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# POETICAL REMAINS

OF THE LATE

MRS HEMANS.

Vainly, too vainly 'gainst the power I strive,  
Which, night and day, comes rushing through my soul !  
Without that pouring forth of thought and song  
My life is life no more !  
Wilt thou forbid the silkworm to spin on,  
When hourly with the laboured line he draws  
Nearer to death ?—In vain ! the costly web  
Must from his inmost being still be wrought,  
Till he lies wrapt in his consummate shroud.  
Oh ! that a gracious God to us may give  
The lot of that blest worm !—to spread free wings  
And burst exultingly on brighter life,  
In a new realm of sunshine !

TRANSLATED BY F. H. FROM THE TASSO OF GORTHE.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, EDINBURGH;  
AND T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.

MDCCCXXXVI.





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# BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR

OF THE LATE

MRS HEMANS.

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As this is the last of a series of poetical volumes, which, making their appearance at intervals during the last nineteen years, have in an especial manner arrested the attention of the imaginative and the intellectual; and, as all have naturally a desire to know something of those from whom they have received mental gratification or delight, it has been determined, that a brief biographical memoir of the accomplished and lamented author, should be prefixed to these pages.

Felicia Dorothea Browne was born in Liverpool on the 25th of September 1793. Her mother, whose family-name was Wagner, although a German by appellation, was of Italian descent. Her father was a merchant of considerable eminence; but, being engaged in extensive speculations, during the most unfixed and varying periods of the French Revolution, he, in common with many others, from the unlooked for and destructive changes of that eventful time, suffered under those reverses which are incidental to a commercial life. A few years afterwards, and while his daughter was consequently still very young, he retired with his family into Wales, and resided for some time at Gwrych, near Abergele, in Denbighshire.

In that secluded region, where the romantic varieties of sea and mountain scenery are beautifully combined and contrasted, the lamented subject of this short memoir was educated by a mother, not only of exemplary virtue, but

whose acquirements were of a high order. Here also it was, that Mrs Hemans received those impressions of the sublime and lovely in the features of the external world, which ever afterwards lent a colouring to her feelings, and exercised so marked an influence on the tone of her mind and writings.

Under these fostering influences, the peculiar bias of her imagination and intellect began to develop itself at an early period of childhood. While yet only in her sixth year, she took to the reading of Shakspeare as her favourite recreation, and, such was the retentiveness of her memory, that she could repeat pages of his most striking scenes, as well as many passages from our best poets, after little more than a single perusal. The circumstance is certainly not a unique one, but, in her case, is a proof of the intense delight, which her mind enjoyed while imbibing the beautiful and grand in sentiment,—impressions so instantaneously stamped shewing their depth by their durability.

Such a prevailing love of poetry soon naturally turned to a cultivation of the art in her own person; and a volume of verses, written by her, when she was not yet eleven years old, attracted from that circumstance, as well as from their intrinsic merit, no inconsiderable share of public attention. This little volume was, in the course of the four succeeding years, followed by two others, which evinced powers gradually but steadily expanding, and which were received with increasing favour by the admirers of poetry. Her studies, up to this time, had been the world to her; with nature and her books she had lived in devoted seclusion, dreaming bright dreams; storing up knowledge; and, no doubt, enjoying by occasional anticipation, glimpses of that reputation, which was eventually to encircle her name. But a change soon passed over the spirit of that Elysian picture; and, in her nineteenth year, she was married to Captain Hemans, of the Fourth Regiment, a gentleman of highly respectable

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connections. Unfortunately his health had been undermined by the vicissitudes of a military life—more particularly by the hardships he had endured in the disastrous retreat to Corunna, and by the fever, which proved so fatal to many of our troops in the Walcheren expedition. Indeed to such an extent was this breaking up, as to render it necessary for him, a few years after their marriage, to exchange his native climate for the milder sky of Italy.

The literary pursuits of Mrs Hemans rendering it ineligible for her to leave England, she continued to reside with her mother and sister at a quiet and pretty spot, near St Asaph, in North Wales ; where, in the bosom of her family, entirely devoted to literature, and to the education of five interesting boys, in whose welfare centred all the energies of her mind and heart, she

“ Trod in gentle peace her guileless way ;”

and won more and more on public regard and estimation by the simple and pathetic beauty

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of those highly gifted productions, which have not only thrown an additional beauty over female nature, but have, doubtless, advanced in many a meditative bosom the sacred causes of religion and virtue.

Apart from all intercourse with literary society, and acquainted only by name and occasional correspondence with any of the distinguished authors of whom England has to boast, Mrs Hemans, during the progress of her poetical career, had to contend with more and greater obstacles than usually stand in the path of female authorship. To her praise be it spoken, therefore, that it was to her own merit alone, wholly independent of adventitious circumstances, that she was indebted for the extensive share of popularity which her compositions ultimately obtained. From this studious seclusion were given forth the two poems which first permanently elevated her among the writers of her age,—the “Restoration of the Works of Art to Italy,” and “Modern Greece.”

In these the maturity of her intellect appears; and she makes us feel, that she has marked out a path for herself through the regions of song. The versification is high-toned and musical, in accordance with the sentiment and subject; and in every page, we have evidence not only of taste and genius, but of careful elaboration and research. These efforts were favourably noticed by Lord Byron; and attracted the admiration of Shelley. Bishop Heber and other judicious and intelligent counsellors cheered her on by their approbation: the reputation, which, through years of silent study and exertion, she had, no doubt, sometimes with brightened and sometimes with doubtful hopes, looked forward to as a sufficient great reward, was at length unequivocally and unreluctantly accorded her by the world: and, probably, this was the happiest period of her life. The translations from Camoens; the Prize poem of Wallace, as also that of Dartmoor, The Tales and Historic Scenes, the Sceptic,

The Welsh Melodies ; the Siege of Valencia ; and the Vespers of Palermo, may all be referred to this epoch of her literary career ; and are characterized by beauties of a high and peculiar stamp. With reference to the two latter, it must be owned, that if the genius of Mrs Hemans was not essentially dramatic, yet that they abound with high and magnificent bursts of poetry. It was not easy to adapt her fine taste and uniformly high-toned sentiment to the varied aspects of life and character, necessary to the success of scenic exhibition ; and she must have been aware of the difficulties that surrounded her in that path. If these cannot, therefore, be considered as successful tragedies, they hold their places, as dramatic poems of rich and rare poetic beauty. Indeed it would be difficult, from the whole range of Mrs Hemans's writings, to select any thing more exquisitely conceived, more skilfully managed, or more energetically written, than the Monk's Tale in the Siege of Valencia.

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His description of his son, in which he dwells with parental enthusiasm on his boyish beauty and accomplishments—of his horror at that son's renunciation of the Christian faith, and leaguings with the infidel—and of the twilight encounter in which he took the life of his own giving,—are all worked out in the loftiest spirit of poetry.

The life of Mrs Hemans thus continued for many years a scene of uninterrupted domestic privacy—intercourse with the world, in an extended acceptation of the term, might be said to have been dropped by her; and the ideas with which her mind was stored, were derived solely from reading, united to a deep feeling of the beauties of nature, and its own bright comprehension and discernment. Her talent for acquiring languages was very remarkable, and she was well versed in German, French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese, with a sufficient knowledge of Latin for every requisite purpose. Of these languages she preferred the

first, which she cultivated with much interest, finding its literature most in unison with her own style of feeling and of thought. She took particular pleasure in the writings of Schiller and Goethe, and considered her intimacy with their works in particular, and with the many treasures of German literature generally, as having imparted an entirely new impulse to the powers of her own mind. Nor in this did she judge erroneously. About this time were composed some of those inimitable lyrics,—more especially “The Treasures of the Deep,” “The Hebrew Mother,” “The Voice of Spring,” and “The Hour of Death,” which the American critic Neale has quaintly characterized as “lumps of pure gold;” and which will find a response in the human bosom, till the end of all time. A deep and reverential study of our own Wordsworth was added to that of these continental classics; and, with what success, “The Records of Woman,” “The Lays of Many Lands,” “The Forest Sanctuary,”

“ The Songs of the Affections,” and the “ Scenes and Hymns of Life,” will long remain to testify.

In music and drawing the acquirements of Mrs Hemans were such as naturally might have been expected, in a mind so fraught with taste and imagination. She preferred in the former what was national and melancholy ; and her strains adapted for singing were, of course, framed to the tones most congenial to the temperament of her own mind. How successfully wed to the magic of sweet sound many of her verses have been by her sister, no lover of music need to be reminded. The “ Roman Girl’s Song” is full of a solemn classic beauty ; and, in one of her letters, it is said that of the “ Captive Knight,” Sir Walter Scott never was weary. Indeed, it seems in his mind to have been the song of Chivalry, representative of the English ; as the Flowers of the Forest was of the Scottish ; the Cancionella Española of the Spanish ; and the Rhine Song of the

German. In her love for painting, she had few opportunities of indulging; but those few were rich in interest and imagery.

The death of her mother in 1827, and the marriage of her sister in the following year, added to the necessity of additional facilities for the education of her boys, induced Mrs Hemans to leave Wales, and to fix her residence at Wavertree, near Liverpool. Whilst at that place, a favourable opportunity occurred for her visiting Scotland, with the scenery of which she was delighted; and, the remembrance of the friends she had made, and the courtesy she had experienced there, was never effaced from her memory. In her journeyings on this occasion, she had the pleasure of forming a personal acquaintance with Sir Walter Scott, Lord Jeffrey, Wordsworth, the author of *Cyril Thornton*, and other distinguished literary characters. The writer of this humble sketch had, also, at this time the honour of meeting her, and enjoying a few brief, but de-



lightful hours of her society. Her residence both at Ambleside and at Abbotsford, was fortunately of sufficient duration to make her intimately acquainted with the illustrious persons there; and while in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, her principal sojourn was at Milburn Tower, the seat of the venerable Sir Robert Liston.

Shortly after her return from a second visit to Scotland, Mrs Hemans changed her residence to Dublin, where her Hymns for Childhood, and her National Lyrics and Songs for Music were published. It was impossible now, when her fame had become national, to live altogether in the quiet sequestration which she had enjoyed in Wales, and had expected to find at Wavertree; but, that she courted retirement, as much as the nature of her situation and the claims of society admitted, is evident.

The seeds of the complaint which terminated the existence of this amiable and gifted woman, had long been sown, and their growth

was sadly apparent to those who formed the circle of her intimates in Dublin. Her constitution, never strong, was probably unable to resist with impunity the feverish excitement attendant on a life of such unremitted mental exertion, and the hectic changes, which latterly passed over her countenance, too clearly indicated to her anxious friends, what was working within. Yet while all around her were filled with painful, but too well-grounded apprehensions, she did not for some time appear sensible of the fearful encroachments which an insidious disease was silently making on a frame so delicate in texture. It was only a few months before her death, when staying at the country-seat of the Archbishop of Dublin (which that distinguished prelate had kindly placed at her disposal), that she began to entertain a deep presentiment that life was drawing to a close. Her mind, naturally meditative and melancholy, seemed gradually to become imbued with a deep consciousness of her situ-

ation. Instead of the steady glow of health, it was but too evident that the lamp of life was glimmering in the socket, and her compositions about that period, more especially her glorious lyric "Despondency and Aspiration," are evidently darkened by the gloom of a melancholy foreboding. Not unprofitably had the night of death cast these dreary shadows before; and on Saturday the 16th May 1835, Felicia Hemans met her fate with the calm resignation of a Christian.\* Nothing can be more indicative of the tone of her mind at this period, than the Sabbath Sonnet, with which the present volume concludes, and which was dictated from her deathbed, to her brother Major Browne, a short time before her decease. In that sad but beautiful composition, the situation of the writer is plaintively indicated; but faith upholds sinking nature, and the melancholy is mingled with, and triumphed over by,

\* Her remains were deposited in the vault of St Anne's Church, Dublin.

the workings of a resigned and chastened spirit.

During her long illness, she was attended with the most unwearied care and disinterested kindness by Dr Graves and by Dr Croker, two eminent physicians of Dublin ; nor were her last moments unsoothed by the attention of real friends, as well as by the presence of near and dear relatives. It is but justice to the illustrious living to mention, that, while confined to her sick-room, Mrs Hemans received some noble tributes of kindness from Sir Robert Peel ; and that, without the slightest solicitation, he gave her fourth son a place in the Admiralty.

Many of Mrs Hemans's Works were reprinted at Boston, in the United States, under the friendly auspices of Professor Norton, who secured for her the proceeds of their very extensive sale. Indeed the genius of the author of the " Records of Woman," " the Forest Sanctuary," and " the Scenes and Hymns of

Life" has been there regarded with an enthusiasm, of which few on this side of the Atlantic can have any belief. Nor was this impression confined simply to the general mind. We have only to refer to the periodical works of America, during the last ten years, to be made aware of the space she filled in literary estimation, and of the admiration with which her succeeding volumes were hailed. No better proof of this can be adduced than the shoal of imitators which sprang up among our Transatlantic brethren—for it is only what we admire most, that we most desire to copy. To their credit be it said, that they could not, among modern writers, have chosen a model of purer taste, or more classic elegance. Other minds of a higher order have avowedly lighted the torch of their inspiration at her shrine. In fact, they have selected Mrs Hemans as the head of a literary school, and have formed themselves on the most prominent excellencies of her peculiar manner.

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We cannot part from this view of our subject without again adverting to the enthusiastic interest which Professor Norton has taken in the dissemination of the writings of Mrs Hemans among his countrymen. Both in her conversation and in her letters, she was eloquent in her expressions of gratitude towards him in this respect; and all her admirers are bound to respect that gentleman, for the disinterested endeavours he so successfully made, not only in rendering her genius more extensively known; but, probably, for having been the means of exciting her to exertions, which might have otherwise been damped by limited success, or altogether frustrated by critical hostility. That Felicia Hemans would have been a poetess, whether contemporary criticism had allowed the fact or not, admits not of dispute; but still we know not how far, in many respects, even the most gifted and intellectual are the children of circumstances. Many a flower of genius, which would have expanded under

the sunshine of popular favour, has been nipt in the bloom by the chilling breath of disregard.

Mrs Hemans was about the middle height, and rather slenderly made than otherwise. To a countenance of great intelligence and expression, she united manners alike unassuming and playful; and with a trust arising out of the purity of her own character,—which was beyond the meanness of suspicion in others, she remained untainted by the breath of worldly guile. Her heart overflowed with tenderness in all the relations of domestic life; and the exquisite delicacy of her perceptions, regarding all that is pure, ennobling, and of good report, remains for ever stamped on her various writings.

It is beyond the scope of the present memoir to enter into any critical analysis or examination of the numerous publications of Mrs Hemans. They are now, as she has left them, at the bar of posterity; and it is pleasing to

think, when we consider the degree of attention with which they have been received, that no undue or empirical means were resorted to, to influence popular suffrage. On the contrary, most of them were produced in solitude, and apart even from the exciting influences of literary society. The author experienced nothing of the fostering partiality of coteries; nor, as we have said, had she a personal acquaintance with any of the contemporary lights of poetry, until she herself had become a part of the constellation. With her sister spirits, Joanna Baillie, Caroline Bowles, Mary Mitford, Letitia Landon, and Mary Howitt, she pressed forward in generous emulation; but there was not a spark of rivalry in her bosom. Their glory was in a great measure felt as her own; and she rejoiced in their success, with a cordial warmth, which it was truly delightful to observe.

Without aspiring to the vehemence, which some writers have mistaken for energy, the



poetry of Mrs Hemans is never languid, even in the depths of its taste, tenderness, and elegance. To the most graceful and harmonious diction, she wedded themes of endless variety,—the outpourings of piety, and love, and friendship,—the delights of the past and of the future,—records of household affections,—lays of patriotism,—and legends of history or romance. She has also given many beautiful and most delicate illustrations of Wordsworth's favourite theory, regarding the subtle analogy existing between the external and the moral world; and which has imbued the aspects of nature with something akin to sentiment and perception. Nothing can be richer or more glowing than her imagery, yet her pictures are never overlaid with colour; and all her delineations are clear and distinct. Many of her descriptions are ornate even to gorgeousness; but her decorations are never idle; they are brought in either to act as a foil to simple elegance, or to contrast with the anguish of de-

feated passion, and baffled hope. The whole tone of her mind was poetical, and the most trifling occurrence of the moment,—a word spoken,—a tone heard,—a circumstance of daily life,—frequently formed the germ of what, in her active imagination, was woven into a beautiful and perfect composition. Yet it should be remembered, that, instead of trusting to her natural powers of thought and fancy, she was, through the whole course of her literary career, an ardent and unwearied student. From a course of extensive reading, she enlarged her comprehension with much that was soul-stirring and noble,—with much that was gentle and refined : and if she has not often ventured,—as Wordsworth, Crabbe, and Wilson have so powerfully done,—to descend to the delineation of what is homely in life and manners, it evidently arose from no arrogance of intellect, but simply from such themes being incompatible with the system which she form-

ed for herself, and had resolved to follow out in her writings.

Mrs Jameson has truly said, that "the poetry of Mrs Hemans could only have been written by a woman." In all her thoughts and feelings she is intensely and entirely feminine; and there is a finish and completeness about her composition, singularly accordant with the fine perception, and delicate discrimination of the female mind. In her poetry religious truth and intellectual beauty meet together, and blend in delightful union; and assuredly it is not the less calculated to refine the taste and exalt the imagination, because it addresses itself only to the better feelings of our nature. Over all her pictures of humanity are spread the glory and the grace reflected from purity of morals, dignity of sentiment, beauty of imagery, sublimity of religious faith, and ardour of patriotism; and, turning from the dark and degraded, whether in circumstance or conception, she seeks out those verdant oases in the desert

of human life, on which the wings of her imagination may most pleasantly rest. Her energy resembles that of the dove,

“ Pecking the hand that hovers o'er its mate,”

and her exaltation of thought is not of that daring kind, which doubts, and derides, or even questions, but which clings to the anchor of hope, and looks forward with faith and reverential fear.

