  
The lovely creature sitting on a cape,  
Just then a league-long line of moonshine streaming  
All o'er some palmy isle, that, as a cloud  
Eclipses the great planet, silently  
Unnamed for ever sinks into the main.

Alighting on this small green circular mound  
In this copsewood, beside the broken roof  
Of this deserted shieling, where of old  
Some goatherd used to live, let us collect  
Our scattered dreams, like rays, and pour them all

Into one splendour on Loch-Unimore !  
 And hath Loch-Sunart melted into air,  
 With all his capes and isles ? No ! in the sun  
 He lies beyond that mountain, many a league  
 Stretched far and wide in his magnificence ;  
 But arms innumerable the sea-giant hath,  
 And each, in course of ages, for itself,  
 Has scooped a glen out of the living rocks,  
 By waves with tempests working and with tides,  
 And mountain-torrents, and one river large,  
 Preparing regions for the abode of calms ;  
 And beauty nowhere owes to ocean  
 A lovelier haunt than this ! Loch-Unimore !  
 A name in its wild sweetness to our ear  
 Fitly denoting a dream-world of peace !

A visionary semblance of a boat,  
 Its sails expanding on the sunshine ! Lo !  
 A boat it is—a pinnace beautiful  
 As that in which of old Parthenopex  
 Sailed to enjoy the Queen of Fairy Land.  
 There is a bright confusion of two boats,  
 Hulls, masts, and sails and rigging ; but a breeze  
 Comes rustling from the woods, and creeping blue  
 O'er the faint-agitated waters, now  
 There is but one, and she her wings doth shiver,  
 Impatient as a swan to stem the loch,  
 Away up to the far head of the glen.  
 Call her the NAIAD, for upon her prow  
 You see some cunning carver has contrived,  
 With the dark cedar of her polished deck  
 Quaint contrast, ivory image of a nymph  
 Bare to the waist, and veiled her lightsome limbs  
 With sedges green, and water-lilies fair,  
 The large white leaves with delicate yellow tinged ;  
 When bends the windward-beating bowsprit, plunged  
 In freshened beauty, like a living thing,  
 The lustrous creature in the foam she loves.

Built was that bark in some far foreign land ;  
 So tells her fine and fairy workmanship,  
 And latine sails high-hoisted elegant ;  
 Oft graceful gliding on her voyages  
 Of pleasure, music playing all the while,



New her light tackling, o'er the tideless sea  
 Mediterranean, that beholds with pride  
 A thousand cities glittering on her breast,  
 By sunny calms beloved, and gentle gales,  
 In the perpetual absence of all storms.  
 Such child of sunny seas the NAIAD seems,  
 By some mysterious wafting hither borne  
 Into a Highland loch of Caledon,  
 Without or crew or pilot, all unstained  
 By winds or waves the silver purity  
 Of her tall sails ; no speck upon the glow  
 That runs along her sides in streaks of gold.

A stately figure on the beach, with plumes  
 High-nodding, and in garb majestic,  
 Such as a Chief upon the mountain wears,  
 When on commemorative festival  
 For some great battle fought and won, he moves  
 To many-echoed martial minstrelsy,  
 At head of his own clan. Lightly on board,  
 Like one of the bold children of the deep,  
 Leaping, he for a moment eyes the sails  
 Cut with a master's skill, and raking masts,  
 With a proud smile ; and then with mellow cheers  
 Uplifts the clouds, and over them lets loose  
 The meteors, just as tide-borne singing up  
 Comes the fresh sea-breeze, with a flight of gulls ;  
 And all at once escaping from the calm  
 Of which the NAIAD was impatient,  
 With smooth glide first, and then with many a bound  
 Capricious, the gay creature in her pride,  
 Along the woods flies right before the wind,  
 Steadying her motion to the beautiful,  
 On joyful voyage of discovery  
 Up that cliff-strait well to her Pilot known,  
 Who at the helm is sitting in a dream  
 Of infancy and boyhood, these sweet waves  
 Beyond all other waves that ever flowed  
 By him beloved—his own Loch-Unimore.

Whence comes he ? From the shadow of what isle,  
 Or city of the sea ? For heretofore  
 That wild bark never with these mountain winds



Dallied, nor in that sunshine streamed aloft  
 Her bright emblazonry, with stars and moons  
 And crescents decked, and many symbols strange  
 Wrought in the changeful silk, whose colours fine  
 Their radiance shift to faintest shadows, wrought  
 Perchance by lovely lady's hands ; for he  
 Who at the helm sits, is most beautiful  
 Of mortal men. So felt that Island-Queen,  
 Now pining many thousand leagues away,  
 For his ship unreturning, when she saw  
 Bearing majestic the green bough of peace  
 That form advance before his warriors,  
 And lay it at her feet ; while all at once  
 From wonder love came thrilling ; and to charm  
 The prince of that winged palace, the Isle-Queen  
 Did lead herself the choral dances on,  
 In many a maze the graceful multitude  
 Swimming along below the torch-like stars,  
 And moon, in those climes a mild globe of fire ;  
 Forgetful the Sea-rover in the light  
 Of those voluptuous eyes, of all life else ;  
 Nor ever came across the palm-tree-shade  
 Brightened with bliss, one solitary thought  
 Of a pale face by far Loch-Unimore !

On his own loch once more the chieftain sails ;  
 And shifting oft her courses (for one hour  
 In that great hollow, many-glen'd, the wind  
 Blows never from the same point steadily),  
 The NAIAD in the fiercening foam her prow  
 Buries, and deeply gunwale in, careers  
 In the blast's eye, contemptuous of the squall  
 That black as night and quick as lightning  
 Makes the spray spin above her fearless flags  
 That, as she stoops unto the hurricane,  
 One moment brush the billows, and the next  
 High up in air are streamering the sky.  
 That powerful helmsman holds the winds in fee  
 They are his slaves, and in their howling rage  
 The NAIAD in her beauty bear along,  
 Now on her starboard tack most beautiful  
 Scorning the shelter of the cliffs, and bright  
 As flying sunshine cross the loch that lies  
 Pitch-black, the very foam-wreaths sullenly

Expiring in the gloom that shrouds the waves.  
In wonder on the gliding Glory gaze  
Shepherd and huntsman on the hills—the eagle,  
Poised miles-high 'mid the clouds, the NAIAD sees,  
And rifle by the plumèd helmsman's side ;  
While upward turns the Chieftain his proud eye  
In search of the Bird-royal, as a scream  
Directs it to a speck within the sun.  
The spirit of the region fills with pride  
The Chieftain's heart ; for are they not his own,  
Those dim blue glens, those shadowy mountains, all  
Those radiant ranges of sun-smitten cliffs ;  
That meadowed plain as green as emerald,  
With its wide river, of the cataracts  
Forgetful now, calm flowing to the loch,—  
The loch, or call it what it is, the sea ;  
And lo ! outstanding from that sylvan height,  
He hails the Castle of his ancestors,  
And all its hoary towers.

The NAIAD glides

'Twixt two huge rocks, time immemorial called  
The Giants ; idle all at once her sails  
Hang in the airlessness ; around her masts  
Drop down the twining flags ; her bowsprit sheds  
Asunder the soft branches on the bank  
Of that deep bay, an amphitheatre  
Of loveliest groves ; already is she moored  
To an old ivied stump, well known of old ;  
But up to his own castle of the cliff  
Why fly not the winged feet of Unimore ?  
It was but now he did affront the light  
With forehead fierce in its ancestral pride  
Beneath a Chieftain's plumes. But all at once,  
Like deer by far-off hound-yell terrified,  
He bursts into the wood. Sun-proof the Den,  
All matted thick with briery tanglement  
Like Indian jungle where the tiger growls,  
That now doth harbour Morven's mountain-lord ;  
Sea-rover call him—pirate—buccaneer.  
To bathe the burning forehead of remorse  
In the chill water of some sunless fount,  
Seeks he that savage penitentiary !

## VISION THIRD.

## THE LADY OF THE CASTLE.

Meridian reigns o'er heaven, and earth, and sea ;  
 With a glad voice the streamy valleys sing  
 Their songs unto the mountains, and the crags  
 Fling down their joy into the dells profound ;  
 The croaking raven happy up aloft  
 As on its broomy knoll the bleating lamb.  
 In their own world of breezy solitude  
 Float in fair flocks the gentle clouds along,  
 In changeful beauty of soft-shaded snow  
 That drops no flake, diffusing o'er the wide  
 Expanse of air and ether, all one blue,  
 Coolness delightful, such as ever dwells  
 Among the glades of an umbrageous wood.

But why so mournful Castle-Unimore ?  
 One huge dark shadow in the light, it seems  
 Disconsolate, as if its dreary towers  
 Would not be comforted, and in their woe  
 Of desolate desertion, sullenly  
 The sun repelling with a frown of scorn.  
 Tomb-like it stands in its black grove of pines ;  
 A grove that bears on its majestic growth  
 The silence and the storms of centuries ;  
 Yet see ! its plain-like summit half-way lies,  
 And hardly half-way, with its heronry  
 Between the rock-base and the battlements,  
 Breaking, but lessening not the regal height.

What aileth the old castle ? Not of yore  
 Thus was she wont, in the refulgent day  
 To look as gloomy as some burial-place,  
 As silent. Rising o'er the mountain-top  
 Oft did the sun behold her glorious,  
 With bright broad banners waiting for the wind,  
 And heard her pipes a-dinning mid the dawn  
 The Gathering of the clans ; while plaid and plume  
 Came issuing from the mists, and formed array  
 Heroic, on the greensward esplanade  
 Flung up in front of all her iron towers



By some strong earthquake. Castle-Unimore  
Was then the heart of Morven, and it beat  
So high in pride, that the remotest glens  
Were gladdened, and the deer upon the hill  
Went belling fiercely, even as if they knew  
Their forest chase belonged unto a chief  
Whom all the Highlands loved, and chosen bards  
Did celebrate the Brave and Beautiful,  
Of war the Whirlwind, and the Calm of peace.

He died! Where? On the bloody sand. And how?  
Thrust through by many bayonets—by hoofs  
Trampled of that oft-charging cavalry,  
That under cover of the cannonade  
Came whirlwind-like among the clouds of smoke,  
And laid a line of lofty plumage low  
To wave no more, and many a noble face  
All featureless and blind unto the sun  
Left ghastly. With the chieftain all his clan  
Perished, all but a few red broken waves  
That, tempest-driven, and scattered into spray,  
Seemed from the battle-sea to disappear!

The Lily of Lochaber, so his bride,  
The morning she was brought by Unimore  
To the bright glens of Morven, by the clan  
Had lovingly been named,—and still the name  
Belonged to her, though the tall stalk was broken,  
The leaf pale, and flower faded—hung her head,  
Just like a lily trodden under foot,  
That lives and still is fair among the moss,  
But daily dimmer in its withering.  
All feared that she would die; but from the dust  
Springeth the crushed flower, by pure dews benign  
Encouraged and empowered once more to face  
The sun, and wave her lovely locks in heaven.  
Out of the castle's long-unopened gate  
Again she walked forth in her widowhood  
Down the Great Glen up which she came a bride,  
And by her steps there walked the gallant boy  
Called the Cliff-Climber, for his passion was  
To be with the young eagles in the clouds.  
Morven beheld again her Unimore;  
And glad was she that for the scythe of War  
That flower had been unripe, or on that day



In far-off fight he with his Sire had stood,  
And with his Sire had fallen.

Years on years  
Past by, and he became a stately tree,  
Conspicuous from afar, beneath whose shade  
Sat Safety ; and the clan, to strength restored,  
Round Castle-Unimore their battle-cry  
Awoke again, and all their war-pipes yelled,  
Drowning the waterfalls, Revenge, revenge !  
But a strange son was he of such a sire !  
Moody and wild, and with large restless eyes  
Coal-black and laming, through the loneliest woods  
He took to wandering by himself, by night  
More than by day, and out of savage caves  
Was sometimes seen to issue, when the storm  
Mist-driving swept the howling precipice.  
Different but undegenerate from his sires,  
His soul was not with Morven. From her cliffs,  
Like strong-winged Osprey looking out for prey,  
Stone-still one moment, and the next light-swift,  
He gazed afar, and wished those plumes were his  
Which through the skies go sugling ; that in him  
Might be fulfilled the ancient prophecy  
Sung by the Seer in the wilderness,  
“ That from his eyrie built on Unimore  
(One name to castle, mountain, moor, and loch),  
Would fly forth the Sea-Eagle o'er the isles ;  
And home-returning after many suns,  
Would fold awhile among his native cliffs,  
Fresh-imped and full of flight his glorious wings ;  
Till driven away by some calamity  
Cloud-hidden as the unborn hurricane,  
His broad vans from the mountain-top uplifting  
The Bird once more his airy life would wheel  
Far o'er the sea-rim, and when ocean  
Had girdled been by his victorious flight,  
Return would he, dim generations dead,  
And perish somewhere, all his plumage torn  
And rotten in old age, among the cliffs  
Whence first he shot and sounded through the sky ! ”

One summer-dawn all by himself he sailed  
Away in his small skiff, and never more  
Was seen in Morven. Passion for the sea,

By the black billows and the hollow winds,  
 Had on that loch been blown into the heart  
 Of one by nature for adventures born  
 Perilous and far ; and in delirium  
 Of wild imagination stormwards borne  
 Into the howling bosom of the main,  
 The mountaineer no beauty in his glens  
 Saw, stretched afar in their still steadfastness ;  
 But saw all beauty in the glens afloat  
 When seas are running mountains high, and ships  
 Descending and ascending gloriously,  
 Dallying with danger and in love with death.

Bound for an Indian isle, a ship of war  
 Sailed, the Saldanha, and young Unimore  
 From the mast-head surveyed a glorious sea  
 With new stars crowded, lustrous far beyond  
 The dim lights of his native clime. His soul  
 Had its desire, when, blowing steadily,  
 The breezes of the tropics filled her sails  
 Propitious, and the joyful vessel seemed  
 At her own will to steer her own lone way  
 Along her own dominion ; or when calms  
 Enchained her with her shadow in the sun,  
 As for a day of Sabbath rest,—or when  
 The black blast all at once her snow-white sails  
 Smote, till she laid her streamered glory down  
 Almost on level with the deep, then rose  
 Majestically back into the storm,  
 And through the roar went roaring, not a reef  
 Ta'en in, for well did the Saldanha love  
 To see the lambent lightning sport and play  
 Round her top-gallant, while a cataract  
 Of foam, split by her prow, went rolling by  
 Her flashing sides, and league-long in her wake  
 Tumulted the ocean.

Many a widowed tear  
 His Lady-mother shed for him in vain.  
 For after dismal silence filled with dreams,  
 Uncertain rumours flew from port to port,  
 And penetrated, like the plague, to homes  
 Among the mountain-depths— She had gone down,  
 'Twas said, at sea, gone down with all her crew.  
 Drift-wood picked up upon the Indian shore

Told the Saldanha's death ; and savages,  
 Fierce Malays, with their creeses, boarding there  
 A native trader, other weapons showed  
 That once belonged to that ill-fated ship.  
 Rumours ere long were rife of mutineers  
 Scuttling the ship, and that her boats were seen  
 When she was sinking, making for the shore  
 In spite of all her shrieks—but dismal tales  
 Fly fast and far, still gathering misery,  
 Reddening with fouler blood-streaks, till the eyes  
 Of horror have been feasted, and her ears  
 Sated with crime and death !

But never more  
 Was the Saldanha heard of, nor her crew—  
 Forgotten the lost ship with all her ghosts.

Night-like blank blindness fell upon the soul  
 Of her, the childless widow, black as death.  
 So lay she motionless for two long years,  
 Nor saw nor heard one living thing, the grave  
 Not stiller, nor the bones that lie therein.  
 But wondrous is the principle of life,  
 And she lived on. She breathed, and breathed, and  
     breathed ;  
 And sometimes from her hollow breast she drew,  
 So said the watchers, a heart-breaking sigh  
 From a heart broken, lengthening piteously  
 As if it ne'er would end. But some new change  
 Took place within her brain, and she awoke  
 One morning with unclouded memory,  
 And said, " I know our Unimore is drowned ! "

Then came long years of hope, of dismal hope,  
 Dying one day, and on another bright  
 As madness ; for imagination dreams  
 Of wild impossibilities, and love  
 Will borrow for a time the eagle's wings  
 To sweep the isles and rocks, and finding not  
 What she seeks there, the long-lost beautiful,  
 Goes down into the caverns of the sea,  
 Commanding them to render up their dead.  
 So fared it with this lady—and a ship  
 Sometime she saw come sailing up the loch,  
 And called on all the castle to behold



Her Unimore's return. Then with a smile  
Pressing her pale hand on her forehead wan,  
Of God she asked forgiveness, and knelt down  
Into a sobbing prayer.

On tales she fed  
Of battle and of shipwreck, and of boats  
Like insect-covered leaves for weeks afloat  
On the wide sea, all dropping one by one  
The famished sailors, some delirious,  
From the frail bark—and of more horrid dooms !  
In all his shapés she madly cursed the sea ;  
Yet all the while life held her Unimore.  
The sea was innocent of his decease ;  
Falsely of that sin hath she accused the waves ;  
The shoals and rocks are guiltless, though they love  
Beneath the vessel's keel to lurk, when she  
Seems in immortal beauty sailing on,  
Yet in the sunshine by the coral cliff  
Smitten with sudden death. Her curses fall  
In idle agony against the winds,  
Though they the storm-proof cables vainly called  
Do split like gossamer, when some anchored ship,  
As by a sun-stroke smitten by a storm,  
Drifts shorewards on to wreck ; or by a cloud,  
A lurid cloud, no bigger at the first  
Than a man's hand—for so in tropic climes  
The threatening hurricano lours in heaven—  
Death-doomed, ere evening shows her golden star.

