

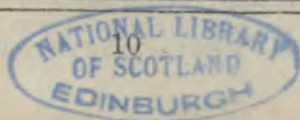
THE  
SENTIMENTAL RECITER:

A SELECTION OF THE  
MOST POPULAR PIECES FOR RECITATION.



GLASGOW:  
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GLASGOW



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1890

SENTIMENTAL RECIPES:

AND

## THE SENTIMENTAL RECITER.

### THE RUINED COTTAGE.

NONE will dwell in that cottage, for they say  
Oppression rest it from an honest man,  
And that a curse clings to it: hence the vine  
Trails its green weight of leaves upon the ground;  
Hence weeds are in that garden; hence the hedge,  
Once sweet with honey-suckle, is half dead;  
And hence the grey moss on the apple-tree.

One once dwelt there, who had been in his youth  
A soldier; and when many years had pass'd  
He sought his native village, and sat down  
To end his days in peace. He had one child—  
A little laughing thing, whose large dark eyes,  
He said, were like the mother's she had left  
Buried in stranger lands; and time went on  
In comfort and content—and that fair girl  
Had grown far taller than the red rose tree  
Her father planted her first English birth-day;  
And he had train'd it up against an ash  
Till it became his pride;—it was so rich  
In blossom and in beauty, it was call'd  
The tree of Isabel. 'Twas an appeal  
To all the better feelings of the heart  
To mark their quiet happiness; their home,  
In truth, a home of love; and more than all,  
To see them on the Sabbath, when they came  
Among the first to church; and Isabel,  
With her bright colour and her clear glad eyes,  
Bowed down so meekly in the house of prayer;  
And in the hymn her sweet voice audible:—  
Her father look'd so fond of her, and then  
From her look'd up so thankfully to Heaven!  
And their small cottage was so very neat;  
Their garden filled with fruits, and herbs, and flowers;

And in the winter there was no fireside  
 So cheerful as their own. But other days  
 And other fortunes came—an evil power!  
 They bore against it cheerfully, and hoped  
 For better times, but ruin came at last;  
 And the old soldier left his own dear home,  
 And left it for a prison. 'Twas in June,  
 One of June's brightest days—the bee, the bird,  
 The butterfly, were on their brightest wings;  
 The fruits had their first tinge of summer light;  
 The sunny sky, the very leaves seemed glad,  
 And the old man look'd back upon his cottage  
 And wept aloud:—they hurried him away,  
 And the dear child that would not leave his side.  
 They led him from the sight of the blue heaven  
 And the green trees, into a low, dark cell,  
 The windows shutting out the blessed sun  
 With iron grating; and for the first time  
 He threw him on his bed, and could not hear  
 His Isabel's "good night!" But the next morn  
 She was the earliest at the prison gate,  
 The last on whom it closed; and her sweet voice,  
 And sweeter smile, made him forget to pine.  
 She brought him every morning fresh wild flowers,  
 But every morning could he see her cheek  
 Grow paler and more pale, and her low tones  
 Get fainter and more faint, and a cold dew  
 Was on the hand he held. One day he saw  
 The sun shiue through the grating of his cell,  
 Yet Isabel came not; at every sound  
 His heart-beat took away his breath, yet still  
 She came not near him. But one sad day  
 He mark'd the dull street through the iron bars  
 That shut him from the world;—at length he saw  
 A coffin carried carelessly along,  
 And he grew desperate—he forced the bars;  
 And he stood on the street, free and alone!  
 He had no aim, no wish for liberty—  
 He only felt one want, to see the corpse  
 That had no mourners. When they set it down,  
 Or e'er 'twas lower'd into the new dug grave,  
 A rush of passion came upon his soul,  
 And he tore off the lid, and saw the face  
 Of Isabel, and knew he had no child!  
 He lay down by the coffin quietly—  
 His heart was broken!

L. E. L.

## THE BETTER LAND.

I hear thee speak of the better land,  
 Thou call'st its children a happy band;  
 Mother, oh! where is that radiant shore?—  
 Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?  
 Is it where the flower of the orange blows,  
 And the fire-flies glance through the myrtle boughs?  
   Not there, not there, my child!

Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,  
 And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?  
 Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,  
 Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,  
 And strange bright birds, on their starry wings,  
 Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?  
   Not there, not there, my child!

Is it far away, in some region old,  
 Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold,  
 Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,  
 And the diamond lights up the secret mine,  
 And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand?  
 Is it there, sweet mother! that better land?  
   Not there, not there, my child!

Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!  
 Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy,  
 Dreams cannot picture a world so fair;  
 Sorrow and death may not enter there,  
 Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,  
 For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb—  
   It is there, it is there, my child!  
   HEMANS.

## G I N E V R A.

If ever you should come to Modena,  
 (Where, among other relics, you may see  
 Tassoni's bucket—but 'tis not the true one,)  
 Stop at a palace near the Reggio gate,  
 Dwelt in of old by one of the Donati.  
 Its noble gardens, terraco above terrace,  
 And numerous fountains, statues, cypresses,  
 Will long detain you; but, before you go,

Enter the house—forget it not, I pray you—  
And look a while upon a picture there:

'Tis of a lady in her earliest youth,  
The last of that illustrious family.  
He who observes it, ere he passes on,  
Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again,  
That he may call it up when far away.  
She sits inclining forward as to speak,  
Her lips half open, and her finger up,  
As though she said, "Beware!"—her vest of gold,  
Broider'd with flowers, and clasp'd from head to foot,  
An emerald stone in every golden clasp;  
And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,  
A coronet of pearls.

But then her face—  
So lovely—yet so arch—so full of mirth,  
The overflowings of an innocent heart—  
It haunts me still, tho' many a year has fled,  
Like some wild melody!

Alone it hangs  
Over a mouldering heir-loom; its companion  
An oaken chest, half eaten by the worm,  
But richly carved by Anthony of Trent,  
With Scripture stories from the Life of Christ;  
A chest that came from Venice, and had held  
The ducal robes of some old ancestor—  
That, by the way, it may be false or true—  
But don't forget the picture; and you will not,  
When you hear the tale they told me there.

She was an only child—her name Ginevra,  
The joy, the pride of an indulgent father,  
And in her fifteenth year became a bride,  
Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,  
Her playmate from her youth, and her first love.

Just as she looks there in her bridal dress,  
She was all gentleness, all gaiety,  
Her pranks the favourite theme of every tongue.  
But now the day was come, the day, the hour;  
And in the lustre of her youth she gave  
Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.

Great was the joy; but at the nuptial feast,  
When all sat down, the bride herself was wanting;  
Nor was she to be found!—Her father cried,  
" 'Tis but to make a trial of our love!"  
And fill'd his glass to all; but his hand shook,  
And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.

'Twas but that instant she had left Franceseo,  
 Laughing and looking back, but flying still;  
 Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger;  
 But now, alas! she was not to be found;  
 Nor from that hour could any thing be guess'd,  
 But—that she was not!

Weary of his life,  
 Francesco flew to Venice, and embarking,  
 Flung it away in battle with the Turk.  
 Donati lived—and long after you might have seen  
 An old man wandering as in quest of something,  
 Something he could not find—he knew not what!  
 When he was gone; the house remained a while  
 Silent and tenantless—then went to strangers.

Full fifty years were past, and all forgotten,  
 When, on an idle day, a day of search  
 'Mid the old lumber in the gallery,  
 That mouldering chest was noticed. 'Twas said  
 By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra,  
 "Why not remove it from its lurking-place?"  
 'Twas done as soon as said; but on the way  
 It burst—it fell; and, lo! a skeleton!  
 With here and there a pearl, an emerald stone,  
 A golden clasp clasping a shred of gold;  
 All else had perish'd, save a wedding-ring  
 And a small seal, her mother's legacy,  
 Engraven with a name, the name of both—  
 "Ginevra."

There had she found a grave,  
 Within that chest had she concealed herself,  
 Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy;  
 When a spring-lock that lay in ambush there  
 Fastened her down for ever. ROGERS.

THE VICTORY.

Hark! how the church bell's thundering harmony  
 Stirs the glad ear! tidings of joy have come,  
 Good tidings of great joy! two gallant ships  
 Met on the element—they met, they fought  
 A desperate fight! good tidings of great joy!  
 Old England triumph'd! yet another day  
 Of glory for the ruler of the waves!  
 For those who fell, 'twas in their country's cause,  
 They have their passing paragraphs of praise,  
 And are forgotten.