Mrs Hemans has written much, and on a variety of subjects; and, as with all authors of similar versatility, her strains possess different degrees of excellence. Independently of this uncertain criterion, her different works will be differently estimated, as to their relative value, by different minds. But we hesitate not to assert, that she has bequeathed to posterity many compositions, which the English language “ will not willingly let die.” The music of her words has interwoven itself with the national heart, and cannot fail to be breathed from the lips of our children's children.

△

## DESPONDENCY AND ASPIRATION.

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Per correr miglior acqua alza le vele,  
Omai la navicella del mio Intelletto.

DANTE.

---

My soul was mantled with dark shadows, born  
Of lonely Fear, disquieted in vain ;  
Its phantoms hung around the star of morn,  
A cloud-like weeping train ;  
Through the long day they dimm'd the autumn-gold  
On all the glistening leaves ; and wildly roll'd,  
When the last farewell flush of light was glowing,  
Across the sunset sky ;  
O'er its rich isles of vaporous glory throwing  
One melancholy dye.

And when the solemn Night  
Came rushing with her might  
Of stormy oracles from caves unknown,  
Then with each fitful blast  
Prophetic murmurs pass'd,  
Wakening or answering some deep Sybil tone,  
Far buried in my breast, yet prompt to rise  
With every gusty wail that o'er the wind-harp flies.

"Fold, fold thy wings," they cried, "and strive no more,  
Faint spirit, strive no more!—for thee too strong  
Are outward ill and wrong,  
And inward wasting fires!—Thou canst not soar  
Free on a starry way  
Beyond their blighting sway,  
At Heaven's high gate serenely to adore!  
How shouldst *thou* hope Earth's fetters to unbind?  
O passionate, yet weak! O trembler to the wind!

"Never shall aught but broken music flow  
From joy of thine, deep love, or tearful woe;

Such homeless notes as through the forest sigh,  
From the reed's hollow shaken,  
When sudden breezes waken  
Their vague wild symphony :  
No power is theirs, and no abiding-place  
In human hearts ; their sweetness leaves no trace,—  
Born only so to die !

“ Never shall aught but perfume, faint and vain,  
On the fleet pinion of the changeful hour,  
From thy bruis'd life again  
A moment's essence breathe ;  
Thy life, whose trampled flower  
Into the blessed wreath  
Of household charities no longer bound,  
Lies pale and withering on the barren ground.

“ So fade, fade on ! thy gift of love shall cling,  
A coiling sadness, round thy heart and brain,  
A silent, fruitless, yet undying thing,  
All sensitive to pain !

And still the shadow of vain dreams shall fall  
O'er thy mind's world, a daily darkening pall.  
Fold, then, thy wounded wing, and sink subdued,  
In cold and unrepining quietude !”

Then my soul yielded ; spells of numbing breath  
Crept o'er it heavy with a dew of death,  
Its powers, like leaves before the night-rain, closing ;  
    And, as by conflict of wild sea-waves toss'd  
    On the chill bosom of some desert coast,  
Mutely and hopelessly I lay reposing.

    When silently it seem'd  
    As if a soft mist gleam'd  
Before my passive sight, and, slowly curling,  
    To many a shape and hue  
    Of vision'd beauty grew,  
Like a wrought banner, fold by fold unfurling.  
Oh ! the rich scenes that o'er mine inward eye  
    Unrolling, then swept by,



With dreamy motion ! Silvery seas were there  
Lit by large dazzling stars, and arch'd by skies  
Of Southern midnight's most transparent dyes,  
And gemm'd with many an island, wildly fair,  
Which floated past me into orient day,  
Still gathering lustre on th' illumin'd way,  
Till its high groves of wondrous flowering trees  
Colour'd the silvery seas.

And then a glorious mountain-chain uprose,  
Height above spiry height !  
A soaring solitude of woods and snows,  
All steep'd in golden light !  
While as it pass'd, those regal peaks unveiling,  
I heard, methought, a waving of dread wings  
And mighty sounds, as if the vision hailing,  
From lyres that quiver'd through ten thousand  
strings :  
Or as if waters forth to music leaping,

From many a cave, the Alpine Echo's hall,  
On their bold way victoriously were sweeping,  
Link'd in majestic anthems ; while through all  
That billowy swell and fall,  
Voices, like ringing crystal, fill'd the air'  
With inarticulate melody, that stirr'd  
My being's core ; then, moulding into word  
Their piercing sweetness, bade me rise and bear  
In that great choral strain my trembling part  
Of tones, by Love and Faith struck from a human  
heart.

Return no more, vain bodings of the night !  
A happier oracle within my soul  
Hath swell'd to power ;—a clear unwavering light  
Mounts through the battling clouds that round me  
roll,  
And to a new control  
Nature's full harp gives forth rejoicing tones,  
Wherein my glad sense owns

Th' accordant rush of elemental sound  
To one consummate harmony profound ;  
    One grand Creation-Hymn,  
    Whose notes the Seraphim  
Lift to the glorious height of music wing'd and crown'd.

Shall not those notes find echoes in my lyre,  
Faithful though faint?—Shall not my spirit's fire,  
If slowly, yet unswervingly, ascend  
    Now to its fount and end?  
Shall not my earthly love, all purified,  
    Shine forth a heavenward guide?  
An angel of bright power?—and strongly bear  
My being upward into holier air,  
Where fiery passion-clouds have no abode,  
And the sky's temple-arch o'erflows with God?

    The radiant hope new-born  
    Expands like rising morn  
In my life's life: and as a ripening rose,  
The crimson shadow of its glory throws

More vivid, hour by hour, on some pure stream ;  
So from that hope are spreading  
Rich hues, o'er nature shedding,  
Each day, a clearer, spiritual gleam.

Let not those rays fade from me ;—once enjoy'd,  
Father of spirits ! let them not depart !  
Leaving the chill'd earth, without form and void,  
Darken'd by mine own heart !  
Lift, aid, sustain me ! Thou, by whom alone  
All lovely gifts and pure  
In the soul's grasp endure ;—  
Thou, to the steps of whose eternal throne  
All knowledge flows—a sea for evermore  
Breaking its crested waves on that sole shore—  
O consecrate my life ! that I may sing  
Of Thee with joy that hath a living spring,  
In a full heart of music !—Let my lays  
Through the resounding mountains waft thy praise,  
And with that theme the wood's green cloisters fill,  
And make their quivering leafy dimness thrill

To the rich breeze of song ! O ! let me wake  
The deep religion, which hath dwelt from yore,  
Silently brooding by lone cliff and lake,  
And wildest river shore !  
And let me summon all the voices dwelling  
Where eagles build, and cavern'd rills are welling,  
And where the cataract's organ-peal is swelling,  
In that one spirit gather'd to adore !

Forgive, O Father ! if presumptuous thought  
Too daringly in aspiration rise !  
Let not thy child all vainly have been taught  
By weakness, and by wanderings, and by sighs  
Of sad confession !—lowly be my heart,  
And on its penitential altar spread  
The offerings worthless, till Thy grace impart  
The fire from Heaven, whose touch alone can  
shed  
Life, radiance, virtue !—let that vital spark  
Pierce my whole being, wilder'd else and dark !

Thine are all holy things—O make *me* Thine,  
So shall I too be pure—a living shrine  
Unto that spirit, which goes forth from Thee,  
Strong and divinely free,  
Bearing thy gifts of wisdom on its flight,  
And brooding o'er them with a dove-like wing,  
Till thought, word, song, to Thee in worship spring,  
Immortally endow'd for liberty and light.

THE HUGUENOTS' FAREWELL.

---

I STAND upon the threshold stone  
Of mine ancestral hall ;  
I hear my native river moan ;  
I see the night o'er my old forests fall.

I look round on the darkening vale,  
That saw my childhood's plays :  
The low wind in its rising wail  
Hath a strange tone, a sound of other days.

But I must rule my swelling breast :  
A sign is in the sky ;  
Bright o'er yon grey rock's eagle nest  
Shines forth a warning star—it bids me fly.

---

My father's sword is in my hand,  
His deep voice haunts mine ear ;  
He tells me of the noble band,  
Whose lives have left a brooding glory here.

He bids their offspring guard from stain  
Their pure and lofty faith ;  
And yield up all things, to maintain  
The cause, for which they girt themselves to death.

And I obey.—I leave their towers  
Unto the stranger's tread ;  
Unto the creeping grass and flowers ;  
Unto the fading pictures of the dead.

I leave their shields to slow decay,  
Their banners to the dust ;  
I go, and only bear away  
Their old, majestic name,—a solemn trust !



I go up to the ancient hills,  
Where chains may never be,  
Where leap in joy the torrent rills,  
Where man may worship God, alone and free.

There shall an altar and a camp  
Impregnantly arise ;  
There shall be lit a quenchless lamp,  
To shine, unwavering, through the open skies.

And song shall midst the rocks be heard,  
And fearless prayer ascend ;  
While, thrilling to God's holy word,  
The mountain pines in adoration bend.

And there the burning heart no more  
Its deep thought shall suppress,  
But the long buried truth shall pour  
Free currents thence, amidst the wilderness.

Then fare thee well, my mother's bower,  
Farewell, my father's hearth ;  
Perish my home ! where lawless power  
Hath rent the tie of love to native earth.

Perish ! let deathlike silence fall  
Upon the lone abode :  
Spread fast, dark ivy, spread thy pall :—  
I go up to the mountains, with my God.

---

THE ENGLISH BOY.

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“ Go, call thy sons ; instruct them what a debt  
 They owe their ancestors ; and make them swear  
 To pay it, by transmitting down entire  
 Those sacred rights to which themselves were born.”

AKENSIDE.

---

Look from the ancient mountains down,  
 My noble English Boy !  
 Thy country's fields around thee gleam  
 In sunlight and in joy.

Ages have roll'd since foeman's march  
 Pass'd o'er that old firm sod ;  
 For well the land hath fealty held  
 To Freedom and to God !

Gaze proudly on, my English Boy !  
And let thy kindling mind  
Drink in the spirit of high thought  
From every chainless wind !

There, in the shadow of old Time,  
The halls beneath thee lie,  
Which pour'd forth to the fields of yore,  
Our England's chivalry.

How bravely and how solemnly  
They stand, 'midst oak and yew !  
Whence Cressy's yeomen haply framed  
The bow, in battle true.

And round their walls the good swords hang  
Whose faith knew no alloy,  
And shields of knighthood, pure from stain—  
Gaze on, my English Boy !

---

Gaze where the hamlet's ivied church  
    Gleams by the antique elm,  
Or where the minster lifts the cross  
    High through the air's blue realm.

Martyrs have shower'd their free hearts' blood,  
    That England's prayer might rise,  
From those grey fanes of thoughtful years,  
    Unfetter'd, to the skies.

Along their aisles, beneath their trees,  
    This earth's most glorious dust,  
Once fired with valour, wisdom, song,  
    Is laid in holy trust.

Gaze on—gaze farther, farther yet—  
    My gallant English Boy !  
Yon blue sea bears thy country's flag,  
    The billows' pride and joy !

Those waves in many a fight have closed  
Above her faithful dead ;  
That red-cross flag victoriously  
Hath floated o'er their bed.

•

They perish'd—this green turf to keep  
By hostile tread unstained ;  
These knightly halls inviolate,  
Those churches unprofaned.

And high and clear, their memory's light  
Along our shore is set,  
And many an answering beacon-fire  
Shall there be kindled yet !

Lift up thy heart, my English Boy !  
And pray, like *them* to stand,  
Should God so summon *thee*, to guard  
The altars of the land.

ANTIQUÉ GREEK LAMENT.  

---

By the blue waters—the restless ocean waters,  
Restless as they with their many-flashing surges,  
Lonely I wander, weeping for my lost one !

I pine for thee through all the joyless day—  
Through the long night I pine :—the golden sun  
Looks dim since thou hast left me, and the spring  
Seems but to weep.—Where art thou, my beloved?—  
Night after night, in fond hope vigilant,  
By the old temple on the breezy cliff,  
These hands have heap'd the watch-fire, till it stream'd  
Red o'er the shining columns—darkly red—  
Along the crested billows !—but in vain ;  
Thy white sail comes not from the distant isles—  
Yet thou wert faithful ever. O ! the deep

Hath shut above thy head—that graceful head ;  
The sea-weed mingles with thy clustering locks ;  
The white sail never will bring back the loved !

By the blue waters—the restless ocean waters,  
Restless as they with their many-flashing surges,  
Lonely I wander, weeping for my lov'd one !

Where art thou—where ?—had I but lingering prest  
On thy cold lips the last long kiss,—but smooth'd  
The parted ringlets of thy shining hair  
With love's fond touch, my heart's cry had been still'd  
Into a voiceless grief ;—I would have strew'd  
With all the pale flowers of the vernal woods,—  
White violets, and the mournful hyacinth,  
And frail anemone, thy marble brow,  
In slumber beautiful !—I would have heap'd  
Sweet boughs and precious odours on thy pyre,  
And with mine own shorn tresses hung thine urn,  
And many a garland of the pallid rose,—



—But thou liest far away!—No funeral chant,  
Save the wild moaning of the wave, is thine;—  
No pyre—save, haply, some long-buried wreck;—  
Thou that wert fairest—thou that wert most loved!—

By the blue waters—the restless ocean waters,  
Restless as they with their many-flashing surges,  
Lonely I wander, weeping for my lost one!—

Come, in the dreamy shadow of the night,  
And speak to me!—E'en though thy voice be changed,  
My heart would know it still.—O! speak to me,  
And say if yet, in some dim, far-off world,  
Which knows not how the festal sunshine burns—  
If yet, in some pale mead of Asphodel,  
We two shall meet again!—O! I would quit  
The day, rejoicingly,—the rosy light,—  
All the rich flowers and fountains musical,  
And sweet familiar melodies of earth,  
To dwell with thee below.—Thou answerest not!

The powers, whom I have call'd upon are mute :  
The voices buried in old whispery caves,  
And by lone river-sources, and amidst  
The gloom and mist'ry of dark, prophet-oaks,  
The Wood-gods' haunt—they give me no reply !  
All silent—heaven and earth !—for ever more  
From the deserted mountains thou art gone—  
For ever from the melancholy groves,  
Whose laurels wail thee with a shivering sound !—  
And I—I pine through all the joyous day,  
Through the long night I pine,—as fondly pines  
The night's own bird, dissolving her lorn life  
To song in moonlight woods.—Thou hear'st me not !  
The Heavens are pitiless of human tears ;  
The deep sea-darkness is about thy head ;  
The white sail never will bring back the loved !

By the blue waters—the restless ocean waters,  
Restless as they with their many-flashing surges,  
Lonely I wander, weeping for my lost one !

## TO A PICTURE OF THE MADONNA.

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Ave Maria! May our spirits dare  
Look up to thine, and to thy Son's above?

BYRON.

---

FAIR vision! thou'rt from sunny skies,  
Born where the rose hath richest dyes;  
To thee a southern heart hath given  
That glow of Love, that calm of Heaven,  
And round thee cast th' ideal gleam,  
The light that is but of a dream.

Far hence, where wandering music fills  
The haunted air of Roman hills,  
Or where Venetian waves of yore  
Heard melodies, they hear no more,  
Some proud old minster's gorgeous aisle  
Hath known the sweetness of thy smile.

Or haply, from a lone, dim shrine,  
'Mid forests of the Apennine,  
Whose breezy sounds of cave and dell  
Pass like a floating anthem-swell,  
Thy soft eyes o'er the pilgrim's way  
Shed blessings with their gentle ray.

Or gleaming through a chestnut wood,  
Perchance thine island-chapel stood,  
Where from the blue Sicilian sea,  
The sailor's hymn hath risen to thee,  
And bless'd thy power to guide, to save,  
Madonna! watcher of the wave!

Oh! might a voice, a whisper low,  
Forth from those lips of beauty flow!  
Couldst thou but speak of all the tears,  
The conflicts, and the pangs of years,  
Which, at thy secret shrine reveal'd,  
Have gush'd from human hearts unseal'd!

Surely to thee hath woman come,  
As a tired wanderer back to home !  
Unveiling many a timid guest,  
And treasured sorrow of her breast,  
A buried love—a wasting care—  
Oh ! did those griefs win peace from prayer ?

And did the poet's fervid soul  
To thee lay bare its inmost scroll ?  
Those thoughts, which pour'd their quenchless fire  
And passion o'er th' Italian lyre,  
Did they to still submission die,  
Beneath thy calm, religious eye ?

And hath the crested helmet bow'd  
Before thee, 'midst the incense-cloud ?  
Hath the crown'd leader's bosom lone,  
To thee its haughty griefs made known ?  
Did thy glance break their frozen sleep,  
And win the unconquer'd one to weep ?

Hush'd is the anthem—closed the vow—  
The votive garland wither'd now ;  
Yet holy still to me thou art,  
Thou that hast soothed so many a heart !  
And still must blessed influence flow  
From the meek glory of thy brow.

Still speak to suffering woman's love,  
Of rest for gentle hearts above ;  
Of Hope, that hath its treasure there,  
Of Home, that knows no changeful air !  
Bright form, lit up with thoughts divine,  
Ave ! such power be ever thine !

## RECORDS OF THE SPRING OF 1834.

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THESE sonnets, written in the months of April, May, and June, were intended, together with the Records of the autumn of 1834, to form a continuation of the series, entitled "Sonnets Devotional and Memorial," which appeared in the Author's last published volume, "Scenes and Hymns of Life."