So dragged the dreary years. Sometimes in dreams,  
As guilt knows well, and grief, and misery,  
An apparition, like an angel, comes  
Gliding from heaven, with her relieving hands  
To lift the leaden burden from our breast ;  
When all at once her dewy eyes grow dim,  
Fades her celestial face, her figure melts  
Into thin air, and, waking in our woe,  
Our souls are more than ever desolate.  
Even so with her who now bewailed the dead !  
Oft Resignation like an angel came,  
Obedient to her prayer ; but in an hour,  
Unwilling any longer to abide  
On earth with that poor child of misery,  
With mournful beckonings she disappeared



Away to heaven—and sometimes in the gloom,  
 Her aspect and her bearing underwent  
 To those distracted eyes a mortal change  
 At once into Despair !

O'er Morven's glen  
 Did Superstition breathe her misty dreams ;  
 And all their phantoms into that dim faith  
 In which Love, Grief, and Fear will comfort find,  
 When Hope itself is buried in the sea,  
 By all the dwellers in the wilderness  
 Were passionately embraced. Nor think it strange  
 The Spiritual should have its separate worlds.  
 In the clear sunbright and unhaunted sky  
 That canopies the common earth, it sees  
 All it believes ; there seems no mystery  
 In blade or leaf, in dewdrop or in flower,  
 And our unquestioning souls are satisfied.  
 But through the outer air our arrowy eyes  
 Pierce, and Religion shows the Invisible  
 To spirit more apparent than the earth,  
 Which spurning we forget, nor know it is ;  
 And sometimes through those self-same regions goes  
 Imagination, on her own wild wings,  
 And with her own wild eyes disturbing all  
 She dreams or looks on, till with ghosts are rife  
 The visionary kingdoms of the air,  
 And God's dominion made most terrible ;  
 To Superstition doth Religion turn,  
 Into a curse a blessing, or at best  
 A dreary, dim, delirious comforting,  
 In which the paths sublime of Providence,  
 That run in great lines, black, or bright, or broken,  
 Magnificent along the mighty sky,  
 Are brought down from the Region to the earth  
 Where we poor wretches crawl, and all confused  
 Into a moaning, mean bewilderment,  
 We cry, " Behold ! believe the scheme of God ! "

No wonder, dreaming of her Unimore,  
 Of life, of death, of burial, of a corpse  
 Sunk in the sands or weltering on the waves,  
 Or in the desert dust a skeleton,  
 Or lying mangled with those beauteous limbs  
 Where round their great fires dance the cannibals ;

No wonder the heart-broken maniac saw,—  
 And though she knew it not, at times she was  
 Indeed a maniac,—saw whatever sights  
 Her soul in its delirium chose to see ;  
 That in recoil from its worst agonies  
 It sank away in superstitious dreams  
 Idle and fond, yet not unlovely oft  
 And all aërial, nature's poetry  
 When Inspiration breathes on lonely Grief.  
 From Linnhe-Loch unto the Hebride isles  
 Strange tales were floating of young Unimore  
 Seen in his skiff by moonlight, all alone  
 But for one lady singing at his side  
 Music that warbled like the voice of shells ;  
 And wonder-loving Fancy called the shape,  
 Melodious in its fleeting beauty dim,  
 The Lady of the Sea !

O weak of faith !

Who, in that desolation of her soul,  
 Turned not to God, and to the Son of God,  
 And in their Word found joy. She turned to both,  
 Prostrate ; but both refused to hear her cry.  
 From the deaf earth, and the remorseless sea,  
 Her misery now asked nothing ; but of heaven  
 She asked for peace ; and there did come from heaven  
 No answer : then she prayed imploringly  
 For death, and stronger in her bosom burned  
 The fire of life ; all prayers were heard but hers ;  
 Of all poor creatures she alone was left  
 To pine unpitied with a broken heart !  
 She clasped, she kissed, and when that she could weep,  
 With tears she washed the crucifix ; but cold,  
 Oh ! cold and hard to lip and bosom now  
 That image ! whose dear touch, once so divine,  
 Did fill her soul with bliss ineffable.  
 Then of God's very being, and His Son's,  
 Doubt grew out of despair. The Merciful  
 Was but a name—a mockery ; Jesus' self  
 A mortal man, no more ; the Bible black  
 With drear delusion ; and the narrow house  
 Appointed for all living, dismal name  
 The grave ! what was it but an earthen dark,  
 Vain tears aye swallowing up, and vainer prayers,

Still drenched and still insatiate ; from whose jaws  
Ne'er shall the dust, misnamed a soul, arise.

O mortal man ! whose troubled days are few,  
And yet can hold within their little span  
Unnumbered miseries ; or with one wild woe,  
As if it were a ghost no spell can lay,  
Not even the cross of Christ, may day and night  
Be haunted, till the dreariness of time  
Doth seem eternity ; condemn not her  
Who in her sore distraction thus denied  
Her Saviour ! He beside the throne in heaven,  
Did pity her for whom on earth He died,  
And sent two blessed spirits at her bed  
To minister ! Of mortal mould were they,  
But innocent as saints, as angels fair.  
And when, out of the windows of the cell  
Of its insanity, her stricken soul  
Looked on their heavenly faces and their eyes,  
After a little while, dismay subsiding  
Into sweet awe, and awe into delight,  
And then delight into exceeding love,  
It was made whole ! Then did Religion,  
Like a scared dove returning to her nest,  
Glide back into the silence of her heart.  
Into diviner holiness revived  
All thoughts that had been holy, and all things  
That had been sacred into sanctity  
More sacred still ; and, as upon her knees,  
Weeping she sank before the Crucifix  
Between her daughters—so she still did call  
The duteous beings—all the Saints in heaven  
Rejoiced to hear them at their orisons.

#### VISION FOURTH.

##### THE SISTERS.

Two spirits at the childless widow's bed,  
Childless no more, have by the pitying heavens  
Been sent to minister ; and where do they,  
In hut or shieling, in the central gloom  
Of woods, or on the mountain's secret top



Now linger ? With bright rays of happiness,  
 Kindling a fire upon the poor man's hearth,  
 Or lending lustre unto nature's light,  
 Unto her shade a sweeter pensiveness ?  
 For life and nature love their presence ; life  
 Relieved by the white hands of charity,  
 And nature in her desert places made  
 Beneath their eyes to blossom like the rose !

Lo ! down the glen they come, the long blue glen  
 Far off enveloped in aërial haze  
 Almost a mist, smooth gliding without step,  
 So seems it, o'er the greensward, shadow-like,  
 With light alternating, till hand in hand  
 Upon a knoll, distinctly visible,  
 The sisters stand awhile, then lay them down  
 Among a weeping birch-tree's whisperings,  
 Like fawns, and fix their mild eyes steadfastly  
 Upon the clouded loch !

One face is pale

In its own pensiveness, but paler seems  
 Beneath the nun-like braidings of that hair  
 So softly black, accordant with the calm  
 Divine that on her melancholy brow  
 Keeps deepening with her dreams ! The other bright,  
 As if in ecstasies, and brighter glows  
 In rivalry of all those sun-loved locks,  
 Like gold wire glittering, in the breath of joy  
 Afloat, on her smooth forehead momentarily  
 Kindling with gladder smile-light. Those dark eyes !  
 With depths profound, down which the more you gaze,  
 Still and stiller seems the spiritual world  
 That lies sphered in their wondrous orbs, beyond  
 New thoughtful regions opening far beyond,  
 And all imbued with the deep hush of heaven.  
 There quiet clouds, there glimpses quieter  
 Of stainless ether, in its purity  
 There a lone star ! But other eyes are swimming  
 With such a lovely, such a loving light,  
 Breathed o'er their surface, imperceptible  
 The colour of the iris lost awhile  
 In its own beauty, and then all at once  
 Perceived to be, as some faint fleeting cloud  
 Doth for a moment overshadow them,



Of that same hue in which the heaven delights,  
 And earth religious looking up to heaven  
 In unwilling happiness ; when awe retires,  
 In some dim cave her mute solemnities  
 To lead along unwitnessed, and abroad  
 O'er hill and valley hymning as they go,  
 In worship of glad nature, joy and love  
 Stand side by side upon the mountain-top.

Them roaming o'er the wilderness the bard  
 Whose genius gives unto his native glens  
 A beauty and a glory not their own,  
 Peopling the mists with phantoms, the wild bard  
 Whom Morven, in her sacred memories  
 Dreaming of Ossian, aye will link with pride  
 To that great son of song, saw from the cliff  
 Whence, like an eagle from his eyrie, he  
 Looked in his inspiration far and wide  
 O'er the black heather in its purple bloom ;  
 And in his many-measured odes and hymns,  
 To sunshine calms and storms of thunder-gloom  
 Did celebrate their virtues, and the forms  
 In which they were enshrined—oh grief of griefs !  
 That Heaven should ever steal them from the earth !

“ Like the May-Morning,”—so that Poet sang  
 In Gaelic lyrics untranslatable,—  
 “ Is she the younger sister, when the sun  
 With dropping flowers adorns his dewy hair ;  
 And with a roseate robe of light, the God  
 Involves his silent feet how beautiful  
 Upon the mountains ! She the while, his bride,  
 Veiled with fine shadows that may not conceal  
 Love-blushes kindled by the genial eye  
 That overcomes all nature, murmurs low,  
 As if awaking in her innocence  
 From sleep into a more delightful world  
 Than sleep e'er dreamt, a song that sounds at first  
 Like that of living water from some spring  
 Soft, softly welling, till her virgin fears  
 Becalmed by her own gracious luminary,  
 She unreluctant meets her lord's embrace  
 In their still cloud-pavilion, while from woods  
 And cliffs, and lochs and seas, fair flights of birds  
 Rise circling in the air around their bliss.

And the song-gifted, nature's choristers,  
 In deep dells, half-way up the mountain-side,  
 All rustling restlessly, till earth and sky  
 Is music all, their hymeneal sing."

"Or look ye on the Rainbow"—so he sang  
 That wild-eyed bard, sole-sitting on his rock,  
 There haunted by all loveliest images—  
 "Oh ! look ye on the Rainbow, in its first  
 Exceeding faintness, like a rising thought,  
 Or a fine feeling of the beautiful,  
 An evanescence ! So you fear must be  
 The slight-tinged silence of the showery sky,  
 Nor yet dare name its name ; till breathing out  
 Into such colours as may not deceive,  
 And undelusive in their heavenliness,  
 O'er all the hues that happy nature knows,  
 Although it be the gentlest of them all  
 Prevailing the celestial violet,  
 To eyes by beauty made religious, lo !  
 Brightening the house by God inhabited,  
 The full-formed rainbow glows ! Beneath her arch  
 The glittering earth once more is paradise ;  
 Nor sin nor sorrow hath her dwelling there,  
 Nor death ; but an immortal happiness  
 For us made angels ! Swifter than a dream  
 It fades—it flies—and we and this our earth  
 Are disenchanted back to mortal life ;  
 Earth to its gloom, we to our miseries.  
 So may that Virgin like the Rainbow die !"

Then sang the poet—"Different as is morn  
 From night, with day's bright joyance dreamt between  
 And eve's dim meekness, yet, when summer treads  
 The pathway of the spring, the same in both  
 The spirit of pervading purity,  
 Their gentleness the same ; even so is She,  
 The blue-eyed sister with the golden hair,  
 In beauty kindred, as in birth, with Her  
 Whose locks are only darker than her eyes,  
 Where joy resembles grief ! Then image thou,  
 O Night ! aye melancholy in thy bliss,  
 That raven-tressèd lady. Thou who walk'st  
 With silent steps the sky, then loveliest sure  
 For most serenely simple, when the moon

Needs no star-train to light thy visage up,  
 Herself, perhaps one planet burning near,  
 To thee, oh Night! in thy still pensiveness  
 Sufficient beauty for the whole of heaven!

“And there are Rainbows, lady! like to thee.  
 Lo! on the soft spray of the waterfall,  
 The lovely lunar phantom! All at once,  
 No warning given by some uncertain light,  
 The Apparition spans the black abyss,  
 And it is lustrous; Fancy dreams she sees  
 A golden palace rise; the gorgeous walls  
 Are pictured o'er with mosses many-dyed;  
 Bright as in day the clustering wild-flowers hang,  
 Only their glory softer; and such trees  
 Outstanding there in green and yellow air,  
 As if their leaves and branches delicate  
 Were of that air composed, in some sweet clime  
 May well be growing, where no sunshine comes,  
 But bathed by moonlight in perpetual peace!  
 That Lunar rainbow on the water-flow  
 Smiles, fades, and dies—and such thy doom may be.”

Oh! mourn not, that in nature transitory  
 Are all her fairest and her loveliest things;  
 And frail the tenure as a web of dew  
 By which they hold to life. For therein lies  
 The might of the refulgent rose, the power  
 Of the pale lily's leaf. The sweetest smile  
 That glides along the face of innocence  
 Is still the saddest, and the sadness comes  
 From dim forebodings of an early death.  
 Those sudden goings-down into the grave  
 Of the young beautiful, do sanctify  
 The light surviving in the precious orbs  
 Of eyes permitted yet awhile to shine;  
 And fathers seeing in their daughters' eyes  
 A cloudless heaven of sweet affection,  
 Sometimes will shudder, as they think upon,  
 They know not why, a maiden's funeral!

Like shadows in the sunshine, softening all  
 We look on, till we love it, and revealing  
 Fair sights in dimness only visible,  
 Now fall such mournful thoughts upon the heads



Of these Twin-Orphans, and their character  
 Opens before us in a holier light  
 Congenial with their beauty, both divine.  
 Orphans they have been since the hour of birth ;  
 Soon as their mother knew that they were born,  
 And as her eyes could see them, did she die.  
 Of seven bright brothers that for their country fell,  
 The brightest he who one short year before  
 Had made her his blest bride. A broken heart  
 She might have had ; but of a broken heart  
 It was not that she died. Consumption preyed  
 On her pure blood with a low-burning fire  
 Unquenchable, and nature's holy law,  
 For sake of that sweet offspring, did allow  
 The beatings of her heart to linger on,  
 After her pulse was imperceptible,  
 And some feared she was dead. The infants grew,  
 Flowers not untended, orphans though they were,—  
 Their mother's mother was their guardian,—  
 Into the loveliest children ever seen  
 (Such whisper came from all who looked on them),  
 So like to one another in all things,  
 Lips, cheeks, eyes, forehead, figure, motion, voice,  
 That, when the one was absent, few could tell  
 The other's name ; but when they smiling stood  
 Together side by side, and hand in hand,  
 Proud in their glee of such comparisons,  
 There was new beauty in the difference  
 Which even then was rather felt than seen,  
 And left to each an equal share of love.

But as the light of childhood waned away  
 From their expanding foreheads, the fair Twins,  
 No more before affection's eyes confused  
 In such intense similitude, stood out  
 In the clear air, each clothed with loveliness  
 Unto herself peculiar ; liker still  
 Than other sisters, and at times as like  
 Almost as ever ; most so when they prayed ;  
 And wondrous like when they together sang,  
 Each with a white arm on the other's neck,  
 The gladdest words to melancholy tunes,  
 Or listened to some story of distress,  
 Or gave together alms unto the poor.



Their guardian died, and in calm grief they gazed  
 Upon her grave, and then looked up to heaven.  
 Oh ! kith and kin ! ye are but homely names,  
 Homely, and therefore holy. Few are they,  
 Alas ! who in this hard world choose to care,  
 Themselves surrounded with all happiness,  
 Ever so little for the orphan's head.  
 Ice-cold the hand misnamed of Charity,  
 That while some common want it half relieves,  
 Doth chill the blood in the receiver's heart,  
 Making a sin of gratitude !

Rise up !

Rise up ! ye Orphans, from your dreamy bliss,  
 Among the weeping birch-tree's whisperings,  
 Fair spirits of the wilderness ! Oh ! fair  
 Saints of the altar ! Nature calls on you  
 To vindicate from wrong the human heart !  
 On you ne'er frowned the hard-eyed world ; on you,  
 As soon as Love expired, did Pity fix  
 Her dewy eyes ; and from the city's din,  
 The day that saw you at the funeral,  
 Walking and weeping, all arrayed in white,  
 Beside the sable pall, saw you conveyed  
 Wondering away to far-off Unimore !  
 A place, in your imagination, from this world  
 Seeming withdrawn, 'mid the sweet dash of waves  
 Familiar music grown ere daylight died.  
 And ere the moon had twice beheld her bow  
 In the calm sea, your gentle voyaging  
 Ceased softly in among the loveliest groves  
 Of woody Morven, while the anchor dropped  
 Down in deep water, close unto the shore,  
 And bound the wearied vessel to her rest,  
 Left by herself among reflected stars.

How sweet the smile upon the mournful face  
 That in the gloomy castle welcomed you,  
 And with no other bidding brought your lips  
 To meet the lips that breathed those kisses calm  
 Through both your hearts, ere the soft touch was gone,  
 O'erflowed with filial love ! Ye knew not why  
 So sad those eyes, and why those cheeks so pale !  
 And yet not unacquainted, though so young,  
 Were ye with grief, and in your innocence

Saw further far into that lady's heart  
 Than ye did know in your simplicity.  
 In sacred memory holding still the dead,  
 Soon to that lady did ye both transfer  
 The deep affection that doth never die  
 On earth, when its first object goes to heaven,  
 But gaining power from pity, and on tears  
 Feeding, itself doth shed, grows every hour  
 In its composure fuller of delight,  
 And in delight all holy acts performs  
 Of duty, to the cold heart difficult,  
 As easily as it doth draw its breath,  
 And as unconsciously. The whole of life  
 As pious as the hour employed in prayer.

