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DOBELL COLLECTION

P O E M S,

BY

William Thomas
W. T. MONCRIEFF.

'Lasso, à tal che non m' ascolta, narro.'

PETRARCH.

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P R E F A C E.



I commenced printing this volume to please one who, alas! has not lived to witness its completion—the praise or censure of others is now, therefore, of little import to me. The trifles it contains were mostly written in that happy, thoughtless season of life when, as the noble Nivernois beautifully and truly remarks,—

———*Réflexion et Jeunesse*
Ne s'unissent pas aisément.
L'on sent à cet âge charmant
Certain besoin d'aimer qui presse ;
L'on est ami, l'on est amant,
Bien moins par choix que par ivresse ;
Le cœur veut un attachement,
Et s'abandonne à la tendresse
*Sans savoir pourquoi ni comment.**

It will not, consequently, be wondered at, that the major part of them owe their birth more to

* Fables par M. le Duc de Nivernois, Livre 1. Fable 18.

fanciful feeling than any other source: some there are, however, that sprung, but too sincerely from sad reality; whilst others are merely imitations of various passages that afforded me pleasure during the progress of a very desultory course of reading. I have found amusement in noting down the various coincidences with my Poems, which I have discovered in other writers, and in pointing out to whom I have been indebted for my ideas. Whether the reader will be alike gratified in the perusal remains to be decided. I commit them to the world without solicitude; the only aim I had in publishing them I cannot now accomplish—and to every other disappointment I am proof.

5, *Union Place, Lambeth.*

June, 1829.

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DEDICATORY LINES

TO

M ——— A ——— M ———.

IN morning dream, by summer stream,
Before my soul knew care or duty,
On the pure tablet of my heart
I drew the form that I thought beauty.

There did I trace my line of grace,
My every thing I deem'd enchanting,
And many a chill of youth that form
Dispell'd, young Hope's sweet sunshine granting.

Still, day and night, with fond delight,
I woo'd this shade of fancy's forming,
And long, a pilgrim, rov'd to find
The shrine of charms but half as charming.

But vain my cares, unheard my prayers,—
 And reason long had deem'd them folly ;
 For, though I rarest idols found,
 They were not those which I thought holy !

Though maidens bright shed round their light,
 My fancy still their beauty tainted ;
 I own'd them fair. but ever sigh'd,
 “ They're not the fair my thoughts have painted.”

At length there beam'd a form, I deem'd
 The form so long belov'd in seeming ;
 With every charm as bright and warm,
 Yet lovelier than my loveliest dreaming !

There shone the eyes that woke my sighs,
 Yet sparkling with a radiance lighter :
 There were the cheeks so long I sought,
 Yet glowing with a crimson brighter.

There rose the bosom's orby swell,
 The silken robe's restraint disdaining.
 There waved the tress of loveliness,
 Reason and prudence both enchaining.

That form, which shone, my fancy's own,
 Was thine, thou dearest work of heaven !
 Then, surely, thou wert born for me,
 Or why such prescience of thee given ?

And, be the world's rude censures hurl'd,
 I shall not, dear, the less admire thee !
 For, oh ! thou'rt all in all to me,
 Thou'rt all that passion can desire thee.

There may be fair, more bright and rare,
 To me they'll be less rare and bright, dear !
 Thou'rt earth's and heaven's best to me !
 Thou'rt all that constitutes delight, dear !

I'll not maintain thy beauty's chain,
 Nor praise thy charms before another's ;
 To me thou'rt all I've ever wish'd !
 I care not what thou art to others.

And every vow I've made ere now,
 Each song I've breath'd to fancied beauty,
 Find their true owner here in thee,
 And pay the tribute, love, of duty.

Take then these rhymes of other times,
 Long since to thee in fancy offered,
 But now, in blest reality,
 With double fervour fondly proffered !

And deem each praise, of these rude lays,
 Thine own—by heaven, through me, directed,
 Thou concentration of each charm !
 And be they by **THY SMILE PROTECTED.**



Ah ever thus each mortal hope declines,
 Thus do our dearest, brightest wishes fade !
 A brief space since, I penn'd, with joy, these lines,
 And now, I but address them to **A SHADE !**



SUPPLICATORY ODE,
 TO THE OWL.

SAGE bird of darkness, Critic Owl!
 Why should'st thou, from thy leafy cowl,
 In yon deep shades, dart, mighty Sir,
 To crush the Poet Grasshopper—
 A dwarfish, trifling, thoughtless elf,
 Significant but to himself;
 Who,—his brief song of summer o'er,—
 Perchance had troubled thee no more?
 Why tear him from his sport away,
 And make the tuneful wretch thy prey?
 Alas! stern reason thou canst give—
 “*The fool must die, that I may live.*”
 'Tis even so—still victims we
 To rigorous necessity.
 Sad elf! in song he woos each flower,
 And you, too, carol in your bower—
 Albeit in a graver tone,—
 A note between a hoet and groan.

His lay is breath'd in life and light ;
 Yours in deep secrecy and night :
 Yet both attune the voice aloud,
 And gain attention from the crowd :
 Both vocal are, and when did we
 E'er, of one trade, find two agree ?
 Thus he must perish, hapless one !
 His lay is sung, his day is done.
 Poor insect ! all his mirth is o'er ;
 He now must madrigal no more.
 His songs have roused thee on the prowl ;
 I see thee coming, Critic Owl !—
 I see thee from thy haunt advance,
 With griping claw, and hungry glance !
 I see thee dart upon thy prey,
 And bear him to the shades away.
 Oh ! mighty Owl ! forbear, forbear !
 One *vagrant* should *another* spare.*

* This Ode is a very free paraphrase of an Epigram of Evenus, in the Greek Anthology, Ἀρα Κορα μελιδρεπτε, λαλον ἀρπαξατα, &c. forming ΕΠΙΓΡΑΜ. ιγ. of Brunck's Collection. I have taken the liberty to give the whole subject a turn not to be found in the original.

INTRODUCTORY STANZAS.

WHO has not heard of Memnon's Harp* of yore?
 Which, ever as the blushing morning broke,
 And golden sun-beams play'd its light chords o'er,
 From silence into wild sweet strains awoke;—

* This celebrated Lyre was fixed in the hand of the colossal statue of Memnon, erected at Thebes, in ancient Egypt. See Strabo, Geog. lib. xvii. Pausanias, in Attic. Lucian, in his Philopseudes and Toxaris. Also Philostratus; this latter Author in his *de Vita Apollon. Tyan.* has the following passage:—“δοκεῖ γὰρ ὁ ἥλιος οἶονεῖ πλῆκτρον, κατὰ τὸ στόμα ἐμπίπτων τῷ Μέμνονι, ἐκκαλέσθαι φωνὴν ἐκείθεν.” In his *Icon.* and in his *Heroics*, he particularises the sound still more minutely, “ἤεπ εἰδηάκτινα πρῶτην ὁ ἥλιος ἐμβάλλη πῦρ ἧς τὸ ἄγαλμα φωνὴν κρήγνυσιν.” The fable of its magical properties, not the least known of the Classical Thaumaturgi of the olden time, is so beautiful, that none can wonder at most of our celebrated Poets having noticed it. I had imagined my mode of treating it to be entirely original, till I stumbled, *par hazard*, on the following passage in the *Malade Imaginaire* of MOLIÈRE:—“*Mademoiselle,*” says DIAFORUS, “*ni plus, ni moins que la statue de Memnon rendoit un son harmonieux lorsqu'elle venoit d'être éclairée des rayons du soleil: tout le même me sens-je animé d'un doux transport à l'apparition du soleil de vos beautés.*”—Act II. Sc. 5. I have since discovered, AKENSIDE has a beautiful passage in his “*Pleasures of Imagination*, B. 1.” similarly circumstanced, in point of resemblance.

Just such the spell-formed Harp I bear ;—awhile
 Silent and frozen sleeps its every string,
 Yet, once awoke by Beauty's melting smile,
 How richly then each tender chord will ring !

And, when the last faint daylight tints were dying,
 The while o'er Memnon's Harp they trembling
 fell,

In sad sweet strains its magic numbers sighing,
 Hymn'd out departing splendour's last fare-
 well ;—

Just so my wayward Harp—it pensive sighs,
 Touch'd by the parting glance of Beauty's mien;
 Forth as she goes, in one sad strain it dies,
 And only wakes to life when she is seen.

The Nightingale, sweet Poet of the Rose,*
 Sings only while the flower he loves is blowing ;
 When summer suns her beauty's buds disclose,
 Then first his lay is heard, their fragrance wooing :

* Of the Poetical connexion between the Nightingale and the Rose, much has been and may be written. Jamieson, in a Note to his *Popular Ballads*, &c. Vol. II. p. 93. has some observations on this subject sufficiently pertinent to merit

And thus my song, whose burthen still is Love,
 Beauty's warm presence can alone inspire ;
 Only her blushing charms its praise can move,
 And wake the notes of wonder and desire.

And as his song forsakes the love-lorn bird,
 In that sad season when the flower decays,
 And, sympathetic, his last close is heard,
 When her last fading flush wounds his fond gaze ;
 So ceases the fond song I breathe, whene'er
 Inspiring Beauty is no longer near me,
 Nor will it sound to soothe the pangs I bear,
 But flies with her who only else could cheer me !

quotation. "The name of the Nightingale," says he, "in the French, (*rossignol*.) Italian (*rossignole*.) &c. is beautifully poetical ; it is Celtic, and is still preserved in the Scoto-Gaelic and Irish, *ROS-AN-CEOL*, *the rose music* ; the melody finely substituted for the melodist ; the former being often heard, whilst the latter is seldom seen. The Oriental fable of the Nightingale and the Rose is well known, and needs no other explanation than simply observing, that the queen of sylvan melodists, and the queen of flowers, come and go together ; and that Nightingales sing only while Roses blow."

MADRIGAL.

My Harp, which oft so fondly rings
 From peep of day
 Till evening grey,
 Is strung with twenty golden strings :
 There's a string for joy, and a string for wee ;
 A string to bless the goblet's flow ;
 One rousing youth and the battle's rage ;
 One blessing peace and the thoughtful sage ;
 Two which will only friendship own ;
 Three when soft pity
 Claims the ditty ;—
 But all the rest are LOVE's alone !*

* See ANACREON'S First Ode, Barnes's Edit. *Θελω λεγειν Αἴρειδας*, and the 16th in the arrangement of the same Editor, *Συ μεν λεγεις τα Θηβης*. Also Bion's 4th Idyll.

THE CONTRADICTIONS OF LOVE.

IN Love what contradiction lies,
 Love's all made up of joy and sorrow ;
 His April face, of smiles and sighs,
 Will laugh to-day and weep to-morrow.

Though child, he has a giant's power ;
 Though blind, his aim he misses never ;
 Though god, he'll die within an hour ;
 Though wing'd, he'll sometimes stay for ever.

Yes, Love is all a contradiction ;
 Those who love best the worst agree ;
 Love's a sad fact, a laughing fiction—
 For mark you how the rogue serves me :

His fires within my bosom blaze,
 Yes, there incessantly they glow ;
 While, through my eyes, his fountain plays
 With as continual a flow.

But, ah! no help to my desires
 In either flame or flood appears ;
 My tears refuse to quench Love's fires,
 His fires refuse to dry my tears.

I burn and stream both in a breath ;
 And, oh! the dreadful aggravation.—
 Am doom'd to die a double death,
 At once by flood and conflagration.

* For a further enumeration of the Contradictions of Love, the Reader may refer to PETRARCH'S Sonetto, "*S'amor non è; che dunque è quel ch'i 'sento?*" and the Sonetto, "*Pace non trovo, e non ho da far guerra.*" The fourth and fifth Stanzas of my Poem will remind the Spanish Reader of the following lines in the "*Diable Boiteux*," of LE SAGE:—

"Ardo y lloro sin sosiego ;
 Llorando y ardiendo tanto,
 Que ni el llanto apaga el fuego,
 Ni el fuego consumo el llanto."

L I N E S

FROM THE FRENCH OF MONCRIF:

“ *Autre fois, un temple étoit,*” &c.

THERE was, in ancient times, a fane,
 Where Passion's pilgrims often rov'd,
 And breath'd, to balm their bosom's pain,
 The witching name of her they lov'd.

Ah ! were such shrine but standing now,
 How many a youth, with thoughts of flame,
 Would own the idol of his vow,
 By softly sighing MAIA's name !

S O N G.

As flowers, that seem the light to shun
 At evening's dusk and morning's haze,
 Expand beneath the noon-tide sun,
 And bloom to beauty in his rays,—
 So maidens, in a lover's eyes,
 A thousand times more lovely grow,
 Yield added sweetness to his sighs,
 And with unwonted graces glow.

As gems from light their brilliance gain,
 And brightest shine when shone upon,
 Nor half their orient rays retain,
 When light wanes dim and day is gone :
 So Beauty beams, for one dear one !
 Acquires fresh splendour in his sight,
 Her life—her light—her day—her sun—
 Her harbinger of all that's bright !*

* "There is nothing new under the sun;" Solomon was right I had written these lines from experiencing the truth

of them, and really imagined I had been the first to express, what so many must have felt ; but on looking over ROGERS'S delicious little volume of Poems, some time after this was penned, I find he has, with his usual felicity, noted the same effect. I give his Text and Commentary ; they occur in his beautiful Poem, " HUMAN LIFE : " speaking of a girl in love, he says

“ — soon her looks the rapturous truth avow,
Lovely before, oh, say how lovely now ! ”

on which he afterwards remarks : —

“ Is it not true that the young not only appear to be, but really are, most beautiful in the presence of those they love ? It calls forth all their beauty. ”

Such a coincidence might almost induce me to exclaim with the plagiarising pedant of antiquity, “ *Pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerunt !* ”

ANECDOTE VERSIFIED.