## I.

## A VERNAL THOUGHT.

O FESTAL Spring ! 'midst thy victorious glow  
Far-spreading o'er the kindled woods and plains,  
Andstreams, that bound to meet thee from their chains,  
Well might there lurk the shadow of a woe  
For human hearts, and in the exulting flow  
Of thy rich songs a melancholy tone,  
Were we of mould all earthly; *we* alone,  
Severed from thy great spell, and doomed to go  
Farther, still farther, from our sunny time,  
Never to feel the breathings of our prime,  
Never to flower again !—But we, O spring !  
Cheered by deep spirit-whispers not of earth,  
Press to the regions of thy heavenly birth,  
As here thy Flowers and Birds press on to bloom and sing.



## II.

## TO THE SKY.

Far from the rustlings of the poplar bough,  
Which o'er my opening life wild music made,  
Far from the green hills with their heathery glow  
And flashing streams whereby my childhood play'd ;  
In the dim city, midst the sounding flow  
Of restless life, to thee in love I turn  
O thou rich sky ! and from thy splendours learn  
How song-birds come and part, flowers wane and blow.  
With thee all shapes of glory find their home,  
And thou hast taught me well, majestic Dome !  
By stars, by sunsets, by soft clouds which rove  
Thy blue expanse, or sleep in silvery rest,  
That Nature's God hath left *no* spot unblest'd  
With founts of beauty for the eye of love.

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## III.

## ON WATCHING THE FLIGHT OF A SKY-LARK.

Upward and upward still!—in pearly light  
The clouds are steeped; the vernal spirit sighs  
With bliss in every wind, and crystal skies  
Woo thee, O Birds! to thy celestial height;  
Bird piercing Heaven with music! thy free flight  
Hath meaning for all bosoms; most of all  
For those wherein the rapture and the might  
Of poesy lie deep, and strive, and burn,  
For their high place: O Heirs of Genius! learn  
From the sky's bird your way!—No joy may fill  
*Your* hearts, no gift of holy strength be won  
To bless *your* songs, ye Children of the Sun!  
Save by the unswerving flight—upward and upward  
still!

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## IV.

## ON RECORDS OF IMMATURE GENIUS.

Oh! judge in thoughtful tenderness of those,  
Who, richly dowered for life, are called to die,  
Ere the soul's flame, through storms, hath won repose  
In truth's divinest ether, still and high!  
Let their mind's riches claim a trustful sigh!  
Deem them but sad sweet fragments of a strain,  
First notes of some yet struggling harmony,  
By the strong rush, the crowding joy and pain  
Of many inspirations met, and held  
From its true sphere:—Oh! soon it might have  
    swelled  
Majestically forth!—Nor doubt, that He  
Whose touch mysterious may on earth dissolve  
Those links of music, elsewhere will evolve  
Their grand consummate hymn, from passion-gusts  
    made free!

## V.

## A THOUGHT OF THE SEA.

My earliest memories to thy shores are bound,  
Thy solemn shores, thou ever-chaunting main!  
The first rich sunsets, kindling thought profound  
In my lone being, made thy restless plain  
As the vast shining floor of some dread fane,  
All paved with glass and fire. Yet, O blue deep!  
Thou that no trace of human hearts dost keep,  
Never to thee did love with silvery chain  
Draw my soul's dream, which thro' all nature sought  
What waves deny;—some bower of *stedfast* bliss,  
A *home* to twine with fancy, feeling, thought,  
As with sweet flowers:—But chastened hope for this  
Now turns from earth's green valleys, as from thee,  
To that sole changeless world, where “there is no  
more sea.”

VI.

DISTANT SOUND OF THE SEA AT EVENING.

Yet, rolling far up some green mountain dale,  
Oft let me hear, as oft-times I have heard,  
Thy swell, thou deep! when evening calls the bird,  
And bee to rest; when summer tints grow pale,  
Seen through the gathering of a dewy veil,  
And peasant steps are hastening to repose,  
And gleaming flocks lie down, and flower-cups close  
To the last whisper of the falling gale.  
Then, 'midst the dying of all other sound,  
When the soul hears thy distant voice profound,  
Lone-worshipping, and knows that through the night  
'Twill worship still, then most its anthem tone  
Speaks to our being of the Eternal One,  
Who girds tired nature with unslumbering might.

## VII.

## THE RIVER CLWYD IN NORTH WALES.

O Cambrian river, with slow music gliding  
By pastoral hills, old woods, and ruined towers ;  
Now midst thy reeds and golden willows hiding,  
Now gleaming forth by some rich bank of flowers ;  
Long flowed the current of my life's clear hours  
Onward with thine, whose voice yet haunts my dream,  
Though time and change, and other mightier powers,  
Far from thy side have borne me. Thou, smooth  
stream !

Art winding still thy sunny meads along,  
Murmuring to cottage and grey hall thy song,  
Low, sweet, unchanged : *My* being's tide hath passed  
Through rocks and storms ; yet will I not complain,  
If thus wrought free and pure from earthly stain,  
Brightly its waves may reach their parent-deep at last.

## VIII.

## ORCHARD BLOSSOMS.

Doth thy heart stir within thee at the sight  
Of orchard blooms upon the mossy bough ?  
Doth their sweet household smile waft back the glow  
Of childhood's morn ?—the wondering fresh delight  
In earth's new colouring, then all strangely bright,  
A joy of fairy-land ?—Doth some old nook,  
Haunted by visions of thy first-loved book,  
Rise on thy soul, with faint-streaked blossoms white  
Showered o'er the turf, and the lone primrose-knot,  
And robin's nest, still faithful to the spot,  
And the bee's dreamy chime ?—O gentle friend !  
The world's cold breath, not *Time's*, this life bereaves  
Of vernal gifts—Time hallows what he leaves,  
And will for us endear spring-memories to the end.

## IX.

## TO A DISTANT SCENE.

Still are the cowslips from thy bosom springing,  
O far-off grassy dell?—and dost thou see,  
When southern winds first wake the vernal singing,  
The star-gleam of the wood anemone?  
Doth the shy ring-dove haunt thee yet—the bee  
Hang on thy flowers as when I breathed farewell  
To their wild blooms? and round my beechen tree  
Still, in green softness, doth the moss-bank swell?  
—Oh! strange illusion by the fond heart wrought,  
Whose own warm life suffuses nature's face!  
—*My* being's tide of many-coloured thought  
Hath passed from thee, and now, rich, leafy place!  
I paint thee oft, scarce consciously, a scene,  
Silent, forsaken, dim, shadowed by what hath been.



## X.

## THOUGHTS CONNECTED WITH TREES.

Trees, gracious trees ! how rich a gift ye are,  
Crown of the earth ! to human hearts and eyes !  
How doth the thought of home, in lands afar,  
Linked with your forms and kindly whisperings rise !  
How the whole picture of a childhood lies  
Oft midst your boughs forgotten, buried deep !  
Till gazing through them up the summer skies  
As hushed we stand, a breeze perchance may creep  
And old sweet leaf-sounds reach the inner world  
Where memory coils—and lo ! at once unfurled  
The past, a glowing scroll, before our sight,  
Spreads clear ! while gushing from their long-sealed urn  
Young thoughts, pure dreams, undoubting prayers re-  
turn,  
And a lost mother's eye gives back its holy light.

## XI.

## THE SAME.

And ye are strong to shelter !—all meek things,  
All that need home and covert, love your shade !  
Birds of shy song, and low-voiced quiet springs,  
And nun-like violets, by the wind betrayed.  
Childhood beneath your fresh green tents hath played  
With his first primrose-wealth :—there love hath  
sought  
A veiling gloom for his unuttered thought ;  
And silent grief, of day's keen glare afraid,  
A refuge for her tears ; and oft-times there  
Hath lone devotion found a place of prayer,  
A native temple, solemn, hushed, and dim ;  
For wheresoe'er your murmuring tremors thrill  
The woody twilight, there man's heart hath still  
Confessed a spirit's breath, and heard a ceaseless  
hymn.

## XII.

## A REMEMBRANCE OF GRASMERE.

O vale and lake, within your mountain-urn  
Smiling so tranquilly, and set so deep !  
Oft doth your dreamy loveliness return,  
Colouring the tender shadows of my sleep  
With light Elysian :—for the hues that steep  
Your shores in melting lustre, seem to float  
On golden clouds from Spirit-lands remote,  
Isles of the blest ;—and in our memory keep  
Their place with holiest harmonies :—Fair scene,  
Most lov'd by evening and her dewy star !  
Oh ! ne'er may man, with touch unhallow'd, jar  
The perfect music of the charm serene !  
Still, still unchanged, may *one* sweet region wear  
Smiles that subdue the soul to love, and tears, and  
prayer !

## XIII.

## ON READING PAUL AND VIRGINIA IN CHILDHOOD.

O gentle story of the Indian Isle !  
I loved thee in my lonely childhood well  
On the sea-shore, when day's last purple smile  
Slept on the waters, and their hollow swell  
And dying cadence lent a deeper spell  
Unto thine ocean-pictures. 'Midst thy palms  
And strange bright birds, my fancy joyed to dwell,  
And watch the southern cross thro' midnight calms,  
And track the spicy woods.—Yet more I blessed  
Thy vision of sweet love ; kind, trustful, true,  
Lighting the 'citron groves—a heavenly guest,  
With such pure smiles as Paradise once knew.  
Even then my young heart wept o'er the world's  
power,  
To reach and blight that holiest Eden-flower.

## XIV.

## A THOUGHT AT SUNSET.

Still that last look is solemn ! though thy rays  
O Sun ! to-morrow will give back, we know,  
This joy to nature's heart. Yet through the glow  
Of clouds that mantle thy decline, our gaze  
Tracks thee with love half fearful :—and in days  
When earth too much adored thee, what a swell  
Of mournful passion, deepening mighty lays,  
Told how the dying bade thy light farewell,  
O Sun of Greece ! O glorious, festal Sun !  
Lost, lost !—for them thy golden hours were done,  
And darkness lay before them ! Happier far  
Are we, not thus to thy bright wheels enchained,  
Not thus for thy last parting unsustained,  
Heirs of a purer day, with its unsetting star.

## XV.

## IMAGES OF PATRIARCHAL LIFE.

Calm scenes of patriarch life!—how long a power  
Your unworn pastoral images retain,  
O'er the true heart, which in its childhood's hour  
Drank their pure freshness deep! The camels' train,  
Winding in patience o'er the desert plain,—  
The tent—the palm-tree—the reposing flock—  
The gleaming fount—the shadow of the rock—  
Oh! by how subtle, yet how strong a chain,  
And in the influence of its touch how blessed,  
Are these things linked, in many a thoughtful breast,  
To household memories, for all change endeared!  
—The matin bird—the ripple of a stream  
Beside our native porch—the hearth light's gleam—  
The voices, earliest by the soul revered!

## XVI.

## ATTRACTION OF THE EAST.

What secret current of man's nature turns  
Unto the golden East with ceaseless flow?  
Still, where the sunbeam at its fountain burns,  
The pilgrim spirit would adore and glow;  
Rapt in high thoughts, though weary, faint and slow,  
Still doth the traveller through the deserts wind  
Led by those old Chaldean stars, which know  
Where passed the Shepherd Fathers of mankind.  
Is it some quenchless instinct which from far  
Still points to where our alienated home  
Lay in bright peace? O thou true Eastern Star  
Saviour! atoning Lord! where'er we roam,  
Draw still our hearts to thee, else, else how vain  
Their hope, the fair lost birthright to regain.

## XVII.

## TO AN AGED FRIEND.

Not long thy voice amongst us may be heard,  
Servant of God!—thy day is almost done—  
The charm now hung upon thy look and word  
Is that which lingers round the setting sun,  
A power which bright decay hath meekly won  
Still from revering love. Yet both the sense  
Of life immortal—progress but begun—  
Pervade thy mien with such clear eloquence,  
That hope, not sadness, breathes from thy decline ;  
And the loved flowers which round thee smile farewell,  
Of more than vernal glory seem to tell,  
By thy pure spirit touched with light divine ;  
While we, to whom its parting gleams are given,  
Forget the grave in trustful thoughts of Heaven.



## XVIII.

## FOLIAGE.

Come forth, and let us through our hearts receive  
The joy of verdure!—see, the honied lime  
Showers cool green light o'er banks where wild-flowers  
weave

Thick tapestry; and woodbine tendrils climb  
Up the brown oak from buds of moss and thyme.  
The rich deep masses of the sycamore  
Hang heavy with the fulness of their prime,  
And the white poplar, from its foliage hoar,  
Scatters forth gleams like moonlight, with each gale  
That sweeps the boughs:—the chestnut flowers are  
past,

The crowning glories of the hawthorn fail,  
But arches of sweet eglantine are cast  
From every hedge:—Oh! never may we lose  
Dear friend! our fresh delight in simplest nature's  
hues!

## XIX.

## A PRAYER.

Father in Heaven! from whom the simplest flower  
On the high Alps or fiery desert thrown,  
Draws not sweet odour or young life alone,  
But the deep virtue of an inborn power  
To cheer the wanderer in his fainting hour,  
With thoughts of Thee; to strengthen, to infuse  
Faith, love, and courage, by the tender hues  
That speak thy presence; oh! with such a dower  
Grace Thou my song!—the precious gift bestow  
From thy pure spirit's treasury divine,  
To wake one tear of purifying flow,  
To soften one wrung heart for Thee and Thine;  
So shall the life breathed through the lowly strain,  
Be as the meek wild-flower's—if transient, yet not  
vain.

## XX.

## PRAYER CONTINUED.

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What in me is dark  
Illumine; what is low raise and support.

MILTON.

---

Far are the wings of intellect astray,  
That strive not, Father! to thy heavenly seat;  
They rove, but mount not; and the tempests beat  
Still on their plumes:—O source of mental day!  
Chase from before my spirit's track the array  
Of mists and shadows, raised by earthly care  
In troubled hosts that cross the purer air,  
And veil the opening of the starry way,  
Which brightens on to thee!—Oh! guide thou right  
My thought's weak pinion, clear mine inward sight,  
The eternal springs of beauty to discern,  
Welling beside thy throne; unseal mine ear,  
Nature's true oracles in joy to hear:  
Keep my soul wakeful still to listen and to learn.

## XXI.

## MEMORIAL OF A CONVERSATION.

Yes! all things tell us of a birthright lost,  
A brightness from our nature passed away!  
Wanderers we seem, that from an alien coast,  
Would turn to where their Father's mansion lay,  
And but by some lone flower, that midst decay  
Smiles mournfully, or by some sculptured stone,  
Revealing dimly, with grey moss o'ergrown,  
The faint-worn impress of its glory's day,  
Can trace their once free heritage; though dreams  
Fraught with its picture, oft in startling gleams  
Flash o'er their Souls.—But one, oh! *One* alone,  
For us the ruined fabric may rebuild,  
And bid the wilderness again be filled,  
With Eden-flowers—One, mighty to atone!

## RECORDS OF THE AUTUMN OF 1834.

## I.

## THE RETURN TO POETRY.

ONCE more the eternal melodies from far,  
 Woo me like songs of home : once more discerning  
 Through fitful clouds the pure majestic star,  
 Above the poet's world serenely burning,  
 Thither my soul, fresh-winged by love, is turning,  
 As o'er the waves the wood-bird seeks her nest,  
 For those green heights of dewy stillness yearning,  
 Whence glorious minds o'erlook the earth's unrest.  
 —Now be the spirit of Heaven's truth my guide  
 Through the bright land!—that no brief gladness, found  
 In passing bloom, rich odour, or sweet sound,  
 May lure my footsteps from their aim aside :  
 Their true, high quest—to seek, if ne'er to gain,  
 The inmost, purest shrine of that august domain.

## II.

ON READING COLERIDGE'S EPITAPH WRITTEN BY  
HIMSELF.

Spirit ! so oft in radiant freedom soaring,  
High through seraphic mysteries unconfined,  
And oft, a diver through the deep of mind,  
Its caverns, far below its waves, exploring ;  
And oft such strains of breezy music pouring,  
As, with the floating sweetness of their sighs,  
Could still all fevers of the heart, restoring  
Awhile that freshness left in Paradise ;  
Say, of those glorious wanderings what the goal ?  
What the rich fruitage to man's kindred soul  
From wealth of thine bequeathed ? O strong, and  
    high,  
And sceptred intellect ! thy goal confest  
Was the Redeemer's Cross—thy last bequest  
*One* lesson breathing thence profound humility !

## III.

## DREAMS OF THE DEAD.

Oft in still night-dreams a departed face  
Bends o'er me with sweet earnestness of eye,  
Wearing no more of earthly pains a trace,  
But all the tender pity that may lie  
On the clear brow of Immortality,  
Calm yet profound. Soft rays illumine that mien,  
The unshadowed moonlight of some far off sky  
Around it floats transparently serene  
As a pure veil of waters. O rich sleep !  
Thou hast strong spirits in thy regions deep,  
Which glorify with reconciling breath,  
Effacing, brightening, giving forth to shine  
Beauty's high truth, and how much more divine  
Thy power when linked in this, with thy stern bro-  
ther—Death !

## IV.

## HOPE OF FUTURE COMMUNION WITH NATURE.

If e'er again my spirit be allowed  
Converse with Nature in her chambers deep,  
Where lone, and mantled with the rolling cloud,  
She broods o'er new-born waters, as they leap  
In sword-like flashes down the heathery steep,  
From caves of mystery ;—if I roam once more  
Where dark pines quiver to the torrent's roar,  
And voiceful oaks respond ;—shall I not reap  
A more ennobling joy, a loftier power,  
Than e'er was shed on life's more vernal hour,  
From such communion ?—yes ! I then shall know,  
That not in vain have sorrow, love, and thought,  
Their long, still work of preparation wrought,  
For that more perfect sense of God revealed below.