“She is our father's sister.” That one thought,  
 Although your father died ere ye were born,  
 Stirred all your being up, till feelings flowed,  
 Like many a little rill from unknown springs  
 Trickling their way, through flowery herbage green  
 To one still stream that gives them all a name,  
 And now that name is Love.

O creatures fair !  
 And innocent as fair ! and spiritual-bright  
 As innocent ! oh ! that your dreams were ours,  
 For ye communion hold with highest Heaven !

## VISION FIFTH.

## THE ORATORY.

They rise from dreams, and towards the Castle glide,  
 Across the rills, where many a lucid pool  
 Reflects their figures, for a moment seen  
 Like water-nymphs ; still gathering as they go  
 Delight from silence, and a mutual love  
 From that partaken delight. By nature's joy  
 Their hearts have now been strengthened, and they yearn  
 For duty's mournful sanctities, performed  
 Then best, when from permitted happiness,

Her face still smiling, innocence retires  
 With footsteps hushed disturbing not the hush,  
 A cup of healing, though 'tis filled with tears  
 In her angelical hands, to minister  
 Around the bed of Grief !

This is the day,  
 However bright it shine in showerless heaven,  
 Wet in the melancholy glen below  
 With showers of tears, a Sabbath dedicate  
 To Sorrow, queen of life, who reigns o'er all ;  
 To whom that childless mother pays her vows  
 Incessantly, nor worships aught beside ;  
 But this is her great festival ; ten years  
 Have bathed and steeped it in religion, kept  
 As hopeless love's own anniversary  
 Of her son's disappearance from her eyes  
 Away to some wild death. 'Tis near the hour  
 When she, now palsy-stricken, on her bed,  
 With gentlest motion will be borne along  
 By reverent hands unto the Oratory  
 Built on a consecrated rock of old,  
 Within a dell close to the castle-walls,  
 Yet of all lonesome places in this world  
 Most lonesome ; such the depth of shaggy cliffs  
 Hawk-haunted, overarching ; one blue glimpse  
 Crossed by a cloud upon the clearest day  
 All you can see, when gazing from below  
 In search of the far intercepted sky !

Wide open standeth the great Castle door,  
 And out into the sunshine solemnly  
 The still procession moves. The lady lies  
 Outstretched and motionless upon her bier,  
 With folded hands and her face up to heaven,  
 Clothed in white raiment like a very shroud,  
 Herself most like the dead. But in her eyes  
 The spirit of life ! and blent divinely there  
 Another spirit, religion, piety,  
 That makes her pallid aspect beautiful,  
 And as an angel's bright. The crucifix  
 Is on her breast, between her withered hands  
 That slightly tremble—and you see her lips  
 Moving, as if in prayer—All else is still !  
 Before the bier, with long locks like the snow



A holy man is walking ; in his hand  
 A holy book ; the priest who all his days,  
 While generations have been blown away  
 By war in foreign lands, or in this glen  
 Faded in peace, within these castle walls  
 Hath lived, and taught unto the Shadows there  
 The truths eternal realised in heaven.  
 By each side of the bier a spirit walks,  
 In shape of these twin-sisters ; and they turn  
 At times their sad-eyed faces tenderly  
 To her who thereon lies, but shed no tears,  
 For undisturbed are they in pity's well.  
 And who are the bier-bearers ? Men who fought,  
 That fatal day her hero-husband fell,  
 Fast by their chief, and did oppose their breasts  
 To shield him from the bayonets ; but all  
 In vain. Their grizzled heads are bare ; the plumes,  
 Worn since that day in melancholy pride,  
 Lying somewhere in darkness ; on they go,  
 Aged, but strong, and with a stately step  
 Subdued by pity and sorrow ; such a step  
 As long ago, to them but yesterday,  
 They walked with, bearing from the battle-field  
 The body of their chieftain, while a pipe,  
 One solitary pipe, on foreign shores,  
 Sounded the coronach of Unimore.

The long straight avenue of old elm-trees  
 Cathedral-roofed, the bier hath passed along,  
 And down the greensward slope that gently dips  
 Into that variegated valley rich  
 With lowland culture, southwards flowing free ;  
 And while from doors and windows of the huts  
 Look pitying faces out, the Roe-wood hides  
 The slow procession, on an ancient road  
 Cleared by the hunters down the dim descent  
 Conducting to the pass into the glen.  
 There in that wildered place of shattered rocks  
 Dinning with lonely waterfalls, the path  
 Green at the base of the black precipice  
 It follows without pause ; and underneath  
 A narrow slip of sky cut off by cliffs,  
 A solitude within a solitude,  
 That holy man, with his long locks of snow,  
 Still leading on the Dream, it now ascends



A flight of steps cut in the living stone,  
 Up to an isle-like sylvan eminence,  
 And with a hush of reverence, every head  
 A moment bowed in prayer, it entereth slow  
 The sacred stillness of the Oratory ;  
 And with exceeding gentleness, the bier,  
 On which the lady seems to be asleep,  
 And in her sleep to smile, is now set down  
 Before the Altar !

“Ye in Heaven that dwell,  
 Created yet unfallen, hierarchies  
 Blissful as bright, yet in beatitude  
 Consummate and immortal, looking down  
 With pity far profounder than is known  
 On earth, upon the grief and guilt of earth,—  
 Angels ! with all your eyes most merciful  
 Oh ! now regard that bier ! And oh ! ye saints  
 Whose mortal garments here the scorching fire  
 Consumed ! And ye whose agonised flesh  
 The arrows pierced ! And ye who underwent  
 All dreadful dyings unimaginable !  
 Oh ! ye on whom mysterious Providence  
 Conferred a boon implored not in your prayers,  
 A long still life of sanctity ! Behold  
 One like yourselves, when in this dim sojourn  
 You wept ! Oh ! then, take pity on her tears !  
 For hers is faith, and hope, and charity ;  
 And humble is she as a little child ;  
 But in our best affections here below  
 Lurks sin that taints them all, and she who lies,  
 O sinless Saints ! before you on that bier,  
 Palsied, and yielding unto all decrees  
 Perfect submission in her piety,  
 Yet is her mother-heart rebellious, thronged  
 With blind repinings, and a ghost disturbs  
 Her spirit, even at the Confessional,  
 Standing between her and the peace of God !  
 O Mother mild ! who, while the angels sang  
 Among the midnight stars o’er Bethlehem,  
 Thy Divine Babe didst in the manger lay,  
 And feel that place despised the heart of heaven !  
 Thou who, upon the Mount of Calvary,  
 Didst faint not, hearing a voice sweetly say,  
 ‘Woman, behold thy son !’ On Thee we call

Pity to show unto a mother's grief,  
 Supported not as thou wert, though her heart  
 Doth long, and yearn, and burn within her, all  
 In vain, for reconcilment to her doom !  
 And Thou, who diedst for sinners ! we do pray  
 Even unto Thee, that thou wouldst pity her,  
 And, pitying, pardon, and forgive her sin,  
 And the sins of us all ! Thou biddest us,  
 And tell'st us how, in words from thine own lips,  
 Of Him, our Father, to ask, which is in heaven,  
 And that it shall be given ! To Him we kneel,—  
 We wretched sinners all,—to Him who sits  
 Upon the Throne, with Thee at His right hand,  
 In light ineffable and full of glory ;  
 And, although dust we be, and unto dust  
 Return, yet all who do believe His Word  
 Shall see His face, for them death lose his sting,  
 The grave its victory !”

#### The Holy Man

Stoops down, and from that spectre's hands doth take,  
 For they are powerless both, the crucifix,  
 And puts it to her lips. The pale lips give  
 A kiss unto salvation's mystic sign ;  
 And, though tears drop not, there is in her eyes  
 A dimness as of tears, a swimming smile !  
 Words there are none, nor have there been for years.  
 God hath allowed her grief to take away  
 The power of speech ; yet were it now restored,  
 Mute would she be ; for resignation breathes  
 A wordless calm all through a soul alive  
 With thoughts and feelings, inexpressible  
 But in the language saints may use in heaven !

All Heaven be with her now ! Angels and Saints !  
 The Holy, Holier, and the Holiest !  
 For, mercy-sent, a dreadful trial comes !  
 Darkening the daylight blue without the door,  
 In gorgeous garb, a stately Figure stands,  
 With plumes that touch the portal ; on the bier  
 His shadow falls, and as her eyes behold  
 The beauteous Apparition terrible,  
 Springs to her feet the unpalsied mother, healed  
 By miracle, before the eyes of all  
 Fear-stunned, and stretching forth her hungry arms,

With gaze and gasp devouring him, shrieks out,  
 "The sea gives up its dead! My son! my son!"

Out in the open air, upon its bier,  
 The body lies; and all believe it dead.  
 But down the glen there comes a mighty wind,  
 Uplifting all the woods, and life returns  
 Beneath the holy coolness fresh from heaven.  
 "Where am I, children? God is merciful;  
 And have we met within His courts at last?  
 Alas! I see our mortal Oratory,  
 And we are yet on earth! I had a dream;  
 My son did fill it all, my undrowned son;  
 No unsubstantial phantom mocked my arms;  
 I felt, I clasped, I kissed him, and his lips  
 Were warm with love and life. But God is good,  
 And merciful exceedingly; with hymns,  
 With hymns and psalms making sweet melody—  
 And I will join the strain,—Bless ye the Lord!"

Awe-struck, they see and hear the miracle!  
 Yet are not all things both in heaven and earth  
 Miraculous? The murmur of the bee,  
 The flower on which it feeds; the angel's song,  
 And on his brows the blooms of Amaranth!  
 Strange mysteries lie asleep within our souls,  
 And haply ne'er are wakened; but at times—  
 Some wondrous times, when passion, in its power,  
 Rends up our being like an earthquake shock  
 From its foundations, these strange mysteries  
 Walk out among the dust, and terrify  
 The very regions wherein they were born,  
 As if, in Nature, supernatural!

The Mother's eyes have recognised her Son,  
 And know that on him rests the certain light  
 Of real life, undreamt and stationary  
 In undeceiving bliss! Embraces there  
 Are given from breast to breast, from lip to lip  
 Kisses, so overcharged with ecstasies,  
 Each moment's touch to her maternal soul  
 Reward celestial, more than might suffice  
 For entire ages dragged through misery.  
 That sacred greed may not be satisfied  
 Of famished Love! Like prisoner from some cell,



Where underground he was an hungered, brought,  
 And, clothed in purple, set down at a feast  
 There to regale with kings ! Oh ! rather say,  
 As by the wafting of a wing set down  
 In his own house, where at their frugal fare,  
 His wife and echildren unforgetful sigh  
 For him, far off a lonely prisoner,  
 Among them dropping suddenly from heaven !

“Lift up the bier !” And now the Glen beholds  
 A changed procession, underneath the cliffs  
 Returning to the Castle. All is bright  
 That was so dim before ; those long white locks  
 Seem almost now diffusing cheerfulness,  
 As the old priest still reverently pceedes  
 The bier that sunny looks in its own light.  
 Serenely step, and with a smothered pride,  
 The bearers, seeing in his stately son  
 The sire revived, for whom of yore they bled.  
 And list ! a hymn ! a melaneholy hymn !  
 In its excess of worship melancholy !  
 For with one impulse, at one mutual look,  
 Take up the sisters a thanksgiving song,  
 The sweetest of the songs of Israel,  
 With now and then by inspiration echanged  
 Into a deeper pathos some small word,  
 Appropriate more to their own gratitude,  
 More finely breathing their religious joy !

To their high chamber in the Western tower  
 The sisters go—the old priest to his cell—  
 And in the castle’s heart, its very eore,  
 Mother and son are left unto themselves,  
 Guarded by silence and by solitude,  
 Those sacred watehers ever faithful found,  
 And to disturb them were impiety  
 To nature’s holiest passions, Love and Joy,  
 And their companion Grief !

Ye mountain-tops !  
 Impatient though ye be, await the time  
 For your rejoieing. Then the startled moon  
 Will quite forget her feeble stars, when she  
 Beholds a hundred beaeon-blazes burst  
 From sea to sea. ’Tis not the fiery cross



That Lewis Swiftfoot now, the huntsman, bears.  
 Ere shines the star of evening, all the glens  
 Of Morven shall have heard that Unimore  
 Is in his castle, that the lovely sea  
 Has spared his life, and sent them back their chief  
 To be once more the glory of his clan.  
 " Away, ye laggards, o'er the broomy braes  
 And valleys where the Sassenach's self might bide  
 My feet are for the heather-bent, my face  
 Is to the mountains ! "

Soon he drops the tale

Along Loch-Conich's solitary shores  
 That on the precipices smile of Black  
 Ben-Hun the eagle-breeder, here and there  
 'Midst the dwarf oaks a hut ; and carries it  
 O'er Ariena's tumbling torrents, up  
 Sweet Ulladilla's dell, into the gorge  
 Of high Glen-Ulin, where the wild-deer lie.  
 And then among the clustering cottages  
 Almost a village, on the pastoral stream  
 That takes its soft name from its native loch,  
 (Loch-Avon ! only visited by dreams  
 In its cliff region inaccessible),  
 Slackening his flight while eftssoons he drops  
 Down the long forest glen of Achnagoun  
 That idle seems though thickly strewn with life ;  
 And round the bays of lovely Loch-Aline  
 Diffuses the strange tidings, till they flow,  
 Strong mountain music gathered from the glens,  
 Around the turrets of Aldtornish Castle  
 That rock-like points the bold Peninsula  
 Stretching half-way across the Sound of Mull,  
 Passionate of storms, although she loveth too  
 The murmuring summer waves so peaceable,  
 When the sun shows the sea one sheet of gold  
 Almost too radiant to be looked upon,  
 Or, set in silver of the moonlight, rise  
 Her pillared headlands and her sylvan isles.

The glens are glad, the mountains sing for joy,  
 And Morven once more feels herself alive,  
 While o'er her cliffs, startling the ear of night,  
 Keep thundering her broad-sheeted cataracts  
 Tumultuous welcome to her chief's return.

But dim o'er that old castle look the stars ;  
 And with disastrous halo dim the moon,  
 That rose last night so splendid, sails away  
 In among clouds, that ominously hang  
 Above those towers alone ; a single speck  
 Unseen elsewhere in all the sparkling skies.  
 Prodigious shadows on the tomb-like walls  
 Are following one another sullenly ;  
 And seem not night-glooms, at such seasons, ghosts ?  
 Lo ! stranger from the farthest Hebrides,  
 Hitherwards stilly on the stilliest nights  
 Wafted on wings whose wavings have no sound  
 More than have clouds, across the sable pines  
 Floats the great snowy owl ! and list ! a voice !  
 A human voice—a miserable cry !  
 Comes it from that dim figure on the cliffs  
 Walking as one might walk who roams in sleep ?  
 His inarticulate wailings wail themselves  
 Into wild words by echo made more wild ;  
 And as he disappears his moanings go  
 Round with him, all the haunted castle round,  
 “ Woe ! woe ! to all the house of Unimore ! ”

## VISION SIXTH.

## THE SEER.

Summer at once has come on Unimore ;  
 Her chief is now her sun ; the woods have burst  
 Into their full effulgence ; all the glens  
 With green light overflow ; the heather-bloom,  
 Anticipating autumn, purples faint  
 The moors and mountains ; in the forest-chase,  
 Never in such deep herbage dipped their hoofs  
 The red-deer, nor the goats along the cliffs  
 On such profusion of wild-flowerage browsed ;  
 Fed by night-rain not heavier than the dew,  
 Enlivening all the rivered solitudes,  
 Steep waterfalls, for ever musical,  
 Keep dinning on ; the hunter on the hill,  
 In some short pause of pastime underneath  
 The cliff, cheered as he listens unawares

Far off the hollow noise ; the eagle's self,  
 Along with his wild bark had ne'er been seen  
 Floating aloft so frequent, in wide rings  
 Seeking the sun as he would circle it ;  
 For never in the memory of man  
 Had reigned so many blue days without break,  
 O'er the still vastness of the unclouded sky.

Expands the panorama as we gaze,  
 Nor knows the roving vision where to fix ;  
 Here won by beauty, by magnificence  
 There suddenly assailed ; contented now  
 To linger in affection 'mid the calm  
 Of loveliness endearing, close at hand ;  
 Now borne away in passion to the stir  
 Of grandeur restless on the shadowy heights.  
 From that far flight it all at once returns ;  
 For lo ! in lucid range majestic,  
 Deep down the disappearing loch, how still,  
 And yet how animated, all the cliffs  
 With their inverted imagery ! Swans,  
 'Mid mingling air and water, light and shade,  
 In rest float imperceptibly along ;  
 But soon their snow-white pomp evanishes ;  
 For central in that wondrous world, with all  
 Its towers, and roofs, and rocks, and woods, and groves,  
 Serenely conscious of its lord's return  
 Hangs the old castle proud as in its prime,  
 With all its banners drooping motionless ;  
 But soon as the great Cavern of the Gloom  
 Doth blow its trumpet at meridian,  
 The loch will lose them, and the castle stream  
 Unfolded wide their bright emblazoury,  
 While, at a signal given by waving plumes,  
 Shall shout the exulting clan their chieftain's name,  
 And all the echoes answer, " Unimore ! "

His presence for a month hath Morven felt,  
 And all that month hath been one festival.  
 By day among her mountains—rest is none,  
 And short by night in shieling and in hut  
 The clansmen's haunted sleep.