*Lord Albemarle to Mademoiselle Gaucher, on seeing her
look very earnestly at the Evening Star.*

OH ! do not gaze upon that star,
That distant star, so earnestly,
If thou would'st not my pleasure mar,—
For, ah ! I cannot give it thee.*

And, such is my unbounded love,
Thou should'st not gaze upon a thing
I would not make thee mistress of,
And prove in love, at least, a *King* !

* Lord Albemarle, when advanced in years, was the lover and protector of Mademoiselle Gaucher. Her name of infancy, and that by which she was more endeared to her admirer, was Lolotte. One evening, as they were walking together, perceiving her eyes fixed on a star, he said to her,—“Do not look at it so earnestly, my dear, I cannot give it you !”—Never, says Marmontel, did love express itself more delicately.

BEAUTY'S IMMORTALITY.

TO _____.



AND must the world lose all thy light ?

Thine, love, whose eyes e'en suns outshine,
Whose virtue's brilliance beams more bright,
Must thou like other fair decline ?

Ah ! no, my faith spurns such controul,
I'll ne'er believe the herd, who say
The orient casket of thy soul,
Like common forms, will fade away !

No, as while living here, love, we
Beheld thee brightest of our sphere ;
So, when thou'rt dead, there's nought of thee
But will be something rich and dear.

Thine eyes, which mock the diamond's light,
Still, as of wont, will diamonds be !
Thy breasts will turn to lilies white,
With all the lily's purity !

From thy rich lips shall roses grow,
 Thy breath will give them fragrance rare ;
 Thy cheeks, that wear the ruby's glow,
 Will rubies be—and gold thy hair !
 Thy limbs, the spotless ivory !
 Bright pearls thy teeth—and, dearer far,
 Crystal thy heart—while we shall see
 Thy soul in some delicious star !*

* The Reader will perceive at once, that this Song must have been suggested originally by ARIEL's exquisite Lyric in the *Tempest* :—

“ Full fathoms five thy father lies ;
 Of his bones are coral made ;
 Those are pearls that were his eyes :
 Nothing of him that doth fade,
 But doth suffer a sea change
 Into something rich and strange,” &c.

I was not aware from what source I was obtaining my ideas, or I should never have had the temerity to have entered Shakspeare's ‘ charmed ring.’

Q U E S T I O N S.



LOVE! who can hope thy power to fly,
Or think to shun thy darts,
When thy own wings the plumes supply,
Which speed them to our hearts?

And who, when wounded, from his breast
Thy shafts can ever tear,
When beauty's piercing glances form
The barbs that fix them there?

SERMENT D'AMOUR.



MAIA, I swear, dear, by the turtle dove,
 That, fond and constant, knows no second love ;
 By those fix'd stars, that ne'er desert the heaven
 To which in night and gloom their light is given ;
 By the fond flower, which, till his course is run,
 Ne'er turns its gaze from off its god, the sun ;
 And by that sun, which still sleeps with the sea,
 I will be true to thee !

By the fond ivy, which, though storms o'erwhelm,
 Still faithful clings around its darling elm ;
 By those fierce tides, which still disdain all sway
 But the bright moon it joys them to obey ;
 By that sweet light, which still with morning glows ;
 And by the fragrance which ne'er leaves the rose ;
 By all things that in nature constant be,
 I will be true to thee !

LOVE'S HATRED!

TO _____.



I LOVE you, yet hate you, alas 'tis too true;
 'Tis a paradox easy enough to explain :
 I love you, for so all that see you must do,
 And hate you, because you don't love me again.*

* These lines are altered from the Latin of Catullus,
 " *De amore suo* :"—

Odi, et amo, quare id faciam fortasse requiris,
 Nescio : sed fieri sentio, et excrucior.

Catullus in turn appears to have been imitated by Martial :—

Non amo te, Sabidi, nec possum dicere quare ;
 Hoc solum possum dicere, non amo te.

Few readers will be displeased at my subjoining the facetious Tom Brown's celebrated and very pleasant Translation of this last Epigram :—

I do not love thee, Doctor Fell,
 The reason why I cannot tell ;
 But this I know, and know full well,
 I do not love thee, Doctor Fell.

MADRIGAL.

OFT on a Summer's eve, with vagrant feet,
 When the sun mildly glimmer'd through the trees,
 I've sought some lonely, cooling, calm retreat,
 To taste the freshness of the wandering breeze.
 There, on a bank with violets o'ergrown,
 My languid limbs in gladness I have thrown,
 And, tasting all the luxury of rest,
 Have mus'd on that my fancy lov'd the best ;
 Lull'd all the while by rills, that softly wept,
 And hum of rural sounds, till I have slept.

Nor have I woke, till Philomel's sad tune
 Unlock'd each sense, when, starting, I have found
 Night's darkest clouds bedimming the pale moon,
 And shade and silence stealing all around.
 Then slowly have I sought my ancient tower,
 And, all enrapt, through midnight's lonely hour,
 Have giv'n my every thought to Heaven above,
 And its divinest work, my "Ladye Love."

S T A N Z A S.

PARAPHRASED FROM THE FRENCH OF CHAULIEU :

“ *Iris, ne croyez pas qu’une flamme nouvelle,*” &c.

OH! check the sigh thy joy that smothers,
 Think not that I can prove untrue;
 Nor say, I you shall leave for others,
 As I have others left for you.

No, loveliest, no! for though the youth
 Who gains thy smiles may faithless be
 To others, who have claim’d his truth,
 He ne’er can faithless be to thee.

S O N G.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.*

THE clouds gather fast, and the oak-forests roar,
The maid to and fro walks along the green shore,

* Translations of these wildly-pathetic lines have been published both by Coleridge and Lamb,—yet I cannot say I felt entirely satisfied with either, which has induced me to attempt another, more faithful, though, perhaps, less beautiful; in fact, it is almost literal, as the German scholar will perceive, if he takes the trouble to consult the original, transcribed for that purpose: it occurs in that fine Drama, the *Piccolomini*, the second part of Schiller's noble Trilogy, *Wallenstein!* and is sung by the heroine of the piece, accompanied by the Orchestra, in a manner wild and impressive beyond expression. The second line, "*Das Mägdlein wandelt an's ufers grün,*" reminds me so strongly of Homer's celebrated passage,—“*Βῆ δ' ἀκέων παρὰ θίνα πολυφλοισβοιο θαλάσσης,*” that I cannot but think Schiller must have had it in his memory at the moment he was writing.

The big waves are breaking with might, with might,
And sadly and lonely she sings to the night ;

Her blue eyes discolour'd with weeping.

“ My heart's dead within me, the world is a void,

“ Which nought more can yield to be wish'd or
enjoy'd :

“ Thou holy One, summon thy weary child home !

“ I've liv'd and I've lov'd, now forsaken I roam,

“ And sigh for the grave's quiet sleeping !”

Der eichwald brauset, die wolken ziehn,

Das Mägdlein wandelt an's ufers grün

Es' bricht sich die welle mit macht, mit macht,

Und sie singt hinaus in die finstre nacht,

Das auge von wienen getrübet.

Das herz ist gestorben, die welt ist leer,

Und weiter giebt sie dem wunsche nichts mehr.

Du heilige, rufe dein kind zurück,

Ich habe genossen das irdische glück,

Ich habe gelebt und geliebet.

EPIGRAM.*

ON LEAVING BRIGHTON.

GAY scenes, that best our monarch cheer,
 We'd never, never part,
 Were you not to my *purse* more DEAR
 Than even to my *heart*.

* Paraphrased from the following, written on the window of an Inn at Chantilly:—

“Beaux lieux, où des plaisirs Condé fixa la source,
 A ne vous point quitter l'on feroit son bonheur,
 Si vous n'étiez à notre bourse
 Plus **CHERS** encore qu' à notre cœur.”

PASSION'S WISHES.



I WISH I were the silver moon
Upon my MAIA beaming !
For then she'd delight
To walk in my sight,
Where the waters bright are streaming.
All night I on her charms would gaze
Through her window, while she was sleeping ;
I'd scare with my light
The ills of the night,
'Till morn my love-watch keeping !

I wish I were the golden sun—
All day I'd gaze upon her ;
Her face so bright
With rays of light
I'd encircle, to glory and honour !

Her bosom cold I then might warm,
And my passion, she might return it ;—
Or else, in the skies
I never would rise,
That all the world might mourn it !

TO

THY cheek beauty's blush still discloses,
Yet harder no heart sure can be !
But since Iron is found hid in Roses,*
What wonder I meet it in thee ?

On my cheeks the Roses have faded,
Sad proof that my love is sincere,
And no Iron my heart has pervaded,
But the barb which thy scorn has fix'd there !

* DR. CLARKE has satisfactorily proved the existence of Iron in the petals of Red Roses.

SONG.

TO A YOUNG LADY SINGING.

OH breathe again that melting lay,
And when in foreign climes I stray,
When years have circled o'er my head,
And every joy of youth has fled,
If chance its tones I hear again,
'Twill sweetly banish future pain,
By wakening with enchanting power
The feelings of the present hour.

Sweet, as I list, each tone will bring
Some long-lost feeling on its wing ;
Some pulse of youth by dull age still'd,
Some thought of bliss that oft has thrill'd
My heart with joy ! some note of love,
Some inspiration from above,
Delicious—soothing—softening—gay !
Then breathe again that melting lay !

MADRIGAL,

TO MAIA.

THE youth who sees thee may rejoice,
 And he is blest who hears thy voice,—
 But, oh ! what cause of smiles has he,
 Who, happy, gains a smile from thee !

Happy is he who thee admires,
 Happier, who sighs with soft desires ;
 But, oh ! more blest, more happy he,
 Who, sighing, gains a sigh from thee !*

* The last four lines of this Madrigal are translated from the following, addressed by Guarini to a beautiful Lady :—

Felice che vi mira,
 Ma più felice che per voi sospira :
 Felicissimo poi,
 Che sospirando fa sospirar voi.

Guarini here has merely paraphrased an Epigram in the Greek Anthology, which appears to be an imitation of Sappho's celebrated Ode :—

“ Φαινεται μοι κήνος ισος Θεοῖσιν.”

So happily copied by Catullus :—

“ Ille mi par esse deo videtur.”

Also by Ausonius : —

“ Qui te videt beatus est,
 Beatior qui te audit ;
 Qui basiat semi-deus est ;
 Qui te potitur est deus.”

Among a crowd of more modern followers, the French satirist, Boileau, stands distinguished in his Ode :—

“ Heureux qui près de toi,” &c. &c.

But an Englishman feels a just pride in the superiority, universally admitted, of Ambrose Phillips's exquisite version

“ Blest as the immortal gods is he,
 The youth who fondly sits by thee,” &c.

over every other imitation of this noble relique of antiquity.

R H A P S O D Y.

“ This is very Midsummer madness !”

SHAKSPEARE.

I LOVE my Love to such excess,
 And prize her with such jealous care,
 That I could quarrel with the breeze,
 Which frolics with her golden hair.

So great the madness of my heart,
 With such fierce passion do I glow,
 That oft I wish to rend the robe
 That dares to clasp her breast of snow.

And when in noontide high she roves
 And meets the sun's enamoured blaze,
 I call for night to shroud the groves,
 That he may not so *warmly* gaze.

So do I doat upon the fair,
 Such is my passion's ecstasy,
 That I could quarrel with the air,
 To which she breathes her balmy sigh.

'Tis folly's dream ! yet I prefer
 Such dreams to dull reality ;
 I would be air, robe, all, to her !*
 She should be every thing to me !

* I am aware that every classical reader, upon the perusal of this line, will call to mind Anacreon's

Εγω δ' εσοπτρον ειην,
 Οπως αιε ελεπης με, &c.

But where is the lover, worthy of the name, who has not, at some period, cherished a similarly romantic wish ?

L I N E S,

ON LEAVING AN OBSCURE RETIREMENT.

UNSIGHTLY chamber ! gloomy, narrow, bare,
 Dark guardian of my rest ;
 Ah ! though my hours, in thee, by moody care
 And anguish were oppress'd,
 Yet, now, that I'm about from thee to sever,
 I feel a pang to think it is—*for ever !*

For, oh ! there is no thing so lorn and rude,
 Taught or untaught,
 That hath been with us in our solitude
 And known our thought,
 But feeling hearts will find themselves o'ercast
 At taking the farewell they deem—the *last !**

* “ There are few things,” observes Dr. JOHNSON, in his *Idler*, “ not purely evil, of which we can say, without some emotion of uneasiness,—*this is the last*. Those, who could

never agree together, shed tears when mutual discontent has determined them to final separation; and of a place that has been frequently visited, though without pleasure, the last look is taken with heaviness of heart." To prove that these observations of our great moralist are strictly correct, I may be allowed to observe, that I was not at all aware of their existence, when I wrote the Lines on which they form a commentary; and which were really penned from genuine feelings, in the moment of separation described, and not from any view of laying down an axiom, or illustrating an emotion.

L I N E S

TO

WRITTEN ON THE SANDS OF HASTINGS.

As the sea-shell retains in its bosom
The sighs of the waves where it play'd,
Still breathing them, never to lose them,
Till dark into ruin 'tis laid :

So, deep in my bosom are lying
The sighs, you, false maid ! breath'd to me ;
And there will they echo, undying,
Till breathless that bosom shall be.