## V.

## ON THE DATURA ARBOREA.

Majestic plant ! such fairy dreams as lie  
Nursed, where the bee sucks in the cowslip's bell,  
Are not *thy* train :—those flowers of vase-like swell,  
Clear, large, with dewy moonlight fill'd from high,  
And in their monumental purity  
Serenely drooping, round thee seem to draw  
Visions link'd strangely with that silent awe  
Which broods o'er Sculpture's works.—A meet ally  
For those heroic forms, the simply grand,  
Art thou : and worthy, carv'd by plastic hand,  
Above some kingly poet's tomb to shine  
In spotless marble ; honouring one, whose strain  
Soar'd upon wings of thought that knew no stain  
Free through the starry heavens of truth divine.

## VI.

## ON A SCENE IN THE DARGLE.

Tw'as a bright moment of my life when first,  
O thou pure stream through rocky portals flowing !  
That temple-chamber of thy glory burst  
On my glad sight !—thy pebbly couch lay glowing  
With deep mosaic hues ; and, richly throwing  
O'er thy cliff-walls a tinge of autumn's vest,  
High bloom'd the heath-flowers, and the wild wood's  
    crest  
Was touched with gold.—Flow ever thus, bestowing  
Gifts of delight, sweet stream ! on all who move  
Gently along thy shores ; and oh ! if love,  
—True love, in secret nurs'd, with sorrow fraught—  
Should sometimes bear his treasured griefs to Thee,  
*Then* full of kindness let thy music be,  
Singing repose to every troubled thought !

## VII.

## DESIGN AND PERFORMANCE.

They float before my soul, the fair designs  
Which I would body forth to Life and Power,  
Like clouds, that with their wavering hues and lines  
Pourtray majestic buildings :—Dome and tower,  
Bright spire, that through the rainbow and the shower  
Points to th' unchanging stars ; and high arcade  
Far-sweeping to some glorious altar, made  
For holiest rites :—meanwhile the waning hour  
Melts from me, and by fervent dreams o'erwrought,  
I sink :—O friend ! O link'd with each high thought !  
Aid me, of those rich visions to detain  
All I may grasp ; until thou seest fulfill'd,  
While time and strength allow, my hope to build,  
For lowly hearts devout, but *one* enduring fane !

## VIII.

## THE POETRY OF THE PSALMS.

Nobly thy song, O minstrel ! rush'd to meet  
Th' Eternal on the pathway of the blast,  
With darkness round him, as a mantle, cast,  
And cherubim to waft his flying seat ;  
Amidst the hills that smoked beneath his feet  
With trumpet-voice thy spirit call'd aloud,  
And bade the trembling rocks his name repeat,  
And the bent cedars, and the bursting cloud.  
But far more gloriously to earth made known  
By that high strain than by the thunder's tone,  
The flashing torrents, or the ocean's roll,  
Jehovah spake, through the imbreathing fire,  
Nature's vast realms for ever to inspire  
With the deep worship of a living soul.

## IX.

TO SILVIO PELLICO  
ON READING HIS "PRIGIONE."

There are who climb the mountain's heathery side,  
Or, in life's vernal strength triumphant, urge  
The bark's fleet rushing through the crested surge,  
Or spur the courser's fiery race of pride  
Over the green savannas, gleaming wide  
By some vast lake ; yet thus, on foaming sea,  
Or chainless wild, reign far less nobly free,  
Than *thou*, in that lone dungeon, glorified  
By thy brave suffering.—Thou from its dark cell  
Fierce thought and baleful passion didst exclude,  
Filling the dedicated solitude  
With God ; and where *His* spirit deigns to dwell,  
Though the worn frame in fetters withering lie,  
There—throned in *peace* divine is liberty !

## X.

## TO THE SAME, RELEASED.

How flows thy being now?—like some glad hymn,  
One strain of solemn rapture?—doth thine eye  
Wander through tears of voiceless feeling dim,  
O'er the crowned Alps, that, 'midst the upper sky,  
Steep in the sunlight of thine Italy?  
Or is thy gaze of reverent love profound,  
Unto those dear parental faces bound,  
Which, with their silvery hair, so oft glanced by,  
Haunting thy prison-dreams?—Where'er thou art,  
Blessing be shed upon thine inmost heart,  
Joy, from kind looks, blue skies, and flowery sod,  
For that pure voice of thoughtful wisdom sent  
Forth from thy cell, in sweetness eloquent,  
Of love to man, and quenchless trust in God!

THE SHEPHERD POET OF THE ALPS.

---

God gave him reverence of laws,  
Yet stirring blood in Freedom's cause—  
A spirit to his rocks akin,  
The eye of the hawk, and the fire therein!

COLERIDGE.

---

SINGING of the free blue sky,  
And the wild-flower glens that lie  
Far amidst the ancient hills,  
Which the fountain-music fills ;  
Singing of the snow-peaks bright,  
And the royal eagle's flight,  
And the courage and the grace  
Foster'd by the chamois-chase ;  
In his fetters, day by day,  
So the Shepherd-poet lay,

Wherefore, from a dungeon-cell  
Did those notes of freedom swell,  
Breathing sadness not their own,  
Forth with every Alpine tone ?  
Wherefore !—can a tyrant's ear  
Brook the mountain-winds to hear;  
When each blast goes pealing by  
With a song of liberty ?

Darkly hung th' oppressor's hand  
O'er the Shepherd-poet's land ;  
Sounding there the waters gush'd,  
While the lip of man was hush'd ;  
There the falcon pierced the cloud,  
While the fiery heart was bow'd :  
But this might not long endure,  
Where the mountain-homes were pure ;  
And a valiant voice arose,  
Thrilling all the silent snows ;



*His*—now singing far and lone,  
Where the young breeze ne'er was known ;  
Singing of the glad blue sky,  
Wildly—and how mournfully !

Are none but the Wind and the Lammer-Geyer  
To be free where the hills into heaven aspire ?  
Is the soul of song from the deep glens past,  
Now that their Poet is chain'd at last ?—  
Think of the mountains, and deem not so !  
Soon shall each blast like a clarion blow !  
Yes ! though forbidden be every word  
Wherewith that Spirit the Alps hath stirr'd,  
Yet even as a buried stream through earth  
Rolls on to another and brighter birth,  
So shall the voice that hath seem'd to die,  
Burst forth with the Anthem of Liberty !

And another power is moving  
In a bosom fondly loving :—

Oh ! a sister's heart is deep,  
And her spirit strong to keep  
Each light link of early hours,  
All sweet scents of childhood's flowers !  
Thus each lay by Erni sung,  
Rocks and crystal caves among,  
Or beneath the linden-leaves,  
Or the cabin's vine-hung eaves,  
Rapid though as bird-notes gushing,  
Transient as a wan cheek's flushing,  
Each in young Teresa's breast  
Left its fiery words impress'd ;  
Treasured there lay every line,  
As a rich book on a hidden shrine.  
Fair was that lone girl, and meek,  
With a pale transparent cheek,  
And a deep-fringed violet eye  
Seeking in sweet shade to lie,  
Or, if raised to glance above,  
Dim with its own dews of love ;

And a pure, Madonna brow,  
And a silvery voice, and low,  
Like the echo of a flute,  
Even the last, ere all be mute.  
But a loftier soul was seen  
In the orphan sister's mien,  
From that hour when chains defiled  
Him, the high Alps' noble child.  
Tones in her quivering voice awoke,  
As if a harp of battle spoke ;  
Light, that seem'd born of an eagle's nest,  
Flash'd from her soft eyes, unrepress'd ;  
And her form, like a spreading water-flower,  
When its frail cup swells with a sudden shower,  
Seem'd all dilated with love and pride,  
And grief for that brother, her young heart's guide.  
Well might they love !—those two had grown  
Orphans together and alone :  
The silence of the Alpine sky  
Had hush'd their hearts to piety ;

The turf, o'er their dead mother laid,  
Had been their altar when they pray'd ;  
There, more in tenderness than woe,  
The stars had seen their young tears flow ;  
The clouds, in spirit-like descent,  
Their deep thoughts by one touch had blent,  
And the wild storms link'd them to each other—  
How dear can peril make a brother !

Now is their hearth a forsaken spot,  
The vine waves unpruned o'er their mountain-cot ;  
Away, in that holy affection's might,  
The maiden is gone, like a breeze of the night ;—  
She is gone forth alone, but her lighted face,  
Filling with soul every secret place,  
Hath a dower from heaven, and a gift of sway,  
To arouse brave hearts in its hidden way,  
Like the sudden flinging forth on high,  
Of a banner that startleth silently !

She hath wander'd through many a hamlet-vale,  
Telling its children her brother's tale ;  
And the strains, by his spirit pour'd away,  
Freely as fountains might shower their spray,  
From her fervent lip a new life have caught,  
And a power to kindle yet bolder thought ;  
While sometimes a melody, all her own,  
Like a gush of tears in its plaintive tone,  
May be heard 'midst the lonely rocks to flow,  
Clear through the water-chimes—clear, yet low.

“ Thou'rt not where wild flowers wave  
O'er crag and sparry cave ;  
Thou'rt not where pines are sounding,  
Or joyous torrents bounding—

Alas, my brother !

“ Thou'rt not where green, on high,  
The brighter pastures lie ;

Ev'n those, thine own wild places,  
Bear of our chain dark traces :

Alas, my brother !

“ Far hath the sunbeam spread,  
Nor found thy lonely bed ;  
Long hath the fresh wind sought thee,  
Nor one sweet whisper brought thee—

Alas, my brother !

“ Thou, that for joy wert born,  
Free as the wings of morn !  
Will aught thy young life cherish,  
Where the Alpine rose would perish ?

Alas, my brother !

“ Canst thou be singing still,  
As once on every hill ?  
Is not thy soul forsaken,  
And the bright gift from thee taken ?—

Alas, alas, my brother !”

And *was* the bright gift from the captive fled ?  
Like the fire on his hearth, was his spirit dead ?  
Not so !—but as rooted in stillness deep,  
The pure stream-lily its place will keep,  
Though its tearful urns to the blast may quiver,  
While the red waves rush down the foaming river,  
So freedom's faith in his bosom lay,  
Trembling, yet not to be borne away !  
He thought of the Alps and their breezy air,  
And felt that his country no chains might bear ;  
He thought of the hunter's haughty life,  
And knew there must yet be noble strife ;  
But, oh ! when he thought of that orphan maid,  
His high heart melted—he wept and pray'd !  
For he saw her not as she moved e'en then,  
A waker of heroes in every glen,  
With a glance inspired which no grief could tame,  
Bearing on Hope like a torch's flame,  
While the strengthening voice of mighty wrongs  
Gave echoes back to her thrilling songs ;

But his dreams were fill'd by a haunting tone,  
Sad as a sleeping infant's moan ;  
And his soul was pierc'd by a mournful eye,  
Which look'd on it—oh ! how beseechingly !  
And there floated past him a fragile form,  
With a willowy droop, as beneath the storm ;  
Till wakening in anguish, his faint heart strove  
In vain with its burden of helpless love !  
—Thus woke the dreamer one weary night—  
There flash'd through his dungeon a swift strong light ;  
He sprang up—he climb'd to the grating-bars,  
—It was not the rising of moon or stars,  
But a signal flame from a peak of snow,  
Rock'd through the dark skies, to and fro !  
There shot forth another—another still—  
A hundred answers of hill to hill !  
Tossing like pines in the tempest's way,  
Joyously, wildly, the bright spires play,  
And each is hail'd with a pealing shout,  
For the high Alps waving their banners out !



Erni, young Erni ! the land hath risen !  
—Alas ! to be lone in thy narrow prison !  
Those free streamers glancing, and thou not there !  
—Is the moment of rapture, or fierce despair ?  
—Hark ! there's a tumult that shakes his cell,  
At the gates of the mountain citadel !  
Hark ! a clear voice through the rude sounds ringing !  
—Doth he know the strain, and the wild, sweet singing ?

“ There may not long be fetters,  
Where the cloud is earth's array,  
And the bright floods leap from cave and steep,  
Like a hunter on the prey !

“ There may not long be fetters,  
Where the white Alps have their towers ;  
Unto eagle-homes, if the arrow comes,  
The chain is not for ours !”

It is she !—She is come like a day-spring beam,  
She that so mournfully shadow'd his dream !

With her shining eyes and her buoyant form,  
She is come ! her tears on his cheek are warm ;  
And O ! the thrill in that weeping voice !  
“ My brother, my brother ! come forth, rejoice !

—Poet ! the land of thy love is free,

—Sister ! thy brother is won by thee !

## MARGUERITE OF FRANCE. \*

---

Thou falcon-hearted dove!

COLERIDGE.

---

THE Moslem spears were gleaming  
Round Damietta's towers,  
Though a Christian banner from her wall  
Waved free its Lily-flowers.

\* Queen of St Louis. Whilst besieged by the Turks in Damietta, during the captivity of the king, her husband, she there gave birth to a son, whom she named Tristan, in commemoration of her misfortunes. Information being conveyed to her that the knights intrusted with the defence of the city had resolved on capitulation, she had them summoned to her apartment, and, by her heroic words, so wrought upon their spirits, that they vowed to defend her and the Cross to the last extremity.

Aye, proudly did the banner wave,  
As Queen of Earth and Air ;  
But faint hearts throb'd beneath its folds,  
In anguish and despair.

Deep, deep in Paynim dungeon,  
Their kingly chieftain lay,  
And low on many an Eastern field  
Their knighthood's best array.  
'Twas mournful, when at feasts they met,  
The wine-cup round to send,  
For each that touch'd it silently,  
Then miss'd a gallant friend !

And mournful was their vigil  
On the beleaguer'd wall,  
And dark their slumber, dark with dreams  
Of slow defeat and fall.  
Yet a few hearts of Chivalry  
Rose high to breast the storm,

And one—of all the loftiest there—  
Thrill'd in a woman's form.

A woman, meekly bending  
O'er the slumber of her child,  
With her soft sad eyes of weeping love,  
As the Virgin Mother's mild.  
Oh! roughly cradled was thy Babe,  
'Midst the clash of spear and lance,  
And a strange, wild bower was thine, young Queen!  
Fair Marguerite of France!

A dark and vaulted chamber,  
Like a scene for wizard-spell,  
Deep in the Saracenic gloom  
Of the warrior citadel;  
And there 'midst arms the couch was spread,  
And with banners curtain'd o'er,  
For the Daughter of the Minstrel-land,  
The gay Provençal shore!

For the bright Queen of St Louis,  
The star of court and hall!—  
But the deep strength of the gentle heart,  
Wakes to the tempest's call!  
Her Lord was in the Paynim's hold,  
His soul with grief oppress'd,  
Yet calmly lay the Desolate,  
With her young babe on her breast!

There were voices in the city,  
Voices of wrath and fear—  
“The walls grow weak, the strife is vain,  
We will not perish here!  
Yield! yield! and let the crescent gleam  
O'er tower and bastion high!  
Our distant homes are beautiful—  
We stay not here to die!”

They bore those fearful tidings  
To the sad Queen where she lay—

They told a tale of wavering hearts,  
Of treason and dismay :  
The blood rush'd through her pearly cheek,  
The sparkle to her eye—  
“ Now call me hither those recreant knights,  
From the bands of Italy !”\*

Then through the vaulted chambers  
Stern iron footsteps rang ;  
And heavily the sounding floor  
Gave back the sabre's clang.  
They stood around her—steel-clad men,  
Moulded for storm and fight,  
But they quail'd before the loftier soul  
In that pale aspect bright.

Yes—as before the Falcon shrinks  
The Bird of meaner wing,

\* The proposal to capitulate is attributed by the French historian to the Knights of Pisa.

So shrank they from th' imperial glance  
Of Her—that fragile thing !  
And her flute-like voice rose clear and high,  
Through the din of arms around,  
Sweet, and yet stirring to the soul,  
As a silver clarion's sound.

“ The honour of the Lily  
Is in your hands to keep,  
And the Banner of the Cross, for Him  
Who died on Calvary's steep :  
And the city which for Christian prayer  
Hath heard the holy bell—  
And is it *these* your hearts would yield  
To the godless Infidel ?

“ Then bring me here a breastplate,  
And a helm, before ye fly,  
And I will gird my woman's form,  
And on the ramparts die !



And the Boy whom I have borne for woe,  
But never for disgrace,  
Shall go within mine arms to death  
Meet for his royal race.

“ Look on him as he slumbers  
In the shadow of the Lance !  
*Then* go, and with the Cross forsake  
The princely Babe of France !  
But tell your homes ye left *one* heart  
To perish undefiled ;  
A Woman and a Queen, to guard  
Her Honour and her Child !”

Before her words they thrill'd, like leaves,  
When winds are in the wood ;  
And a deepening murmur told of men  
Roused to a loftier mood.  
And her Babe awoke to flashing swords,  
Unsheath'd in many a hand,

As they gather'd round the helpless One,  
Again a noble band !

“ We are thy warriors, Lady !  
True to the Cross and thee !  
The spirit of thy kindling words  
On every sword shall be !  
Rest, with thy fair child on thy breast,  
Rest—we will guard thee well !  
St Dennis for the Lily-flower,  
And the Christian citadel !”

THE FREE'D BIRD.  

---

RETURN, return, my Bird!

I have dress'd thy cage with flowers,  
'Tis lovely as a violet bank  
In the heart of forest bowers.

“I am free, I am free, I return no more !  
The weary time of the cage is o'er !  
Through the rolling clouds I can soar on high,  
The sky is around me, the blue bright sky !

“The hills lie beneath me, spread far and clear,  
With their glowing heath-flowers and bounding deer ;  
I see the waves flash on the sunny shore—  
I am free, I am free—I return no more !”

Alas, alas, my Bird !

Why seek'st thou to be free ?

Wer't thou not blest in thy little bower,

When thy song breathed nought but glee ?

“ Did my song of the summer breathe nought but glee ?

Did the voice of the captive seem sweet to thee ?

—O ! hadst thou known its deep meaning well,

It had tales of a burning heart to tell !