There was one who died  
 In that day's glory, whose obscurer name  
 No proud historian's page will chronicle.  
 Peace to his honest soul! I read his name,  
 'Twas in the list of slaughter, and blest God  
 The sound was not familiar to mine ear.  
 But it was told me after that this man  
 Was one whom lawful violence had foreed  
 From his own home, and wife and little ones,  
 Who by his labour lived; that he was one  
 Whose uncorrupted heart could keenly feel  
 A husband's love; a father's anxiousness;  
 That, from the wages of his toil, he fed  
 The distant dear ones, and would talk of them  
 At midnight when he trod the silent deck  
 With him he valued—talk of them, of joys  
 Which he had known—oh, God! and of the hour  
 When they should meet again, till his full heart,  
 His manly heart, at last would overflow  
 Even like a child's with very tenderness.  
 Peace to his honest spirit! the ball  
 Of death came suddenly, and shatter'd him,  
 And left no moment's agonizing thought  
 On those he loved so well.

He ocean deep  
 Now lies at rest. Be Thou her comforter  
 Who art the widow's friend! Man does not know  
 What a cold sickness made her blood run back,  
 When first she heard the tidings of the fight;  
 Man does not know with what a dreadful hope  
 She listen'd to the names of those who died;  
 Man does not know, or knowing, will not heed,  
 With what an agony of tenderness  
 She gazed upon her children, and beheld  
 His image who was gone. Oh, God! be thou  
 Who art the widow's friend, her comforter!

SOUTHEY.

### TELL'S SPEECH.

Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again!  
 I hold to you the hands you first beheld,  
 To show they still are free. Methinks I hear  
 A spirit in your echoes answer me,  
 And bid your tenant welcome to his home  
 Again!—O sacred forms, how proud you look!



How high you lift your heads into the sky!  
 How huge you are! how mighty and how free!  
 Ye are the things that tower, that shine—whose smile  
 Makes glad—whose frown is terrible—whose forms,  
 Robed or unrobed, do all the impress wear  
 Of awe divine. Ye guards of liberty,  
 I'm with you once again!—I call to you  
 With all my voice!—I hold my hands to you  
 To show they still are free. I rush to you  
 As though I could embrace you!

Sealing yonder peak,  
 I saw an eagle wheeling near its brow  
 O'er the abyss: his broad expanded wings  
 Lay calm and motionless upon the air,  
 As if he floated there without their aid,  
 By the sole act of his unlorded will,  
 That buoy'd him proudly up. Instinctively  
 I bent my bow; yet kept he rounding still  
 His airy circle, as in the delight  
 Of measuring the ample range beneath,  
 And round about absorbed, he heeded not  
 The death that threaten'd him.—I could not shoot!—  
 'Twas liberty!—I turned my bow aside,  
 And let him soar away!

Heavens, with what pride I used  
 To walk these hills, and look up to my God,  
 And bless him that it was so! It was free!  
 From end to end, from cliff to lake 'twas free—  
 Free as our torrents are that leap our rocks,  
 And plough our valleys, without asking leave:  
 Or as our peaks that wear their caps of snow,  
 In very presence of the regal sun,  
 How happy was it then! I loved  
 Its very storms. Yes, Emma, I have sat  
 In my boat at night, when, midway o'er the lake,  
 The stars went out, and down the mountain gorge  
 The wind came roaring. I have sat and eyed  
 The thunder breaking from his cloud, and smiled  
 To see him shake his lightnings o'er my head,  
 And think I had no master save his own.  
 You know the jutting cliff round which a track  
 Up hither winds, whose base is but the brow  
 To such another one, with scanty room  
 For two a-breast to pass? O'ertaken there  
 By the mountain blast, I've laid me flat along,  
 And while gust followed gust more furiously,

As if to sweep me o'er the horrid brink,  
 And I have thought of other lands, whose storms  
 Are summer flaws to those of mine, and just  
 Have wished me there—the thought that mine was free  
 Has check'd that wish, and I have raised my head,  
 And cried in thralldom to that furious wind,  
 Blow on! This is the land of liberty!

KNOWLES.

## THE OCEAN.

Most, if not all of you, who are now present, have beheld the Ocean; some of you, many times, so that you have become familiar with it. Others of you have been often upon it; and to some of you, perhaps, through the duties of your profession, it may, without impropriety, be styled your element.

But every individual present, who can remember the first instance in which that boundless expanse of waters presented itself to his view, can also remember the wonder, amounting perhaps even to speechless astonishment, with which that first prospect filled his mind.