Their souls are stirred  
 As glooms by sunbeams, and as calms by blasts ;



And he their chieftain is both sun and cloud,  
 Sole source is he of splendours and of storms,  
 O'er glen and forest, mountain, sea and loch.  
 The ancient pastimes of the hills revive.  
 And sometimes summoning all at once his clan  
 To gather round him on that esplanade  
 In front of his old castle, the claymore  
 That shone through battle, in the sweeping sway  
 Of his heroic sires, the chieftain draws,  
 And shows in clashing combat how the Gael  
 Went slaughtering onwards through the fights of old,  
 Before the sons of Morven. Not an arm  
 Like his among them all, when far outstretched  
 Starts sudden into sinewy knots its strength  
 Gigantic ; to their chieftain's not a breast  
 Fit to oppose, though breasts are there like boles  
 Of gnarled oaks that in the tempests grow.  
 To-day their souls are up.

“ Across the seas  
 The wars are raging ; let our plumes again  
 Be seen in line of battle ; let our pipes  
 Again be heard amid the cannon din ;  
 And our Lochaber-axes hew their way  
 Again as they were wont, when at the head  
 Of his own clan was seen The Unimore.  
 Green grows the grass again on Fontenoye ;  
 Culloden's self is green ; but be the field  
 Unfoughten yet afar, all bloody red—  
 And red for ever ; for from Morven's glens  
 Revenge comes flying, and long heaps of dead  
 Piled up shall expiate every clansman's sin,  
 Who died not on the day his chieftain died.”

Frowned then, as if a black cloud shadowed it,  
 That broad high forehead, and the chieftain stood  
 With sun-bronzed visage all inflamed with pride,  
 And shame ! For with his sudden hand he veiled  
 His eyes no more like eagle's, and the earth  
 Sucked in the glaring of their ghastly light.  
 He stood awhile, as still as pillar-stone  
 Stands by itself on some wide moor, alone—  
 Amid the mists and storms. Then waved his arm—  
 “ Off to the mountains—all my merry-men !  
 The red-deer-King is belling on the cliff,

Nor in their eyrie are the eaglets mute !  
 The feet that tread the precipice's edge  
 And rocks that bridge the chasms, they all ere long  
 In measured march along the battle-plain  
 Will move wet-shod in blood ; but let the horn  
 Now peaceful echo startle in her cave,  
 Upon no distant day the points of war  
 To wind heroically up the sky,  
 When we with loud shouts on the space between  
 The armies both drawn up in line of battle,  
 In Morven-Tartan bright our Rifle Band,  
 An army of itself, and clothed in fire,  
 Shout fierce assurance of a victory."

" Off to the mountains ! " The wide desert rings  
 With trump, and horn, and pipe, and shoutings shrill  
 As is the goshawk's cry ! No figure there,  
 Though Morven mid her stately sons can show  
 Giants, no figure there like Unimore's.  
 Far nod his plumes upon the mountain-side  
 Unovertaken ; Lewis Swiftfoot toils,  
 Plunging waist-deep in heather, or along  
 The smooth white bough-like bareness of the bent  
 With stag-like boundings measuring the moor,  
 After his chief in vain. The deer-hounds lolling  
 Their red tongues gallop graceful by his side  
 As he descends one mountain, reascending  
 Across the glen another range of cliffs.  
 Now round the bases of a hundred hills  
 Expands the circling Tinchel, till, behold !  
 A waving wood of antlers, on the cliff  
 Above them towering up precipitous,  
 The hungry raven with a sullen croak  
 Of savage joy, as he doth eye the quarry,  
 Forestalling his large banquet. From the herd  
 Not singled out, but singling out himself,  
 As if he scorned the danger others dread,  
 The deer-king bounding on from crag to crag,  
 Seen oftener in the air than on the earth,  
 Faces the Tinchel, and high over-head  
 Of all the hunters, stooped their plumage then,  
 Hoofs, bulk, and antlers furiously self-flung  
 As if discharged from the steep precipice,  
 Goes glenwards belling fierce, while Unimore,  
 Sparing another hour that noble life,

Motions all rifles down, and cheering on  
 The brindled deer-hounds ravenous now as wolves,  
 But silent in their savage speed, and mute  
 When mouthing deep the flanks that heave with death,  
 Away into the blue and distant day,  
 Floating o'er lone Lurgroy ! Nor may the Chase,  
 For lo ! he carries yet his antlers high,  
 Founder, till Morven's mountains all o'er-run,  
 He swim Loch-Sunart's straits, and through the Pass  
 Of Xalibreccan inaccessible  
 To all but hoofs like his, the rock-bound shores  
 Reach of Kinrira, and there unpursued  
 Plunge panting in the breakers of the sea.

The hunt is o'er ; for Fingal on the crags  
 Of Achnagavil, near the wild Loch-Uist,  
 Hath pulled the deer-king down ; and Unimore,  
 The passion of the chase extinguished quite,  
 Turns from the dying quarry and the hounds  
 His eyes upon the savage solitude.  
 Here, in this very place, the ghost-like Seer  
 Had stood before him many years ago,  
 And muttered the strange prophecy that worked,  
 Meeting with prepared passion in his heart,  
 Ere long its own fulfilment ; driving him  
 Aloof from all hereditary haunts,  
 And family-loves and old remembrances,  
 Into the crimes and perils of the deep.  
 He looks up to the cave in which the Seer  
 Once led his haunted life ; and from its mouth  
 Out crawling slow, the same wild being lifts  
 Its shapelessness among the shapeless stones,  
 Bent double by the dismal dreams of age,  
 With rusty elf-locks horridly o'ergrown.  
 The hideous figure by some secret path  
 Hath come down from the cave, and wailingly  
 Clasping his withered hands, and flinging back  
 The matted hair from off his bloodshot eyes,  
 Falls down and grovels at the chieftain's feet.  
 " In evil hour, and on a woeful wind,  
 Came the Sea-Eagle back to Unimore.  
 Woe to the lovely Fawns that sport and play  
 By their fair selves among the forest bowers !  
 The cruel Osprey with his talons tears



Their beauty, and they perish side by side.  
Woe to his Eyrie!—to all Morven woe!”

His princely head the high-born chieftain stoops  
Down from its plumèd pride, and supplicates  
The revelations of a madman's dream.  
His young imagination had grown up  
In superstitious awe of that wild Seer ;  
And many a dim prediction, verified  
By fatal happenings far beyond the rim  
Of an ungifted ken, had then inspired  
And sunk into the soul of Unimore,  
In boyhood an unconscious fatalist,  
A creed as strong as e'er religious faith  
Died for in holiest martyrdom, endured  
In fire, for sake of God's own oracles.  
Whole days among the utter dreariness  
Of trackless moors, where not one single rill  
Murmurs, but sometimes scowls a sable loch  
O'erspread with sullen and unhallowed thoughts,  
Sun-hating and sun-hated,—so it seems  
To life-sick wanderer o'er the wilderness,—  
Walked that woe-withered eld and that bright gleam  
Of beauteous boyhood ;—strange companionship !  
By shrouded corpses haunted, and by long  
Black trains of visionary funerals,  
The seër, and the heir of all the hills,  
As yet enveloped in the unfaded light  
Of being's glorious prime. But potent spirits  
Are fear and wonder o'er the dreams of youth ;  
Nor may the chains they forge, in after life  
Be loosened, for the links are riveted  
Into the very soul, and only snapped  
At last asunder by bond-breaking death.  
“I saw no vision of a sinking ship,  
No wreck on shore, no corpse upon the sea,  
No skeleton imprisoned in a cell  
With thirst and hunger. Others wept thee dead,  
I wept thee living as I now do weep.  
One stormy day I saw Ben-Mean-Moor  
Changed to a sea of blood, and sailing there  
With his black flag the pirate. On the deck  
There walked the chief of Morven ! Unimore  
Among his outlaws all, a dreadful crew ;  
And ever round about her and above,

Wherever tempest-driven she roared along,  
 Flitted a flock of ghosts—the crews of ships  
 By thee and thy fierce boarders in their wrath  
 All murdered.”

A deep hollow voice repeats,  
 “ All murdered ! ” Suddenly wrung out of guilt  
 Confession ; but no sound of penitence  
 Was with the words, nor of remorse. The chief  
 Again is standing stately o’er the seer  
 With aspect of defiance,—“ Doom is doom,  
 Fate, fate ; and what the blind religionists  
 Call heaven or hell is but the mystery  
 Of each man’s life, determined by the stars,  
 Here or hereafter ; if hereafter be,  
 As sometimes dreams the shadow of a shade !  
 But, Seer of misery and of madness, speak ! ”

“ Death whitens at the bottom of a pool  
 That is itself pitch-black. The drowned are drawn  
 Out of the cruel depth, both dressed like brides !  
 Beneath the sunshine in each other’s arms  
 I see them lying—lovely in their lives,  
 Nor in their deaths divided.—Fly ! oh ! fly !  
 For ever far from Morven, Unimore !  
 And thou may’st die forgiven ! Sometimes the shades  
 Deceive the Seer, and heaven’s own gracious light  
 Doth melt away the curse. O’er far Tíree  
 I see thy ship at anchor, soon to sail,  
 Bearing thee off to sin in foreign lands.”

A crowd of visions storm the chieftain’s soul,  
 Visions of misery all, and guilt and death !  
 Remorse there sends her frightments, Conscience hers,  
 And Fear, that wild magician, worst of all ;  
 For Sin may scorn the spectres of the dead,  
 But quails in solitude before the wraiths  
 Of the doomed living, gliding by in shrouds,  
 Or only something white that in the gloom  
 Glimmers, a coming and a going dim,  
 Semblance of one who soon shall be a ghost.

The Seer is in his cave ; the chieftain stands  
 Alone, and utters words scarce consciously,

As if addressing his own shadow thrown,  
 For evening is descending, long and still,  
 Over the rocky hush. "Communion strange  
 Through agency more spiritual than air,  
 Yet spirit may be air, and air be spirit,  
 Has holden been, up in his wolfish den,  
 Between that wretch in his insanity,  
 And all the sinnings and calamities  
 Doomed to befall me in this troubled life.  
 That is a mystery—but all is mystery ;  
 Though Superstition less mysterious far  
 Than what men in their blindness choose to call  
 Religion, now benighting half the earth.  
 Yet sometimes even I do feel remorse,  
 And often pity ! But remorse is vain,  
 For mortal man may not rebuke his fate.  
 'Tis Fate that wicked is, if wickedness  
 It be, that raging in our passions, spreads  
 Death with delight, and shrouds in misery  
 All perishable joys. Old men may nurse  
 Remorse, for they are wise, and sin no more ;  
 Nay, beautiful in them is penitence !  
 But every passion in its empery  
 Doth laugh remorse to scorn, and scowls contempt  
 On penitence. And as for pity, fair,  
 Though fancy-painted to our eyes she be,  
 What is it but a transient gush of tears ?  
 And what is sorrow, that we pity it ?  
 A sigh—a sob—a groan—it is no more.  
 Hours, days, months, years of suffering, what are they  
 When the grave yawneeth for the skeleton ?  
 All one then saint and sinner—a cold corpse !  
 Despair and hope, and bliss and agony,  
 What are they when that feeble spark goes out,  
 But past convulsions of some living thing,  
 Now senseless, soulless, in eternal dust ?"

Night comes with all her stars—and with her moon  
 Midnight—and dawn upon the planet smiles  
 And pales her shining—and refulgent morn  
 Doth drown the dawn, and ushers in the day  
 Consummate. All the while hath Unimore  
 Been sitting in the solitude—his life  
 Rolling before him like the stormy seas !  
 But now elated by the sun, he moves



Castle-wards, nor for that dismal prophecy  
Careth he more than a distempered dream.

## VISION SEVENTH.

## THE DEMON.

The Lady of the Castle lives in heaven ;  
Ten years of misery bought one month of bliss,  
Cheap purchase of the priceless calm divine  
Deeper and deeper settling on her soul,  
Farther and farther o'er its regions all  
Expanding, till, like summer-sea, it lies,  
Embayed in the Pacific, some still bay  
Unvisited by any wandering ship,  
And known in nature only to the stars  
And moon, that love it as their native sky !

The past is all obliterate ; gone to dust  
All tears, all sighs unto the wind ; belong  
To hope and fear the future, and they two  
Have left alone in her beatitude  
Love, all-in-all sufficient for the Now,  
The perfect present that may never die,  
Seeming immortal in its depth of rest.

In that maternal heart is happiness,  
Oh ! far beyond all happiness that e'er  
Did dwell in Eden's garden, Paradise !  
Imagination, dreaming of the life  
Before sin brought the Fall, still misses there  
The joy of grief, nor understands delight  
Without the mournful sanctity of tears.  
But in this world of ours, this world of woe,  
Lo ! Bliss is born within a breaking heart,  
And therefore it is bliss ; and hymns are heard,  
Thanksgiving hymns ascending up to heaven,  
While bright congratulation from the stars  
Shines down on eyes still wet with gratitude.  
Break the iron doors, and set the prisoner free,  
Exchanged earth's dark, damp, breathless, narrow cell

For the bright, dewy, breezy, boundless cope  
 Resplendent for the new inhabitant  
 Of God's own heaven ! Unchain the galley slave,  
 Sink his worn oar for ever in the sea,  
 And let him tread again the war-ship's deck,  
 Below the flag that rules the world of waves,  
 Among the equal sons of liberty !  
 Let healing, on a sudden, smooth the bed  
 Of agonised disease, and carry it  
 Out to the shadowy sunshine of the morn,  
 And bid the matron lift her eyes, and see  
 Kneeling around her all who ought to kneel,  
 While she arises, and among the flowers  
 Walks forth restored, nor fears the harmless dews,  
 But sheds among them some few pious tears.  
 Deep joys are those and high, and woe-born all ;  
 But far transcends them all the joy that lifts  
 At once a mother's whole soul from despair,  
 And sets it on a radiant eminence  
 Within a heaven beyond the heaven of hope,  
 With her arms twined for ever round the neck  
 Of him she had thought dead—her only son !

The Lady of the Castle hath no power  
 To walk with her own princely Unimore  
 Along the greensward braes, the purple sides  
 Of the high-heather mountains ; through the woods,  
 Where beauteous birch-trees to the stately oaks  
 Whisper a gentler music ; down the glens  
 Where rivers roll o'er frequent cataracts ;  
 Or into dells, each with its own small rill  
 Pellucid, and its humble scenery  
 Of broomy knolls with delicate trees bedropt,  
 Within itself a world in miniature,  
 Where oft on moonlight nights the Fairies dance,  
 And little laughter thrills the solitude.  
 No power hath she, to shieling and to hut  
 With life besprinkling the wide wilderness,  
 With him to walk, and, as those lofty plumes  
 Below the clansman's lowly lintel stoop,  
 To hear and see the pride that brightens then  
 The dim abode of high-souled poverty,  
 Pride to love kindred, love to gratitude,  
 And gratitude to patriotism, name  
 That breathes the old religion of the Hills.

No such delight is hers ; for all her limbs,  
 Soon as subsided the miraculous power  
 Given by her passion in the Oratory,  
 Relapsed into their palsied helplessness ;  
 And ever since she hath exchanged her bed  
 But for that bier, on which, when air is calm  
 And sunshine bright, and glimmering shadows cool,  
 She lies, and by those clansmen carried  
 To consecrated places,—many a one,  
 Where she and her son's sire did sit of old  
 Among the castle-woods,—there meditates  
 On the sweet mystery of her perfect bliss,  
 Nor cares although no Unimore be there,  
 Pursuing on the mountains his own joy ;  
 For she can make his presence visible  
 By act creative of her will, as bright  
 The phantom's eyes, as if his very self  
 Were smiling on her there, the phantom's voice,  
 For air hath then a tongue, as melting sweet  
 As if his self were speaking, and the kiss  
 That she receiveth from imagined lips  
 As tender, as when stooping o'er her bier,  
 Her long-lost, late-returned doth breathe his breath,  
 His own dear breath, to her still like a child's,  
 Into the yearnings of his mother's soul ;  
 One thought enough for her—He is *alive* !

O sacred ignorance ! O delusion blest !  
 To her that Demon doth an Angel seem ;  
 To her guilt wears the brow of innocence ;  
 To her sin looks like holiness ; to her  
 Crime holdeth up the same unspotted hands  
 Before the Altar of the Oratory,  
 As when her blameless boy, long long ago,  
 Knelt down in prayer beside his father's knees.  
 Oh ! if the radiant veil by Mercy drawn  
 Before the eyes of Love, radiant but deep,  
 With most mysterious emblems wrought therein,  
 Whose beauty intercepts the ghastly sights  
 To and fro passing 'tween them and the sky,  
 Were rent away, how suddenly those eyes  
 Would then be blasted, and the soul that gazed  
 Out from their tears upon some object held  
 Holiest of all most holy, by a blow  
 Be broken all at once, a fiendish blow



Struck by a hand unhallowing in the light,  
 The dismal light of truth that shows the earth  
 Fit habitation only for despair !

A blessing, therefore, call hypocrisy !  
 Sacred be falsehood ! and deceit a name  
 To desecrate blasphemous ! Sin this sphere  
 Would people else with a distracted crowd  
 Of ghosts, in their discovered wickedness  
 Daring no more to look upon the sun ;  
 Nor, midst the upbraidings of each other's eyes,  
 To hope for pardon from Almighty Heaven !