“ From a dream of the forest that music sprang,

Through its notes the peal of a torrent rang ;

And its dying fall, when it soothed thee best,

Sigh'd for wild flowers and a leafy nest.”

Was it with thee thus, my Bird ?

Yet thine eye flash'd clear and bright !

I have seen the glance of sudden joy

In its quick and dewy light.

“ It flash'd with the fire of a tameless race,  
With the soul of the wild wood, my native place !  
With the spirit that panted through heaven to soar—  
Woo me not back—I return no more !

“ My home is high, amidst rocking trees,  
My kindred things are the star and the breeze,  
And the fount uncheck'd in its lonely play,  
And the odours that wander afar, away !”

Farewell, farewell, then, Bird !

I have call'd on spirits gone,  
And it may be they joy'd like *thee* to part,  
Like thee, that wert all my own !

“ If they were captives, and pined like me,  
Though love may guard them, they joy'd to be free !  
They sprang from the earth with a burst of power,  
To the strength of their wings, to their triumph's hour !

“ Call them not back when the chain is riven,  
When the way of the pinion is all through heaven !  
Farewell !—With my song through the clouds I soar,  
I pierce the blue skies—I am Earth's no more !”

TO THE MOUNTAIN WINDS.

---

———How divine

The liberty, for frail, for mortal man,  
 To roam at large among unpeopled glens,  
 And mountainous retirements, only trod  
 By devious footsteps!—Regions consecrate  
 To oldest time!—And, reckless of the storm  
 That keeps the raven quiet in his nest,  
 Be as a presence or a motion—One  
 Among the many there.

WORDSWORTH.

---

MOUNTAIN winds! oh! whither do ye call me?

Vainly, vainly would my steps pursue!  
 Chains of care to lower earth enthrall me,  
 Wherefore thus my weary spirit woo?

Oh ! the strife of this divided being !

Is there peace where ye are borne on high ?  
Could we soar to your proud eyeries fleeing,  
In our hearts would haunting memories die ?

Those wild places are not as a dwelling

Whence the footsteps of the loved are gone !  
Never from those rocky halls came swelling  
Voice of kindness in familiar tone !

Surely music of oblivion sweepeth

In the pathway of your wanderings free ;  
And the torrent, wildly as it leapeth,  
Sings of no lost home amidst its glee.

There the rushing of the falcon's pinion,

Is not from some hidden pang to fly ;  
All things breathe of power and stern dominion—  
Not of hearts that in vain yearnings die.



Mountain winds ! oh ! is it, is it only

Where man's trace hath been that so we pine ?

Bear me up, to grow in thought less lonely,

Even at nature's deepest, loneliest shrine !

Wild, and mighty, and mysterious singers !

At whose tone my heart within me burns ;

Bear me where the last red sunbeam lingers,

Where the waters have their secret urns !

There to commune with a loftier spirit

Than the troubling shadows of regret ;

There the wings of freedom to inherit,

Where the enduring and the wing'd are met.

Hush, proud voices ! gentle be your falling !

Woman's lot thus chainless may not be ;

Hush ! the heart your trumpet sounds are calling,

Darkly still may grow—but never free !

THE PROCESSION.

---

“ The peace which passeth all understanding,” disclosed itself in her looks and movements. It lay on her countenance like a steady unshadowed moonlight.

COLERIDGE.

---

THERE were trampling sounds of many feet,  
And music rush'd through the crowded street ;  
Proud music, such as tells the sky,  
Of a chief returned from victory.

There were banners to the winds unroll'd,  
With haughty words on each blazon'd fold ;  
High battle-names, which had rung of yore,  
When lances clash'd on the Syrian shore.

Borne from their dwellings, green and lone,  
There were flowers of the woods on the pathway strown ;  
And wheels that crush'd as they swept along—  
Oh ! what doth the violet amidst the throng ?

I saw where a bright Procession pass'd  
The gates of a Minster, old and vast ;  
And a king to his crowning place was led,  
Through a sculptur'd line of the warrior dead.

I saw, far gleaming, the long array  
Of trophies, on those high tombs that lay,  
And the coloured light, that wrapp'd them all,  
Rich, deep, and sad, as a royal pall.

But a lowlier grave soon won mine eye  
Away from th' ancestral pageantry :  
A grave by the lordly Minster's gate,  
Unhonour'd, and yet not desolate.

It was but a dewy greensward bed,  
Meet for the rest of a peasant head ;  
But Love—Oh ! lovelier than all beside!—  
That lone place guarded and glorified.

For a gentle form stood watching there,  
Young—but how sorrowfully fair !  
Keeping the flowers of the holy spot,  
That reckless feet might profane them not.

Clear, pale and clear, was the tender cheek,  
And her eye, though tearful, serenely meek ;  
And I deem'd, by its lifted gaze of love,  
That her sad heart's treasure was all above.

For alone she seem'd 'midst the throng to be,  
Like a bird of the waves far away at sea ;  
Alone, in a mourner's vest array'd,  
And with folded hands, e'en as if she pray'd.

It faded before me, that masque of pride,  
The haughty swell of the music died ;  
Banner, and armour, and tossing plume,  
All melted away in the twilight's gloom.

But that orphan form, with its willowy grace,  
And the speaking prayer in that pale, calm face,  
Still, still o'er my thoughts in the night-hour glide—  
—Oh ! Love is lovelier than all beside.

TO THE BLUE ANEMONE.  

---

FLOWER of starry clearness bright,  
Quivering urn of colour'd light,  
Hast thou drawn thy cup's rich dye  
From th' intenseness of the sky ?  
From a long, long fervent gaze  
Through the year's first golden days,  
Up that blue and silent deep,  
Where, like things of sculptur'd sleep,  
Alabaster clouds repose,  
With the sunshine on their snows ?  
Thither was thy heart's love turning,  
Like a censer ever burning,

Till the purple Heavens in thee  
Set their smile, Anemone ?

Or can those warm tints be caught  
Each from some quick glow of thought ?  
So much of bright *soul* there seems  
In thy bendings and thy gleams,  
So much thy sweet life resembles  
That which feels, and weeps, and trembles ;  
I could deem thee spirit-filled,  
As a reed by music thrilled,  
When thy Being I behold  
To each loving breath unfold,  
Or like woman's willowy form,  
Shrink before the gathering storm ;  
I could ask a *voice* from thee  
Delicate Anemone !

Flower ! thou seem'st not born to die,  
With thy radiant purity,

But to melt in air away,  
Mingling with the soft spring-day,  
When the crystal heavens are still,  
And faint azure veils each hill,  
And the lime-leaf doth not move,  
Save to songs that stir the grove,  
And earth all glorified is seen,  
As imaged in some lake serene ;  
—Then thy vanishing should be,  
Pure and meek Anemone !

Flower ! the laurel still may shed  
Brightness round the victor's head ;  
And the rose in beauty's hair  
Still its festal glory wear ;  
And the willow-leaves droop o'er  
Brows which love sustains no more :  
But by living rays refined,  
Thou, the trembler of the wind,  
Thou, the spiritual flower  
Sentient of each breeze and shower,



Thou, rejoicing in the skies,  
And transpierced with all their dyes :  
Breathing vase, with light o'erflowing,  
Gem-like to thy centre glowing,  
Thou the poet's type shalt be,  
Flower of soul, Anemone !

## THE BROKEN LUTE.

---

When the Lamp is shatter'd,  
     The light in the dust lies dead;  
 When the cloud is scatter'd,  
     The Rainbow's glory is shed.  
 When the Lute is broken,  
     Sweet sounds are remember'd not;  
 When the words are spoken,  
     Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendour  
     Survive not the Lamp and Lute,  
 The heart's echoes render  
     No song when the Spirit is mute.

SHELLEY.

---

SHE dwelt in proud Venetian halls,  
 'Midst forms that breathed from the pictured walls;  
 But a glow of beauty like her own,  
 There had no dream of the painter thrown.

Lit from within was her noble brow,  
As an urn, whence rays from a lamp may flow ;  
Her young, clear cheek, had a changeful hue,  
As if ye might see how the soul wrought through ;  
And every flash of her fervent eye  
Seem'd the bright wakening of Poesy.

Even thus it was !—from her childhood's years,—  
A being of sudden smiles and tears,—  
Passionate visions, quick light and shade,—  
Such was that high-born Italian maid !  
And the spirit of song in her bosom-cell,  
Dwelt, as the odours in violets dwell,—  
Or as the sounds in the Eolian strings,—  
Or in aspen-leaves the quiverings ;  
There, ever there, with the life enshrined,  
Waiting the call of the faintest wind.

Oft, on the wave of the Adrian sea,  
In the city's hour of moonlight glee,—

Oft would that gift of the southern sky,  
O'erflow from her lips in melody ;—  
Oft amid festal halls it came,  
Like the springing forth of a sudden flame—  
Till the dance was hush'd, and the silvery tone  
Of her Inspiration, was heard alone.  
And Fame went with her, the bright, the crown'd,  
And Music floated her steps around ;  
And every lay of her soul was borne  
Through the sunny land, as on wings of morn.

And was the daughter of Venice blest,  
With a power so deep in her youthful breast ?  
Could She be happy, o'er whose dark eye  
So many changes and dreams went by ?  
And in whose cheek the swift crimson wrought  
As if but born from the rush of thought ?  
—Yes ! in the brightness of joy awhile  
She moved, as a bark in the sunbeam's smile ;  
For her spirit, as over her lyre's full chord,  
All, all on a happy love was pour'd !

How loves a heart, whence the stream of song  
Flows like the life-blood, quick, bright, and strong ?  
How loves a heart, which hath never proved  
One breath of the world ?—Even so she loved !  
Blest, though the Lord of her soul afar,  
Was charging the foremost in Moslem war,—  
Bearing the flag of St Mark's on high,  
As a ruling star in the Grecian sky.  
Proud music breathed in her song, when Fame  
Gave a tone more thrilling to his name ;  
And her trust in his love was a woman's faith—  
Perfect, and fearing no change but death.

But the fields are won from the Othman host,  
In the land that quell'd the Persian's boast,  
And a thousand hearts in Venice burn,  
For the day of triumph and return !  
—The day is come ! the flashing deep  
Foams where the galleys of Victory sweep ;  
And the sceptred City of the wave,  
With her festal splendour greets the brave ;

Cymbal and clarion, and voice, around,  
Make the air one stream of exulting sound,  
While the beautiful, with their sunny smiles,  
Look from each hall of the hundred isles.

But happiest and brightest that day of all,  
Robed for her warrior's festival,  
Moving a Queen 'midst the radiant throng,  
Was She, th' inspired one, the Maid of Song !  
The lute he loved on her arm she bore,  
As she rush'd in her joy to the crowded shore ;  
With a hue on her cheek like the damask glow  
By the sunset given unto mountain snow,  
And her eye all fill'd with the spirit's play,  
Like the flash of a gem to the changeful day,  
And her long hair waving in ringlets bright—  
So came that being of Hope and Light !  
—One moment, Erminia ! one moment more,  
And life, all the beauty of life, is o'er !  
The bark of her lover hath touched the strand—  
Whom leads he forth with a gentle hand ?

—A young fair form, whose nymph-like grace  
Accorded well with the Grecian face,  
And the eye, in its clear soft darkness meek,  
And the lashes that droop'd o'er a pale rose cheek ;  
And he look'd on that beauty with tender pride—  
The warrior hath brought back an Eastern bride !

But how stood She, the Forsaken, there,  
Struck by the lightning of swift despair ?  
Still, as amazed with grief, she stood,  
And her cheek to her heart sent back the blood,  
And there came from her quivering lip no word—  
Only the fall of her lute was heard,  
As it dropt from her hand at her rival's feet,  
Into fragments, whose dying thrill was sweet !

What more remaineth ? her day was done ;  
Her fate and the Broken Lute's were one !  
The light, the vision, the gift of power,  
Pass'd from her soul in that mortal hour,

Like the rich sound from the shatter'd string,  
Whence the gush of sweetness no more might spring!  
As an eagle struck in his upward flight,  
So was her hope from its radiant height,  
And her song went with it for evermore,  
A gladness taken from sea and shore!  
She had moved to the echoing sound of fame—  
Silently, silently, died her name!  
Silently melted her life away,  
As ye have seen a young flower decay,  
Or a lamp that hath swiftly burn'd, expire,  
Or a bright stream shrink from the summer's fire,  
Leaving its channel all dry and mute—  
Woe for the Broken Heart and Lute!



THE BURIAL IN THE DESERT.

---

How weeps yon gallant Band  
O'er him their valour could not save!  
For the bayonet is red with gore,  
And he, the beautiful and brave,  
Now sleeps in Egypt's sand.

WILSON.

---

IN the shadow of the Pyramid  
Our brother's grave we made,  
When the battle-day was done,  
And the Desert's parting sun  
A field of death survey'd.

The blood-red sky 'above us  
Was darkening into night,  
And the Arab watching silently  
Our sad and hurried rite.

The voice of Egypt's river  
Came hollow and profound,  
And one lone palm-tree, where we stood,  
Rock'd with a shivery sound :

While the shadow of the Pyramid  
Hung o'er the grave we made,  
When the battle-day was done,  
And the Desert's parting sun  
A field of death survey'd.

The fathers of our brother  
Were borne to knightly tombs,  
With torch-light and with anthem-note,  
And many waving plumes :

But he, the last and noblest  
Of that high Norman race,  
With a few brief words of soldier-love  
Was gathered to his place ;

In the shadow of the Pyramid,  
Where his youthful form we laid,  
When the battle-day was done,  
And the Desert's parting sun  
A field of death survey'd.

But let him, let him slumber  
By the old Egyptian wave !  
It is well with those who bear their fame  
Unsullied to the grave !

When brightest names are breathed on,  
When loftiest fall so fast,  
We would not call our brother back  
On dark days to be cast,

From the shadow of the Pyramid,  
Where his noble heart we laid,  
When the battle-day was done,  
And the Desert's parting sun  
A field of death survey'd.

THE MAREMMA,  

---

Mais elle etait du monde, ou les plus belles choses,  
Ont le pire destin ;  
Et Rose elle a vécu ce que vivent les roses,  
L'espace d'un Matin.

MALHERBE,  

---

THERE are bright scenes beneath Italian skies,  
Where glowing suns their purest light diffuse,  
Uncultured flowers in wild profusion rise,  
And nature lavishes her warmest hues ;  
But trust thou not her smile, her balmy breath,  
Away ! her charms are but the pomp of Death !

He in the vine-clad bowers, unseen is dwelling,  
Where the cool shade its freshness round thee throws,  
His voice, in every perfumed zephyr swelling,  
With gentlest whisper lures thee to repose,  
And the soft sounds that through the foliage sigh,  
But woo thee still to slumber and to die.

Mysterious danger lurks, a Syren, there,  
Not robed in terrors, or announced in gloom,  
But stealing o'er thee in the scented air,  
And veiled in flowers, that smile to deck thy tomb :  
How may we deem, amidst their deep array,  
That heaven and earth but flatter to betray ?

Sunshine, and bloom, and verdure ! can it be,  
That these but charm us with destructive wiles ?  
Where shall we turn, O Nature ! if in *thee*  
Danger is masked in beauty—death in smiles ?  
Oh ! still the Circe of that fatal shore,  
Where she, the sun's bright daughter, dwelt of yore !

There, year by year, that secret peril spreads,  
Disguised in loveliness, its baleful reign,  
And viewless blights o'er many a landscape sheds,  
Gay with the riches of the south, in vain,  
O'er fairy bowers, and palaces of state,  
Passing unseen, to leave them desolate.

And pillared halls, whose airy colonades,  
Were formed to echo music's choral tone,  
Are silent now, amidst deserted shades,\*  
Peopled by sculpture's graceful forms alone ;  
And fountains dash, unheard by lone alcoves,  
Neglected temples, and forsaken groves.

And there, where marble nymphs, in beauty gleaming,  
'Midst the deep shades of plane and cypress rise,  
By wave or grot might Fancy linger, dreaming  
Of old Arcadia's woodland deities.—

\* See Madame de Stael's fine description, in her *Corinne*, of the Villa Borghese, deserted on account of the Mal'aria.

Wild visions!—there no sylvan powers convene,—  
Death reigns the genius of the Elysian scene.

Ye, too, illustrious hills of Rome! that bear  
Traces of mightier beings on your brow,  
O'er you that subtle spirit of the air  
Extends the desert of his empire now ;—  
Broods o'er the wrecks of altar, fane, and dome,  
And makes the Cæsar's ruined halls his home.

Youth, valour, beauty, oft have felt his power,  
His crowned and chosen victims—o'er their lot  
Hath fond affection wept—each blighted flower  
In turn was loved and mourned, and is forgot.  
But one who perished, left a tale of woe,  
Meet for as deep a sigh as pity can bestow.

A voice of music, from Sienna's walls,  
Is floating joyous on the summer air,  
And there are banquets in her stately halls,  
And graceful revels of the gay and fair,



And brilliant wreaths the altar have arrayed,  
Where meet her noblest youth, and loveliest maid.

To that young bride each grace hath Nature given,  
Which glows on Art's divinest dream,—her eye  
Hath a pure sunbeam of her native heaven—  
Her cheek a tinge of morning's richest dye ;  
Fair as that daughter of the south, whose form  
Still breathes and charms, in Vinci's colours warm.\*

But is she blest ?—for sometimes o'er her smile  
A soft sweet shade of pensiveness is cast,  
And in her liquid glance there seems a while,  
To dwell some thought whose soul is with the past.  
Yet soon it flies—a cloud that leaves no trace  
On the sky's azure of its dwelling-place.

\* An allusion to Leonardo da Vinci's picture of his wife Mona Lisa, supposed to be the most perfect imitation of Nature ever exhibited in painting. See Vasari in his *Lives of the Painters*.