Those of you that have often beheld it, although familiarity should have put an end to all sensations of astonishment, yet must have been impressed at times with its regular ebbing and flowing, with the beauty of its surface when calm, or the still greater beauty of that surface when dimpled by soft breezes into myriads of smiles—must not unfrequently have been struck with the sudden and dazzling whiteness of its foam, when the last wave is broken along the shore,—with its incessant roaring when disturbed by heavy gales—and especially when, agitated and roused by storms, it pours its liquid mountains upon the rock, with a noise that drowns the loudest peals of heaven's own thunder. I say, those who have seen it under these different aspects, will have often been excited by their feelings, yet not without the full consent of their understanding, to cry out, "This must be the work of God; yes, the sea is his, and he made it!"

Those to whom their profession has made the watery world their element, have been still more feelingly impressed with sentiments of this nature. The calm that impeded their course; the favouring gales that pleasurably wafted them to their desired haven; the bounding billows which bore them along as in a joyous dance; the howling tempest which gave the stoutest ship the rapid motion of an eagle's flight; the imperious surge that lifted them to heaven, then sunk them

down as low in the yawning abyss, which irresistibly drove them upon the fatal sand, or dashed them in shipwreck upon the pointed and resistless rock,—these told them in accents loud as the last trumpet's voice,—“The sea is God's, and he made it!”

EDWARDS.

S A U L.

Thou whose spell can raise the dead,  
Bid the prophet's form appear!  
Samuel, raise thy buried head—  
King, behold the phantom seer!

Earth yawn'd—he stood the centre of a cloud;  
Light changed its hue, retiring from his shroud;  
Death stood all glassy in his fixed eye—  
His hand was withered, and his veins were dry;  
His foot in bony whiteness glittered there,  
Shrunken, and sinewless, and ghastly bare.  
From lips that moved not, and unbreathing frame,  
Like cavern'd winds the hollow accents came:  
Saul saw and fell to earth as falls the oak—  
At once, and blasted by the thunder stroke.

Why is my sleep disquieted?  
Who is he that calls the dead?  
Is it thou, O king? Behold,  
Bloodless are these limbs and cold.  
Such are mine, and such shall be  
Thine to-morrow when with me—  
Ere the coming day is done,  
Such shalt thou be, such thy son.  
Fare-thee-well—but for a day;  
Then we mix our mouldering clay—  
Thou, thy race—lie pale and low,  
Pierced by shafts of many a bow;  
And the falchion by thy side,  
To thy heart thy hand shall guide—  
Crownless, breathless, headless fall,  
Son and sire—the house of Saul.

BYRON.

THE SPANISH CHAMPION.

The warrior bow'd his crested head,  
And tamed his heart of fire,  
And sued the haughty king to free  
His long imprisoned sire:

"I bring thee here my fortress keys,  
 I bring my captive train ;  
 I pledge my faith, my liege, my lord,  
 Oh! break my father's chain."

"Rise, rise! even now thy father comes,  
 A ransomed man this day,  
 Mount thy good steed, and thou and I  
 Will meet him on his way."  
 Then lightly rose that loyal son,  
 And bounded on his steed,  
 And urged, as if with lance in hand,  
 His charger's foaming speed.

And lo! from far as on they press'd  
 They met a glittering band,  
 With one that 'mid them stately rode,  
 Like a leader in the land:  
 Now haste, Bernardo, haste,  
 For there in very truth is he,  
 The father—whom thy grateful heart  
 Hath yearned so long to see.

His proud breast heaved, his dark eye flash'd,  
 His cheeks' huc came and went,  
 He reach'd that grey-haired chieftain's side  
 And there dismounting bent ;  
 A lowly knee to earth he bent,  
 His father's hand he took—  
 What was there in its touch,  
 That all his fiery spirit shook?

That hand was cold—a frozen thing ;  
 It dropp'd from his like lead :  
 He look'd up to the face above,  
 The face was of the dead ;  
 A plume waved o'er the noble brow,  
 The brow was fixed and white ;  
 He met at length his father's eyes,  
 But in them was no sight! .

Up from the ground he sprung, and gazed,  
 But who can paint that gaze?  
 They hush'd their very hearts who saw  
 Its horror and amaze ;

They might have chained him, as before  
 That noble form he stood,  
 For the power was stricken from his arm,  
 And from his cheek the blood.

“Father!” at length he murmur’d low,  
 And wept like children then—  
 Talk not of grief till thou hast seen  
 The tears of warlike men—  
 He thought on all his glorious hopes,  
 On all his high renown,  
 Then flung the falchion from his side,  
 And in the dust sat down ;

And covering, with his steel-gloved hands,  
 His darkly mournful brow,  
 “No more, there is no more,” he said,  
 “To lift the sword for now ;  
 My king is false, my hope betray’d,  
 My father, oh ! the worth,  
 The glory and the loveliness,  
 Are past away to earth !”