And yet the Demon hath a human heart,  
 Nor is it dead to filial piety ;  
 For pious even is natural tenderness,  
 Awaking unawares, and unawares  
 Partaking of mysterious feeling born  
 Of origin celestial—mixed with clay.  
 What else hath brought the Pirate from the sea ?  
 What else hath shown once more with all its plumes  
 On his own mountains shining like a star,  
 The chief of Morven's death-denouncèd head ?  
 When sunk the bright Saldanha, where wert thou ?  
 Thy country's voice ere long will call on thee  
 To tell in what long darkness Unimore  
 Hath hid his name and being, whither sailed  
 When she was wrecked, as wave-born rumours yet  
 Dark-floating tell, one of the Frigate's boats  
 Deep-laden with a crew of mutineers.  
 Build, captain, crew, all but her name unknown,  
 Fleeter than winds and waves o'er many a sea,  
 For many a year pursued in vain, hath flown  
 The Black Sea-Eagle. Black at times she flew,  
 As was the tempest she delighted in ;  
 But bright at times, with her new bravery on,  
 And like some floating palace built for kings,  
 Burnished her hull and deck, and up aloft  
 Burning with meteors uneclipsed by clouds  
 Rolled idly towards her unapproachèd path  
 By single ship or squadron falling fast  
 To leeward, as the Pirate, every gun  
 Silent, went windward fearless through the foam,  
 Glorious in flight before all enemies.

“Woe to the lovely Fawns that sport and play  
By their fair selves among the forest-bowers !  
The cruel Osprey with his talons tears  
Their beauty, and they perish side by side !”  
So prophesied the cliff-cave Seër wild ;  
But evil thing or thought may not approach  
By day their happy waking, nor by night  
Their holy sleep ; for Powers invisible  
Keep watch and ward o’er Innocence ; she lies  
Safe in the moonlight, in the sunshine safe  
She walks, although upon the precipice  
Her couch be spread, although along its edge  
Should glide her blind feet by the dread abyss.  
Then for the Orphan-sisters have no fears ;  
As fair as lilies and as glad as larks  
They grow and sing, while banks and braes are bright  
With their pale beauty, with their voices sweet,  
Air, sky, and clouds for ever musical.

With mournful steps and melancholy eyes  
No more they move around the bed or bier  
Of their blest mother ; and if tears at times  
Come o’er their cheeks, they are but like the dew  
On flowers, that only falls on quiet nights,  
And melts on sunny morns. Their faces now  
In joy’s full daylight even more beautiful  
Than when grief, like a gentle gloaming, dimmed  
Their pensive loveliness ; for Nature wills  
That cloudless be the clime, the ether pure  
Within the eyes of young virginity,  
Gladdening whate’er they look on, in return  
Gladdened, till life is all one heavenly smile,  
And things insensate fair as those with life.  
Around that bed and bier they minister  
With piety that finds its own reward  
In its own perfect happiness ; their hymns,  
Went to ascend on high with melodies  
Almost too sad, with harmonies themselves  
Felt, in their pity, almost too profound,  
Are warbled now, without offence to Heaven,  
With a meek cheerfulness ; and as they sing,  
The Orphans, listening to their own sweet strains,  
Humbly believe that all the prayers they breathe  
Do find acceptance,—why their mother’s face,  
So very pale, else seem so very blest !

But ever when unto that bier or bed  
 Her son approaches, then do glide away  
 The thoughtful Orphans, often murmured back ;  
 And at a little distance they sit down,  
 Whether it be within some forest glade  
 Taking their seat below another tree,  
 Or in deep window breathing mute apart  
 Within that holy room where they had watched  
 Alternately, by day and night, for years  
 When he was far away, whose presence now  
 Makes theirs—so think they—but of little worth.  
 Oh ! meek mistake of sweet humility !  
 For many cells are in that mother's heart,  
 And open to her Orphans are they all ;  
 All save the very inmost, dedicate  
 To the sole image of her only son,  
 When nature, by religion overcome,  
 Feels, that in reverence of herself, the bliss  
 Must be all-secret on the Sabbath-hour  
 That sees once more within a mother's arms,  
 With supplicating prayers encircling him,  
 A long-lost son beneath the eye of God.

But when the pious mother all alone  
 Wished sometimes to be left, that she might drink  
 The solitary cup of peace divine,  
 Then with the sinless orphans Unimore  
 Walked, as a gentle brother loves to walk  
 With his sweet sisters in their blossoming  
 Flowers lovelier growing every sunny day,  
 Through the wide-warbling woods, the glens serene  
 Lengthening away in endless solitude,  
 Each beauteous bending but a novel glimpse  
 Of the same Paradise ; one treeless all,  
 And with smooth herbage green as emerald,  
 As if the river once had been a loch,  
 In olden time o'erflowing all the braes ;  
 Another broken here and there with groves  
 Crowning the knolls, the rocky side-skreens strewn  
 With straggling copse up to the falcon's nest ;  
 Or suddenly, all sullen and austere  
 Into some place composed of precipice  
 Washed bare as sea-cliffs by tempestuous floods,  
 Where goat doth never hang, nor red-deer couch,  
 Nor raven croak ; herb, blade, bud, leaf, and flower,



All withered from the utter barrenness.  
 Such the grim desolation where Ben-Hun  
 And Craig-na-torr, by earthquake shatterings  
 Disjoined with horrid chasms prerupt, enclose  
 What Superstition calls The Glen of Ghosts.

There stunned by such soul-shaking solitudes,  
 By such heart-soothing solitudes subdued,  
 Sitting on each side of their Unimore,  
 Their brave and beauteous brother, to wild tales  
 Of battle and of shipwreck, and of chains  
 For hopeless years worn in captivity,  
 The Orphans listened, and when listening wept,  
 And weeping felt that never until then  
 Had they enjoyed the perfect bliss of tears.

There sometimes at his bidding they would sing  
 Old Gaelic tunes to Gaelic words as old,—  
 For with the heather-bloom and heather-balm  
 It seemed as if these children had imbibed  
 Music and verse, and scarce their murmuring lips  
 Betrayed the secret of their Lowland birth ;—  
 As Unimore, with smiles, would sometimes say—  
 “ So perfectly within that chapel, ye,  
 From holy ministrations, in the huts  
 From humble talk, and in our mother’s room  
 From converse with high thoughts familiar  
 Between yourselves, to charm the ear of her  
 Whose once-sweet tongue had lost the power of speech ;  
 So perfectly from such dear lessons, ye,  
 Through a fine ear a fine soul listening,  
 Have caught our mountain-accent, and have learnt  
 Our many-coloured language, sometimes bright  
 With rainbow hues, and sometimes dim with shades  
 Flung from the forests, and sometimes with gloom  
 Black, such as falls down from a thunder-cloud  
 On the still dreariness of savage moors ;  
 All imaged in that wondrous poetry  
 Floating in fragments o’er the wilderness,  
 Songs Ossianic never sung before  
 So sweetly as now by my sweet sisters’ lips  
 In sound accordant, as in sympathy  
 Their souls, by Heaven in loveliness enshrined !  
 O sinless Orphans ! never in your prayers,  
 When seas between you and your brother roll

Again their howling multitude of waves,  
From Morven far, forget your Unimore !”

Words full of peril to these simple ones !  
But heard withouten fear ; yet all the while  
That they were singing—all the while that he  
Was speaking to them with a voice that rung  
As the harp’s silver chords profound and clear,  
And passion-charged with tones electrical—  
Passion that seemed fraternal tenderness  
For them who on their birthday had been left  
Orphans, as well he knew ; Oh ! all that while  
Had they been looking, in their innocence,  
Upon a form majestically fair  
In its ancestral pride ; and in their hearts  
Elate by that heroic poetry,  
They thought, nor knew that in the thought was lodged  
The fatal germ of a wild growth of woe,  
That chief so bright as he before their eyes,  
Ne’er fought of old in war of chariots  
By Ossian sung on Morven’s Hills of Storm !

And often in the breezy sunshine, when  
The Loch was blue as heaven, and not a cloud  
Could find one spot of calm to show itself  
In soft reflection in the shadiest bay,—  
Rejoicing to forsake her anchorage  
Within that wooded amphitheatre,  
Filled full of life and beauty, and as white  
As snow-wreath yet unmelted in the cove  
High on the mountain, all her flags on fire  
Up in the air, and in the waves below  
Her burnished gunwale flushing, and her hull  
Fair as the foam that murmured round her prow,  
The winds obedient to her, so it seemed,  
And not she to the winds, circling the Loch,  
Or shooting arrow-like from end to end,  
Or then, capricious, intersecting it  
With many a figure most fantastical,—  
Like wild-swan swimming in his stately play  
All for his mate’s delight, among the reeds  
Brooding in secret, or in sheltered nook  
Among the water-lilies floating still  
With her two cygnets,—the long summer-day  
Too short for all her aimless voyaging,

For other aim with her but freedom's joy  
 Was none, her bright apparel as she flew  
 Brightening as if she gathered to herself  
 The choicest light, and would not let it go,  
 The NAIAD, making that great liquid glen  
 All her own empire, steered by Unimore,  
 And by his side the Orphans lost in dreams  
 Bewildering all their being with delights  
 Imagination breathes o'er virgin love,  
 Returned not to her haven till the stars  
 Showed eve had come, or till the moon arose,  
 And closed the long day with a day-like night.

## VISION EIGHTH.

## THE CONFESSION.

The Book of Nature and the Book of God  
 Interpreted by dreadless Piety,—  
 Pursuing her vocation, unappalled  
 By mystery of evil, 'mid the stars  
 Whose places are appointed in the sky,  
 Or 'mid the goings-on of human hearts,  
 A planetary system hard to scan,  
 But in its strange irregularities  
 Obeying steadfast laws,—on every page  
 In lines of light a calm assurance gives  
 To spiritual faith of one immortal truth,  
 "Beloved by Heaven are all the innocent!"  
 We see them disappear in sudden death,  
 And leaving tender spots of sunniness  
 Darker than if that radiance ne'er had shone.  
 The beauty of their faces is eclipsed  
 For ever; and for ever their sweet names  
 Forgotten, or when read upon their tombs,  
 We know not what surpassing grace endowed  
 The dust that once was life. Sometimes they wane  
 Slowly and sadly into dim decay,  
 Dying by imperceptible degrees  
 Hourly before our eyes that still must shed  
 Their foolish tears for them who for themselves  
 Weep not, but gaze with orbs of joyful light



Upon the coming dawn. The Innocents  
 Are thus for ever melting from the earth,  
 Like dewdrops all at once, or like dewdrops  
 Slowly exhaled. But never in our grief  
 Lose we our righteous confidence in Heaven.  
 Long as they live, our spirits cling and cleave  
 To theirs, unwilling that they should depart  
 From our home to their own—our chilly clime  
 To that pure ether where the lily white  
 Shall never droop nor wither any more,  
 Perennial by the founts of Paradise.  
 But when we see the bosom has no breath,  
 And that indeed the lovely dust is dead,  
 With faith how surely resignation comes,  
 And smiles away all mortal sorrowing !  
 Annihilated is all distance then  
 Between the blackness of the coffin-lid  
 And Mercy's Throne of shining chrysolite ;  
 While in the hush, at first so terrible,  
 As if the spirit sang to comfort them,  
 Their own child's blissful voice both parents hear  
 Among the hallelujahs. Death is not,  
 And nothing is but everlasting life.  
 " Beloved of Heaven are all the innocent ! "

Oh ! by this creed supported, look ye now  
 Upon these Orphan sisters ! Mortal change  
 Their beauty undergoes ;—each countenance  
 Hath lost its light celestial, and is dim  
 With troubled happiness that looks like grief,  
 A grief like woe, a woe, alas ! like guilt !—  
 And have the Orphans come at last to know  
 That misery treads on fallen innocence,  
 And that the wages here of sin are death ?  
 Fear not : they both are wretched—nevermore  
 Shall gladness dance within their eyes—their smiles  
 Shall never more revive the drooping flowers ;  
 And never more shall any looks of theirs,  
 When gazing up they thither send their souls,  
 Lend their own calmness to the calm of heaven !  
 Fear not : they both are wretched—both are blest—  
 Nor blameless are they in their wretchedness,  
 Nor in their bliss—but taint of sin is none  
 Upon their bosoms, more than on the leaves  
 Of rose or lily withering when half-blown,

By Nature not permitted to enjoy  
The loveliness of its own perfect prime.

This is their birthday. Seventeen years of peace  
Have floated o'er their being—a long time  
Felt they, the Orphans, to look back upon,  
As their souls, travelling always in the light  
Through crowds of happy thoughts and things, retraced  
Life in among the fading memories  
Of earliest childhood, meeting all at once  
The blank of infancy's evanished dream.  
And yet how short a time for all that growth  
Of heart, and mind, and soul, and spirit! All  
The flowers and fruitage on the wondrous Tree  
Of Being from a germ immortal sprung.  
Profound the wisdom is of Innocence.  
She taught the Orphans all their knowledge, high  
As are the stars, yet humble as the flowers;  
And bathed it all in feeling, as the light  
Of stars, when at their brightest, radiant,  
And soft as is the bloom of flowers, when they  
Look fearless back upon their earliest spring.  
She taught them pity and the lore of grief,  
Whose language is the inarticulate breath  
Of sacred sighs, and written on the air  
In purest tears, mysterious characters  
Seen in the sun when Nature's self is blest.  
She gave unto the Orphans' quiet eyes  
The sense of beauty that makes all the earth  
Without an effort, and unconsciously,  
Fair as the sinless soul that looks on it.  
She filled their spirits with o'erflowing love,  
Till on the flower the peaceful butterfly  
Was thought a holy thing, because its life  
Appeared so happy, and the flower itself  
Fairer, for that it seemed to feel the joy  
Asleep upon its balm. With loftier love  
She did their hearts inspire, the love of all  
Which in itself is loveliest, and they knew  
It must be their own filial piety,  
When at their mother's side, at morn and eve,  
Knelt all their knees together down at once  
Before the Throne of God. And Innocence  
It was, none other, who the holy light  
Of conscience gently brought upon their eyes,

And showed the paths of duty in that light  
 To be mistaken never, strewn with flowers  
 That lay as soft as snow beneath their feet.  
 But ever when into that Oratory  
 They walked, and by their mother's bier knelt down  
 Beside the Altar, then did Innocence  
 Surrender up her trust, and from the skies  
 Into that Sabbath-calm Religion came,  
 Descending duly as the Orphans hymned  
 Their Miserere ; hers the voice that said,  
 While their lips lingered on the crucifix,  
 " For His sake, Children, are your sins forgiven ! "

Such was their life—but now that life is gone  
 Upon their very birthday Unimore  
 Has sailed away to join his ship that lies  
 Beyond the farthest of the Hebride Isles,  
 With promise to his mother and to them  
 Ere winter is heard howling to return,  
 And leave the glens of Morven ne'er again.  
 They had not heart together to behold,  
 Carrying the sunshine with her down the Loch,  
 The NAIAD, that appeared to dance away  
 Heedless of all the hills, and rocks, and woods,  
 As she were longing for some far-off home,—  
 All at an end their blissful voyagings  
 In that bright bark, and never more they felt  
 To be renewed in this forsaken life,—  
 Dancing away, impatient as the Mew  
 That, wearied of the inland stillness, wheels  
 Her joyful flight back to her native sea.  
 Apart the Orphans on the Naiad gazed,  
 And long kept gazing on the vacant waves  
 Long after by eclipsing promontory  
 Had been cut off her white wings from the day ;  
 One sitting on a greensward-brae far up  
 Among the rocks, one on the Western Tower ;  
 Each knowing in her utter misery  
 What pangs are rending then her sister's heart ;  
 But both—O rueful selfishness of woe !  
 Insensible to pity, and absorpt  
 In suffering kindred, so they feel, to guilt.

At last the lovely greensward-brae has grown  
 Unto the wretched creature weeping there



No more supportable ; and from the tower  
 Blindly comes down her sister by dark stairs ;  
 Both walking in one woe towards the place  
 Where first before their eyes stood Unimore,  
 And seized upon their hearts, that ne'er again  
 Did beat as quietly as they used to beat  
 When bliss sufficient for the day it was  
 To see the glad light in each other's eyes,  
 To blend their voices in the same sad song,  
 And at some tale of sorrow to inquire,  
 One of the other, how it chanced that smiles  
 Were sweetest then when most bedimmed with tears.  
 Before the Altar of the Oratory  
 They meet—and start each other's face to see  
 So woe-begone—for each is like a ghost,  
 And both do look as longing for the grave.

They sit down speechless on the Altar steps ;  
 And now revives the sacred sympathy  
 That used to link their happy souls in one,  
 As if their fair breasts mutually exchanged  
 Lives, nor the transfer knew in the divine  
 Delight of equal and of perfect love.  
 Around each other's necks they lay their arms,  
 And for forgiveness sob out syllablings  
 Of broken supplications and stopt prayers,  
 Dismal implorings indistinct and dim  
 Addressed now to each other, now to God ;  
 And as the name sends shivering through their frames,  
 Mysteriously pervaded from their birth  
 With all the self-same sensibilities,  
 One shudder, by the lips of both at once  
 Convulsively is uttered—“Unimore !”

The bright-haired Orphan first hath found her voice  
 Fit for confession, and her sister folding  
 More closely to her breast that soul and soul  
 May touch, again she prays forgiveness,  
 And wanders through the story of her love,  
 Her love for him who has forsaken her,  
 And left her bosom for the stormy seas.  
 “Oh ! Sister ! well I knew that for his sake  
 Not loth wouldst thou be any hour to die ;  
 For in my heart the love that burned away  
 Sleeping or waking, told me that in thine

The same fire was consuming all thy peace ;  
 And much I wept for thee, when Unimore  
 Beseeched me to become his wedded wife ;  
 Yea ! happiest of the happy had I been  
 In these my days of blameless innocence,  
 Had I upon my deathbed been but told  
 That Heaven had a long life of love in store  
 For thee and him, nor would the funeral  
 Of such a wretch, alas ! as I am now,  
 Have needed, half-forgotten in your bliss,  
 To dim the sunshine on your marriage morn.  
 Oh ! sister ! pardon while thou pitiest me ;  
 If pardon anywhere below the skies  
 Can be extended to my cruel sin !  
 That very day on which I saw thee lie  
 Down in thy hopeless love for Unimore,  
 And heard thee muttering in distressful sleep,  
 Prayers for an early death—that very sun  
 Beheld me in my sorrow and my shame,  
 Sailing with him away to Oronsay ;  
 And in the Chapel on that fatal isle  
 We stood beside the Altar, and its priest  
 Before our Maker and our Saviour made  
 Our beings one ; but sin unhallowed it,  
 And filled the sacred service full of tears,  
 Tears of remorse, and tears of penitence ;  
 For greater wickedness on earth than mine  
 There might not be, who overcome by prayers  
 From him who had no pity, did consent  
 To break,—I see it breaking, so is mine,—  
 My sister's heart, in which there was no guile,  
 Nothing but love for me and Unimore !”