S O N G.

SAPPHO TO HER MOTHER.

PARAPHRASED FROM THE FOLLOWING FRAGMENT OF
SAPPHO PUBLISHED BY PULVIUS URSINUS.

Γλυκεια ματερ, ετοι
 Δυναμαι πρεπειν τον ιπτον,
 Ποθη δαμεισα παιδος,
 Βραδιναν δι' Αφροδιταν.*

AH! though my harp neglected stands,
 Which once so sweetly used to sound,
 The sport of Zephyr's wanton hands;
 And though my tresses are unbound;

* This very characteristic Fragment of the unfortunate Poetess, seems to have thrown all the Scholiasts into ecstasies. "We may suppose," says Dr. JOSEPH WARTON, "the fair Author looking up earnestly on her mother, casting down the web on which she was employed, and suddenly exclaim-

Ah ! though I spend the night in sighs,
 And strive my tears from day to hide,
 Pride of my life—joy of my eyes—
 My dearest mother—do not chide !

For, oh ! in every thrilling vein
 A secret influence I own ;
 Young Love asserts his mighty reign,
 And claims me for himself alone,—
 Steals every thought, each sense pursues ;
 And all, which was so late my pride,
 Now, lost in love, unnotic'd sues,
 Yet, dearest mother, do not chide !

ing, ‘ Beloved mother, I can no longer weave the web, inspired with love for some beauteous boy by the *gentle* Venus.’” By the bye, this is not a very adequate translation of the Doctor, the beautifully expressive Epithet ‘ Βραδιναν Αφροδιταν,’ being totally lost in it ; the following is more literal, and does perhaps more justice to the original. “ My sweet mother, I really cannot any longer turn the spindle, being subdued by my desire for a youth, through the *sloth-creating* Venus.”

Another Commentator asserts “ that it would have afforded a worthy subject for Guido, the first, perhaps, among the Italian painters, who alone could have transfused this inimitable

expression of deep affection, of languor, and voluptuous sentiment, to the features and love-inspired form of the too-susceptible Greek." Natural and voluptuous! a delineation of the personal feelings of the love-lorn Lesbian, it cannot fail to awaken our sympathy. In addition to which, it has, to the Greek Scholar, a simple, touching, unattainable pathos that defies translation.

F A N C I E S.

HER kisses hang upon my lips,
Like morning's dews upon the rose ;
As soft, as sweet, as balmy too ;
And, oh ! the lip that tastes such dew,
Like dying love, immortal grows !

Her accents break upon mine ear,
Like music o'er some stream at night ;
I'm not on earth when she is near,
Nor yet in heav'n ; but in some sphere,
That is than either far more bright !

B A L L A D.

WITH frolic children of the earth,
Whose thoughtless hearts were light and glad,
Whose voices woke no sound but mirth,
The minstrel boy was mute and sad !
His heart was like his harp too much,—
Unwaken'd, that would never wake ;
And where the heart-strings none can touch,
The heart will silent be, or break.

But when the chosen few ones spoke
To genius, taste, and feeling dear,
Fast as each heart-strung chord they woke,
Its soft response 'twas sweet to hear !
Were love, or war, or woe the theme,
He pour'd so wild, so dear a strain,
Lull'd them in so divine a dream,
None ever wish'd to wake again !

R O U N D

FOR MUSIC.

REMEMBER, love, the rosy flower
 I promis'd thee in early morn,
 Which, when we sought at evening hour,
 We found had fled, and left a thorn !

Ah let it, dearest, teach thee this,
 In pity to the youth who grieves,—
 The floweret is the joy we miss—
 The thorn, the sharp regret it leaves.*

* This little Poem is of Greek origin. The first four lines are a close translation of an Epigram, to be found in the Anthologia, beginning :—

Τὸ ρόδον. κ. τ. λ.

S T A N Z A S.

LAST night, I stray'd through rose-wreath'd bowers,
 For, oh ! my soul was sad with love ;
 And to the Zephyrs and the flowers
 I sigh'd, their sympathy to move :
 " Ah ! tell me, gentle gales," said I,
 " How I my lovely maid may bind ?"
 " Bind her with flowers," they murmur'd by ;
 " So sweet a chain she will not mind !"

Some flowers I pluck'd ; " Sweet flowers !" said I,
 " What with my fair will you avail ?"
 " Oh ! let us here till morning lie,
 And o'er the maid we may prevail."
 Morn came ; I stray'd where they were lying,
 And sigh'd, my lovely flowers to see ;
 For, some with cold neglect were dying,
 Whilst others could not livelier be !

Oh ! emblems of my love and me,
You shall this morn my story tell ;
The flowers that bloom, my fair shall be,—
The wither'd, he who loves so well !
And, when she sees your bloom all going,
She, then, for me may shed the tear,
That I did, when I saw them blowing,
And was reminded of my dear !

M A D R I G A L.



OH, Stream ! on whose fair breast the sunbeams
play,
If o'er thy banks my gentle love should stray,
Keep thou her image on thy bosom clear,
To bless my eyes when next I wander near.

And thou, too, Echo, when she passes by,
If she should gladly sing or fondly sigh,
Oh keep the sounds, and but repeat them, when
I, her fond lover, cross thy haunts again.

S T A N Z A S.

LET fools with disappointment groan,
 My bliss no mortal can defer,
 For it springs from myself alone ;
 Yes—yes, the very *dream* of her
 Is far more rapturous to me,
 Than any other's *self* can be.*

Lull then thy cares for me to rest,—
 Still let me slumber idly on ;
 I would not, if I could, be blest,—
 My happy dreams might then be gone .
 And, oh ! I would not risk to lose them,
 E'en for the heaven within her bosom :—

* Nearly the same sentiment as this is expressed by SHENSTONE in his exquisite and often quoted Inscription, at the *Leusowes*, to the memory of *Miss Dolman* :

“ Eheu ! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari, quam tui meminisse !”

For were she less than I have form'd,
 Though still she might an angel be
To hearts, by love like mine unwarm'd,
 She'd less than woman be to me;
And, after dreams of heav'n, to wake
To mortal dreams—my heart would break !

S O N N E T.

TO M. A. M.

LIKE some sweet portrait of the olden time,
 (When painters pictured with a poet's eye,
 And woman, woo'd in her young beauty's prime,
 Wearing Romance's semblance gloriously,
 Mov'd forth, the chosen genius of the clime !)
 Mellowed, by lapse of years to that pale cast,
 That gentle fading morning of decay,—
 Thou lookest dear—a vision of the past !
 Gliding like day-dream on thy placid way :—
 Scarce seems thy form of earth, so pure thy ray !
 So calm, so meek, so pale thy look and mein !
 So hallowed the chaste light around thee thrown,
 That, as we gaze, we cling unto the scene,
 To worship thee—ere thou'rt for ever flown !

LOVE'S BLINDNESS!



WHY weakly on her beauties dwell ?
Numb'ring each source of false delight ;
She boasts no charm, but there lurks harm,
Did doting Love possess but sight !

Those locks, at which e'en age awakes,
Around her brows so wanton flung,
Ah ! what are they but curling snakes,
That have my heart to madness stung.

Those glances, kindling wild desires,
Which from her eyes of azure play,
What are they but the lightning's fires,
That burn the gazer's peace away !

BEAUTY AND SCORN.

Amor può assai, ma più lo sdegno.

ITAL. PROV.

OH, what a sun is o'er us glowing !

Oh, what a breeze is past us flying !

It cheers the flowers so sweetly blowing,

Which else, by summer's suns, were dying.

Nona, thy charms than suns are brighter ;

And oh ! their brilliance death would give,

But thy disdain breathes cooler, lighter

Than southern breeze, and bids us live !

Thy beauty fills our hearts with love,

Thy scorn inspires our soul with hate ;

And we should death by passion prove,

But pride steps in and combats fate !

Our hearts by love and hate are torn,

And like some bark, when winds annoy it,

Between two waves it braves the storm,

When singly either might destroy it.

L I N E S.

IMITATED FROM THE GREEK OF ALCÆUS.*

AH, were I but the lyre, my fair,
 Thy tuneful fingers wander o'er;—
 I might as well be such, for, oh!
 You could not play upon me more.

E'en, as you bid, I'm grave or gay,—
 I smile or sigh, feel woe or glee;
 For you have stol'n my heart away,
 And now you are the heart of me.

Or, would I were yon vase of gold,
 Which in the banquet still you sip;
 Rich draughts my form would then enfold,
 And love and wine embathe my lip.

* I have taken some liberties with the original of this trifle, which is merely a Fragment, and is by some, but I think incorrectly, attributed to Anacreon.

BEAUTY'S IDEA !

“ OH, give me an *idea !*” said I
To Maia, who was standing by :
“ Dull Bard !” said she, “ not to perceive
But one idea can Maia give !”—
“ Ah cease,” I answer'd, “ to reprove,
I know, I feel it now,—’tis LOVE !”

S T A N Z A S.

'TWAS at the gentle, silvery fall of day,
 Stretch'd at my length, beneath a weeping willow,
 Oppress'd with heat and thought I slumbering lay,
 Lull'd by the rippings of the stream's light
 billow.

While there I slept, my vivid fancy form'd
 A vision fraught with misery and woe :—
 Oh may I aught by grief or pain deform'd
 Only on summer eves in slumber know !

Sighs rent my bosom, tears bedew'd my eyes ;
 But soon I woke, and, to my joy, I knew
 There were no sighs but Evening's zephyr sighs ;
 No tears but rose and lily's tears of dew !
 Oh then the rapturous joy that thrill'd my form,
 To find my grief, child of a dreamy hour,
 Was like the sunshine breaking on the storm,
 The rainbow rising o'er the sweeping shower.

These visions of affliction, then, I thought,
Are like the quarrels which fond lovers grieve ;
For though they painful are, they are but short,
And they no anguish'd sting behind them leave.
Love is asleep when these light storms are break-
ing,
And though we anguish feel, the while they last,
Yet, when he wakes, what joy brings that awak-
ing,
To think that all our sleeping woe is past.

THEME AND VARIATION.

THEME.

*Perchè mai, se in pianto e in pene,
 Per me tutto si cangiò,
 La memoria del mio bene
 Dal mio sen non trapassò!*

VARIATION.

WHEN bliss, like morning's blush, shall stray,
 And eve but brings us sorrow's dew;
 When all of joy has pass'd away,
 Ah! why flies not its memory too?

But, oh! the memory of past joy
 Still, still, within the heart will live,—
 That soothing balsam to destroy,
 Which, haply, other joys might give.

L I N E S

TO SACCHARISSA, WITH A SUGAR VASE.

AH, would, thou humble shrine for sweets,
Thou didst some soft nepenthe bear,
To moderate our passion's heats,
And sweeten every earthly care!

Or, would that in thy bosom I
Could every sweet of life convey ;
How swiftly then thy form should fly
To her, who stole my heart away.

But, simple, empty as thou art,
Borne by my ceaseless sighs, take wing ;
She'll plenteous sweets to thee impart,
Who gives a sweet to every thing.

S O N G.

THE moon is down, the wind is high,
 The rain is fastly flowing,
 But, ah ! the midnight hour is nigh,
 And I must needs be going !
 For to my love I swore, by Jove !
 That I this night would meet her ;
 Then blow, ye winds, and flow, ye rains,
 You'll make me speed the fleeter.

Love needs no light, for he is blind !
 Thou, moon, need'st not arise ;
 And flow, thou rain, and blow, thou wind,
 Love's used to tears and sighs !
 My fair is all in all to me,
 My world lies in her cheeks !
 Oh moon, appear—the maid I see !
 Be hush'd, ye winds—she speaks !

A N A C R E O N T I C.

BRING hither, boy, yon Tuscan wine,
And round our brows we'll roses twine ;
Roses we have pluck'd to day,
And we will drink till they decay.

Yes, fill the vase, boy, fill it high,
For see the light forsakes the sky :
To ocean hastes the fainting beam,
And we must seek it in the stream.

Then let us, with the goblet's light,
Illumine all the hours of night ;
Drown every thought of care and pain,
And drink till daylight dawns again !

S T A N Z A S

TO THE SHADE OF ————

*In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep
sleep falleth on men,—an image was before mine eyes ;
there was silence, and I heard a voice —*

JOB iv. 13.

REPROACH me not, beloved shade !
Nor think thy memory less I prize ;
The smiles, that o'er my features play'd,
But hid my pangs from vulgar eyes.
I acted like the worldling boy,
With heart to every feeling vain :
I smil'd with all, yet felt no joy ;
I wept with all, yet felt no pain.

No—though, to veil my thoughts of gloom,
I seem'd to twine Joy's rosy wreath,
'Twas but as flowerets o'er a tomb,
Which only hide the woe beneath.
I lose no portion of my woes,
Although my tears in secret flow ;
More green and fresh the verdure grows,
Where the cold streams run hid below.

THE DEAREST NAME !

TO _____



I'VE call'd you, in my lays, each tender name
 My love could fancy, or your beauties claim !
 I've call'd you idol—angel—darling—dear !
 And each fond name you sweetly smil'd to hear ;
 There wants but this to make you more divine,
 That you would only let me call you—*mine* !*

* These Lines bear some resemblance to an Epigram by Lessing. Coleridge has, I believe, paraphrased the same idea !

M A Y I N G.

TO MAIA.

Now is the merry month of May ;
And birds on every tree are telling
The pleasures of their leafy dwelling,
Singing many a roundelay !