Perchance, at times, within her heart may rise  
Remembrance of some early love or woe,  
Faded, yet scarce forgotten—in her eyes,  
Wakening the half-formed tear that may not flow,  
Yet radiant seems her lot as aught on earth,  
Where still some pining thought comes darkly o'er  
our mirth.

The world before her smiles—its changeful gaze  
She hath not proved as yet—her path seems gay  
With flowers and sunshine—and the voice of praise  
Is still the joyous herald of her way ;  
And beauty's light around her dwells, to throw,  
O'er every scene, its own resplendent glow.

Such is the young Bianca—graced with all  
That nature, fortune, youth, at once can give ;  
Pure in their loveliness—her looks recall  
Such dreams, as ne'er life's early bloom survive ;

And when she speaks, each thrilling tone is fraught  
With sweetness, born of high and heavenly thought.

And he, to whom are breath'd her vows of faith  
Is brave, and noble—Child of high descent,  
He hath stood fearless in the ranks of death,  
'Mid slaughtered heaps, the warrior's monument :  
And proudly marshalled his Carroccio's\* way,  
Amidst the wildest wreck of war's array.

And his the chivalrous, commanding mien,  
Where high-born grandeur blends with courtly grace ;  
Yet may a lightning glance at times be seen,  
Of fiery passions, darting o'er his face,  
And fierce the spirit kindling in his eye,—  
But e'en while yet we gaze, its quick, wild flashes  
die.

\* See the description of this sort of consecrated war-chariot  
in Sismondi's *Histoire des Republiques Italiennes*, &c. Vol. I.  
p. 394.

And calmly can Pietra smile, concealing  
As if forgotten, vengeance, hate, remorse ;  
And veil the workings of each darker feeling,  
Deep in his soul concentrating its force :  
But yet, he loves—Oh ! who hath loved, nor known  
Affection's power exalt the bosom all its own ?

The days roll on—and still Bianca's lot  
Seems as a path of Eden—Thou mightst deem  
That grief, the mighty chastener, had forgot  
To wake her soul from life's enchanted dream ;  
And, if her brow a moment's sadness wear,  
It sheds but grace more intellectual there.

A few short years, and all is changed—her fate  
Seems with some deep mysterious cloud o'ercast.  
—Have jealous doubts transformed to wrath and hate,  
The love whose glow Expression's power surpassed ?  
Lo ! on Pietra's brow a sullen gloom  
Is gathering day by day, prophetic of her doom.

Oh ! can he meet that eye, of light serene,  
Whence the pure spirit looks in radiance forth,  
And view that bright intelligence of mien,  
Formed to express but thoughts of loftiest worth,  
Yet deem that vice within that heart can reign ?  
—How shall he e'er confide in aught on earth again ?

In silence oft, with strange, vindictive gaze,  
Transient, yet filled with meaning stern and wild,  
Her features, calm in beauty, he surveys,  
Then turns away, and fixes on her child  
So dark a glance, as thrills a mother's mind  
With some vague fear, scarce owned, and undefined.

There stands a lonely dwelling, by the wave  
Of the blue deep which bathes Italia's shore,  
Far from all sounds, but rippling seas, that lave  
Grey rocks, with foliage richly shadowed o'er ;  
And sighing winds, that murmur through the wood,  
Fringing the beach of that Hesperian flood.

Fair is that house of solitude—and fair  
The green Maremma, far around it spread,  
A sun-bright waste of beauty—yet an air  
Of brooding sadness o'er the scene is shed,  
No human footstep tracks the lone domain,  
The desert of luxuriance glows in vain.

And silent are the marble halls that rise  
'Mid founts, and cypress-walks, and olive-groves ;  
All sleeps in sunshine, 'neath Cerulean skies,  
And still around the sea-breeze lightly roves ;  
Yet every trace of man reveals alone,  
That there life once hath flourished—and is gone.

There, till around them slowly, softly stealing,  
The summer air, deceit in every sigh,  
Came fraught with death, its power no sign revealing,  
Thy sires, Pietra, dwelt, in days gone by ;  
And strains of mirth and melody have flowed,  
Where stands, all voiceless now, the still abode.

And thither doth her Lord, remorseless, bear  
Bianca with her child—his altered eye  
And brow a stern and fearful calmness wear,  
While his dark spirit seals their doom—to die ;  
And the deep bodings of his victim's heart,  
Tell her, from fruitless hope at once to part.

It is the summer's glorious prime—and blending  
Its blue transparence with the skies, the deep,  
Each tint of Heaven upon its breast descending,  
Scarce murmurs as it heaves, in glassy sleep,  
And on its wave reflects, more softly bright,  
That lovely shore of solitude and light.

Fragrance in each warm southern gale is breathing,  
Decked with young flowers the rich Maremma glows,  
Neglected vines the trees are wildly wreathing,  
And the fresh myrtle in exuberance blows,  
And far around, a deep and sunny bloom  
Mantles the scene, as garlands robe the tomb.

Yes! 'tis *thy* tomb, Bianca! fairest flower!  
The voice that calls thee speaks in every gale,  
Which, o'er thee breathing with insidious power,  
Bids the young roses of thy cheek turn pale,  
And, fatal in its softness, day by day,  
Steals from that eye some trembling spark away.

But sink not yet—for there are darker woes,  
Daughter of Beauty! in thy spring-morn fading,  
Sufferings more keen for thee reserved than those  
Of lingering Death, which thus thine eye are shading!  
Nerve then thy heart to meet that bitter lot,  
'Tis Agony—but soon to be forgot!

What deeper pangs maternal hearts can wring,  
Than hourly to behold the spoiler's breath  
Shedding, as mildews on the bloom of spring,  
O'er Infancy's fair cheek the blight of Death?  
To gaze and shrink, as gathering shades o'er cast  
The pale smooth brow, yet watch it, to the last!



Such pangs were thine, young mother!—Thou didst  
bend

O'er thy fair boy, and raise his drooping head,  
And faint and hopeless, far from every friend,  
Keep thy sad midnight-vigils near his bed,  
And watch his patient, supplicating eye,  
Fixed upon thee—on thee!—who couldst no aid  
supply!

There was no voice to cheer thy lonely woe  
Through those dark hours—to thee the wind's low sigh,  
And the faint murmur of the ocean's flow,  
Came like some spirit whispering—"He must die!"  
And thou didst vainly clasp him to the breast  
His young and sunny smile so oft with Hope had blest.

'Tis past—that fearful trial—he is gone—  
But thou, sad mourner! hast not long to weep,  
The hour of Nature's chartered peace comes on,  
And thou shalt share thine infant's holy sleep.

A few short sufferings yet—and Death shall be  
As a bright messenger from Heaven to thee.

But ask not—hope not—one relenting thought  
From him who doomed thee thus to waste away,  
Whose heart, with sullen speechless vengeance fraught,  
Broods in dark triumph o'er thy slow decay,  
And coldly, sternly, silently can trace  
The gradual withering of each youthful grace.

And yet the day of vain remorse shall come,  
When thou, bright victim ! on his dreams shalt rise  
As an accusing angel—and thy tomb,  
A martyr's shrine, be hallowed in his eyes !  
Then shall thine innocence his bosom wring,  
More than thy fancied guilt with jealous pangs could  
sting.

Lift thy meek eyes to Heaven—for all on earth,  
Young sufferer ! fades before thee—Thou art lone—

Hope, Fortune, Love, smiled brightly on thy birth,  
Thine hour of death is all Affliction's own !  
It is our task to suffer—and our fate  
To learn that mighty lesson, soon or late.

The season's glory fades—the vintage-lay  
Through joyous Italy resounds no more ;  
But mortal loveliness hath passed away,  
Fairer than aught in summer's glowing store.  
Beauty and youth are gone—behold them such  
As Death hath made them with his blighting touch !

The summer's breath came o'er them—and they died !  
Softly it came, to give luxuriance birth,  
Called forth young Nature in her festal pride,  
But bore to them their summons from the earth !  
Again shall blow that mild, delicious breeze,  
And wake to life and light all flowers—but these.

No sculptured urn, nor verse thy virtues telling,  
O lost and loveliest one ! adorns thy grave,

But o'er that humble cypress-shaded dwelling  
The dew-drops glisten, and the wild-flowers wave—  
Emblems more meet, in transient light and bloom,  
For thee, who thus didst pass in brightness to the  
tomb!

## SEBASTIAN OF PORTUGAL.

A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT.

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*Dram. Pers.*

SEBASTIAN.                    ZAMOR, *a young Arab.*  
 GONZALEZ, *his friend.*    SYLVEIRA.

---

SCENE I.*The sea-shore near Lisbon.*

SEBAST.—GONZAL.—ZAMOR.

*Sebast.* With what young life and fragrance in its  
 breath

My native air salutes me ! from the groves  
 Of citron, and the mountains of the vine,  
 And thy majestic tide thus foaming on  
 In power and freedom o'er its golden sands,

Fair stream, my Tajo ! youth with all its glow  
And pride of feeling through my soul and frame  
Again seems rushing, as these noble waves  
Past their bright shores flow joyously. Sweet land,  
My own, my Fathers' land, of sunny skies  
And orange bowers !—Oh ! is it not a dream  
That thus I tread thy soil ? Or do I wake  
From a dark dream but now ? González, say,  
Doth it not bring the flush of early life  
Back on th' awakening spirit, thus to gaze  
On the far-sweeping river, and the shades  
Which in their undulating motion speak  
Of gentle winds amidst bright waters born,  
After the fiery skies and dark red sands  
Of the lone desert ? Time and toil must needs  
Have changed *our* mien ; but this, our blessed land,  
Hath gained but richer beauty since we bade  
Her glowing shores farewell. Seems it not thus ?  
Thy brow is clouded.—

*Gonzal.*

To mine eye the scene



The valiant unto fame ! Aye, the blue heaven  
Seemed for that noble scene a canopy  
Scarce too majestic, while it rung afar  
To peals of warlike sound ! My gallant bands !  
Where are you now ?

*Gonzal.*                      Bid the wide desert tell  
Where sleep its dead ! To mightier hosts than them  
Hath it lent graves ere now ; and on its breast  
Is room for nations yet !

*Sebast.*                      It cannot be,  
That all have perished ! Many a noble man,  
Made captive on that war-field, may have burst  
His bonds like ours. Cloud not this fleeting hour,  
Which to my soul is as the fountain's draught  
To the parched lip of fever, with a thought  
So darkly sad !

*Gonzal.*                      Oh never, never cast  
That deep remembrance from you ! When once more  
Your place is 'midst earth's rulers, let it dwell  
Around you, as the shadow of your throne,

---



Wherein the land may rest. My king, this hour  
(Solemn as that which to the voyager's eye  
In far and dim perspective doth unfold  
A new and boundless world) may happy be,  
The last in which the courage and the power  
Of truth's high voice may reach you! Who may stand  
As man to man, as friend to friend, before  
The ancestral throne of monarchs? Or perchance  
Toils, such as tame the loftiest to endurance,  
Henceforth may wait us here! But howsoe'er  
This be, the lessons now from sufferings past  
Befit all time, all change. Oh! by the blood,  
The free, the generous blood of Portugal,  
Shed on the sands of Afric,—by the names  
Which, with their centuries of high renown,  
There died, extinct for ever,—let not those  
Who stood in hope and glory at our side  
Here, on this very sea-beach, whence they passed  
To fall, and leave no trophy,—let them not  
Be soon, be e'er forgotten! for their fate

---

Bears a deep warning in its awfulness,  
Whence power might well learn wisdom !

*Sebast.*

Thinkest thou then

That years of sufferance and captivity,  
Such as have bowed down eagle hearts ere now,  
And made high energies their spoil, have passed  
So lightly o'er my spirit ? Is it not thus !  
The things thou wouldst recall are not of those  
To be forgotten ! But my heart hath still  
A sense, a bounding pulse for hope and joy,  
And it *is* joy which whispers in the breeze  
Sent from my own free mountains. Brave Gonzalez !  
Thou art one to make thy fearless heart a shield  
Unto thy friend, in the dark stormy hour  
When knightly crests are trampled, and proud helms  
Cleft, and strong breast-plates shivered. Thou art one  
To infuse the soul of gallant fortitude  
Into the captive's bosom, and beguile  
The long slow march beneath the burning noon  
With lofty patience ; but for those quick bursts,

Those buoyant efforts of the soul to cast  
Her weight of care to earth, those brief delights  
Whose source is in a sunbeam, or a sound  
Which stirs the blood, or a young breeze, whose wing  
Wanders in chainless joy ; for things like these  
Thou hast no sympathies !—And thou, my Zamor,  
Art wrapt in thought ! I welcome thee to this,  
The kingdom of my fathers. Is it not  
A goodly heritage ?

*Zamor.*                      The land is fair :

But he, the archer of the wilderness,  
Beholdeth not the palms beneath whose shade  
His tents are scattered, and his camels rest ;  
And therefore is he sad !

*Sebast.*                      Thou must not pine  
With that sick yearning of the impatient heart,  
Which makes the exile's life one fevered dream  
Of skies, and hills, and voices far away,  
And faces wearing the familiar hues,  
Lent by his native sunbeams. I have known

Too much of this, and would not see another  
Thus daily die. If it be so with thee,  
My gentle Zamor, speak. Behold, our bark  
Yet, with her white sails catching sunset's glow,  
Lies within signal reach. If it be thus,  
Then fare thee well, farewell thou brave and true,  
And generous friend ! How often is our path  
Crossed by some being whose bright spirit sheds  
A passing gladness o'er it, but whose course  
Leads down another current, never more  
To blend with ours ! Yet far within our souls,  
Amidst the rushing of the busy world,  
Dwells many a secret thought, which lingers yet  
Around that image. And e'en so, kind Zamor,  
Shalt thou be long remembered !

*Zamor.*

By the fame

Of my brave sire, whose deeds the warrior tribes  
Tell round the desert's watchfire, at the hour  
Of silence, and of coolness, and of stars,  
I will not leave thee ! 'Twas in such an hour

---

The dreams of rest were on me, and I lay  
Shrouded in slumber's mantle, as within  
The chambers of the dead. Who saved me then,  
When the Pard, soundless as the midnight, stole  
Soft on the sleeper? Whose keen dart transfixed  
The monarch of the solitudes? I woke,  
And saw *thy* javelin crimsoned with his blood,  
Thou, my deliverer! and my heart e'en then  
Called thee its brother.

*Sebast.* For that gift of life  
With one of tenfold price, even freedom's self,  
Thou hast repaid me well.

*Zamor.* Then bid me not  
Forsake thee! Though my father's tents may rise  
At times upon my spirit, yet my home  
Shall be amidst thy mountains, Prince, and thou  
Shalt be my chief, until I see thee robed  
With all thy power. When thou canst need no more  
Thine Arab's faithful heart and vigorous arm,  
From the green regions of the setting sun









Hath sunk below th' Atlantic. Let us hence—  
Gonzalez, fear me not. [ *Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*A Street in Lisbon illuminated.*

## MANY CITIZENS.

*1st Cit.* In sooth our city wears a goodly mien  
With her far-blazing fanes, and festive lamps  
Shining from all her marble palaces,  
Countless as heaven's fair stars. The humblest lattice  
Sends forth its radiance. How the sparkling waves  
Fling back the light!

*2d Cit.* Aye, 'tis a gallant shew ;  
And one which serves, like others, to conceal  
Things which must not be told.

*3d Cit.* What wouldst thou say ?

*2d Cit.* That which may scarce, in perilous times  
like these,

Be said with safety. Hast thou looked within  
 Those stately palaces? Were they but peopled  
 With the high race of warlike nobles, once  
 Their princely lords, think'st thou, good friend, that

now

They would be glittering with this hollow pomp,  
 To greet a conqueror's entrance?

*3d Cit.*

Thou say'st well.

None but a land forsaken of its chiefs  
 Had been so lost and won.

*4th Cit.*

The lot is cast;

We have but to yield. Hush! for some strangers come;  
 Now friends beware.

*1st Cit.*

Did the King pass this way

At morning, with his train?

*2d Cit.*

Aye, saw you not

The long and rich procession?

[*Sebast. enters with Gonzal. and Zamor.*

*Sebast. to Gonzal.*

This should be

The night of some high festival. E'en thus

My royal city to the skies sent up  
 From her illumined fanes and towers a voice  
 Of gladness, welcoming our first return  
 From Afric's coast. Speak thou, Gonzalez, ask  
 The cause of this rejoicing. To my heart  
 Deep feelings rush, so mingled and so fast,  
 My voice per chance might tremble.

*Gonzal.* Citizen,

What festal night is this, that all your streets  
 Are thronged and glittering thus ?

*1st Cit.* Hast thou not heard

Of the king's entry, in triumphal pomp,  
 This very morn ?

*Gonzal.* The King ! triumphal pomp !

Thy words are dark.

*Sebast.* Speak yet again, mine ears

Ring with strange sounds. Again !

*1st Cit.* I said, the King,

Philip of Spain, and now of Portugal,

This morning entered with a conqueror's train

Our city's royal palace : and for this

We hold our festival.

*Sebast. (in a low voice.)* Thou saidst—the King !  
His name ? I heard it not.

*1st Cit.* Philip of Spain.

*Sebast.* Philip of Spain. We slumber, till aroused  
By th' earthquake's bursting shock. Hath there not  
fallen

A sudden darkness ? All things seem to float  
Obscurely round me. Now 'tis past. The streets  
Are blazing with strange fire. Go, quench those  
lamps;

They glare upon me till my very brain  
Grows dizzy, and doth whirl. How dared ye thus  
Light up your shrines for *him* ?

*Gonzal.* Away, away.

This is no time, no scene—

*Sebast.* Philip of Spain !  
How name ye this fair land ? Why—is it not  
The free, the chivalrous Portugal ? the land



'Tis to Sebastian, and his waste of life,  
And power, and treasure, that we owe these bonds.