She speaks unto the dead—her sister's eyes  
 Are fixed and glazed, her face is as the clay  
 Clammy and cold, and rigid is her frame,  
 As if laid out for burial in its shroud.  
 “O Unimore ! thou broken hast my heart,  
 And I have broken hers ! soon has our sin  
 Destroyed us all. Thy ship will sink at sea,  
 And thou wilt perish, for in Providence  
 No trust canst thou have, nor, I fear, belief !  
 This dreadful sight hath opened thy bride's eyes,  
 Thy wife's, thy widow's : but for holy names  
 Like these, thou carest not in thy cruelty,

Nor wouldst thou shed one tear to see us both  
Lying alone here miserably dead !”

Enters the old priest, with his locks of snow  
And bowed down figure reverential,  
And takes his stand beside the Altar-steps,  
With withered hands, in attitude of prayer  
Clasped o'er the Orphans.

“ Father! I have killed  
My Sister! she hath died for Unimore's  
And for my sin. Oh! water from the font  
With holy sprinklings may restore her life  
A little while, and in forgiveness  
Our souls depart to judgment !”

“ Daughter! thou  
Art guiltless, and thy Sister knows no guilt,  
Except the stain of fallen humanity!  
But guilt lies heavy on this hoary head;  
For I it was who, in my old age, won  
From the plain path of duty, did declare  
Thy Sister wedded unto Unimore  
Before this very altar, though I knew  
He was a man of guilt and many crimes  
Uncleansed, uncleansable; for penitence  
Sails not with him upon the seas, remorse  
Shall never walk among the hideous crew  
That on their Pirate-leader yell for blood.  
I loved his noble sire—too well I love  
Him in his sin—and have brought misery  
On all I most do love and reverence  
On earth, his sainted mother, and his wife  
Now lying at thy feet. Forgiveness  
Is wanted most by the old foolish man  
Who thus hath steeped his hoary locks in shame,  
And to the Demon given thy sister's soul.  
Oh! little need has now thy innocence  
For intercession of the holy Saints.  
But I will sprinkle ashes on my head!  
Pray for me, daughter—for I need thy prayers !”

Kneels the old priest upon the Altar-steps,  
And bending low, his long locks overflow  
The Orphans' heads both lying tranquilly,



Nor any motion have their bosoms now ;  
 Hard-beating there is none—a single sigh  
 Was all he heard, when sinking gently down,  
 Beside that other body, she to whom  
 He had been speaking in her paleness lay  
 Corpse-like to his dim eyes most pitiful :  
 And is it thus that they do celebrate  
 Their birthday—shall it be their day of death !

### VISION NINTH.

#### EXPIATION.

Oh ! if our eyes could look into the hearts  
 Of human dwellings standing quietly  
 Beneath the sunrise in sweet rural spots,  
 Far from all stir, and haply green and bright  
 With fragrant growth of dewy leaves and flowers,  
 Where bees renew their murmuring morn, and birds  
 Begin again to trill their orisons,  
 Nature and Life exchanging their repose  
 For music and for motion, happier both  
 And in their happiness more beautiful  
 Than sleep with all its dreams,—Oh ! if our eyes  
 Could penetrate these consecrated walls  
 Whose stillness seems to hide an inward bliss  
 Diviner than the dawn's, what woeful sights  
 Might they behold ! Hands clasped in hopeless prayers  
 By dying beds, or pale cheeks drenched in tears  
 Beside cheeks paler far, in death as white  
 As the shroud-sheets on which the corpses lie ;  
 Or tossings of worse misery far, where Guilt  
 Implores in vain the peace of Penitence,  
 Or sinful Passion, struggling with Remorse,  
 Becomes more sinful, in its mad desire  
 To reconcile with God's forbidding laws  
 A life of cherished vice, or daringly  
 Doubts or denies eternal Providence !

Where, then, would be the beauty—where the bliss  
 Of dawn that comes to purify the earth  
 And all that breathes upon it, at the hour  
 Chosen for her own delight by Innocence !

There would they still be, gracious and benign  
 And undisturbèd all by grief or guilt  
 Powerful to curl the heart's-blood into ice  
 That blows may break not, but one drop of dew,  
 Powerless to stir upon the primrose leaf.  
 The fairest things in nature sympathise  
 In our imaginations with our life,  
 Only as long as we are virtuous ;  
 Nor lovely seems the lily nor the rose,  
 When our white thoughts have all been streaked by sin,  
 Or guilt hath bathed them in appalling hues  
 Of its own crimson, such as Nature sheds  
 On no sweet flowers of hers, though they are bright  
 On earth as setting suns are bright in heaven.

Look now on Castle Unimore ! The stars  
 Shine clear above its turrets—and the moon  
 With her mild smiling gladdens all the heaven ;  
 Serene the blue sky—the white clouds serene,  
 The mountain-tops are as serene as they ;  
 Serenely to the Loch are flowing on  
 The rivers, and on its serenity  
 With folded wings sit all the birds of calm ;  
 While many echoes all confused in one,  
 A sound mysterious coming from afar,  
 But deepen Nature's universal hush,  
 A strange song singing in the solitude !

Peace reigneth here—if there on earth be peace ;  
 And peace profound is Nature's holiest joy.  
 But doth the lady of the castle share  
 The calm celestial ? Doth its blessing sink  
 Into our Orphans' hearts ? Unfold, ye gates !  
 Ye massy walls, give way, and let the eyes  
 Of fear, and love, and pity, penetrate  
 Into the secret hold of misery !

And is the secret hold of misery  
 So still a place as this ? without one sigh—  
 Without one groan—no voice of weeping heard—  
 At times no loud lament—She bides not here—  
 Or if she bide, then misery's self is dead.

Among the moonlight glimmer, lo ! the bier  
 On which the pious lady visiteth

The Oratory on the Isle of Rocks,  
 Within the Glen of Prayer! A little lamp  
 Is now seen mingling with the light from heaven  
 Its own wan lustre, and a face appears,  
 A face and figure of one lying still,  
 So very still, from forehead unto feet,  
 That the soul knows at once it is not sleep.  
 And she is in her shroud—her thin hands yet  
 Are folded on her breast, as they were wont  
 To be when living, and the fingers hold  
 With unrelaxing clasp the Crucifix ;  
 But they are hidden by that awful veil  
 Whose moulderings many ages will go on  
 Invisibly, nor thought of in the air  
 Where mortals breathe in their forgetfulness  
 Of all that doth belong to buried death.  
 Sprinklings of flowers there are upon the shroud  
 Pale as itself, by whose hands sprinkled there  
 No need to tell ; and, lo ! upon the rest  
 On which the head reposes, there is placed,—  
 The bright-haired Orphan drew it in her bliss,  
 Her dark-haired sister hath bestowed it well,—  
 A picture of her son—her Unimore !

Divine had been that mother's close of life  
 Illumined by the presence of her son,  
 Lifting his bright head up above the sea ;  
 And heaven decreed her death should be divine.  
 She knew not of his sins, for she was blind  
 To all on earth but that delightful face  
 Which she had seen in many a hideous grave  
 Haunting her hourly, night and day, for years ;  
 And deaf to all but that delightful voice  
 Which from the still dust, or the howling waves,  
 Had come with all the music loved of yore,  
 And more than all the music on her soul  
 Uproused by that maternal ecstasy,  
 To more than life-prime's passion-power restored.  
 She loved him more distractedly than e'er  
 She loved his sire, although all cruel deaths  
 For him she would have died. A mother's heart  
 Seems to contain unfathomed depths of love  
 Beyond the reach and needing not the aid  
 Of a son's love to feed it, in itself  
 For ever fed by nature's mystic springs,



In their warm gushings inexhaustible,  
And freezing only in the frost of death.

Unquestioning happiness had embraced the boon.  
Her speech had been restored that she might breathe  
Prayers audible to her own grateful heart,  
That she might blessings pour herself could hear  
On that undrowned and dazzling head of his  
That bore upon it the whole light of heaven.  
She knew not of his life upon the sea  
Save of his shipwrecks—of his life on land  
Save of the cells of his captivities.  
That he did love the Orphan-sisters well,  
And that they well did love her Unimore,  
She knew, and happy often was to think  
That he who was a brother to them now  
Would be a father when their mother died.  
She saw the Naiad dancing out of day,  
And had no fears. “Mid-summer gales,” he said,  
“Blow softly ever mid the Hebrides,  
And the young moon some gentle night will see  
My bark returning gaily up the glen,  
All ended then her ocean-voyagings  
In the home-haven of Loch-Unimore.”  
She told her daughters all that day to leave  
Their mother to herself—and when at eve  
They had been carried in a dying state  
Into the Castle from the Oratory,  
That dismal trial had her soul been spared ;  
For like a shadow on a sunny place  
Had death fallen on the quiet of her bier,  
And while the Orphans dree’d their agonies  
Her heart was hushed—her spirit was in heaven.

’Tis midnight now—and on to-morrow morn  
Which is the Sabbath,—they have chosen well  
Her burial-day,—soon after dawn the bier  
Will be borne down into the Glen of Prayer,  
And funeral-service in the Oratory  
Read o’er it by the humbled priest, whose age  
By one short week appeareth laden sore  
With weight worse than of years, the body then  
Within the cemetery of the Isle of Rocks  
Will be interred, while in the Western Tower  
A lonely watch is o’er the Orphans kept,

That they may rise not from their restless beds,  
And walk in fond delirium to the grave.

Fair ghosts ! who through the castle glide by nights,  
Haunting its long-drawn corridors obscure,  
And always visiting this noiseless room  
At the same hour, with love that erreth not,  
It is so spiritual, and so true to time  
The sacred impulses that reign in sleep !  
Fair ghosts of them still living ! Not with fear—  
Though on their steps mysterious waiteth awe  
And wonder—not with fear do we behold  
The pale-faced Orphans walking in their dreams !  
Unclosed their eyelids, but their eyes as sweet,  
Fixed though they be, as when in wakefulness  
They used to watch beside their mother's bed !  
Deep reconcilment hath now linked their souls,  
Else never had their bodies glided thus  
In sleep's celestial union, up and down  
The castle gloom and glimmer, sanctified  
By saintly show of such exceeding love !  
Who wrought the shrouds in which ye snow-white walk !  
Who for the tomb adorned you with pale flowers  
By pity gathered in the shady nooks  
Of forest-woods where loveliest leaves are dim,  
And wither as they smile—as ye do now,  
In dying beauty visiting the dead !  
Your own hands wrought the shrouds—your own hands  
dropt  
The rath flowers here and there upon the folds ;  
As they had done unto the flowery shroud  
Of her ye come to kiss now in your sleep.  
What reverential kneelings at the bier !  
And what love mingled with the reverence !  
Divided only by your mother's corse  
You kneel, nor yet in that communion know  
How near to one another ! Unimore  
Is now forgotten as he ne'er had been ;  
His image is permitted not to come  
On worship such as this ; again your life  
In maiden innocence unstained flows on  
Through the still world of melancholy dreams ;  
And in delusion breathed from heaven you weep  
For sole sake of your mother, who has died,  
You think, without a glimpse of her lost son.

Lo! each alternately a kiss lets fall  
 On the shut eyes, and cheeks and forehead swathed,  
 Nor fears the white lips, nor their touch though cold  
 Refuses, as they seem to meet with theirs  
 In unexpired affection! But no word  
 The one or other speaks—serenely mute;  
 Then satisfied with filial piety,  
 The kneelers slowly rise up to their feet,  
 And of each other's presence unaware,  
 Though all the while their fixed eyes filled with love  
 Straight on each other's faces seem to look,  
 First one and then the other on her breast  
 Doth fold her hands, and gently bows her head  
 Towards the bier; then ghostlike glide away  
 Both to their chamber in the Western Tower.  
 And when they lie down in each other's arms,  
 May all good angels guard the Orphan's couch!

The moon is in meridian—and in full.  
 In the whole sky were not a single star,  
 Midnight would yet be bright; but there are stars  
 In thousands; all the fixed array is there,  
 In ranges loftier in infinitude  
 And loftier as you gaze; while nearer earth  
 Burn the large planets, objects of our love  
 Because placed in their beauty more within  
 The reaches of our souls when roaming heaven.  
 Look! look unto the castle battlements!  
 There are the Orphans walking in their sleep.  
 Dreadless along the precipice they glide  
 Above the coigns that hide the martin's nest;  
 But down the depth they gaze not, all their eyes  
 Are fixed afar upon the starry loch.  
 See on the Western Tower is sitting lone  
 The dark-haired Orphan, and that dark hair hangs,  
 Escaping from the fillet round its braids,  
 In sable shadows o'er the snow-white shroud.  
 "Why didst thou leave the Orphans, Unimore?  
 Thou shouldst have staid with us a little while,  
 And seen the wretches laid into their graves!"  
 Lying upon the Eastern battlement,  
 All heedlessly diffused as if in dreams  
 Among the sunshine on the greensward brae,  
 The bright-haired Orphan, with her golden locks  
 Dim in the piteous moonlight, sings a song



Of human love, as holy as a hymn  
Of love divine, and still at every close  
Pathetic, breathes the name of Unimore.  
At the same time they cease their singing wild,  
And passing to and fro along the edge  
Of death, unconscious of the abyss profound,  
Still as they meet, but meeting never touch,  
They blend their mournful voices into one,  
Hymning the same strain to the Throne of Grace,  
The same strain they did at the Altar sing,  
Kneeling together in the Oratory  
The day that witnessed Unimore's return.

Mute, motionless the gazers all below ;  
No stir, no whisper ; for they dread to wake  
The shrouded sleepers safe now in their sleep,  
But were it broken, what a fearful fall  
Instant would dash their bodies into death !  
There stands apart the melancholy Seer,  
And in humiliation there the priest ;  
There maidens stand who from the mountains came  
To tend the dying Orphans, or to weep  
Their unavailing tears ; and clansmen there  
In moody silence thinking on their chief,  
And wondering in their fealty that one  
So bright and brave, and like his blameless sire,  
Could so have sinned ; yet after him their prayers  
Are sent to guard his ship upon the sea.

Lo ! gliding o'er the greensward esplanade  
In front of the old castle, side by side,  
Yet touching not their figures nor their hands,  
Shadowy and strange the shrouded sisters go,  
And carry now their snow-white beauty dim  
Away to the dark woods ! Then disappear,  
Each by a well-known pathway of her own,  
Into the Glen of Prayer. All follow them  
With reverential footsteps stilled by fear  
And by love hastened, down the shaggy depth,  
At whose base roars a river bridged with trees  
Storm-laid across the chasms, by their old roots  
Held fast, and on the opposing precipice  
Green their top branches, living bridges bright  
With mossy verdure, but their shaking stems  
Hanging unledged o'er foamy waterfalls.

A perilous place ! But oft their sportive feet  
Have glided o'er these bridges, as the fawns  
Fearless behind their dam, when she instructs  
Their steps in danger, ere the hunter's horn  
Startle her lonely lair ; and they have learnt  
To look down o'er the chasms, like youngling birds  
All unafraid within their hanging nests  
Above the spray of cataracts ; their eyes  
Familiar with the foam that floats below  
As with the clouds that sail along the sky.  
And on these bridges oft hath Unimore  
Led them along, a sister on each side,  
For so he then would call them—and sometimes  
There glided with him only one, alone  
With her destroyer,—then she was his bride !

The group is gathered on the Isle of Rocks ;  
And lo ! across the giant pine-tree flung  
From cliff to cliff across a chasm, midway  
Between the blue air and the water black,  
The Orphans walk, and as they walk they meet,  
And meeting they awake. The dismal noise  
Below them of the boiling cataract,  
The horrid glimmer of the swimming cliffs,  
And dim affrightments of the hideous chasm  
Enveloping their being all at once  
In what now seemeth death, a shrilly shriek  
From both their bosoms wrench insanely out,  
“ O God of mercy—save us, Jesu ! save ! ”  
And yet each fearing for the other more  
Than for herself, with mutual clasp they clutch  
Each other's bodies in a last embrace,  
And from the pine-tree swerving, not a hand  
Stretched from on high to save, into the pool  
Raging below they drop, and whirled a while  
Like weeds or branches round about on foam,  
They disappear, while all the Isle of Rocks  
Is one wild outcry vainly piercing heaven !

Despair may seek to lift the coffin-lid  
As if it madly dreamt life might be there !  
Despair may go into the mouldy vault  
And strive to think the echo of its feet  
The stirring of the shrouded. But Despair

May shoot not down that chasm its blinded eyes,  
And know not that the Orphans are with God.