Hark ! how the jocund rebecs sound ;—
Oh merry, merry month of May,—
Thy sward invites the limbs to lye,
And hear the pleasant bells ring round.

Now trips the morris to and fro,
The while Dan Robin strains his throat,
And drowns the cuckoo's warning note ;
Come let us all a maying go !

How fresh the flowers, how bright, how gay !
The sprites, who have the garden's care,
Have left their own sweet breathings there,
To charm our lovely queen of May !

Gracia, our queen of May art thou !
And never yet was earthly queen,
Or queen of Fays, more lovely seen,
Or worthier of each summer vow !

And, oh ! if still you constant prove,
Sweet meed for every tear and sigh,
MAY soon will AUGUST prove, and I
Reap the rich *harvest* of my love !

S E R E N A D E.

THE day-light has long been sunk under the billow,
 And Zephyr its absence is mourning in sighs ;
 Then Dora, my dearest, arise from your pillow,
 And make the night day with the sun of your
 eyes.

That, fairer than you, no one ever may prove,
 The bright mould that form'd you, they've broken,*
 my love ;

And now, you alone can your image renew,
 Then, oh ! for creation's sake, rise, dearest, do !

* The reader may probably accuse me of plagiarism from Byron's noble Monody on Sheridan. I allude to the admired lines which close that Poem :—

——“ Nature form'd but one such man,
 And broke the die—in moulding Sheridan.”

Such, however, is not the case ; this trifle was written at the

Pretty star of my soul ! heaven's stars all outshining ;

Sweet dream of my slumbers ! ah, love, pray
you, rise ;

Enchantress! all hearts in your fetters entwining,—

To my ears you are music, and light to my eyes !
To my anguish you're balm, to my pleasures you're
bliss,

To my touch you are joy ; there's the world in
your kiss :

Day is not day if your presence I miss ;

Ah, no ! 'tis a night cold and moonless as this !

request of a musical friend, some months previous to the appearance of the *Monody*. If there is any robbery, Byron is equally a thief with myself, more than two centuries since, Ariosto, speaking of one of the departed worthies of his time, remarks :—

“ *Natura lo fece, et poine ruppa la stampa.*”

and if my memory was not so treacherous as it is, I could show that Ariosto did but say that, which had been, more than once, as well said before him, by those great originals of all good things the old Greeks ; by-the-bye the same idea may be found in *BURNS* as well as *BYRON*.

CONSOLATIONS OF SORROW.

TO THE SHADE OF _____

I MISS thee most, my love, at that lone hour,
 When the last sun-rays leave our summer bower,
 And day and night, day's orient progress run,
 Are softly—sweetly—blending into one !
 When the bright western star begins to rise,
 Lighting the dark blue depths of cloudless skies,
 That calm, that silent hour, the first of eve,
 Dearest to those who only live to grieve !

Then plung'd in memories of refin'd, sweet sorrow,
 E'en from my very grief, a joy I borrow ;
 A joy that almost makes my heart rejoice,—
 For, in deep solitude, there wakes a voice,
 A still small voice, the mourner's heart that cheers,
 Caught from the rill that trickles on in tears,

The wandering breeze that softly murmurs by,
And to the sufferer seems soft pity's sigh !
The listening silence, and the soothing calm,
Still to complaining hearts their sweetest balm,
And all the nameless sympathies that rise
From nature's scenes, the woods—the plains—the
 skies !

And then, love, to my lonely couch I turn,
Where, while with thousand thoughts of thee I burn,
I woo the dream that gives thee back again,
And in that dear delusion lose my pain !

CAPRICCIO.

ON _____.

HER black eyes mourn her treachery,
 Her cheeks blush deep with shame,
 Her coral lips pout angrily,
 Forc'd words of guile to frame.

Her locks disdain the ringlet's chain,
 No more they'll hearts ensnare,
 At liberty ! they cry " be free,
 Our ties but bring despair !"

At her deceit her bosom swells,
 Her breath still strays in sighs,
 Her every beauty now rebels,
 Her charms in judgment rise !

LOVE'S CREED.

WHEN, love, thy charms I see,
Can I a sceptic be ?

Ah ! no, conviction in a glance is given ;
For in thy form and face
A hand divine I trace,
Laugh at the powers of chance and own a
Heaven !

Though atoms, idly hurl'd,
Might frame this mighty world ;
Though seas and plains from chaos might have
birth,
Yet, oh ! what chance could give
A form like thine to live ?
What chaos yield thy judgment, wit, and worth ?

What chance could give thy cheek
That hue so rich and sleek,
And fix that radiant brilliance in thine eye ?

What chaos could bestow
 Those locks of golden flow,
 And breathe that witching fragrance in thy sigh?

Own the proud sceptic must!
 No chance-rai'd dance of dust,
 A face, a figure, so divine, could frame!
 'Tis writ in each fair line,
 Only a hand divine
 Could to that perfect image give the flame!

Thine eyes, which shine so bright,
 Are lit with Heaven's own light;
 An angel's aspiration is thy breath!
 Thy reason, ever right,
 Keen wit and judgment bright
 Immortal are, and mock the dart of death!

I seek not musty schools,
 But scorn the pedant's rules,
 I am not vers'd in theologic lore!
 That there's a God, I know,
 To whom I ever owe
 My duty—love!—I wish not to know more!

A simple creed I own,
I hold but this alone—

That Heaven, for some wise purpose, unconfess'd,
Form'd every creature rare,

That fills earth, ocean, air,

And that it through its works is worshipp'd best.

Then still I'll kneel to thee,

My heart's lov'd deity,

Nor shalt thou, dear, my orisons reprove ;

Through thee, I worship Heaven !

Through thee, my faith is given !

Then to *adore* thee is RELIGION, Love !

N O T T U R N O.

Cantus querulæ tibiæ.

HOR. OD. 7. B. iii.

'Tis now the dead of night, my love ;
 From thy chamber-bower alight, my love ;
 I've a ladder of ropes,
 And a world of hopes—
 Then quickly let's take flight, my love.

Here we in danger are, my dear,
 But we'll fly from it far, my dear ;
 Then into my arms,
 With thy thousand charms,
 Descend like a falling star, my dear.

Oh, what are wealth and birth, my love,
To honesty and worth, my love ?
 From thy father's tower,
 To thy true lover's bower,
Is stepping to heaven from earth, my love.

The moon is shining bright, my dear ;
Our flying steps to light, my dear ;
 Beaming, the while,
 An approving smile,
On this our true-love flight, my dear.

L I N E S

TO _____.

I SAW thee die, and yet I liv'd !

But what were thy worst pangs to mine ?
Bliss, love ! for though dull sense surviv'd,
I died a thousand deaths in thine.

And though I breathe and gaze and stray,
My joy, my rest, my peace, have fled ;
My mental life has pass'd away ;
My hope, my heart, my soul, are dead !

Existence, motion, still are mine ;
But they to senseless things are given,—
All, dear, that renders man divine,
Thought, feeling, are with thee in heaven.

LOVE'S FOLLIES.

WHEN, lull'd in passion's dream, my senses slept,
 How did I act?—e'en as a wayward child!
 I smil'd with pleasure when I should have wept!
 And wept with sorrow when I should have smil'd!

When Gracia, beautiful but faithless fair,
 Who long in passion's bonds my heart had kept,
 First with false blushes pitied my despair,
 I smil'd with pleasure!—should I not have wept?

And when, to gratify some wealthier wight,
 She left to grief the heart she had beguil'd;
 That heart grew sick and, saddening at the sight,
 I wept with sorrow!—should I not have *smil'd*?

A MODEST ODE TO FORTUNE.

“ Et genus et formam regina pecunia donat.”

HOR.

O GODDESS Fortune, hear my prayer,
 And make a bard for once thy care !
 I do not ask, in houses splendid,
 To be by liveried slaves attended ;
 I ask not for estates, nor land,
 Nor host of vassals at command ;
 I ask not for a handsome wife—
 Though I dislike a single life ;
 I ask not friends, nor fame, nor power,
 Nor courtly rank, nor leisure's hour ;
 I ask not books, nor wine, nor plate,
 Nor yet acquaintance with the great ;
 Nor dance, nor song, nor mirth, nor jest,
 Nor treasures of the east or west ;

I ask not beauty, wit, nor ease,
 Nor qualities more blest than these—
 Learning nor genius, skill nor art,
 Nor valour for the hero's part ;
 These, though I much desire to have,
 I do not, dearest goddess, crave :—
 I modestly for MONEY call—
 For *money* will procure them *all!**

* Compare with this the following passage in Boileau's eighth satire :—

Quiconque est riche, est tout ; sans sagesse il est sage ;
 Il a sans rien savoir la science en partage ;
 Il a l'esprit, le cœur: le mérite, le sang ;
 La vertu, la valeur, la dignité, le rang ;
 Il est aimé des grands, il est chéri des belles :
 Jamais SURINTENDANT ne trouva de cruelles.

HOPELESS LOVE.

TO

IF hopeless love thou e'er hadst known,
If e'er its pangs were thine,
Oh, in the memory of thine own,
Thou'dst feel and pity mine.

But never, never may'st thou prove
How wretched is their fate,
Who sigh for those they may not love,
Yet feel they cannot hate.

* These Lines, with a slight alteration, have been adapted to Caraffa's beautiful Air "*Fra tante Angoscie.*"

S O N N E T.

WINTER, though all thy hours are drear and chill,
 Yet hast thou one that welcome is to me ;
 Ah! 'tis when day-light fades, and noises still,
 And we afar can faintly darkness see ;*
 When, as it seems too soon to shut out day
 And thought with the intrusive taper's ray,
 We trim the fire, the half-read book resign,
 And in our easy chairs at ease recline ;
 Gaze on the deepening sky, in thoughtful fit,
 Clinging to light as loth to part with it :
 Then, half asleep, life seems to us a dream,
 And magic all the antic shapes that gleam
 Upon the walls, by the fire's flickerings made ;
 And oft we start, surpris'd but not dismay'd.
 Ah! when life fades and death's dark hour draws
 near,
 May we as timely muse and be as void of fear !

* " Darkness visible."—MILTON.

THE JOY OF WEEPING.

A SMILE may brighten the tear-drop still,
That from Beauty's dear eye strays ;
As sun-beams lighten the trickling rill,
That weeps through the forest maze.
Joy brightens all the tears of love
O'er virgin cheeks that steal !
When passion weeps, it is to prove
What words cannot reveal !

Aurora weeps in tears of dew,
As day leads on the hours,
But sweetly smiles, the while, to view
Her tears refresh the flowers !
Thus, when our tears for others flow,
We smile through them, to see
Despair still robb'd of half its woe
By generous sympathy !

MULTIPLICATION.



‘ ONE kiss my love, and then’—I sigh’d—
 She granted it, my grief to smother,
 ‘ One more, and then’—again I cried—
 “ And then,—what then ?” — ‘ Then, love, *an-*
other !’

For though, as Sages, dear, disclose,
 E’en manna’s self will cloying prove,
 “ Increase of appetite but grows
 On what it feeds,” when it is LOVE !

* Vide Basium III. of Joannes Secundus, “ Da mihi sua-
 violum,” &c. And Basium VII. of the same Author, “ Centum
 basia centies, &c.” Also Catullus, Carm. VII “ Quæris quot
 mihi basiationes,” &c. ; and Martial, Epig. 34. lib. vi.

A L A M E N T.

“ The Flowers of the Forest are a’ wede away ! ”

FAIR flower ! fair flower !
 Though thou seem’st so proudly growing,
 Though thou seem’st so sweetly blowing,
 With all Heaven’s smiles upon thee,
 The blight has fallen on thee,
 Every hope of life o’erthrowing,
 Fair flower ! fair flower !

Dear flower ! dear flower !
 Vainly we our sighs breathe o’er thee,
 No fond breath can e’er restore thee ;
 Vainly our tears are falling,
 Thou’rt past the dews’ recalling ;
 We shall live but to deplore thee,
 Dear flower ! dear flower !

Poor flower ! poor flower !
No aid now to health can win thee ;
The fatal canker is within thee,
 Turning thy young heart's gladness
 To mourning and to madness !
Soon will the cold tomb enshrine thee,
 Poor flower ! poor flower !

Wan flower ! wan flower !
Oh ! how sad to see thee lying,
Meekly—calmly—thus, though dying ;
 Sweeter, in thy decaying,
 Than all behind thee staying !—
But vain, alas ! is now our sighing,
 Lost flower ! lost flower !

S T A N Z A S

TO MAIA, LOOKING AT A PICTURE.

SEE, what a lovely picture's here !
 Ting'd with rapture's brightest hue,
 A Lover, sitting by his dear;—
 Just, my Love, like me and you.
 What magic had the painter's hand,
 For, while we gaze, we *scent** the flowers,
 And almost feel the Zephyrs bland,
 That seem to cool those trellis'd bowers.

Look at the youth ! Love's in his eye,
 His slender form beams ripe for bliss ;
 He seems to whisper “ No one's nigh,”
 Then grant, dear maid, the promis'd kiss !”

* Philostratus, speaking of a Picture, has a similar idea :

“ επαινω και τον ενδροσον των ροδων και
 φημι γεγραφθαι αυτα μετα της οσμης.”

Look at that maid, what burning blushes
Are mantling on her rich young cheek ;
See from her eye what brilliance gushes,
Ah! more than worlds of words they speak.