Up from the ground he sprung once more,  
 And seized the monarch’s rein :  
 Amid the pale and wilder’d looks  
 Of all the courtier train,  
 And with a fierce o’ermastering grasp,  
 The rearing war horse led,  
 And sternly set their face to face—  
 The king before the dead.

“Came I not here on thy pledge,  
 My father’s hand to kiss?  
 Be still ! and gaze thou on, false king,  
 And tell me what is this ;  
 The look, the voice, the heart I sought—  
 Give answer, where are they?  
 If thou would’st clear thy perjured soul,  
 Put life in this cold clay.

“Into those glossy eyes put light ;  
 Be still, keep down thine ire,  
 Bid those cold lips a blessing speak,  
 This earth is not my sire :

Give me back him for whom I fought,  
 For whom my blood was shed;  
 Thou canst not, and, O king! his blood  
 Be mountains on thy head!"

He loosed the rein, his slack hand  
 Fell upon the silent face,  
 He cast one long deep mournful glance,  
 And fled from that sad place;  
 His after fate no more was heard  
 Amid the martial train,  
 His banner led the spears no more  
 Among the hills of Spain!      HEMANS.

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### CRESCENTIUS.

I looked upon his brow—no sign  
 Of guilt or fear was there.  
 He stood as proud by that death-shrine  
 As even o'er despair  
 He had a power; in his eye  
 There was a quenchless energy,  
 A spirit that could dare  
 The deadliest form that death could take,  
 And dare it for the daring's sake.

He stood, the fetters on his hand,—  
 He raised them haughtily;  
 And had that grasp been on the brand,  
 It could not wave on high  
 With freer pride than it waved now.  
 Around he looked with changeless brow  
 On many a torture nigh—  
 The rack, the chain, the axe, the wheel,  
 And worst of all his own red steel.

I saw him once before: he rode  
 Upon a coal black steed,  
 And tens of thousands throng'd the road,  
 And bade their warrior speed.  
 His helm, his breast-plate were of gold  
 And graced with many a dent that told  
 Of many a soldier deed;  
 The sun shone on his sparkling mail,  
 And danced his snow plume on the gale.

But now he stood, chain'd and alone,  
 The headsman by his side;  
 The plume, the helm, the charger gone;  
 The sword that had defied  
 The mightiest, lay broken near,  
 And yet no sign or sound of fear  
 Came from that lip of pride.  
 And never king or conqueror's brow  
 Wore higher look than this did now.

He bent beneath the headsman's stroke  
 With an uncovered eye;  
 A wild shout from the numbers broke  
 Who throng'd to see him die.  
 It was a people's loud acclaim—  
 The voice of anger and of shame;  
 A nation's funeral cry,  
 Rome's wail above her only son—  
 Her patriot—and her latest one.

L. E. L.

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### CLAUDE MELNOTTE'S

Description of the Lake of Como.

Nay, dearest, nay, if thou would'st have me paint  
 The home to which, could love fulfil its prayer,  
 This hand would lead thee, listen—a deep vale,  
 Shut out by Alpine hills from the rude world,  
 Near a clear lake, margined by fruits of gold  
 And whispering myrtles; glassing softest skies  
 As cloudless, save with rare and roseate shadows,  
 As I would have thy fate!  
 A palace lifting to eternal summer  
 Its marble walls from out a glossy bower  
 Of coolest foliage musical with birds,  
 Whose songs should syllable thy name! At noon  
 We'd sit beneath the arching vines and wonder  
 Why earth could be unhappy, while the heavens  
 Still left us youth and love! We'd have no friends  
 That were not lovers, no ambition, save  
 To excel them all in love; we'd read no books  
 That were not tales of love—that we might smile  
 To think how poorly eloquence of words  
 Translates the poetry of hearts like ours!  
 And when night came, amidst the breathless heavens  
 We'd guess what star should be our home when love

Becomes immortal ; while the perfumed light  
 Stole through the mists of alabaster lamps,  
 And every air was heavy with the sighs  
 Of orange groves and music from sweet lutes,  
 And murmurs of low fountains that gush forth  
 I' the midst of roses !—Dost thou like the picture?  
BULWER.