There is no shrieking now ; upon their knees  
Around the kneeling priest drop one and all ;  
All but the Seer--and he his withered hands  
Uplifts, and with wild wavings down the Glen  
Motions the clansmen, who arise and go  
Where'er he wills ; for he obeys his dreams,  
And they believe that in the wilderness  
Dreams shadow the whole imagery of death.  
The river, splintered on the Isle of Rocks,  
Through separate chasms goes boiling, all unseen ;  
But reappearing as the Isle slopes down  
Into a sylvan scene, where all is peace,  
Gently it flows along the cemetery  
That in the quiet water hangs its tombs.  
Thither they go, and on the bank sit down  
Like men in idlesse gazing on the foam ;  
When lo ! faint-whitening in a lucid pool  
With a strong current, moving slowly on  
All eyes at once behold the blended shrouds !  
No need to drag them from the water—they  
Are on the silver sand. With tenderest hands  
They lift the Orphans and their bodies lay,  
Weeping, for men are not ashamed to weep  
When pity bids them, on a greensward bed  
Warmed by the earliest touches of the dawn,  
For all the stars have faded, and the moon  
Is gone, although they knew it not till now,  
And almost perfect day has filled the skies.

All there have often seen the face of death,  
And almost always 'tis the face of peace.  
But this is not the face of death and peace,  
It is the face of an immortal joy.  
Fear left it falling o'er the precipice,  
And Love bestowed her beauty on the eyes  
Though they are shut, and on the lips, though they  
Are white almost as forehead or as breast,  
And these are like the snow. One face it seems ;  
While each is lovely, both the calm of heaven !

Where art thou, Unimore ? Thou art forgiven  
By them who died for thee—Oh ! may thy sins



Find mercy, though no mercy thou didst show  
 Unto these loving Orphan-innocents !  
 Perhaps, even now, a dream assails thy Ship  
 Showing this sorry sight—this greensward bed—  
 These bodies—of these bright, these sable locks  
 Most mournful mixture—this death-fast embrace  
 Not even to be unlocked within the tomb.  
 “Judge not, lest thou be judged !” the Scriptures say.  
 Lodged in that mystery is celestial light ;  
 Let man seek in the Bible and he finds  
 What mercy means, and what is conscience,  
 And what it is that puts out or that dims  
 That light which is a law to all the race ;  
 For evil-thoughts and evil-doings, all  
 That is by God forbidden, bring on death  
 On those we love, as if we hated them ;  
 Nor halts the sinner upon shore or sea  
 Till he lets perish his immortal soul !

Down from the castle comes the lady's bier ;  
 And all together shall the three repose  
 Within one grave. Sleep-walking is there none,—  
 Though superstition sees it in the gloom  
 And tells of unlaid ghosts,—when “dust to dust”  
 Hath once been said by holy lips, and sealed  
 The tomb's mouth with a melancholy stone  
 Inscribed, when Love has sacred leisure found  
 From weeping over it, by moonlight nights,  
 With Grief and Pity.

The whole clan is there ;  
 And now the funeral-rites are all performed ;  
 And dying daisies, with their whitening leaves  
 Ere mid-day to be withered, on the turf  
 Are almost all that tells it was disturbed,  
 So perfect is the peace that seals the grave,  
 And gives the sleepers to oblivion.  
 Oblivion ! no—the memory of their lives,  
 So innocent that were and beautiful,  
 And to the brim filled full of happiness  
 Till of a sudden mortal misery came  
 With no forewarning, and dissolved the dream  
 In cold but welcome death, the memory  
 Of lives so lovely and exceeding pure,  
 When all the old heads stooping there have gone

Down to the dust, will in the breasts survive  
 Of all these mournful maidens and these youths  
 Mingling their hearts, as they will sometimes do  
 When meeting on the mountains they deplore  
 Long afterwards the affliction that befell  
 In that lone burial-place ; they will recite  
 In Sabbath quietude the tale of tears,  
 Unto their children's children, weeping eyes  
 For many a generation witnessing,  
 For them who live and die in piety,  
 How still and strong the sanctity of grief !

And thus the Orphans from their graves will breathe  
 A blessing o'er their own sweet wilderness ;  
 And if their ghosts before the misty sight  
 Of pity-wakened Fancy on the moors  
 In melancholy moonlight seem to glide,  
 And o'er the mountains, when the stars are dim  
 In dewy mist, and all the tender skies  
 Benignly smile in sympathy with souls  
 Blest with a cherished sorrow, in such robes  
 As sainted spirits are believed to wear  
 When singing round the Throne, all spotless white,  
 The Orphan-sisters o'er the solitude  
 Will holiness diffuse, love without fear,  
 Sent down by Mercy silent messengers,  
 To all that suffer but commit no wrong,  
 Of heavenly comfort, and to all that sin,  
 Of pardon, if that they repentant be,  
 Pardon through Jesus, and forgiveness wide  
 As God's ethereal house, Infinitude.

No longer linger on the Orphans' grave,  
 Ye virgin mourners ! For their mother weep  
 No more ! Earthborn our thoughts of space and time,  
 Partaking of our prison ! But the light  
 Shot down to us by sun or star is slow  
 When dreamt of with the spirit's instant gleam  
 From death to life—its change from earth to heaven.  
 A moment's bliss within those shining courts  
 Is in itself long ages—such their bliss  
 For whom you now are blindly shedding tears.  
 The morning-dews have melted all away,  
 So let your tears ! Oh ! what a joyful burst  
 Of woodland melodies o'erflows the glen !

Rejoicing nature o'er the cemetery  
 Pours light and music—why so sad your souls?  
 The day-spring from on high doth visit them,  
 A still small voice is whispering—Peace! Peace! Peace!

## VISION TENTH.

## RETRIBUTION.

Along Imagination's air serene  
 And on her sea serene we fly or float,  
 Like birds of calm that with the moonlight glide  
 Sometimes upon the wing, sometimes with plumes  
 Folded amid the murmur of the waves,  
 Far up among the mountains to the head  
 Of some great glen, enamoured of the green  
 And flowery solitude of inland peace.  
 Yet there the birds of calm soon find that mists,  
 And clouds, and storms, and hurricanes belong  
 Not to the sea alone; as we have found  
 That, in the quiet regions of the soul,  
 Removed, as we did dream, from sorrow far  
 And sin, there yet are doleful visitings  
 Of sin and sorrow both. But as the birds,  
 Returning to the ocean, take with them  
 All the sweet memories only, and forget  
 The blasts that to their native haunts again  
 Bore them away reluctant, nor do fear  
 Another time to let themselves be borne  
 On the same waftings back to the same place  
 Where they had wheeled about so happily,  
 Or on the greensward walked among the lambs;  
 Even so do we on our return to life,  
 Tumultuous even far more than is the sea,  
 Take with us all the sweetest memories  
 Of that still place which we had visited  
 In our calm-loving dreams, forgotten all,  
 Or but remembered dimly, the distress  
 That even there did come to trouble us;  
 Nor loth, but earnest, even most passionate  
 To wing our way back to the solitude  
 Once more, and there relapse into the bliss  
 That once so softly breathed o'er innocence.



Back through the glimmering regions of the past  
 Then let us fly again—and on a time  
 Take up our visionary residence,  
 Half-way between this glorious summer-day  
 Lying refulgent on Winander's waves,  
 And isles, and shores, and woods, and groves, and all  
 Her shadowy mountains well beloved of heaven,  
 And that sad morn but sweet when we beheld  
 The Orphan sisters with their mother laid  
 Beyond the reach of sorrow, which had found  
 Their dwelling out, though it was far remote  
 And solitary, amid Morven's glens  
 O'er which the lonely eagle loved to sail.

Again we sit in the dim world of dreams.  
 O'er Morven forty years have come and gone  
 Since, on the morning of that funeral,  
 The Isle of Rocks within the Glen of Prayer  
 Beheld the gathered clan of Unimore  
 Upon their knees around the Oratory,  
 Beseeching heaven to take into its rest  
 The spirits of the buried. Time and tide  
 Have washed away, like weeds upon the sands,  
 Crowds of the olden life's memorials,  
 And mid the mountains you as well might seek  
 For the lone site of Fancy's filmy dreams.  
 Towers have decayed, and mouldered from the cliffs,  
 Or their green age or grey has helped to build  
 New dwellings sending up their household smoke  
 From treeless places once inhabited  
 But by the secret sylvans. On the moors  
 The pillar-stone, reared to perpetuate  
 The fame of some great battle, or the power  
 Of storied necromancer in the wilds,  
 Among the wide change on the heather-bloom  
 By power more wondrous wrought than his, its name  
 Has lost, or fallen itself has disappeared ;  
 No broken fragment suffered to impede  
 The glancing ploughshare. All the ancient woods  
 Are thinned, and let in floods of daylight now,  
 Then dark and dorn as when the Druids lived.  
 Narrowed is now the red-deer's forest-reign ;  
 The royal race of eagles is extinct ;  
 But other changes than on moor and cliff  
 Have tamed the aspect of the wilderness.

The simple system of primeval life,  
Simple but stately, hath been broken down ;  
The clans are scattered, and the chieftain's power  
Is dead, or dying—but a name—though yet  
It sometimes stirs the desert. On the winds  
The tall plumes wave no more—the tartan green  
With fiery streaks among the heather-bells  
Now glows unfrequent—and the echoes mourn  
The silence of the music that of old  
Kept war-thoughts stern amid the calm of peace.  
Yet to far battle-plains still Morven sends  
Her heroes, and still glittering in the sun,  
Or blood-dimmed, her dread line of bayonets  
Marches with loud shouts straight to victory.  
A softened radiance now floats o'er her glens ;  
No rare sight now upon her sea-arm lochs  
The sail oft veering up the solitude ;  
And from afar the noise of life is brought  
Within the thunder of her cataracts.  
These will flow on for ever ; and the crests,  
Gold-tipt by rising and by setting suns,  
Of her old mountains inaccessible,  
Glance down their scorn for ever on the toils  
That load with harvests new the humbler hills  
Now shorn of all their heather-bloom, and green  
Or yellow as the gleam of Lowland fields.  
And bold hearts in broad bosoms still are there  
Living and dying peacefully ; the huts  
Abodes are still of high-souled poverty ;  
And underneath their lintels beauty stoops  
Her silken-snooded head, when singing goes  
The maiden to her father at his work  
Among the woods, or joins the scanty line  
Of barley-reapers on their narrow ridge  
In some small field among the pastoral braes.  
Still fragments dim of ancient poetry  
In melancholy music down the glens  
Go floating ; and from shieling roofed with boughs  
And turf-walled, high up in some lonely place  
Where flocks of sheep are nibbling the sweet grass  
Of midsummer, and browsing on the plants  
On the cliff-mosses a few goats are seen  
Among their kids, you hear sweet melodies  
Attuned to some traditionary tale  
By young wife sitting all alone, aware

From shadow on the mountain-horologe  
 Of the glad hour that brings her husband home  
 Before the gloaming, from the far-off moor  
 Where the black cattle feed—there all alone  
 She sits and sings, except that on her knees  
 Sleeps the sweet offspring of their faithful loves.

What change hath fallen on castle Unimore?  
 Hath her last chieftain been forgotten quite,  
 His Lady-Mother once to Morven dear,  
 The Orphans whom her bard did celebrate  
 By names he borrowed from the lavish sky  
 That loved its kindred loveliness to lend  
 To the fair spirits of the wilderness?

Behold the Glen of Prayer, the Isle of Rocks,  
 The Oratory, and the Place of Tombs!  
 And a small congregation gathered there  
 As if it were the Sabbath, and the bell  
 Among the silent mountains had been chiming  
 The peaceful people to the house of God.  
 O sacred Pity! or a holier name  
 Shall we unblamed bestow on Thee who art  
 No other than Religion, when the soul  
 Receives thee coming like the dewy dawn  
 Through dimness waxing bright? Thou dost preserve  
 The pleasant memories of all mournful things,  
 Making sweet Grief immortal, when she takes  
 The placid look and gentle character  
 Of Sorrow, softening every sight she sees  
 Through the slight mist of something scarcely tears.  
 The fate of the fair Orphans has become  
 A holy legend now; for few survive  
 Who saw them buried, and tradition tells  
 The outline only of their story, drawn  
 In colours dim, but still the hues of heaven.  
 Calm anniversary of a troubled day!  
 There sit the people, some upon the tombs,  
 Upon the turf-heaps some, and the low wall  
 That winds its ivy round the burial-place  
 Is covered here and there—a cheerful show;  
 As if it were some annual holiday,  
 Or festival devoted unto mirth  
 Who only waits the to-fall of the night



To wake the jocund sound of dance and song.  
 And yet o'er all a shade of melancholy  
 Seems breathing, more than what may appertain  
 To these still woods.

Lo ! formed in fair array,  
 A band of maidens in their best attire,—  
 Such as they wear when walking with a bride  
 Back from the Chapel to her father's house  
 Which she must now be leaving, or when all  
 The happy congregation bless the babe  
 Held gently up to the Baptismal font,—  
 One tomb encircle, by itself aloof  
 A little way from all the rest, one tomb  
 That in the very heart of sunshine sleeps ;  
 And hark ! they scatter over it, than flowers  
 More sweet, the holy harmony of hymns !  
 There lie the unforgotten Orphans—there  
 Lieth their mother's dust. The marble shows  
 Their sacred names bedimmed with weather-stains,  
 But still distinct, for the defacing moss  
 Is suffered not to gather on the lines  
 Oft looked on reverentially by eyes  
 That sometimes let the quiet tear-drops fall  
 Upon the holy text that strews the grave.

The hymns are silent on the lips that sang  
 So dolefully, but Echo in the cliff  
 Warbles one moment the concluding strain ;  
 And now the birds, that all the while were mute  
 On hearing of that plaintive melody,  
 Take up the dirge to tunings of their own  
 Inspired by fancy with an alien woe,  
 For glad are they within their summer-bowers ;  
 Though they too have their sorrows, when their nests  
 During short absence sometimes disappear  
 With all the nestlings, and the grove is pierced  
 With rueful cries of restless agony  
 Fluttering from tree to tree, and sore amazed  
 In instinct's passion at the grievous loss  
 That leaves the bare bough unendurable ;  
 Till far away the shrieking parents fly,  
 And sit down mute upon some desert-stone,  
 As dimly sad as human wretchedness !

Laden with old age, lo ! a white-haired man,

An unknown stranger coming from afar,  
 Enters the burial-place, nor from the ground  
 Uplifteth yet his eyes. But now their lids  
 Are raised, exposing melancholy orbs  
 And dim just like the blind's. "Show me their tomb!  
 He seems to see it; and he lays him down  
 On the white slab in all his misery,  
 Moaning their names, and with his withered lips  
 Kissing the letters, but without a tear.  
 Long has it been since that old phantom wept.  
 His brain is dry, and in those shrunken hands  
 Scarce creeps the livid blood—and now a voice  
 Hollowly utters, "I am Unimore!"

Clansmen, behold your chief! What think ye now,  
 Old men who walked with Unimore of old,  
 Following his high plumes o'er the mountain-cliffs,  
 What think ye now of Morven's Morning-star?  
 These locks of miserable snow did once  
 Dim the dark purple on the raven's wing;  
 That crawling form, like to a young oak-tree  
 When sunshine smites its glory, once did stand  
 Magnificent; in feeble hollowness  
 Expires the voice that on the battle-deck  
 At head of all his boarders, fear and death  
 Oft scattered, when, her bloody flag hung high,  
 The black Sea-Eagle thundered o'er the foam—  
 Clansmen, behold your chief!

A few old men,  
 True to the sacred love that burned of yore,  
 And faithful to all ancient memories,  
 Walk slowly towards him, and kneel down mute  
 Beside the wearied wanderer who hath found  
 At last a place of rest. Sighs, sobs, and groans  
 Go echoing round and round the Isle of Rocks.  
 "And is it thus our Unimore returns  
 To his own Morven! better had the sea  
 Swallowed his ship, than thus to send our chief  
 Back to his home, which must now be the grave!"

No words the phantom hears; his soul has gone  
 A long long journey, back to that bright month  
 Of wicked love and fatal, when he wooed

And won the Orphans, miserable brides,  
 Yet sinless, by their nuptials both undone.  
 Dim are his eyes, but now they penetrate  
 The marble and the earth beneath, and see  
 What is no longer there, the very shrouds  
 Flower-woven, and the lovely faces wan,  
 Looking as they did look that sunny morn  
 The sisters perished, walking in their sleep.  
 Swept from his memory many a once-deep trace  
 By passion and by trouble graven there  
 As if by eating fire ; but all the lines  
 Of all that love disastrous yet are left,  
 Of all that guilt inexpiable, of all  
 That sin that seemeth far beyond the reach  
 Of Heaven's own mercy. As if yesterday  
 Had been their day of burial, he beholds  
 The open grave, and he the thunder hears  
 With hollow peals within the grave, when falls  
 The first dread shovelling in of dust to dust,  
 That to the ears of stricken agony  
 Doth to its centre shake the solid earth.

The story of their death, like wintry wail  
 Of winds at midnight round the Pirate's ship,  
 Had access found unto the solitudes  
 Of the wide sea. For dire catastrophes  
 Make themselves known in many wondrous ways,  
 Sometimes by single syllables, that come  
 With pauses long, like tollings of a knell ;  
 Sometimes in revelations made in dreams.  
 If waking ears be deaf, or if the air  
 Bring not the ghastly tidings, Conscience  
 Confounds us with the truth in troubled sleep.

“ I smote their breasts—I broke their hearts—I  
 dashed  
 Their spotless bodies o'er the cataract—  
 I murdered them in all their innocence !—  
 The sorrow that belongs of right to Sin  
 I shot into the soul of Piety !  
 Stealing upon the Orphans at their prayers,  
 And violating the celestial calm  
 Which even I, an atheist, felt was breathed  
 From heaven, and from the power that reigns in  
 heaven !”