See his fond arm how gently twining
Around her soft retiring waist ;
And see his lip, how blandly joining
Her melting cheek, so warmly chaste.
Ah! as it glows in colours warm,
It is a picture fair to see ;
But we a sweeter one could form,
One, dearest, in *reality!*

R E F L E C T I O N S.

OH ! where have fled the moments blest,*
 That pass'd so swift away ;
 When day still brought us night's sweet rest,
 And night was bright as day ?
 Sweet hours of youth and joy,
 That know no second birth ;
 Alas ! you ever fly,
 Ere scarce we've learn'd your worth.

And where has fled the power to move,
 That Nona once possess'd ;
 That warm'd each icy heart to love,
 And fir'd each frigid breast ?

* Dove sono i bei momenti
 Di dolcezza e di piacer !
 NOZZE DI FIGARO.

Where, too, those graces, fraught
 With all that hearts could sway ;
 Which woke each tender thought,
 And stole our souls away ?*

Ah! with her youth, Experience sighs,
 Has Nona's beauty flown,
 For still with youth 'tis beauty flies ;
 Years ne'er depart alone.
 In spring our wisdom sleeps ;
 In winter wakes to truth ;
 And long the greybeard weeps
 The folly of the youth.

* Quo fugit Venus ? Heu ! quove color ? decens
 Quo motus ? quid habes illius, illius
 Quæ spirabat amores,
 Quæ me surpuerat mihi ? &c.

HOR.

EVENING.

A SKETCH FROM NATURE.

Ut pictura poesis erit.—

HOR.

'Tis now the young decline of day ;
 The light is lingering in the sky,
 Fading unconsciously away,
 Like brightness in a maiden's eye
 That fain would sleep,
 But watch must keep.

Now shadows steal o'er hill and plain ;
 Just, as in life's decline, we find
 Reflection steal across the mind,
 That sunshine will not aye remain

The village windows gleam like gold,
 Most bright and beauteous to behold,
 Reflected in the lake below ;
 Mocking, with their sheeny glare,
 The lights that soon will twinkle there ;
 One, two, three ! a glorious show ;
 And, now, they like a thousand glow !

How Fancy works !—they seem to me
 Like to some illumination,
 Given by a mighty nation,
 On their hero's victory,
 Their prince's birth-day celebration,
 Or a saintly jubilee !
 It is a sight I joy to see,
 It chimes well with my simple mood,
 To think that rustic nature should
 (Cheering her chosen sons) impart
 Sights that outvie the powers of art !

*

*

*

*

THE FIRST OF MAY.

I SOUGHT her cot, at peep of day,
 And tapp'd, till Echo tapp'd again;
 It was the merry first of May,
 And thus I breath'd a lover's strain:
 Maia, my life, my soul, arise,
 And shame the Heavens with those eyes!
 Rise, love, the light has banish'd night,
 A world of sweets
 Thy coming greets,
 Bright cynosure of summer skies,
 Maia, my life, my soul, arise!

Rise, love, it is the first of May,
 Most blest of days throughout the year!
 I saw and lov'd thee on that day,
 But make it still more bless'd, my dear;

Like morning, with thy thousand charms,
Oh ! rise and glad thy lover's arms !

The casement gleam'd,

In sight she beam'd,

And softly sigh'd

She'd be my bride ;

To church, in haste, we hied away,*

And she was mine the first of May !

* This Song is altered from a very pretty French Triolet :

Le premier jour du mois de Mai,

Fut le plus heureux de ma vie ;

Le beau dessein que je formai,

Le premier jour du mois de Mai,

Je vous vis, et je vous aimai.

Si ce dessein vous plut, Silvie,

Le premier jour du mois de Mai

Fut le plus heureux de ma vie !

SONNET.

“If the power of volition be suspended, persons may dream while they are awake. Such is the case, when, in an evening, looking into the fire, we let slip the reins of the imagination, and yielding implicitly to external objects, a succession of splendid or terrific imagery is produced by the embers in the grate”—BUCHAN.

“Oh for a Muse of Fire !”

SHAKESPEARE.

FOR very want of thought and occupation,
 Upon my fire, as broad and high it blaz'd,
 In idle and unweeting mood I gaz'd;
 And, in that mass of bright and glowing things,
 Fancy, which in such moments readiest springs,
 Soon found materials for imagination :

Within the fire, all listless as I maz'd,
There saw I trees and towers and hills and plains,
Faces with warm smiles glowing flocks and swains,
And antic shapes of laughable creation !
And thus the poet's soul of fire contains
A store of all things bright and glorious—rais'd
By Fancy, that deft artisan, to shape
Into fair scenes and forms, that nature's best may
ape.

DAY AND NIGHT.



NONA has charms of splendid light,
Like orient suns her full eyes beam,
And, just as golden, long, and bright,
Like sun-rays, do her ringlets stream :
But, ah ! so glowing, so o'erpowering,
Proud Nonā pours her beauty's blaze,
That, in shades, at distance cowering,
Hearts adore, yet fear to gaze—
And, like the sun, though bright her ray,
She only cheers our hearts by day !

Gracia ! kind girl, more mildly beams,
Like the moon's smiles are her bland looks,
When from a cloudless sky it gleams,
And throws its light o'er summer-brooks.

And, oh ! so chastening are the rays
 She yields alike to friend and foe,
They sanctify the burning gaze
 Which longing eyes too often throw.
And, like the moon, as kindly bright,
Sweet Gracia cheers our hearts by *night* !

VALENTINE'S DAY.

'To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,'
And, soon as morn shall shine,
My dearest, shall I at thy window sigh,
To be thy Valentine !

And if thou'lt at thy window stand
Thy Valentine to see,
The proudest he within the land
Less proud than I shall be.

Then should the sun shine out or no,
I care not,—let him rove;
All will be sunshine here below,
If I but see my love.

The brightest queen I should pass by,
For after thee, my fair,
I could not satisfy mine eye
With any one less rare.

My hopes are fix'd on thee alone,
And happier I should be
Than kings, could I but reign upon
The throne of love with thee !

LOVE'S MUTABILITY!

THE first blest time I saw my love,*
 'Twas on an April day ;
 Ah ! that she like that day should prove,
 And shine but to betray.

In morn it was she cheer'd my sight,
 With smiles that fled too soon ;—
 They promis'd to endure till night,
 But vanish'd ere the noon.

Now all is dark, Love's night has come,
 And brings death's lasting sleep ;
 My rest lies in the silent tomb,
 And she for me may weep

* See Petrarch's Sonetto, "Era 'l giorno i ch' al sol scolorara," &c. written on first seeing Laura.

For this the doom that waits Love's slave,
His hopes are still o'erthrown ;
And only—only in the grave,
Can certain rest be known !

Some cloud the fairest day deforms,
Some blight mars pleasure's flowers ;
Our look'd for sunshine turns to storms,
The brightest sky has showers !

And “ all who've journied life's sad round,”
With me will, sighing, say,
In love no equal bliss is found ;
'Tis but an April day !

SINGLE CURSEDNESS!

IF, as an ancient Sage* declares,
Our souls all fall from Heaven in pairs,
Which, though dividing in their course,
Will still, impell'd by secret force,
Towards each other wing their flight,
Till they in bonds of love unite,—
Ah! tell me, all ye powers divine,
Where is the soul that should be mine?
Why do we thus asunder live,
And lose the bliss that each might give?
Ah! how much longer must I sigh
For peace, love only can supply?

* I forget the name of this worthy; his dictum is however extant, and written in very choice Greek.

I sicken thus to live alone,
In single misery to groan ;
My days are dulness, vacancy,
The morning brings no light to me—
Noon no employ—the night no rest !
Nor joy, nor hope, dwell in my breast !
Ah ! guide me, all ye powers above,
Guide me to her I'm born to love !
E'en though her coldness doom'd to meet,
To languish ages at her feet :
For, oh ! methinks scorn, pain, despair,
Were better than this void to bear ;
This loathsome stagnancy of feeling,
Over the heart like torpor stealing.
Oh ! tell me where she may be found,
And I will journey earth's wide round,
To pour my vows, and woo her smile ;
Counting as pleasure every toil !—
Ah ! once to see her, once to know
My soul lit up with passion's glow,
Oh, it would drive far, far astray,
The rust that eats my heart away,

The vapours dank would then depart,
That now o'ercloud and dull my heart.
I then once more within my soul
Should own the feelings' sweet controul.
Once more should thrill with that sweet joy,
That best can lassitude destroy ;
For, ah ! 'tis love alone can give
That which makes life a bliss to live.

NATURE'S LESSON.

TO _____.



THE purple-hued Clematis, dear,
Dies, if no fond support be near ;
Just so it is with you and me,
Through Love and Nature's sympathy ;
You the support, the tendril I,—
And, oh ! I must *entwine*, or die !

C H E R R I E S.

A LOVER'S NARRATIVE.

Suggested by the following Passage in Rousseau :—

“ *Après le dîné nous fîmes une économie ; au lieu de prendre le café qui nous restoit du déjeuner, nous le gardâmes pour le goûté avec de la crème et des gâteaux qu'elles avoient apportés ; et pour tenir notre appétit en haleine, nous allâmes dans le verger achever notre dessert avec des cerises. Je montai sur l'arbre et je leur en jétois des bouquets dont elles me rendoient les noyaux à travers les branches. Une fois Mademoiselle Galley, avançant son tablier et reculant la tête, se présentoit si bien, et je visai si juste, que je lui fis tomber un bouquet dans le sein ; et de rire. Je me disois en moi même : Que mes levres ne sont elles des cerises ! comme je les leur jetterois ainsi de bon cœur !*” Les Confessions de Rousseau, Partie I. Livre 4.

FLED had lazy, languid noon,
 When forth we stole from forest bowers,
 My maid and I—
 Where with shade, and song, and tune,
 The sullen, breathless, heated hours,
 Pass'd sweetly by.

On our way, I softly said,
 " Let us to mine orchard go—
 Thou know'st 'tis nigh ;
 There every summer fruit, sweet maid,
 Like fruits of knowledge, tempting grow,
 To mouth and eye."

" Do'st think me, then, another Eve?"
 In undecided mood she said,
 'Twixt smile and sigh ;
 " Would'st thou, like him of old, deceive,
 To eat the fruit forbid to maid?"
 Confus'd stood I !

At length, with many a true-love vow,—
 The which she chid, but joy'd to hear,—
 Did I reply ;
 And to mine orchard haste we now,
 With steps, that shake with hope and fear
 Delightfully.

There, up a cherry tree I spring :
 With heart as light as heart can be,
 The maid stands by ;

I move as if each limb were wing,
 And, oh ! entranced creature, she,
 How great her joy !

Then to come underneath I ask
 The maid, and spread her lap of snow,
 While I would try—
 Oh sweet employ ! delightful task !
 Into that snowy lap to throw
 The clusters high.

She answers with the wish'd-for deed :
 I cherries pluck, one, two, and three ;
 Adown they fly ;
 “ See how like love-lorn hearts they bleed,”
 She playfully cries out to me,
 “ And blushing lie !”

Her lap is white as new-fall'n snow,
 Or lamb—yet seat of whiter state
 Attracts mine eye ;
 Her bosom !—there I dext'rous throw
 The cherries next, with courage great,
 Oh, ecstasy !

She laugh'd !—it caus'd me cry aloud,
 Without (for hope had made me proud)
 Or blush, or sigh,—
 “Oh! that my *lips* but *cherries* were,
 How gladly would I throw *them* there,
 Entranc'd to lie !”

She did not frown ;—that day is gone,
 And I since then have met her scorn ;
 'Lorn creature I !
 Her heart, in thought, I have survey'd,
 And this sad simile have made—
 I know not why :

Like the red-hearted cherry, it
 Can blush, and bleed, and guile the wit
 That seeks to sip ;
 Can tempt the taste to try and win,
 While all, alas! is *stone* within,
 And mocks the lip.*

* It may be necessary to state, that this Poetical Trifle was the Author's first exercise in the simple, story-telling school of the Lake Poets. He is not sure, at this moment,

whether his intentions, when writing this Poem, were seriously to imitate the exquisite simplicity and truth to nature so prevalent in his models, or playfully to mimic their puerility, colloquiality, and occasional inanity. This the reader will, perhaps, decide for him.



ANACREONTIC.

COME fill the bowl!—one summer's day,
 Some hearts, that had been wreck'd and sever'd,
 Again to tempt the liquid way,
 And join their former mates endeavour'd ;
 But then arose this serious question,
 Which best to kindred hearts would guide ?
 Water, was Prudence' pure suggestion,
 But that they thought too cold a tide !

Peace bade them try the milky way,
 But they were fearful 'twould becalm them ;
 Cried Love, on dews of morning stray,—
 They deem'd 'twould from their purpose charm
 them.

Cried Friendship, try the ruby tide,—
 They did—each obstacle departs ;
 'Tis still with wine 'rest hearts will glide
 Most surely unto kindred hearts.

TRANSLATION OF PETRARCH'S 28TH SONNET.

“Solo e pensoso, i piu deserti campi.” &c.

ALONE, and pensive, through these desert shades,
 I pace the earth, with heavy steps and slow ;
 Avoiding watchfully, as forth I go,
 Each human haunt—intent, till daylight fades,
 To shun man's piercing gaze and question rude ;
 For, long of cheerful thoughts bereft by care,
 My love-lorn form betrays my mind's despair,
 And my heart's fires through my sad eyes protrude:
 While Fancy whispers, that the hills and plains,
 The streams and forests, know, though so conceal'd,
 The story of my life, its joys, and pains ;
 And in my walks no spot is e'er reveal'd,
 But there Love, straying, haunts me ceaselessly,
 Conversing—I with him, and he with me.