*3d Cit.* Talk not of bonds. May our new monarch rule

The weary land in peace ! But who art thou ?  
Whence comest thou, haughty stranger, that these things,

Known to all nations, should be new to thee ?

*Sebast. (wildly.)* I come from regions where the cities lie

In ruins, not in chains.

[*Exit with Gonzal. and Zamor.*]

*2d Cit.* He wears the mien  
Of one that hath commanded ; yet his looks  
And words were strangely wild.

*1st Cit.* Marked you his fierce  
And haughty gesture, and the flash that broke  
From his dark eye, when King Sebastian's name  
Became our theme ?

*2d Cit.* Trust me there's more in this

---

Than may be lightly said. These are no times  
To breathe mens' thoughts in th' open face of Heaven  
And ear of multitudes. They that would speak  
Of monarch's and their deeds should keep within  
Their quiet homes. Come, let us hence, and then  
We'll commune of this stranger. [ *Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

*The Portico of a Palace.*

SEBAST.—GONZAL.—ZAMOR.

*Sebast.* Withstand me not ! I tell thee that my soul,  
With all its passionate energies, is roused  
Unto that fearful strength which *must* have way  
E'en like the elements, in their hour of might  
And mastery o'er creation.

*Gonzal.*

But they wait

That hour in silence. O ! be calm awhile,  
Thine is not come. My King—

*Sebast.* I am no King,  
While in the very palace of my sires,  
Aye, where mine eyes first drank the glorious light,  
Where my soul's thrilling echoes first awoke  
To the high sound of earth's immortal names,  
Th' usurper lives and reigns. I am no king  
Until I cast him thence.

*Zamor.* Shall not thy voice,  
Be as a trumpet to the awakening land ?  
Will not the bright swords flash like sun-bursts forth  
When the brave hear their chief ?

*Gonzal.* Peace, Zamor, peace !  
Child of the desert, what hast thou to do  
With the calm hour of counsel ?

———Monarch, pause,  
A kingdom's destiny should not be the sport  
Of passion's reckless winds. There is a time  
When men, in very weariness of heart





The mansion of mine own, mine earliest friend  
Sylveira ?

*Gonzal.* Aye, its glittering lamps too well  
Illume the stately vestibule to leave  
Our sight a moment's doubt. He ever loved  
Such pageantries.

*Sebast.* *His* dwelling thus adorned  
On such a night ! Yet will I seek him here.  
He must be faithful, and to him the first  
My tale shall be revealed. A sudden chill  
Falls on my heart ; and yet I will not wrong  
My friend with dull suspicion. He hath been  
Linked all too closely with mine inmost soul.  
And what have I to lose ?

*Gonzal.* Is their blood nought  
Who without hope will follow where thou leadest  
Even unto death ?

*Sebast.* Was that a brave man's voice ?  
Warrior, and friend ! how long then hast thou learned  
To hold thy blood thus dear ?





*Sebast.* Is that a task  
For King Sebastian's friend !

*Sylv.* Sebastian's friend !  
That name hath lost its meaning. Will the dead  
Rise from their silent dwellings, to upbraid  
The living for their mirth. The grave sets bounds  
Unto all human friendship.

*Sebast.* On the plain  
Of Alcazar full many a stately flower,  
The pride and crown of some high house, was laid  
Low in the dust of Afric ; but of these  
Sebastian was not one.

*Sylv.* I am not skilled  
To deal with men of mystery. Take then off  
The strange dark scrutiny of thine eye from mine.  
What mean'st thou ?—Speak !

*Sebast.* Sebastian died not there.  
I read no joy in that cold doubting mien.—  
Is not thy name Sylveira ?

*Sylv.* Aye.











As from the fulness of a heart o'ercharged  
With loyal love. Oh ! never, never more  
Let tears or smiles be trusted ! When thy king  
Went forth on his disastrous enterprise,  
Upon thy bed of sickness thou wast laid,  
And he stood o'er thee with the look of one  
Who leaves a dying brother, and his eyes  
Were filled with tears like thine. No ! *not* like thine :  
*His* bosom knew no falsehood, and he deemed  
Thine clear and stainless as a warrior's shield,  
Wherein high deeds and noble forms alone  
Are brightly imaged forth.

*Sylv.*

What now avail

These recollections ?

*Sebast.*

What ? I have seen thee shrink,

As a murderer from the eye of light before me,  
I have earned, (how dearly and how bitterly  
It matters not, but I *have* earned at last)  
Deep knowledge, fearful wisdom. Now ! begone !  
Hence to thy guests, and fear not, though arraigned

E'en of Sebastian's friendship. Make his scorn,  
 (For he *will* scorn thee, as a crouching slave  
 By all high hearts is scorned) thy right, thy charter  
 Unto vile safety. Let the secret voice  
 Whose low upbraidings will not sleep within thee  
 Be as a sign, a token of thy claim  
 To all such guerdons as are showered on traitors,  
 When noble men are crushed. And fear thou not :—  
 'Tis but the kingly cedar which the storm  
 Hurls from his mountain throne :—th' ignoble shrub,  
 Grovelling beneath, may live.

*Sylv.*

It is *thy* part

To tremble for thy life.

•

*Sebast.*

They that have looked

Upon a heart like thine, should know too well

The worth of life to tremble. Such things make

Brave men and reckless. Aye, and they whom fate

Would trample should be thus. It is enough—

Thou may'st depart.



*Sebast.* Away—away! this is no place for him  
Whose name hath thus resounded, but is now  
A word of desolation. [*Exit.*

---

## TRANSLATIONS FROM HORACE.

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Book I. Ode XXX.

TO VENUS.

OH! leave thine own loved isle,  
Bright Queen of Cyprus and the Paphian shores!  
And here on Glycera's fair temple smile,  
Where vows and incense lavishly she pours.

Waft here thy glowing son,  
Bring Hermes, let the nymphs thy path surround,  
And youth unlovely till thy gifts be won,  
And the light graces with the zone unbound.

*Original of the foregoing.*

O Venus, regina Gnidi Paphique,  
 Sperne dilectam Cypron, et, vocantis  
 Ture te multo, Glyceræ decoram  
                   Transfer in ædem.  
 Fervidus tecum puer, et solutis  
 Gratia zonis, properentque Nymphæ,  
 Et, parum comis sine te, Juventas,  
                   Mercuriusque.

## Book I. Ode XXXVIII.

## TO HIS ATTENDANT.

I hate the Persian's costly pride ;  
 The wreaths with bands of Linden tied ;  
           These, boy, delight me not ;  
 Nor where the lingering roses bide,  
           Seek thou for me the spot.

For me be nought but myrtle twined ;  
 The modest myrtle, meet to bind  
     Alike thy brows and mine ;  
 While thus I quaff the bowl, reclined  
     Beneath the o'erarching vine.

*Original of the foregoing.*

Persicos odi, puer, apparatus :  
 Displicent nexæ philyrâ coronæ :  
 Mitte sectari, rosa quo locorum  
     Sera moretur.  
 Simplici myrto nihil allabores  
 Sedulus, curo. Neque te ministrum  
 Dedecet myrtus, neque me sub arcta  
     Vite bibentem.



## Book II. Ode III.

## TO DELIUS.

Firm be thy soul!—serene in power,  
When adverse Fortune clouds the sky ;  
Undazzled by the triumph's hour,  
Since, Delius, thou must die !

Alike if still to grief resigned,  
Or if through festal days 'tis thine  
To quaff, in grassy haunts reclined,  
The old Falernian wine :

Haunts where the silvery poplar-boughs  
Love with the pine's to blend on high,  
And some clear fountain brightly flows  
In graceful windings by.

There be the rose, with beauty fraught  
So soon to fade, so brilliant now,

There be the wine, the odours brought,  
While Time and Fate allow !

For thou, resigning to thine heir,  
Thy halls, thy bowers, thy treasured store,  
Must leave that home, those woodlands fair,  
On yellow Tyber's shore.

What then avails it if thou trace  
From Inachus thy glorious line ?  
Or, sprung from some ignoble race,  
If not a roof be thine ?

Since the dread lot for all must leap  
Forth from the dark revolving urn,  
And we must tempt the gloomy deep,  
Whence exiles ne'er return.

*Original of the foregoing.*

Æquam memento rebus in arduis  
Servare mentem, non secus in bonis  
Ab insolenti temperatam  
Lætitia ; moriture Dellî,  
Seu mœstus omni tempore vixeris,  
Seu te in remoto gramine per dies  
Festos reclinatum beâris  
Interiore notâ Falerni.  
Qua pinus ingens, albaque populus,  
Umbram hospitem consociare amant  
Ramis, et obliquo laborat  
Lympha fugax trepidare rivo ;  
Huc vina, et unguenta, et nimium brevis  
Flores amœnos ferre jube rosæ,  
Dum res, et ætas, et sororum  
Fila trium patiuntur atra.

Cedes coëmtis saltibus, et domo,  
 Villâque, flavus quam Tiberis lavit :  
 Cedes ; et exstructis in altum  
 Divitiis potietur heres.  
 Divesne prisco natus ab Inacho,  
 Nil interest, an pauper et infimâ  
 De gente, sub divo moreris,  
 Victima nil miserantis Orci.  
 Omnes eodem cogimur : omnium  
 Versatur urnâ, serius, ocius  
 Sors exitura, et nos in æternum  
 Exsilium impositura cymbæ.

Book III. Ode XIII.

TO THE FOUNTAIN OF BANDUSIA.

Oh, worthy fragrant gifts of flowers and wine,  
 Bandusian fount, than crystal far more bright !  
 To-morrow shall a sportive kid be thine,  
 Whose forehead swells with horns of infant might :

Ev'n now of love and war he dreams in vain,  
 Doomed with his blood thy gelid wave to stain.

Let the red Dog-star burn !—his scorching beam,  
 Fierce in resplendence shall molest not thee !  
 Still sheltered from his rage, thy banks, fair stream,  
 To the wild flock around thee wandering free,  
 And the tired oxen from the furrowed field ;  
 The genial freshness of their breath shall yield.

And thou, bright Fount ! ennobled and renowned,  
 Shall by thy poet's votive song be made ;  
 Thou and the oak with deathless verdure crowned,  
 Whose boughs, a pendant canopy, o'ershade  
 Those hollow rocks, whence, murmuring many a  
 tale,  
 Thy chiming waters pour upon the vale.

*Original of the foregoing.*

O fons Bandusiæ, splendidior vitro,  
Dulci digne mero, non sine floribus,  
Cras donaberis hædo ;  
Cui frons, turgida cornibus  
Primis, et Venerem et prælia destinat :  
Frustra ; nam gelidos inficiet tibi  
Rubro sanguine rivos  
Lascivi suboles gregis.  
Te flagrantis atrox hora Caniculæ  
Nescit tangere : tu frigus amabile  
Fessis vomere tauris  
Præbes, et pecori vago.  
Fies nobilium tu quoque fontium,  
Me dicente cavis impositam ilicem  
Saxis, unde loquaces  
Lymphæ desiliunt tuæ.

## Book III. Ode XVIII.

## TO FAUNUS.

Faunus! who lov'st the flying Nymphs to chase,  
O let thy steps with genial influence tread  
My sunny fields, and be thy fostering grace,  
Left on my nursing groves, and borders shed.

If, at the mellow closing of the year,  
A tender kid in sacrifice be thine ;  
Nor fail the liberal bowls to Venus dear ;  
Nor clouds of incense to thine antique shrine.

Joyous each flock in meadow herbage plays,  
When the December feast returns to thee ;  
Calmly the ox along the pasture strays,  
With festal villagers from toil set free.

Then from the wolf no more the lambs retreat,  
Then shower the woods to thee their foliage round ;

And the glad labourer triumphs that his feet  
 In triple dance have struck the hated ground.

*Original of the foregoing.*

Faune, Nympharum fugientum amator,

Per meos fines et aprica rura

Lenis incedas, abeasque parvis

Æquus alumnis ;

Si tener pleno cadit hædus anno,

Largo nec desunt, Veneris sodali,

Vina crateræ, vetus ara multo

Fumat odore.

Ludit herboso pecus omne campo,

Cum tibi Nonæ redeunt Decembres :

Festus in pratis vacat otioso

Cum bove pagus :

Inter audaces lupus errat agnos :

Spargit agrestes tibi silva frondes ;

Gaudet invisam pepulisse fossor

Ter pede terram.



## IN IMITATION OF PART OF ODE III. BOOK II.\*

Bring, bring odours to the embowering shade  
Where the tall pine and poplar blend on high ;  
Bring roses, exquisite, but soon to fade,  
Snatch every brief delight, for thou must die ;  
Must bid thy groves farewell, thy stately dome,  
Thy fair retreat on yellow Tyber's shore,  
Whilst other inmates revel in thy home  
And claim thy piles of wealth ; thine own no more  
He who relents not, dooms thee soon to tread  
The shore whence none return—the country of the  
    dead.

\* Originally introduced in the " Last Constantine."

## ON THE HEBE OF CANOVA.

From the Italian of PINDEMONTE.

---

WHITHER, celestial maid, so fast away?  
What lures thee from the banquet of the skies?  
How canst thou leave thy native realms of day,  
For this low sphere, this vale of clouds and sighs?  
—O thou, Canova! soaring high above  
Italian art,—with Grecian magic vying!  
We knew thy marble glowed with life and love,  
But who had seen thee image footsteps flying?  
—Here to each eye the wind seems gently playing  
With the light vest, its wavy folds arraying  
In many a line of undulating grace;  
While nature, ne'er her mighty laws suspending,  
Stands, before marble thus with motion blending,  
One moment lost in thought, its hidden cause to trace.

From the Italian of FILICATA.

---

Italia, oh ! Italia ! thou, so graced  
With ill-starred beauty, which to thee hath been  
A dower, whose fatal splendour may be traced  
In the deep graven sorrows of thy mien ;  
Oh ! that more strength, or fewer charms were thine !  
That those might fear thee more, or love thee less,  
Who seem to worship at thy radiant shrine,  
Then pierce thee with the death-pang's bitterness !  
Not *then* would foreign hosts have drained the tide  
Of that Eridanus thy blood hath dyed ;  
Nor from the Alps would legions, still renewed,  
Pour down ; nor wouldst thou wield an alien brand,  
And fight thy battles with the stranger's hand,  
Still, still a slave, victorious or subdued !

ODE ON THE DEFEAT OF  
KING SEBASTIAN OF PORTUGAL, AND  
HIS ARMY, IN AFRICA.

Translated from the Spanish of HERRERA.

---

FERDINAND DE HERRERA, surnamed the Divine, was a Spanish Poet, who lived in the reign of Charles V., and is still considered by the Castilians as one of their classic writers. He aimed at the introduction of a new style into Spanish Poetry, and his lyrics are distinguished by the sustained majesty of their language, the frequent recurrence of expressions and images, derived apparently from a fervent study of the prophetic books of Scripture, and the lofty tone of national pride maintained throughout, and justified indeed by the nature of the subjects to which some of these productions are devoted. This last cha-

racteristic is blended with a deep and enthusiastic feeling of religion, which rather exalts, than tempers, the haughty confidence of the poet in the high destinies of his country. Spain is to him, what Judea was to the bards who sung beneath the shadow of her palm trees ; the chosen and favoured land, whose people, severed from all others by the purity and devotedness of their faith, are peculiarly called to wreak the vengeance of heaven upon the infidel. This triumphant conviction is powerfully expressed in his magnificent Ode on the Battle of Lepanto.

The impression of deep solemnity left upon the mind of the Spanish reader, by another of Herrera's lyric compositions, will, it is feared, be very inadequately conveyed through the medium of the following translation.

---

“ Voz de dolor, y canto de gemido,” &c.

---

A VOICE of woe, a murmur of lament,  
 A spirit of deep fear and mingled ire ;  
 Let such record the day, the day of wail  
 For Lusitania's bitter chastening sent !  
 She who hath seen her power, her fame expire,  
 And mourns them in the dust, discrowned and pale !

And let the awful tale  
With grief and horror every realm o'ershade,  
From Afric's burning main  
To the far sea, in other hues arrayed,  
And the red limits of the Orient's reign,  
Whose nations, haughty though subdued, behold  
Christ's glorious banner to the winds unfold.

Alas ! for those that in embattled power,  
And vain array of chariots and of horse,  
O desert Libya ! sought thy fatal coast !  
And trusting not in Him, the eternal source  
Of might and glory, but in earthly force,  
Making the strength of multitudes their boast,  
A flushed and crested host,  
Elate in lofty dreams of victory, trod  
Their path of pride, as o'er a conquered land  
Given for the spoil ; nor raised their eyes to God ;  
And Israel's Holy One withdrew his hand,

Their sole support ;—and heavily and prone  
They fell—the car, the steed, the rider, all o'erthrown!

It came, the hour of wrath, the hour of woe,  
Which to deep solitude and tears consigned  
The peopled realm, the realm of joy and mirth ;  
A gloom was on the heavens, no mantling glow  
Announced the morn—it seemed as nature pined,  
And boding clouds obscured the sunbeams birth ;

While, startling the pale earth,  
Bursting upon the mighty and the proud  
With visitation dread,  
Their crests the Eternal in his anger bowed,  
And raised barbarian nations o'er their head,  
The inflexible, the fierce, who seek not gold,  
But vengeance on their foes, relentless, uncontrolled.

Then was the sword let loose, the flaming sword  
Of the strong Infidel's ignoble hand,

Amidst that host, the pride, the flower, the crown  
Of thy fair knighthood ; and the insatiate horde,  
Not with thy life content, O ruined land !  
Sad Lusitania ! even thy bright renown  
    Defaced and trampled down ;  
And scattered, rushing as a torrent flood,  
Thy pomp of arms and banners ;—till the sands  
Became a lake of blood—thy noblest blood !—  
The plain a mountain of thy slaughtered bands.  
Strength on thy foes, resistless might was shed ;  
On thy devoted sons—amaze, and shame, and dread.