### THE OLD ARM CHAIR.

I love it—I love it, and who shall dare  
 To ehide me for loving that old arm chair!  
 I've treasured it long as a sainted prize—  
 I've bedewed it with tears, and enbalm'd it with sighs ;  
 'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart,  
 Not a tie will break, not a link will start.  
 Would you learn the spell ? a mother sat there !  
 And a sacred thing is that old arm chair.

In childhood's hour I lingered near  
 The hallowed seat with listening ear ;  
 And gentle words that mother would give,  
 To fit me to die, and teach me to live.  
 She told me shame would never betide,  
 With truth for my creed, and God for my guide ;  
 She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,  
 As I knelt beside that old arm chair.

I sat and watch'd her many a day,  
 When her eyes grew dim and her locks were grey,  
 And I almost worshipp'd her when she smiled  
 And turned from her Bible to bless her child.  
 Years rolled on, but the last one sped—  
 My idol was shattered—my earth star fled :  
 I learnt how much the heart can bear,  
 When I saw her die in that old arm chair.

'Tis past ! 'tis past ! but I gaze on it now  
 With quivering breath and throbbing brow :  
 'Twas there she nursed me—'twas there she died,  
 And memory flows with lava tide—  
 Say it is folly, and deem me weak,  
 While the scalding tears start from my cheek.  
 But I love it—I love it, and cannot tear  
 My soul from a mother's old arm chair.

ELIZA COOK.



## THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

When time brought me back to my father's again,  
 To our auld cot that stood by the glen side alane:  
 Wi' a changed heart I passed by the burn an' the shaw  
 Whaur I sported the blythe hours o' boyhood awa'.

I stepp'd in at the door, and I look'd a' aroun',  
 But I saw na a face an' I heard na a soun';  
 At length frac the room my auld faither crept nigh,  
 But he kenn'd na the face o' bis ain sailor boy.

I took the wee creepy the first thing I gat,  
 Syne doon by the ance cheery ingle I sat—  
 Quo' I, this shall be my hame for ae nicht I wecn,  
 It is lang since I sat by a peat hearth at e'en.

My faither said, freely yese share o' my hame,  
 Wha kens, my ain boy may be seekin' the same;  
 He has long been awa' at the wearisome sea,  
 And a sailor's like ane o' my ain house to me.

Three sisters, a' young things when I gaed awa',  
 Werc noo grown to women, an' married werc twa';  
 The third wi' my faither, gay, blythsome and free,  
 Cam' in unco weel pleased a sailor to see.

I had a gude store o' the rich gowden coin,  
 For fortune in thae days upon me did shine—  
 Wi' a feck o't, I said, tak' this present frae me,  
 And thank your ain boy for't, sae lang at the sea.

They looked upon ither, while fast the tears fell;  
 They spak' na a word, and I maist grat mysel',  
 But silent they look'd, gaid an' cam' back again,  
 Amaist fear'd to ask me if I was their ain.

We sat maist a' night an' the peats gat a heize;  
 I thought the auld cot wad hae burn'd wi' the blecze.  
 My sister, wi' merry heart, tauld me maist a'  
 Tbat was strange frae the vera day I gaed awa'.

My faither seem'd shakin' aff some o' his years,  
 As he ran o'er bis combats, his hopes, and his fears;  
 An' in pride o' auld age cam' the look and the smile,  
 That tauld hoo his heart was uplifted the while.

That night I forgot a' the toil an' the pain  
 O' wearisome years on the dangerous main;  
 But my mither was gane ere I gac'd to the sea,  
 An' a sigh o' regret passed amid a' the glee.

### THE IDIOT.

Nature had formed poor hapless Ned  
 A thing of idiot mind;  
 Yet to the poor unreasoning boy  
 She was not quite unkind;

For Sarah lov'd her hapless child,  
 Whom helplessness made dear;  
 And life was happiness to him,  
 Who had no hope nor fear.

She knew his wants, she understood  
 Each half artic'late call;  
 And he was ev'ry thing to her,  
 And she to him was all.

And so for many a year they dwelt,  
 Nor knew a wish beside;  
 But age at length on Sarah came,  
 And she fell sick and died.

He tried in vain to waken her,  
 And call'd her o'er and o'er;  
 They told him she was dead—the sound  
 To him no import bore.

They clos'd her eyes and shrouded her,  
 And he stood wond'ring by;  
 And when they bore her to the grave,  
 He follow'd silently.

They laid her in the narrow house,  
 They sung the funeral stave;  
 But when the funeral train dispers'd,  
 He loiter'd near the grave.