No pity needeth Penitence, for soft  
 And sweet, like distant music, are her dreams ;  
 But all the tears that pity hath, too few  
 To give unto Remorse, that swalloweth up  
 Its own, nor in them any blessing knows  
 Though poured in floods, all falling fruitlessly  
 As tropic torrents on the desert sands.  
 Many beseechings strive to pacify  
 The Wretchedness that once was Unimore ;  
 But crazed, they soon perceive, by misery crazed,  
 Is now the old man's brain. Wild wanderings take  
 His dim eyes up and down the Isle of Rocks,  
 And up and down all o'er the Glen of Prayer,  
 As if pursuing phantoms.

“ Look not so !

Oh ! hide from me your melancholy eyes,  
 And all their meek upbraidings ! Not from heaven  
 Should spirits thus come upon a sinner's curse,  
 To make the misery more than he can bear,  
 And misery much already hath he borne.  
 Ye from your bliss have seen my mortal woe,  
 Shipwrecked and sold to slavery, and ye ken  
 What I do not, how it did come that chains  
 Were round about my body and my limbs  
 For many sunless, many moonless years,  
 In a strange place—it seemed to be a cell,  
 Sometimes as sultry as the desert, cold  
 Sometimes as ice ; and strangers passing by  
 Did shuddering say—‘ The wretch is still insane !’  
 Save ! save the Orphan-sisters ! See ! they stand  
 Upon the Pine-Tree bridge. I hear them cry  
 For succour and for help on Unimore.  
 And I will save you, for these arms are strong,  
 And fleet these limbs as red-deer's on the hill !”

Lo ! lifting up his frame, almost as straight  
 And tall as when in his majestic prime,  
 A stately spectre, shattered by the blows  
 Of time and trouble, misery and despair,  
 And, worst of all sin-smitters, gaunt remorse,  
 Totters away among the tombs and out  
 Of the hushed cemetery in among the woods,—  
 The chief of Morven, princely Unimore !  
 A shadow now ! a phantom ! ghost, or dream !

Lo ! on the Pine-Tree bridge the spectre stands !  
Outstretched his arms as in the act to save  
The visionary Orphans ! Stormy years  
Have preyed upon the stem of that fallen Pine  
Since last it shook beneath his tread—the lightnings  
Have smitten it, and o'er that Bridge the roe  
Would walk not, instinct-taught that it is frail  
And hung on danger. With a splintering crash  
It snaps asunder, fresh as willow-wand,  
And with the phantoms of the Orphans down  
Precipitate with the sheer cataract  
Into the mortal depth sinks Unimore.

## EDDERLINE'S DREAM.

### CANTO FIRST.

CASTLE-OBAN is lost in the darkness of night,  
For the moon is swept from the starless heaven,  
And the latest line of lowering light  
That lingered on the stormy even,  
A dim-seen line, half cloud, half wave,  
Hath sunk into the weltering grave.  
Castle-Oban is dark without and within,  
And downwards to the fearful din,  
Where Ocean with his thunder-shocks  
Stuns the green foundation rocks,  
Through the grim abyss that mocks his eye  
Oft hath the eerie watchman sent  
A shuddering look, a shivering sigh,  
From the edge of the howling battlement !

Therein is a lonesome room,  
Undisturbed as some old tomb  
That, built within a forest glen,  
Far from feet of living men,  
And sheltered by its black pine-trees,  
From sound of rivers, lochs, and seas,  
Flings back its archèd gateway tall,  
At times to some great funeral.  
Noiseless as a central cell  
In the bosom of a mountain,  
Where the fairy people dwell,  
By the cold and sunless fountain !  
Breathless as a holy shrine  
When the voice of psalms is shed !  
And there upon her stately bed,  
While her raven locks recline  
O'er an arm more pure than snow,  
Motionless beneath her head,—



And through her large fair eyelids shine  
 Shadowy dreams that come and go,  
 By too deep bliss disquieted,—  
 There sleeps in love and beauty's glow,  
 The high-born Lady Edderline.

Lo ! the lamp's wan fitful light,  
 Glide, gliding round the golden rim !  
 Restored to life, now glancing bright,  
 Now just expiring, faint and dim,  
 Like a spirit loth to die,  
 Contending with its destiny.  
 All dark ! a momentary veil  
 Is o'er the sleeper ! now a pale  
 Uncertain beauty glimmers faint,  
 And now the calm face of the saint  
 With every feature reappears,  
 Celestial in unconscious tears !  
 Another gleam ! how sweet the while,  
 Those pictured faces on the wall  
 Through the midnight silence smile ;  
 Shades of fair ones, in the aisle  
 Vaulted the castle cliffs below,  
 To nothing mouldered, one and all  
 Ages long ago !

From her pillow, as if driven  
 By an unseen demon's hand  
 Disturbing the repose of heaven,  
 Hath fallen her head ! The long black hair,  
 From the fillet's silken band  
 In dishevelled masses riven,  
 Is streaming downwards to the floor.  
 Is the last convulsion o'er ?  
 And will that length of glorious tresses,  
 So laden with the soul's distresses,  
 By those fair hands in morning light,  
 Above those eyelids opening bright,  
 Be braided never more ?  
 No ! the lady is not dead,  
 Though flung thus wildly o'er her bed ;  
 Like a wrecked corse upon the shore,  
 That lies until the morning brings  
 Searchings, and shrieks, and sorrowings ;

Or haply, to all eyes unknown,  
 Is borne away without a groan,  
 On a chance plank, 'mid joyful cries  
 Of birds that pierce the sunny skies  
 With seaward dash, or in calm bands  
 Parading o'er the silvery sands,  
 Or 'mid the lovely flush of shells,  
 Pausing to burnish crest or wing,  
 No fading foot-mark see that tells  
 Of that poor unremembered thing !  
 O dreadful is the world of dreams,  
 When all that world a chaos seems  
 Of thoughts so fixed before !  
 When heaven's own face is tinged with blood !  
 And friends cross o'er our solitude,  
 Now friends of ours no more !  
 Or, dearer to our hearts than ever,  
 Keep stretching forth, with vain endeavour,  
 Their pale and palsied hands,  
 To clasp us phantoms, as we go  
 Along the void like drifting snow,  
 To far-off nameless lands !  
 Yet all the while we know not why,  
 Nor where those dismal regions lie,  
 Half hoping that a curse so deep  
 And wild can only be in sleep,  
 And that some overpowering scream  
 Will break the fetters of the dream,  
 And let us back to waking life,  
 Filled though it be with care and strife ;  
 Since there at least the wretch can know  
 The meanings on the face of woe,  
 Assured that no mock shower is shed  
 Of tears upon the real dead,  
 Or that his bliss, indeed, is bliss,  
 When bending o'er the death-like cheek  
 Of one who scarcely seems alive,  
 At every cold but breathing kiss,  
 He hears a saving angel speak—  
 "Thy Love will yet revive !"

Eager to speak—but in terror mute,  
 With chainèd breath and snow-soft foot,  
 The gentle maid whom that lady loves,  
 Like a gleam of light through the darkness moves,

And leaning o'er her rosy breath,  
 Listens in tears—for sleep—or death!  
 Then touches with a kiss her breast—  
 “O Lady, this is ghastly rest!  
 Awake! awake, for Jesus' sake!”  
 Far in her soul a thousand sighs  
 Are madly struggling to get free;  
 But that soul is like a frozen sea  
 That silent lies in ice and snow,  
 Though the deep waters boom below!  
 And yet a clear and silvery well,  
 By moonlight glimmering in its cell;  
 A river that doth gently sing  
 Around the cygnet's folded wing;  
 A billow on the summer deep  
 That flows, yet scarcely seems to flow,  
 Not calmer than that lady's sleep,  
 One blessed hour ago!

So gently as a shepherd lifts  
 From a wreath of drifted snow,  
 A lamb that vainly on a rock  
 Up among the mountain clefts,  
 Bleats unto the heedless flocks  
 Sunwards feeding far below.  
 Even so gently Edith takes  
 The sighing dreamer to her breast,  
 Loving kisses soft and meek  
 Breathing o'er bosom, brow, and cheek,  
 For their own fair, delightful sakes,  
 And lays her lovely limbs at rest;  
 When, stirring like the wondrous flower  
 That blossoms at the midnight hour,  
 And only then—the Lady wakes!  
 From the heavy load set free  
 Of that fearful fantasy,  
 Edderline lifts up her head,  
 And, in the fitful lustre lent  
 By the lone lamp, gazing round,  
 As listening for some far-off sound,  
 Leans it on her lily hand,  
 In beautiful bewilderment!  
 “Am I in some foreign land?  
 And who art thou that takest thy stand  
 Like a minister of grace



By the prisoner's haunted bed?  
 Walking mute thy nightly round!  
 Oh! speak—thy voice was like a sound  
 Elsewhere beloved! that pitying face  
 Reminds me of the dead!”

Again she hears her Edith speak—  
 Doubt, fear, and trouble leave her cheek,  
 And suddenly returning  
 Remembrances all bright and fair,  
 Above the darkness of despair,  
 Like morning lights are burning:  
 Even as a gloomy mountain lake  
 From its dark sleep at once doth break,  
 And while afar the mists are driven,  
 In new-born beauty laughs to heaven!  
 So rising slowly from her couch,  
 Like a nun in humblest guise,  
 With one light and careless touch,  
 O'er the snow above her eyes  
 Her long dishevelled hair she tricks,  
 And with low sobs of gratitude  
 To Him who chased her dreams away,  
 Down kneels she in the solitude,  
 And with raised hand and eyes doth pray  
 Before the holy Crucifix.

“My soul hath been disquieted,  
 And weltered with the weltering dead!  
 Floating all night with a corse  
 Over high blood-crested waves,  
 Or driven by a fiendish force  
 Down into unfathomed caves:  
 Blessed be God who rescued me  
 From that wild world of misery!  
 Oh! it is heaven to wake again,  
 To know that I have wept in vain!  
 That life yet warms that noble breast  
 Which I in mortal pangs carest,  
 Hurried along the foaming path,  
 In face of horror, fear, and wrath!  
 Whether his ship in roaring motion  
 Roll tempest-driven o'er the ocean,  
 Or rocking lie in pleasant sleep,  
 Anchored beneath the palmy steep,

Temper, O God ! the sun and air  
To him, my home-bound Mariner ;  
And gently breathe the midnight dew  
O'er him and all his gallant crew !”

The lamp is dead, but the morning peep  
Faintly dawning far away,  
Slowly, slowly wins its way  
Through the window buried deep  
In its gloomy glen of stone—  
A little point that shines afar  
Like a dim-discovered star,  
When other lights in heaven are none.  
To that little cheerful shine  
Turn the eyes of Edderline ;  
And as a cloud, that long hath lain  
Black amid the sullen sky,  
Suddenly dissolves in rain,  
And stricken by the sunlight, shines  
With a thousand gorgeous lines,  
Blended and braided gloriously—  
So fair, so pure, so bright appears  
That kneeling Lady's face of tears,  
For the rain is fallen, the gloom is gone,  
And her soul hath risen with the sun.

Hark ! the martlet twittering by  
The crevice, while her twittering brood  
Beneath some shadowy wall-flower lie,  
In the high air of solitude !  
She alone, sky-loving bird,  
In that lofty clime is heard ;  
But loftier far from cliff remote,  
Up springs the eagle, like a thought,  
And poised in heaven's resplendent zone,  
Gazes a thousand fathom down,  
While his wild and fitful cry,  
Blends together sea and sky.  
And a thousand songs, I trow,  
From the wakened world below  
Are ringing through the morning glow.  
Music is there on the shore,  
Softening sweet the billowy roar ;  
For bold and fair in every weather,  
The sea-mews shrill now flock together,

Or wheeling off in lonely play,  
 Carry their pastimes far away,  
 To little isles and rocks of rest,  
 Scattered o'er the ocean's breast,  
 Where these glad creatures build their nest.  
 Now hymns are heard at every fountain  
 Where the land-birds trim their wings,  
 And boldly booming up the mountain,  
 Where the dewy heath-flower springs,  
 Upon the freshening gales of morn  
 Showers of headlong bees are borne,  
 Till far and wide with harp and horn  
 The balmy desert rings !

This the pensive Lady knows,  
 So round her lovely frame she throws  
 The cloud-like float of her array,  
 And with a blessing and a prayer  
 She fixeth in her raven hair  
 The jewel that her lover gave,  
 The night before he crossed the wave  
 To kingdoms far away.  
 Soft steps are winding down the stair,  
 And now beneath the morning air  
 Her breast breathes strong and free ;  
 The sun in his prime glorious hour  
 Is up, and with a purple shower  
 Hath bathed the billowy sea.

Lo ! morning's dewy hush divine  
 Hath calmed the eyes of Edderline !  
 Shaded by the glooms that fall  
 From the old grey castle-wall ;  
 Or, from the glooms emerging bright,  
 Cloud-like walking through the light,  
 She sends the blessing of her smiles  
 O'er dancing waves and steadfast isles,  
 And, creature though she be of earth,  
 Heaven feels the beauty of her mirth,  
 How seraph-like the silent greeting,  
 Streaming from her dark blue eyes,  
 At their earliest matin-meeting  
 Upwards to the dark-blue skies !  
 Quickly glancing, gliding slowly,  
 Child of mirth or melancholy,



As her midnight dream again,  
Of the hushed or roaring main,  
Comes and goes across her brain.  
Now she sees the ship returning,  
Every mast with ensigns burning  
Star-bright o'er the cloud of sails,  
As, queen-like, down the green sea-vales  
She stoops, or o'er the mountains green  
Reascending like a queen.  
Glad the heart of hoary ocean  
In the beauty of her motion !  
Now through midnight's deepest noon,  
Howling to the wild monsoon,  
She sees God's anger flash around her,  
And the glorious vessel founder  
To one vain signal-gun ;  
While in the lightning's ghastly glow  
The shipless ocean rolls below,  
As in the mid-day sun !

Far, far below, in rocky cell  
Doth a seër-hermit dwell.  
In solitude and in despair  
He sits, with long, black, rusty hair,  
Face dim as death, and his fixed eye  
Red-flashing with futurity.  
A holy madman ! with no chain  
But those forged in his burning brain—  
Shuddering, close beside his feet,  
To see the frequent winding-sheet—  
Spite of the water's din, to hear  
Steps trampling grave-wards with a bier—  
Or like a sweep of wintry weather,  
Wailing at midnight o'er the heather,  
Cloud-coronachs that wildly rise  
When far away a chieftain dies.

Down—downwards to his savage cave,  
By steps the goat doth almost fear  
To lead her little kids to browse  
On wild-herb that there thinly grows,  
'Mid spray-showers from the dashing wave,  
So dreadful 'tis the din to hear,  
The Lady with a quaking prayer,  
Descends as if upon the air,

Like sea-mew with white rise and fall,  
Floating o'er a waterfall !  
And now doth trembling Edith wait  
Reluctant at the closing gate,  
And wipes away her tears ;  
For the Lady motions her to stay,  
Then with a wan smile sinks away,  
And, ghost-like, disappears !

## A RECOMMENDATION

OF THE

STUDY OF THE REMAINS OF ANCIENT GRECIAN AND ROMAN  
ARCHITECTURE, SCULPTURE, AND PAINTING.

THOUGH oft in Britain's Isle the breathing bust  
To fame consign the patriot-hero's dust,  
And conquerors waked to mimic life again  
In imaged triumph thunder o'er the main ;  
Though speaks each mould by Flaxman's genius wrought,  
The glow of fancy, or the stretch of thought ;  
And grace obeys fair Damer's soft control  
Through many a varied lineament of soul ;  
Yet, oh ! unlike each nobler Grecian form,  
With strength majestic, or with beauty warm,  
Where all her mingling charms Expression poured,  
Admired by Valour, or by Love adored.

Lo ! where retiring Venus shuns the eye,  
And beauty vies with bashful majesty !  
There mortal charms in loveliest union shine,  
And all the Goddess crowns the bright design.  
Thou, too, half hid beneath thy dripping veil  
Of many a moistened tress, Urania, hail !  
To thee that dubious mien the sculptor gave,  
Fearing the shore, though shrinking from the wave.  
Or see where, graceful bending o'er his bow,  
The quivered God's exulting features glow,  
As, trusting to his arm's unerring might,  
His look pursues the distant arrow's flight.  
But shut, oh ! shut the eye, where mid yon fold  
Of crested snakes Laocoon writhes enrolled,



And drinks with tortured ear his children's cries,  
 Embittering death's convulsive agonies !

Rise, slumbering Genius, and with throbbing heart  
 Adore these trophies of unrivalled art,  
 Till each fine grace that gifted Masters knew,  
 In fairy vision floating o'er thy view,  
 Perfection crown once more the living stone,  
 And Britain claim a Pheidias of her own.

Not such the hopes that blessed the enthusiast's dream  
 While sad it wanders o'er each faded gleam,  
 That dimly shows to Painting's Muse was given  
 The sevenfold radiance of refulgent heaven,  
 When Genius stole the colours of the sun,  
 And poured them o'er the wreath that Valour won !

Then turn the eye, where, spurning time's control.  
 Art stamps on stone the triumphs of the soul ;  
 With trembling awe survey each hallowed fane  
 Ennobling Greece 'mid Desolation's reign.  
 Each pillared portico and swelling dome,  
 Proud o'er the prostrate majesty of Rome !  
 While o'er the scene each mouldering temple throws,  
 Sacred to Genius, undisturbed repose ;  
 Through twilight's doubtful gloom his eye shall trace  
 The column's height enwreathed with clustering grace ;  
 The light-arched roof, the portal stretching wide,  
 Triumphal monuments in armèd pride ;  
 Till bold conceptions bursting on his heart,  
 His skill shall grasp the inmost soul of art ;  
 And Fame's green isle her cloud-capt towers display,  
 Where grace and grandeur rule with equal sway.

THE END.