IS IT LOVE ?

To find my heart so heavy grown,
That I could almost swear
Young Cupid's dart was form'd of stone,
And he had fix'd it there ;
A pang, I dare not tell, to prove,
And yet cannot conceal,—
I do not know if this is Love,
But this is what I feel !

A secret influence to bear,
Makes me one form pursue,
As if that form the loadstone were,
And mine the needle true ;
That pleasing malady to prove,
Which best itself can heal,—
I do not know if this is Love,
But this is what I feel !

S I M P L I C I T Y.

I WISH'D to make my Love a gift of something soft
 and simple,
 For softness and simplicity lurk in her every
 dimple ;*

* Thus Varro :—

“ Sigilla in mento impressa Amoris digitulo,
 Vestigio demonstrant mollitudinem ;”

quoted by Madame Dacier, in her edition of Anacreon, 1681, on a similar passage in that Author's celebrated Ode, *Ἀγε, ξωγραφῶν ἀρισε*. This simple trifle, which has appeared anonymously, has been singularly noticed and maltreated in the Literary World ; it has been curtailed of its fair proportions and transformed into a Song at the Surrey Theatre, by Mr. T. Dibdin. The Reverend Ralph Sharpe, in order to fit it for the ‘ *Beauties of English Poetry*,’ in his “ FLOWERS OF RHETORIC,” 1819, p. 93, has, under the title of the ‘ Benevolent Lover,’ not very benevolently, deprived it of any

And Cupid whisper'd me, that she would that the
 best prefer,
 Which did in worth and nature most assimilate with
 her.

At first, I thought of violets a rustic couch I'd
 make her,
 Whereon to rest her ivory limbs, when sleep might
 overtake her ;
 But Love sung, ' Foolish youth, beware ! for when
 on them she lies,
 The flowers will die with envying her azure veins
 and eyes.'

Then glow-worms I resolv'd to catch, to light her
 in the night ;
 But Love exclaim'd, ' They will not shine before
 her eyes so bright !'

point it possessed, by his *chastening* improvements ; and
 lastly it has been fathered by a provincial pretender, and
 figured its little hour, under his name, in the ' Poet's Corner'
 of a Country Newspaper.

‘Well, then,’ quoth I, ‘I’ll lilies pluck, to ornament
her vest ;’

Cried Love, ‘Her whiter bosom, youth, will orna-
ment it best.’

‘A band of roses, then, I’ll twine, to grace her fore-
head fair ;’

Said Love, ‘No band can grace it like her band of
golden hair.’

‘What shall I give her, then?’ I sigh’d. Quoth
Love, ‘You foolish elf,

You can give the maid no gift so soft and simple
as *yourself!*’

THE HOUR OF BLISS!

I'VE banquets sought, but never yet
 Could soothe my bosom's care ;
Riot at every one I met,
 But Pleasure was not there.
No, Pleasure loves too well to roam,
 She heeds no one's behest ;
Self-will'd, alas ! she'll only come
 An uninvited guest !

But, oh ! the joys that Pleasure brings,
 They precious are, and rare,
As is the Oasis, that springs
 In Lybia's deserts bare.
A fountain in a world of sands,
 A flower in barren plains,
A kindly voice in savage lands,
 A balm where sickness reigns !

And shall we then slight Pleasure's hours?

Her transient joys defer?

No! when she visits life's dull bowers,

Let's woo and welcome her.

Life is too short, and woe too wide,

To slight one hour of bliss;

And when, with Maia by my side,

Was one more blest than this?



L I N E S.*

WHEN last we quarrell'd, Love, I swore,
 I would not for a year behold thee ;
 But, ah ! a day had scarce pass'd o'er,
 Ere once more did my arms enfold thee.

* These Lines are slightly imitated from Paulus Silentiarius, vide "Anthologia," edit. Brunck, Strasburgh, 1773, epigram 24. This casuistical defence of amatory perjury has been frequently imitated by the French Poets, but I have never yet seen it cleverly handled by English Writers ; as Menander says, ' *Οργη φιλοντες ολιγος ισχυω χρονος.*' The anger of those who love does not continue long, yet short as it is, passion is ingenious in its devices to abridge its briefest duration. Bland, to his translation of these lines of Paul, has subjoined a note, in which he remarks, that "the simple thought, of time being lengthened by the absence of Lovers, has never been so well expressed, because never in so few words, as by Theocritus, ' *Οι δε ποθουντες εν ηματι γηρασκουσιν.*' 'Chi ama, e chi desia, in un giorno s'invvecchia,' as Salvini has correctly interpreted it.

Yet charge me not with perjury,
My oath religiously I kept, love !
That day was a whole year to me,
So lingeringly the moments crept, love !

E L E A N O R G R E Y.

B A L L A D.

OH ! long shall I think of the Miller's fair daughter,
The flower of the valley, poor Eleanor Grey ;
For though Sorrow's sure dart to the dark grave
has brought her,
Her virtues, in memory, ne'er can decay !
Like the glow-worm, which shines, the night's dark-
ness illuming ;
Like the breath of the rose, which, though sweet
while 'tis blooming,
Breathes sweeter when death is its beauty entomb-
ing,
Is the memory sweet of lost Eleanor Grey !

If to love be a crime, and there's sin in believing,
Then greatly a sinner was Eleanor Grey ;
For Edwin was tender as well as deceiving,
And swore to protect, when he meant to betray.
And like the mild night-plant, when some rude foot
bends it,
Whose only reproach is the perfume it lends it,
She sigh'd, " My heart blesses the false youth who
rends it !"
And died as she bless'd him, poor Eleanor Grey !

SONNET STANZAS.

Ανεμῶν πνεοντων, την ηχω προσκυνει.

PYTHAGORAS.

*Quam juvat immites ventos audire cubantem —
Aut, gelidus hybernus aquas cum fuderit Auster,
Securem somnos, imbre juvante, sequi !*

TIBULLUS.

I LOVE to hear the high winds pipe aloud,
 When 'gainst the leafy nations up in arms;
 Now screaming in their rage, now shouting, proud;
 Then moaning, as in pain at war's alarms:
 Then softly sobbing to unquiet rest;
 Then wildly, harshly, breaking forth again,
 As if in scorn at having been repress'd;
 With marching sweep careering o'er the plain.
 And, oh! I love to hear the gusty shower
 Against my humble casement pattering fast,
 While shakes the portal of my quiet bower;
 For then I envy not the noble's tower,

Nor, while my cot thus braves the storm and blast,
Wish I the tumult of the heavens past.

Yet wherefore joy I in the loud uproar ?

Does still life cloy, has peace no charms for me?
Pleases calm nook and ancient tome no more,

But do I long for wild variety ?

Ah! no; the noise of elements at jar,

That bids the slumbers of the worldling close,
Lone Nature's child, does not thy visions mar,—

It does but soothe thee to more sure repose.

I sigh not for variety nor power,

My cot, like castled hall, can brave the storm ;
Therefore I joy to list the sweepy shower

And piping winds, at home, secure and warm ;
While soft to heaven my orisons are sent

In grateful thanks for its best boon, content !*

* These Stanzas are, it will be perceived, but very little more than an amplification of the well-known lines of Lucretius :—

Suave mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis,
E terrâ magnum alterius spectare laborem.

LOVE'S EMANCIPATION.

FALSE girl! I'll wear thy chains no more,
 My heart shall be my own ;
 'Twas thy neglect left ope the door,—
 And now, the captive's flown !
 Then give me, give me back the tears,
 That I have shed for thee ;
 They shall congeal to drops of ice,
 To show I'm cold to thee !

Once, it was bliss thy chains to wear,
 For flowerets hid them all ;
 But, since thy scorn has kill'd the flowers,
 The unwreath'd fetters gall !
 Then give me, give me back the sighs,
 That I have breath'd for thee ;
 With them, I'll fan the flames of love
 In one more true and free.

L I N E S.

GIVE me the lyre my Gracia held so dear,
 And let me wake the lay that, once, to hear
 She bent so tenderly, and lov'd so much ;
 Then place beside the harp she us'd to touch.
 And, while to mine in soft response it rings,
 I'll think that still again she sweeps its strings ;
 The dear deceit will cheat me of my pain,
 And, in a sound, I'll live o'er life again !*

* Kotzebue in his *Travels to Paris*, vol. 3, p. 166, English translation, 1804, gives us the following extract from his 'pocket book.' "Of a girl romantically in love, I have noted an anecdote, which is said to have happened very recently, and which will touch the feelings of most of my readers as it did mine.

"She was playing on the harpsichord, and her lover used often to accompany her on the harp. He died, and his harp had remained in her room. After the first access of despair,

she sunk into the deepest melancholy, and much time elapsed ere she could sit down to her instrument. At last she did so, gave some touches, and, hark! the harp, tuned alike, resounded in echo! The good girl was at first seized with a secret shuddering, but soon felt a kind of soft melancholy. She thought that the spirit of her lover was softly sweeping the strings of the instrument. The harpsichord from this moment constituted her only pleasure, as it afforded her the joyful certainty that her lover was still hovering about her. One of those unfeeling men, who want to know and clear up every thing, once entered her apartment; the girl instantly begged him to be quiet, for that very moment the dear harp spoke most distinctly—being informed of the amiable illusion which overcame her reason, he laughed, and with a great display of learning, proved to her, by experimental physics, that all this was very natural. From that instant the maiden grew melancholy, drooped, and died." This anecdote has furnished the groundwork of a romantic tale, by the patriotic and heroic poet KÖRNER, entitled "The Harp."

PITY'S PEARL.



THE skies were dark, the wind was high,
The foaming ocean
Was all in motion,
And threw its billows to the sky,
Alas! Alas!

Too late the life-boat came to save ;
The fishers met a watery grave,
Before friends', kindred's, children's eyes,
Their agony what could surpass ?
They, shrieking, shrinking,
Saw them sinking,
Sinking, ah never more to rise !
Alas! Alas!

Gracia was walking on the shore,
 She heard them shrieking,
 Succour seeking,
 But, ah ! a tear was all her store ;
 Alas ! Alas !
 And sadly did the maiden sigh,
 “ Ah ! why no other pearl have I,
 Than that which Pity’s eye now gives ;
 - When from their hearts will sorrow pass ?
 The bright tear fell where waves were sighing,
 Fell where a shell was aptly lying,
 The shell that virgin tear receives ;
 Alas ! Alas !

Shrin’d in the shell, that bright tear there
 By power, given
 From bounteous heaven,
 Became a pearl of value rare :
 Oh joy ! Oh joy !
 The fishers’ offspring, toiling, find
 The pearly tear for them design’d,
 A mighty sum they by it gain ;

It soon o'erthrew each dark annoy,
 And ere the morrow,
 Banish'd sorrow—
 Prov'd Gracia's tear fell not in vain,
 Oh joy ! Oh joy !*

* The origin of this Ballad is an Eastern Fable, I believe by Hafiz, which I find translated first in the Spectator, No. 293, vol. 3. The elegant Mancini, Duke de Nivernois, has versified the original so gracefully, in his 'Fables,' Livre Second, that I cannot forbear gratifying the French Reader by transcribing it :—

LA GOUTTE D'EAU.

Du haut de la voûte des airs
 Une goutte d'eau détachée,
 Tombait dans l'abîme des mers ;
 Elle en était sans doute bien touchée,
 Pour peu qu'elle eût de sentiment :
 Venir ainsi du firmament
 Pour se trouver confondue, égarée ;
 Rouler a jamais ignorée
 Parmi les flots de ce vaste élément
 Dont notre terre est partout entourée,
 C'étoit un sort bien triste assurément
 Quoi qu'il en soit, les lois du mouvement
 Allant leur train, la goutte est attirée
 Du haut en bas, et touche a son dernier moment.

Dans cet instant heureusement,
Par un huître elle est aspirée,
La, comme en un fort retirée
Elle regne à son aise, et profite si bien
Qu'elle devient en moins de rien
Perle d'une beauté parfaite.
Elle pare d'abord l'ecrin d'un curieux :
Bientôt d'une princesse elle orne la toilette,
Et finit par briller sur les autels des dieux.
Qui l'aurait dit, quand la pauvette
Tombait si tristement des cieux ?

O D E.

NATURE'S SUPREMACY!

GIVE me the wild note still, that springs
 When o'er the harp the minstrel flings
 His gifted hand, and tries his power
 In inspiration's mighty hour !
 Awakening, from th' unconscious chords,
 Wild notes that mock the power of words !
 In careless untaught circles winding,
 The soul's most hidden feelings finding,
 Before the lay of cunning art,
 Which charms the ear, but leaves the heart,
 Give me the stream meandering on,
 O'er many a bed of sedge and stone ;
 Here brawling loud—now whispering there,
 But still depriving us of care ;
 Before the dull, the staid canal
 That moves without a rise or fall.

And give me Maia, wild young thing,
 Whose heart is like the linnet's wing,
 Once caught and sooth'd with silken sway,
 She'd charm the live-long hours away ;
 So wild, so simple is the dear,
 She's heaven's own inmate wandered here.
 My young wild thing ! my young wild thing !
 Thy heart is like the linnet's wing :
 But, ah ! once snar'd, my love, by me,
 So bless'd thy humble home should be,
 Thou ne'er shouldst sigh, love, to be free :
 Pure Nature how thou wak'st our sighs,
 Thou first best blessing of the skies !
 All that belongs, lov'd power, to thee,
 Is dear, heaven knows how dear, to me !
 The flower, that in the desert blows,
 The grape, that glad in nature grows,
 Anacreonting all our fields,
 A charm, more cool, more blessed, yields,
 To longing eyes and burning lip,
 That faint to gaze and die to sip,
 Than can precocious fruit and flower,
 Rais'd by the hot-bed's ripening power !