The rabble boys who used to jeer,  
 Whene'er they saw poor Ned,  
 Now stood and watch'd him at the grave,  
 And not a word they said.

They came and went, and came again,  
 Till night at last came on;  
 And still he loiter'd by the grave,  
 Till all the rest were gone.

And when he found himself alone,  
 He quick removed the clay;  
 And rais'd the coffin up in haste,  
 And bore it swift away.

And when he reach'd his hut, he laid  
 The coffin on the floor;  
 And with the eagerness of joy,  
 He barr'd the cottage door.

And out he took his mother's corpse  
 And placed it on a chair;  
 And then he heap'd the hearth, and blew  
 The kindling fire with care.

He placed his mother in her chair,  
 And in her wonted place;  
 And blew the kindling fire, that shone  
 Reflected on her face.

And pausing, now her hand would feel,  
 And now her face behold;  
 "Why, mother, do you look so pale?  
 And why are you so cold?"

It hath pleas'd God, from the poor wretch,  
 His only friend to call;  
 But God was kind to him, and soon  
 In death restor'd them all.

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### THE DEWY EVE.

The dewy eve, the dewy eve,  
 Oh! that's the hour for those that grieve;—  
 Who hates the garish light of day,  
 And from the world hastes far away,  
 To hide the dimm'd and tearful eye;  
 To heave unheard the lab'ring sigh;  
 And cloak in twilight's pall the grief  
 That finds in utterance relief,  
 Soothing and balmy, if but brief.

The dewy eve, the dewy eve,  
 Oh! that's the time when men believe  
 The wild romance or fairy tale,  
 At which the urchin's cheek turns pale;  
 'Tis then they harvest soothing thought,  
 With wisdom or with fancy fraught;  
 Then gladly seek in stilly sleep  
 A refuge from these musings deep  
 That, changeful, make us smile or weep.

The dewy eve, the dewy eve,  
 'Tis then that strange wild fancies cleave  
 With shadowy dim, but forceful sway  
 Around the heart; 'tis then that fay,  
 Peri, and genii, dance along  
 The verdant mead, with shout and song;—  
 How blythe their empire! Till 'tis past,  
 Fiend and demon of the blast  
 Are held in leaden bondage fast!

The dewy eve, the dewy eve,  
 In that calm time, who would not leave  
 The festal hall—the busy strife  
 Of warring thoughts—the hum of life,  
 To brush from off the heather bell,  
 Or primrose in sequestered dell,  
 The freshening damp that at that hour  
 Falls, all unseen a gentle shower,  
 Symbol of Nature's love and power.

ATKINSON.

### THE OLD FARM GATE.

Where, where is the gate that once served to divide  
 The elm-shaded lane from the dusty road-side?  
 I like not this barrier gaily bedight,  
 With its glittering latch and its trellis of white;  
 It is scemly I own—yet, oh! dearer by far  
 Was the red-rusted hinge and the weather warped bar.  
 Here are fashion and form of a modernized date,  
 But I'd rather have look'd on the Old Farm Gate.

'Twas here where the urchins would gather to play  
 In the shadows of twilight or sunny mid-day;  
 For the stream running nigh, and the hillocks of sand  
 Were temptations no dirt-loving rogue could withstand,

But to swing on the gate-rails, to clamber and ride  
 Was the utmost of pleasure, of glory and pride;  
 And the ear of the victor, or carriage of state,  
 Never carried such hearts as the Old Farm Gate.

'Twas here where the miller's son paced to and fro,  
 When the moon was above, and the glow-worm below;  
 Now pensively leaning, now twirling his stiek,  
 While the moments grew long and his heart-throbs grew  
 quick—

Why, why did he linger so restlessly there,  
 With church-going vestment and sprucely-combed hair?  
 He loved, oh! he loved, and had promised to wait  
 For the one he adored, at the Old Farm Gate.

'Twas here where the grey-headed gossips would meet;  
 And the falling of markets, or goodness of wheat—  
 This field lying fallow—that heifer just bought—  
 Were favourite themes for discussion and thought.  
 The merits and faults of a neighbour just dead—  
 The hopes of a couple about to be wed—  
 The parliament doings—the bill and debate—  
 Were all canvassed and weighed at the Old Farm Gate.

'Twas over that gate I taught Pineher to bound  
 With the strength of a steed and the grace of a hound:  
 The beagle might hunt, and the spaniel might swim,  
 But none could leap over that postern like him.  
 When Dobbin was saddled for mirth-making trip,  
 And the quickly pull'd willow branch served for a whip;  
 Spite of hugging and tugging he'd stand for his freight,  
 While I climbed on his back from the Old Farm Gate.