And Maia, wild untutor'd creature,
With Nature's speech, and Nature's feature,
Is dearer than the polish'd fair,
That blooms in cultivated air.
Her simple song of artless grace,
Far more delights the heart to trace,
Than all the scientific strains
Of classic Arno's maids and swains.
Her careless, playful, artless gait,
Her step so light, yet so elate,
More fascination has for me
Than walk of solemn dignity ;
Or all the dancer's artful mazes,
Which but surprise the eye that gazes.
Pure love from Nature still has birth ;
Nature's from Heaven—Art springs from Earth !

THE PILGRIM PRINCE.

BALLAD.

AT blush of morn, the silver horn
Was loudly blown at the castle gate ;
And, from the wall, the Seneschal
Saw there a weary pilgrim wait.
“ What news—what news, thou stranger bold ?
Thy looks are rough, thy raiment old !
And little does Lady Isabel care
To know how want and poverty fare.”
“ Ah let me strait that Lady see,
For far I come from the North Country !”
“ And who art thou, bold wight, I trow,
That would to Lady Isabel speak ?”
“ One who, long since shone as a prince,
And kiss'd her damask cheek !”

But oh my trusty sword has fail'd,
The cruel Paynim has prevail'd,
My lands are lost, my friends are few,
Trifles all, if my Lady's true !”

“ Poor Prince ! ah when did woman's truth,
Outlive the loss of lands and youth !”

S T A N Z A S.

*Paraphrased from the following distich of the Philosopher
Plato, in Laertius:—*

“ Ασερας εισαθρεις, ασηρ εμος, ειθε γενοιμην
Ουρανος, ως πολλοις ομμασιν εις σε βλεπω.”

Oh ! Psyche, that I were yon sky ;
For then, at blush of morning,
My tears should all in dew drops fly,
In sorrow at thy scorning !

Oh ! Psyche, that I were yon sky ;
For then, at evening's gleaming,
My every star should be an eye,
Upon thy beauties beaming.*

* Such luxuriant wishes as these have, in all ages, formed the favourite subjects of Poetry. Longpierre and

Barnes, in their Annotations on the 22nd Ode of Anacreon, “Ἡ Τατάλου ποτ’ ἔση,” the parent of most of these fanciful compositions, refer to several imitations of it; of which an Epigram by Dionysius, the Sophist, extant in the Anthologia, beginning “Εἰθ’ ἀνεμος γενοίμην, σὺ δὲ γέ σειχθεσά παρ’ αὐγᾶς,” appears to be the best. Apuleius, however, has some pretty Verses in this style. Among the moderns, a French Bard, Monsieur de la Mothe Houdart, wantons, in my opinion, the most gracefully.

LOVE AND BEAUTY.

IN days of old, when Love was young,
He pledg'd his duty,
To charming Beauty !
With her he danc'd, to her he sung,
And soon for their wedding the bells were rung ;
She look'd so sweetly,
Dress'd so neatly,
She stole young Love's fond heart away,
And Nymphs, with envy, their fair heads hung,
At Beauty's looks, so bright and gay !

In joy they pass'd their honeymoon,
When ah ! poor Beauty
Forgot each duty,
And it was seen with sorrow, soon
That she a sloven had become ;

No more a lover,
 The wide world over,
 Love wing'd his flight from his young bride's arms,
 In hopes to find, ah dearest boon !
 His once-priz'd Beauty's former charms.

Beauty, enrag'd that thus Love rov'd,
 Spoke words reviling ;
 He answered smiling,
 Alike by scorn and tears unmov'd,
 " You're not the Beauty once I lov'd !
 You dress'd to gain me ;
 To retain me,
 You should have doubled each fond endeavour,
 Love cools as Beauty careless proves,
 And when Love flies, he flies for ever !"

SONNET STANZAS.

*On re-perusing, after a long interval, a book that had
been a favourite in Childhood.*

WAKENER of thoughts in youth's sweet spring of
life,
Thou hast brought back that time when all was
new,
I glance at once long years of turmoil through,
And rest, where all with peace and flowers is rife.
How, as this long-forsaken tome I view,
Sinks into deepest shadow manhood's strife ;
And all my childish joys at once renew ;
As if each word was magic that I read,
Of power to wake the past, and raise the dead ;
Giving the spirit of lost joys so plain,
My worn heart beats with youth's bold pulse
again.

Oh volume, potent as that book of dread,
 Which, for his Ladye, he of Deloraine,
 From wizard Scott, bore with such toil and pain !

There may be tomes more deep, more rare, more
 good

Than thou, companion of my childish days ;
 But thou'rt the first I lov'd and understood !

Thou art the first plung'd me in wonder's maze !
 I cling to thee, as early lover should ;

Thrill with those feelings thou wert first to raise ;
 I stray with thee through all past pleasant ways ;

Recall the converse we have had together,
 Reclin'd on grassy bank, in summer weather,

Or by a winter fire, in antique chair ;
 And, like a lover gazing on his fair,

I find new beauties out at each fresh gaze.

Let Wisdom frown ; she'd try to yield, in vain,
 Such joy as from thy simple page I gain !

L I N E S

TO _____.

WHEN first with yours my heart took wing,
'Twas pure as Nature woke it ;
You could have made it any thing,
But cruelly you broke it !

You say, you'll give it back again ;
Then give it as you found it,
For who but she can soothe its pain,
Who was the first to wound it ?

Those olden laws of purest truth,
(Heav'n did to man impart,)
Gave eye for eye, and tooth for tooth,
And why not heart for heart ?

Give but your heart to me for mine,
My pangs, my woes, were o'er ;
Or, let it but with yours entwine,
I ask, I wish no more !

DIRECTIONS TO THE PAGE.

B A L L A D.

INVERTED FROM THE FRENCH.

THE wine-cup draught has lost its zest,
Music's sweet spell hath left me !
My towers have lodg'd a treacherous guest,
Who has of joy bereft me.
Oh Page, intruders here may roam,
Then take thy sad Lord's orders,
Of all to whom I'll be at home,
Who chance to cross our borders !

If Learning knocks, say I'm engag'd,
But bid her call to-morrow ;
If Revel ! that I'm much enrag'd !
For she but brings me sorrow.

To Friendship, hint I'd be alone ;
That I'm unwell, tell Science ;
If Business calls, to town I've flown !
If War, bid him defiance !

But, ah ! if Love, false boy, should come,
With no excuse deceive him !
Though false, I cannot bid him roam,
But must again receive him.
Though he has robb'd my heart of rest,
From Love I cannot sever ;
He still will be a welcome guest,
Will still be dear as ever !

C O N C E T T O .

TO ——— ———.



ITS passion my timid heart smothers,
And deems not, devoted and true,
The rapture of living for others
So sweet as the dying for you !

Myself with the silent to number,
And think that I died for thy sake,
Were as sweet as to sink into slumber,
With music that seraphims wake !

W O M A N ' S F I R S T L O V E !

Go, and in fetters seek to bind
 The ocean's restless waves !
 Try with a word to hush the wind,
 When fierce the tempest raves ;
 Bid daylight from the skies depart ;
 Ah ! still the task will pastime prove,
 To his who seeks from woman's heart
 To root her first pure love !

Go, bid the grave its dead restore,
 Unstain'd by earthly woes !
 Essay to wean, for evermore,
 Its fragrance from the rose !
 Woo doves to play the vulture's part,
 Ah ! still the task will pastime prove,
 To his who seeks from woman's heart
 To root her first pure love !

THE FOUR AGES OF WOMAN.

THE IDEA FROM THE FRENCH.

IN Infancy, a tender flower,
 Cultivate her !
 A floating bark, in Girlhood's hour,
 Softly freight her !
 When Woman grown, a fruitful vine,
 Tend and press her !
 A sacred charge, in Life's decline,
 Shield and bless her !*

* I should not have given a place to this boyish trifle, but, that it has lately found its way into several respectable publications, in a very imperfect state, totally without my agency.

PLATONICAL SONNET.

How beautiful to worship woman's eyes
 As stars of heaven ! form'd, man's guiding light,
 But to be gaz'd on as celestial bright ;
 To deem them as the jewels of the skies ;
 The blue, day's sapphires ;—black, the gems of
 night :—
 To hold her words as music, deem her sighs
 As gales of balm, in cassia groves that rise ;—
 To think the blush that o'er her soft cheek flies
 The sun's warm set, the vesper's rosy flight !—
 To feel one smile of her's, life's choicest prize :
 To deem her sacred, holy, angel quite !
 Inspiring all that's pure and blest and wise !
 The fountain of all chastity and might ;
 Ah ! is not this to worship woman right ?

L I N E S.

LOVE aim'd his arrows at my heart,
And round my eyes his bandage tied ;
That I might blindly nurse his smart,
Unmov'd by coquetry and pride.

And, long, to gain false Maia's hand
I sigh'd, her follies passing o'er ;
Till, ah ! her scorn unbound Love's band,
Then, then I saw, and lov'd no more !

Oh ! like those nether things of gloom,
Which die when they behold the light,
Give Love his eyes, you raise his tomb !
He's Love no more when he has sight.

THE PLAIN GOLD RING.*

BALLAD.

HE was a Chief of low degree !
 A Lady, high and fair, was she :
 She dropp'd a RING—he rais'd the gem,
 'Twas rich as eastern diadem,—
 “ Nay as your mistress' trophy take
 The toy, when next a lance you break.”
 He to the Tourney rode away,
 And bore off Glory's Wreath that day !

* I forget the name of the love-sick Peeress, from whose seasonable hint to a gallant young officer this Ballad was taken ; it is, however, a well-authenticated anecdote in the higher circles ! This trifle has attained some degree of popularity from my having united it to a movement in the late lamented WEBER's beautiful Overture to the *Freischutz*.

How did his ardent bosom beat,
When, hastening to that Lady's feet,
The Ring and Wreath he proudly laid ;
“ Oh keep the gaud,” she softly said ;—
“ Nay, Ring so rich I may not wear,
How e'er return a gift so rare ?”—
“ Dear youth, a *Plain Gold Ring*,” she sigh'd,
“ From you, were worth the world beside !”

O D E.

*On being present at a Young Ladies' Ball, in Leamington
Spa, Warwickshire.*

OH! we may traverse earth's wide round,
 Before a sight more pure is found
 Than where (sweet balm for each alloy!)
 Youth, innocence and beauty, bound
 Through life's brief paths of joy!
 I came, a pilgrim to the scene,
 My spirit vex'd, my vision tir'd
 With all the follies that have been,
 Which men deem joys;—my soul desir'd
 A pleasure calmer, purer far,
 Than riot, from her headlong car,
 Bestows on those she seeks to cheer;
 I came, and oh! I found it *here!*
 How redolent are childhood's joys
 With all that's dear and bright;

Yielding a sweet that never cloys,
A bliss, no after-thought destroys!

An exquisite delight!

The smile upon the cheek of youth
Can only spring from joy and truth;

It is the sunny beam that plays

Where waters smoothly flow,

And, caught from heav'n, its cheering rays

To-morrow may again bestow.

Ah! how unlike the worldling's smile,

Which only gleams but to beguile,

Hides pangs remorse may wake;

Like to those fatuus fires that gleam

On the dank breast of stagnant stream,

Or foul, mephitic lake.

The sports of innocence and youth,

Flash with the diamond force of truth;

We know their joy hath no alloy,

No retrospection will destroy;

And, as that flower,* which still, at night,

Sheds all around sweet sparks of light,

* The *Papaver Orientalis*, or Eastern Poppy, said to diffuse electric sparks at night.

Which it has caught by day ;
 So they beam back youth's noon again,
 And light up every darker vein
 With pleasure's purest ray :
 We catch from innocence its rest,
 Inhale from youth its glee ;
 And feel that glow within the breast
 Which long had ceas'd to be !
 But see the graceful group advance !
 Breathing with mirth and love ;
 Prepar'd to weave the mazy dance,
 Harmoniously they move !
 O'er every limb is music playing,
 They glide like sylphs o'er æther straying ;
 Or, like Diana's nymphs at sport,
 Or, fairies holding some high court ;—
 Now through arcaded arms they rove ;
 The Nereïdes, from coral caves,
 That swim in moon-light o'er the waves,
 Lur'd by the Syren train,
 (Charming the Tritons gazing nigh,)
 Glide not more undulating by,
 Nor to a sweeter strain.

Streaming so softly, lightly on
 To sounds methinks that well had won
 Eurydice again.

Now, form the elder nymphs a grove,
 Where younger beauty seems to move,
 Through smiles of light, on either side,
 The gladdening light of joyful eyes,
 For all will gain an equal prize,
 All feel an equal pride.

And down that grove the younger band
 Trip on like elves in magic land,
 Whose footsteps only fall on flowers,
 Lifting them sweetly up again,
 Some fairer blossom's step to gain
 In those enchanting bowers.—

Chasing each other, on they come,
 Then, all in mingled forms, they roam,
 A beautiful confusion !

Till like a rocket to the sight,
 They shoot into a star of light,
 A lucid sweet conclusion.

How does that motion soothe and please
 Where all is melody and ease ;

In Beauty's curve they move, they form,
 For, no sharp angle dares deform,

No step abrupt appear.

As soft they glide as rill through valley,
 Which though it joys in antic sally,

Still lulling is and clear ;

Nor want those nymphs each livelier step,

Now in the frolic waltz they twine,

Now in the gay quadrille they join,

In giddy reel they trip.

But hold ! enchanting every one,

The stately minuet is begun !

The genius of the night advances.

Oh ! dance of dignity and grace,

Thou hast but ill resigned thy place

To fashion's lighter dances ;

Thy steps that sentiment impart,

Thy movements, minuet of the heart,*

* The Minuet du Cœur, commonly called the Minuet de la Cour, composed by the elegant and delicate Noverre. It was styled the Minuet of the Heart, from the peculiar expression of sentiment so discernible both in the music and figure.

Thy elegant, thy courtly train,
 That brings us back old times again;—
 Spreading its folds in graceful flow,
 Following the steps like hand-maid fair,
 And giving that commanding air
 Our days do not bestow.

When didst thou e'er yield more delight
 Than by thy mastery to-night?
 But who are these, the sister two,*
 Whom each perfection seems to woo?

How elegantly light they come,
 Sweet daughters of Terpsichore,
 The goddess' self they seem to be,
 And sport from them gains dignity,
 Taste finds a lasting home.

Twin fav'rites of the Graces they,
 The muse of motion owns their sway,
 Upon their steps she waits;
 Oh! ever be their hearts as light
 And gay, as on this happy night;
 Grant it ye guardian fates!

* Two young ladies, daughters of the mistress of the ceremonies, on this occasion.

See, now they come like Gades' maids,
And, oh ! like them in Cadiz' shades,
Off, to the blythe bolero, set
And click the sprightly castagnet.
Now to the master's strain they give
A form ! it moves ! it speaks ! alive !
 It darts upon the eye and ear.
Votaries of riot, fashion, come—
See where pure taste has found a home,
 See joy's refinement here !
Sweet nymphs ! from whose delight to-night
My soul in turn has caught delight,
 Accept this tribute-lay ;
Still feel the bliss that you feel here,
Still be its source as pure and clear,
 Thus does a Poet pray !
How swift this night of joy has past,
How long in memory it will last !

THE ETERNAL VOICE!

SONNET STANZAS.

Ὁ νῆς ὁ λαλησῶν Θεός.

MENANDER.

DEEMS there God holds no converse with the Earth
 He toil'd to form through *six* succeeding days?
 But that he leaves it now as nothing worth,
 Or in high anger at its erring ways?
 When, of old time, if true that scripture says,
 To commune with the worm that owes him birth,
 He sent his spirits forth, tempering their rays
 And speech to man's weak ear and feeble gaze,
 And made this world the fane of peace and mirth;
 While rose of gratitude the humble lays,
 In thousand tones of thankfulness and praise:
 Ah! that there should of faith be so great dearth!

Man's folly wraps my senses in amaze,
 In vain to gloze his fault, my heart essays !

Although not palpable to sight and mind,
 The Eternal holds high converse with his slave ;
 Speaks he not to us in the rush of wind ?

Speaks he not to us in the roar of wave ?
 Can we no voice in the loud thunder find ?—

No aspiration high in echoing cave ?
 In deepest silence is no voice enshrined,
 By which thoughts calm and holy are enjoined ?

What stronger evidence shall mortals crave ?

Oh man ! to reason deaf, perverse, and blind,
 How long will you such testimony brave ?

Believe that still, omnipotent and kind,—

As wont of old, you, heavenly warnings have,
 Through NATURE'S VOICE it is HEAVEN SPEAKS

to SAVE !

E C H O ' S R E P L Y .

B A L L A D .

WRITTEN TO A MELODY BY MOZART.

*I came to the place of my birth, and I cried, "The friends
of my Youth, where are they?" and an Echo answered,
"WHERE ARE THEY?"*

ARABIC MS.

To the scenes of my childhood,
When years had departed,
To my haunts in the wild-wood,
With fondness I came ;
But though hope smil'd before me,
I felt heavy-hearted ;
One sad thought came o'er me,
Ah ! were they the same ?
In many a sally,
The brook flow'd unaltered,

The glen and the valley
 Still stood in their pride ;
 But " The Friends of my Youth,
 Ah ! where are they ?" I falter'd—
 " *Where are they?—where are they ?*"
 An Echo replied !

Mute Nature still flourished
 In all her first beauty ;
 But the fond hearts that nourish'd
 My young hopes had flown ;
 The ties I had cherish'd,
 Of Friendship and duty,
 With them sadly perished,
 For ever were gone !
 And, ere scarce pass'd over
 Youth's few years of sorrow,
 For me some lone rover
 In Friendship may sigh ;
 " Where is he ? the Bard
 Whose wild strains cheer'd each morrow !"
 " *Where is he?—where is he ?*"
 Will Echo reply !

S O N N E T.

WRITTEN AFTER PERUSING PETRARCH.

AND thus it was the warm Italian sung
 His sense of Beauty, in the olden time,
 As bright she mov'd along in that sweet clime,
 By skies of one unclouded blue o'erhung,
 Where nature seems just born, so pure, and young ;
 Fair Europe's garden, stamp'd with marks sublime
 Of all with which succeeding times have rung,
 Of classic grace and greatness ! Ah ! among
 Such glorious scenes, and in that witching tongue,
 That in the rudest mouth will turn to rhyme,*

* It is by no means uncommon with the peasantry of Italy to answer any questions that may be put to them, on

What wonder that each Lover-Bard hath clung
 To woman, as a worship, and at prime
 Of morn hath beads of adoration strung,
 From mortal longings free—till latest Vespers
 chime !

the road, in rhyme. One of our modern tourists tells us,
 that enquiring his way to some town, he was answered, by a
 Lazzarone,

“ *Al Monte*
Alla Fonte,
Della Citta
Nella fronte.”

DESPONDENCY.

Πονας μυριος εγευσταμην.

EURIPIDES.

AND canst thou wonder I am sad,
 That once was gayest of the gay ?
 And canst thou bid my heart be glad,
 When all of joy has pass'd away ?
 Wonder not, wonder not !
 Despair must ever be my lot.
 I've suffered every mortal wrong,
 I've seen each hope I cherish'd cross'd,
 And mine must be a mournful song,
 For I am joyless, hopeless, lost !

Did not the dear lov'd one, for whom
 I yielded up my youth's best years,
 With slow decay sink to the tomb,
 And leave me but my sighs and tears ?

Fading fleet—fading fleet !
 When she seem'd most pure and sweet !
 I won her beauties but to see
 Them in the grave untimely fall,
 And feel, when all were envying me,
 That I the saddest was of all !

The friends, I valued most, betray'd ;
 And those my household nurtur'd, still
 With blackest perjury essay'd
 To work me every human ill !
 Faithless crew !—Faithless crew !
 But remorse will yield their due !
 To every grateful feeling proof,
 They play'd the traitor's, slanderer's part,
 And, shelter'd 'neath my trusting roof,
 Fawn'd on my hand, and stabb'd my heart !

I've let my harp neglected lie,
 And slighted all the gifts Heaven gave,
 I've let my young ambition die,
 Nor wrought one deed my name to save.
 Wasted youth !—Wasted youth !
 Now too late I wake to truth !

Then wonder not that I am sad,
Nor consolation seek to give ;
But bid me to my sorrow add,
And rather marvel that I live !

THE SPANIARD TO HIS COUNTRY.

Written to an Original Spanish Melody.

THOUGH the Despot's fell legions awhile triumph
o'er us,

Yet droop not, my country, thou still shalt be free!
Young Hope, like the sky, shines unbounded be
fore us ;

Every feeling hath join'd in devotion to thee.
As the bright rays of morning chase night's gloomy
shadows,

Our spears o'er our mountains shall drive the
dark slaves ;

The day-star of Freedom shall rise o'er our meadows,
And light us to glory or set on our graves !

By the faith of our fathers, the ties of relations,
By the charms of our maidens, our rights we'll
maintain !

Till as free we are left as the first of free nations,—
Gaul ne'er shall taste Peace in the Olive of Spain !

Though long in the ashes of patriots perish'd,
 The bright torch of freedom hath smouldering
 lain !
 The flame hath but been the more carefully cherish'd,
 The brighter, the warmer, to burst forth again !
 As our peasants still seize on the brand, while 'tis
 glowing,
 And bury it deep in the ashes at night,
 That, drawn forth at morning, each light zephyr
 blowing,
 May kindle the flame and awaken the light,*
 So, let but a breath, but a movement discover
 One hope, one fond wish, for that bright flame's
 return,
 No more in the tomb of dead ashes 'twill hover,
 No ! mark then how warmly, how brightly 'twill
 burn !

* "The peasants of Spain preserve their fires during the night by means of a piece of burning wood, (the French call it *une buche*, we forget the Spanish word,) which they bury in the ashes till morning ; it is then still alight, and the want of external air has prevented the wood from consuming ; they apply a match, and the fire is soon kindled again."

Times Newspaper, Friday, July 4, 1823.

To the Memory of

MARY ANNE MONCRIEFF,

Who died May 24, 1828, in her 22nd Year.

SWEET token! Heaven design'd her not for earth!
 She bore an angel's semblance from her birth;
 A more than mortal grace, that charm'd all eyes;
 A sweetness, that belong'd but to the skies;
 Genius, that all perfection's pathways trod;
 And virtue, emanation of her God!
 Thus gifted, was no other blessing hers?
 Yes, one Heaven on its chosen but confers:—
 That early suffering, which all sin denies,
 Which timely weans us from all worldly ties,
 Which in the gently fading look we trace,
 Yet which but yields its victim milder grace;
 Sustain'd for lingering years, without complaint,
 Till the meek martyr soar'd into the saint!

Like some pale lily drooping in its prime,
 Some fleeting being of another clime,
 Some fair star waning in the morning's beam,
 Or faint remembrance of a witching dream,
 Was she!—So lovely, e'en disease she charm'd,—
 The beauty it destroy'd it ne'er deform'd!
 Death fear'd to strike, although he could not spare,
 A being both so fragile and so fair:
 He paus'd, till weariness had hush'd her sighs,
 Then, imperceptibly, secur'd his prize.
 Ah! Mary Anne! thou spring-day of delight!
 Lamp of my life! now quench'd in death's dark
 night!
 Could excellence but lend its own bright rays
 To light the lines, that fain would hymn its praise,
 Then would this humble scroll immortal prove,
 As is thy worth—and as will be my love!

RESIGNATION.

YES, yes, I will take comfort,
 I will forbear to sigh,
 I'll check my sad tears, since I see
 A tear in every eye.
 Though hopelessly I languish,
 I do not mourn alone,
 In every heart there's anguish,
 As deep as in my own !

Still, in my love's young morning
 To suffer such a blight ;—
 Ere joy was scarcely dawning,
 To see it set in night !
 All life's sweet hopes destroying,
 Could heavier woe be mine ?
 (Each bliss of earth enjoying !)
 Yet why should I repine !

When Macedonia's Hero

Saw death approaching near,
 He breath'd no idle murmur,
 He shed no fruitless tear ;
 " Farewell !" he sigh'd, " ye living,
 Youth's work must finish'd be,
 Ah ! that spring's plant should perish
 Like autumn's ripen'd tree."

He wrote unto his mother,

And these the words she read,—
 " Your son from earth must sever,
 And join the silent dead ;
 When o'er my urn you sorrow,
 Bestow alms but on those
 Who ne'er have lost their dearest,
 Who ne'er have known earth's woes."

The mother sought, but vainly,

Though near and far she rov'd,
 All had endured earth's trials,
 All lost the friends they lov'd.
 It gave the consolation
 Her hero meant ; for she

Saw her's was but the portion
Of all humanity.*

Then, then I will take comfort—
I'll balm my bosom's pain,
I'll dry my tears, though never
Can I know joy again.
I'll breathe no fruitless murmur,
Whatever pangs are mine ;
Since misery's universal,
Why, why should I repine !

* " When Alexander saw his death approaching, he exclaimed, 'The prediction of the Astrologer is accomplished ; I no longer belong to the living ! Alas ! that the work of my youth should be finished ! Alas ! that the plant of Spring should be cut down like the ripened tree of Autumn !' He wrote to his mother, saying, he should shortly quit this earth and pass to the regions of the dead. He requested that the alms given on his death should be bestowed on such as had never seen the miseries of this world, and had never lost those who were dear to them. In conformity to his will, his mother sought, but in vain, for such persons : all had tasted the woes and griefs of life ; all had lost those whom they loved. She found in this a consolation, as her son had intended, for her great loss. She saw that her own was the common lot of humanity."

SIR JOHN MALCOLM'S "*History of Persia.*"

VALEDICTORY SONNET.

FROM PETRARCH.

“ Voi ch'ascolate in rime sparse il suono,” &c.

OH ! ye who listen to my wood-notes wild,
 And count in them the sighs that I have breath'd,
 When I, in passion's wilds, sad garlands wreath'd ;
 Like my fierce master, Love—a very child !
 With all the follies that my heart beguil'd,
 Follies by Heaven in punishment bequeath'd,
 If in your hearts love's arrows e'er were sheath'd,
 You then may pity me, from joy exil'd :
 For, on my cheek the blush of shame oft glows,
 And sad reflection tells me, but too plain,
 The vulgar herd still mock my passion's woes !
 I reap my follies' meed, remorse and pain ;
 And feel too late the thorn hid in the rose,
 Finding man's praise a dream as transient as 'tis
 vain !

THE END.



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