'Tis well to pass portals where pleasure and fame  
 May come winging our moments and gilding our name,  
 But give me the joy and the freshness of mind,  
 When, away on some sport—the old gate slamm'd behind—  
 I've listened to music, but none that could speak  
 In such tones to my heart as the teeth-setting creak  
 That broke on my ear when the night had worn late,  
 And the dear ones came home thro' the Old Farm Gate.

Oh! fair is the barrier taking its place,  
 But it darkens a picture my soul longed to trace—  
 I sigh to behold the rough staple and hasp,  
 And the rails that my growing hand scarcely could clasp.

Oh! how strongly the warm spirit grudges to part  
 With the commonest relie once linked to the heart;  
 And the brightest of fortune—the kindest fate—  
 Would not banish my love for the Old Farm Gate.

ELIZA COOK.

### THE SUICIDE.

She left her Infant on the Sunday morn—  
 A creature doom'd to sin—in sorrow born;  
 She came not home to share our humble meal,  
 Her father thinking what his child might feel  
 From his hard sentence. Still she came not home.  
 The night grew dark, and yet she was not come;  
 The east wind roar'd, tho sea returned the sound,  
 And the rain fell, as if the world were drown'd;  
 There were no lights without, and my goodman  
 To kindness frightened—with a groan began  
 To talk of Ruth, and pray—and then he took  
 The Bible down, and read the holy book:  
 For he had learning, and when that was done  
 He sat in silence.—Whither could we run,  
 He said—and then rush'd frightened from the door,  
 For we could bear our own conceits no more.  
 We call'd our neighbours—there she had not been:  
 We met some wanderers—our's they had not seen;  
 We hurried o'er the beach, both north and south,  
 Then joined and hurried to our haven's mouth,  
 Where rush'd the falling waters wildly out;  
 I scarcely heard the goodman's fearful shout,  
 Who saw a something on the billows' side,  
 And Heaven have mercy on our sins, he cried,  
 It is my child—and to the present hour  
 So he believes that spirits have the power.

And she was gone—the waters wide and deep  
 Roll'd o'er her body as she lay asleep.  
 She heard no more the angry waves and wind,  
 She heard no more the threat'nings of mankind;  
 Wrapt in dark weeds, the refuge of the storm,  
 To the hard rock was borne her comely form.

But oh! what storm was in that mind! what strife,  
 That could compel her to lay down her life!  
 For she was seen within the sea to wade  
 By one at a distance, when she first had pray'd:

Then to a rock within the hither shoal,  
Softly, and with a fearful step she stole!  
Then, when she gain'd it, on the top she stood  
A moment still—and dropp'd into the flood!

CRABBE.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A chieftain, to the Highlands bound,  
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!"  
And I'll give thee a silver pound,  
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now who be ye would cross Lochgyle,  
This dark and stormy water?"

"O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,  
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men  
Three days we've fled together;  
For should he find us in the glen,  
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;  
Should they our steps discover,  
Then who will cheer my bonny bride  
When they have slain her lover!"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,  
"I'll go, my chief—I'm ready:—  
It is not for your silver bright;  
But for your winsome lady:

"And by my word! the bonny bird  
In danger shall not tarry;  
So though the waves are raging white,  
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apae,  
The water-wraith was shrieking;  
And in the scowl of heaven each face  
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,  
 And as the night grew drearer,  
 Adown the glen rode armed men,  
 Their trampling sounded nearer.

“O haste thee, haste!” the lady cries,  
 “Though tempests round us gather;  
 I’ll meet the raging of the skies,  
 But not an angry father.”

The boat has left a stormy land,  
 A stormy sea before her,—  
 When, oh! too strong for human hand,  
 The tempest gathered o’er her.

And still they row’d amidst the roar  
 Of waters fast prevailing;  
 Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,  
 His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismay’d, thro’ storm and shade,  
 His child he did discover:—  
 One lovely hand she stretch’d for aid,  
 And one was round her lover.

“Come back! come back!” he cried in grief,  
 “Across this stormy water:  
 And I’ll forgive your Highland chief,—  
 My daughter! O my daughter!”

’Twas vain: the loud waves lash’d the shore,  
 Return or aid preventing:—  
 The waters wild went o’er his child,  
 And he was left lamenting.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.