Are *these* the conquerors, *these* the lords of fight,  
The warrior men, the invincible, the famed,  
Who shook the earth with terror and dismay,  
Whose spoils were empires ?—They that in their  
    might  
The haughty strength of savage nations tamed,  
And gave the spacious orient realms of day  
    To desolation's sway,



Making the cities of imperial name  
 Even as the desart place?  
 Where now the fearless heart, the soul of flame?  
 Thus has their glory closed its dazzling race  
 In one brief hour? Is this their valour's doom,  
 On distant shores to fall, and find not even a tomb?

Once were they, in their splendour and their pride,  
 As an imperial cedar on the brow  
 Of the great Lebanon! It rose, arrayed  
 In its rich pomp of foliage, and of wide  
 Majestic branches, leaving far below  
 All children of the forest. To its shade  
 The waters tribute paid,  
 Fostering its beauty. Birds found shelter there  
 Whose flight is of the loftiest through the sky,  
 And the wild mountain-creatures made their lair  
 Beneath; and nations by its canopy  
 Were shadowed o'er. Supreme it stood, and ne'er  
 Had earth beheld a tree so excellently fair.

But all elated, on its verdant stem,  
Confiding solely in its regal height,  
It soared presumptuous, as for empire born ;  
And God for this removed its diadem,  
And cast it from its regions of delight,  
Forth to the spoiler, as a prey and scorn,  
    By the deep roots uptorn !  
And lo ! encumbering the lone hills it lay,  
Shorn of its leaves, dismantled of its state,  
While, pale with fear, men hurried far away,  
Who in its ample shade had found so late  
Their bower of rest ; and nature's savage race  
'Midst the great ruin sought their dwelling-place.

But thou, base Libya, thou whose arid sand  
Hath been a kingdom's death-bed, where one fate  
Closed her bright life, and her majestic fame,  
Though to thy feeble and barbarian hand  
Hath fallen the victory, be not thou elate !  
Boast not thyself, though thine that day of shame,  
    Unworthy of a name !

Know, if the Spaniard in his wrath advance,  
Aroused to vengeance by a nation's cry,  
Pierced by his searching lance,  
Soon shalt thou expiate crime with agony,  
And thine affrighted streams to ocean's flood  
An ample tribute bear of Afric's Paynim blood.

FRAGMENTS  
FROM THE  
IPHIGENIA OF GOETHE.

---

I.

JOY OF PYLADES ON HEARING HIS NATIVE  
LANGUAGE.

OH sweetest voice ! Oh blest familiar sound  
Of mother-words heard in the stranger's land !  
I see the blue hills of my native shore,  
The far blue hills again ! those cordial tones  
Before the captive bid them freshly rise  
For ever welcome ! Oh by this deep joy,  
Know the true son of Greece !

## II.

EXCLAMATION OF IPHIGENIA ON SEEING HER  
BROTHER.

Oh hear me, look upon me, how my heart  
After long desolation now unfolds  
Unto this new delight, to kiss thy head,  
Thou dearest, dearest one of all on Earth !  
To clasp thee with my arms which were but thrown  
On the void winds before ! Oh give me way,  
Give my soul's rapture way, the eternal fount,  
Leaps not more brightly forth from cliff to cliff  
Of high Parnassus, down the golden vale,  
Than the strong joy bursts gushing from my heart,  
And swells around me to a flood of bliss,  
Orestes ! Oh my Brother !

## III.

LOT OF MAN AND WOMAN COMPARED BY  
IPHIGENIA.

Man by the battle's hour immortalized  
May fall, yet leave his name to living song ;  
But of forsaken woman's countless tears,  
What recks the after-world ? the poet's voice  
Tells naught of all the slow, sad, weary days  
And long, long nights, through which the lonely soul  
Poured itself forth, consumed itself away,  
In passionate adjurings, vain desires,  
And ceaseless weepings for the early lost,  
The loved and vanished !

## IV.

## LONGING OF ORESTES FOR REPOSE.

One draught from Lethe's flood! reach me one draught,  
One last cool goblet filled with dewy peace!  
Soon will the spasm of life departing leave  
My bosom free! soon shall my spirit flow  
Along the deep waves of forgetfulness,  
Calmly and silently! away to you  
Ye dead! ye dwellers of the eternal cloud,  
Take home the son of earth, and let him steep  
His o'erworn senses in your dim repose,  
For evermore.

## V.

Hark ! in the trembling leaves,  
Mysterious whispers : hark ! a rushing sound,  
Sweeps through yon twilight depth ! e'en now they  
    come,  
They throng to greet their guest ! and who are they !  
Rejoicing each with each in stately joy,  
As a King's children gathered for the hour  
Of some high festival ! exultingly,  
And kindred-like and God-like, on they pass,  
The glorious wandering shapes ! aged and young  
Proud men and royal women ! Lo my race,  
My sire's ancestral race !



## THE SCULPTURED CHILDREN,

On Chantrey's Monument in Lichfield Cathedral.

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[THE monument by Chantrey in Lichfield Cathedral, to the memory of the two children of Mrs Robinson, is one of the most affecting works of art ever executed. He has given a pathos to marble, which one who trusts to his natural feelings, and admires, and is only touched at their bidding, might have thought from any previous experience that it was out of the power of statuary to attain. The monument is executed with all his beautiful simplicity and truth. The two children, two little girls, are represented as lying in each other's arms, and, at first glance, appear to be sleeping ;—

“ But something lies,  
Too deep and still on those soft-sealed eyes.”

It is while lying in the helplessness of innocent sleep, that infancy and childhood are viewed with the most touching interest ; and this and the loveliness of the children, the uncertainty of the expression at first view, the dim shadowing forth of that

sleep from which they cannot be awakened, their hovering, as it were, upon the confines of life, as if they might still be recalled, all conspire to render the last feeling, that death is indeed before us, most deeply affecting. They were the only children of their mother, and she was a widow. A tablet commemorative of their father hangs over the monument. This stands at the end of one of the side aisles of the choir, where there is nothing to distract the attention from it, or weaken its effect. It may be contemplated in silence and alone. The inscription, in that subdued tone of strong feeling which seeks no relief in words, harmonises with the character of the whole. It is as follows :

Sacred to the Memory  
Of Ellen Jane and Marianne, only children  
Of the late Rev. William Robinson, and Ellen Jane, his wife;  
Their affectionate mother,  
In fond remembrance of their heaven-loved innocence,  
Consigns their resemblance to this sanctuary,  
In humble gratitude for the glorious assurance,  
That "of such is the Kingdom of God."

A. N.]

---

FAIR images of sleep,  
Hallowed, and soft, and deep,  
On whose calm lids the dreamy quiet lies,

Like moonlight on shut bells  
Of flowers, in mossy dells,  
Filled with the hush of night and summer skies !

How many hearts have felt  
Your silent beauty melt  
Their strength to gushing tenderness away !  
How many sudden tears,  
From depths of buried years  
All freshly bursting, have confessed your sway !

How many eyes will shed  
Still, o'er your marble bed,  
Such drops from memory's troubled fountains wrung.  
While hope hath blights to bear,  
While love breathes mortal air ;  
While roses perish e'er to glory sprung,

Yet from a voiceless home,  
If some sad mother come,

Fondly to linger o'er your lovely rest,  
As o'er the cheek's warm glow,  
And the sweet breathings low,  
Of babes that grew and faded on her breast ;

If then the dove-like tone  
Of those faint murmurs gone,  
O'er her sick sense too piercingly return ;  
If for the soft bright hair  
And brow and bosom fair,  
And life, now dust, her soul too deeply yearn ;

O gentle forms, entwined  
Like tendrils, which the wind  
May wave, so clasped, but never can unlink !  
Send from your calm profound  
A still small voice, a sound  
Of hope, forbidding that lone heart to sink !

By all the pure meek mind  
In your pale beauty shrined,

By childhood's love—too bright a bloom to die !

O'er her worn spirit shed,

O fairest, holiest dead !

The faith, trust, joy, of immortality !

THE VOICE OF MUSIC.

---

Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound.

*Childe Harold.*

---

WHENCE is the might of thy master-spell ?  
Speak to me, voice of sweet sound, and tell !  
How canst thou wake, by one gentle breath,  
Passionate visions of love and death !

How callest thou back, with a note, a sigh,  
Words and low tones from the days gone by—  
A sunny glance, or a fond farewell?—  
Speak to me, voice of sweet sound, and tell !

What is thy power, from the soul's deep spring  
In sudden gushes the tears to bring?  
Even 'midst the swells of thy festal glee,  
Fountains of sorrow are stirred by thee!

Vain are those tears!—vain and fruitless all—  
Showers that refresh not, yet still must fall;  
For a purer bliss while the full heart burns,  
For a brighter home while the spirit yearns!

Something of mystery there surely dwells,  
Waiting thy touch, in our bosom-cells;  
Something that finds not its answer here—  
A chain to be clasped in another sphere.

Therefore a current of sadness deep,  
Through the stream of thy triumphs is heard to sweep,  
Like a moan of the breeze through a summer sky—  
Like a name of the dead when the wine foams high!

Yet speak to me still, though thy tones be fraught  
With vain remembrance and troubled thought ;—  
Speak ! for thou tellest my soul that its birth  
Links it with regions more bright than earth.



## THE CHIEFTAIN'S SON. \*

---

Yes, it is ours!—the field is won,  
A dark and evil field!  
Lift from the ground my noble son,  
And bear him homewards on his bloody shield!

Let me not hear your trumpets ring,  
Swell not the battle-horn!  
Thoughts far too sad those notes will bring,  
When to the grave my glorious flower is borne!

\* From a publication now out of print.

Speak not of victory!—in the name  
There is too much of woe!  
Hush'd be the empty voice of Fame—  
Call me back *his* whose graceful head is low.

Speak not of victory!—from my halls  
The sunny hour is gone!  
The ancient banner on my walls,  
Must sink ere long—I had but him—but one!

Within the dwelling of my sires  
The hearths will soon be cold,  
With me must die the beacon-fires  
That stream'd at midnight from the mountain-hold.

And let them fade, since this must be,  
My lovely and my brave!  
Was thy bright blood pour'd forth for me,  
And is there but for stately youth a grave?

Speak to me once again, my boy !  
Wilt thou not hear my call ?  
Thou wert so full of life and joy,  
I had not dreamt of *this*—that thou couldst fall !

Thy mother watches from the steep  
For thy returning plume ;  
How shall I tell her that thy sleep  
Is of the silent house, th' untimely tomb ?

Thou didst not seem as one to die,  
With all thy young renown !  
—Ye saw his falchion's flash on high,  
In the mid-fight, when spears and crests went down !

Slow be your march ! the field is won !  
A dark and evil field !  
Lift from the ground my noble son,  
And bear him homewards on his bloody shield.

PSYCHE BORNE BY ZEPHYRS

TO THE

ISLAND OF PLEASURE.

Written for a Picture.

---

FEARFULLY and mournfully  
Thou bidd'st the earth farewell,  
And yet thou'rt passing, loveliest one !  
In a brighter land to dwell.

Ascend, ascend rejoicing !  
The sunshine of that shore  
Around thee, as a glorious robe,  
Shall stream for evermore.

The breezy music wandering  
There through the Elysian sky,  
Hath no deep tone that seems to float  
From a happier time gone by :

And there the day's last crimson  
Gives no sad memories birth ;  
No thought of dead or distant friends,  
Or partings—as on earth.

Yet fearfully and mournfully  
Thou bidd'st that earth farewell,  
Although thou'rt passing, loveliest one,  
In a brighter land to dwell.

A land where all is deathless—  
The sunny wave's repose,  
The wood, with its rich melodies,  
The summer and the rose.

A land that sees no parting,  
That hears no sound of sighs,  
That waits thee with immortal air—  
Lift, lift those anxious eyes !

Oh ! how like *thee*, thou trembler,  
Man's spirit fondly clings,  
With timid love, to this, its world  
Of old familiar things !

We pant, we thirst for fountains  
That gush not here below ;  
On, on we toil, allured by dreams  
Of the living water's flow :

We pine for kindred natures,  
To mingle with our own ;  
For communings more full and high  
Than aught by mortal known :

We strive with vain aspirings  
Against our bounds in vain ;  
Yet summoned to be free at last,  
We shrink—and clasp our chain !

And fearfully and mournfully  
We bid the earth farewell,  
Though passing from its mists, like thee,  
In a brighter world to dwell.

PASSING AWAY.

---

“ Passing away” is written on the world, and all the world contains.

---

It is written on the rose  
In its glory’s full array—  
Read what those buds disclose—  
“ *Passing away.*”

It is written on the skies  
Of the soft blue summer day ;  
It is traced in sunset’s dyes—  
“ *Passing away.*”



It is written on the trees,  
As their young leaves glistening play,  
And on brighter things than these—  
“ Passing away.”

It is written on the brow  
Where the spirit's ardent ray  
Lives, burns, and triumphs now—  
“ *Passing away* ”

It is written on the *heart*—  
Alas ! that *there* decay  
Should claim from love a part—  
“ Passing away.”

Friends ! friends !—oh ! shall we meet  
In a land of purer day,  
Where lovely things and sweet  
Pass not away ?

Shall we know each other's eyes  
And the thoughts that in them lay,  
When we mingled sympathies  
Passing away ?

Oh ! if this may be so,  
Speed, speed, thou closing day !  
How blest, from earth's vain show  
To pass away ?

July 23, 1827.

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.  

---

'Twas night in Babylon: yet many a beam  
Of lamps, far-glittering from her domes on high,  
Shone, brightly mingling in Euphrates' stream,  
With the clear stars of that Chaldean sky,  
Whose azure knows no cloud:—each whispered sigh  
Of the soft night-breeze through her terrace-bowers,  
Bore deepening tones of joy and melody,  
O'er an illumined wilderness of flowers;  
And the glad city's voice went up from all her towers.

But prouder mirth was in the kingly hall,  
Where, 'midst adoring slaves, a gorgeous band!  
High at the stately midnight-festival,  
Belshazzar sat enthroned.—There luxury's hand

Had showered around all treasures that expand  
Beneath the burning east ;—all gems that pour  
The sunbeams back ;—all sweets of many a land,  
Whose gales waft incense from their spicy shore ;  
—But mortal pride looked on, and still demanded more.

With richer zest the banquet may be fraught,  
A loftier theme may swell the exulting strain !  
The Lord of nations spoke,—and forth were brought  
The spoils of Salem's devastated fane :  
Thrice holy vessels !—pure from earthly stain,  
And set apart, and sanctified to Him,  
Who deigned within the oracle to reign,  
Revealed, yet shadowed ; making noon-day dim,  
To that most glorious cloud between the cherubim.

They came, and louder pealed the voice of song,  
And pride flashed brighter from the kindling eye,  
And He who sleeps not heard the elated throng,  
In mirth that plays with thunderbolts, defy

The Rock of Zion !—Fill the nectar high,  
High in the cups of consecrated gold !  
And crown the bowl with garlands, ere they die,  
And bid the censers of the temple hold,  
Offerings to Babel's gods, the mighty ones of old !

Peace !—is it but a phantom of the brain,  
Thus shadowed forth the senses to appal,  
Yon fearful vision ?—Who shall gaze again  
To search its cause ?—Along the illumined wall,  
Startling, yet rivetting the eyes of all,  
Darkly it moves,—a hand, a human hand,  
O'er the bright lamps of that resplendent hall  
In silence tracing, as a mystic wand,  
Words all unknown, the tongue of some far distant  
land.

There are pale cheeks around the regal board,  
And quivering limbs, and whispers deep and low,  
And fitful starts !—the wine, in triumph poured,  
Untasted foams, the song hath ceased to flow,

The waving censer drops to earth—and lo !  
The King of Men, the Ruler, girt with might,  
Trembles before a shadow !—Say not so !  
—The child of dust, with guilt's foreboding sight,  
Shrinks from the dread Unknown, the avenging Infinite!

But haste ye !—bring Chaldea's gifted seers,  
The men of prescience !—haply to *their* eyes,  
Which track the future through the rolling spheres,  
Yon mystic sign may speak in prophecies.  
They come—the readers of the midnight skies,  
They that gave voice to visions—but in vain !  
Still wrapt in clouds the awful secret lies,  
It hath no language 'midst the starry train,  
Earth has no gifted tongue Heaven's mysteries to  
explain.

Then stood forth one, a child of other sires,  
And other inspiration !—one of those  
Who on the willows hung their captive lyres,  
And sat, and wept, where Babel's river flows.

His eye was bright, and yet the pale repose  
Of his pure features half o'erawed the mind,  
Telling of inward mysteries—joys and woes  
In lone recesses of the soul enshrined;  
Depths of a being sealed and severed from mankind.

Yes!—what was earth to him, whose spirit passed  
Time's utmost bounds?—on whose unshrinking sight  
Ten thousand shapes of burning glory cast  
Their full resplendence?—Majesty and might  
Were in his dreams;—for him the veil of light  
Shrouding Heaven's inmost sanctuary and throne,  
The curtain of th' unutterably bright  
Was raised!—to him, in fearful splendour shown,  
Ancient of Days! e'en Thou, mad'st thy dread presence  
known.

He spoke:—the shadows of the things to come  
Passed o'er his soul:—“ O King, elate in pride!  
God hath sent forth the writing of thy doom,  
The one, the living God by thee defied!

He, in whose balance earthly lords are tried,  
Hath weighed, and found thee wanting. 'Tis decreed  
The conqueror's hands thy kingdom shall divide,  
The stranger to thy throne of power succeed !  
Thy days are full ; they come,—the Persian and the  
Mede !”

There fell a moment's thrilling silence round  
A breathless pause ! the hush of hearts that beat  
And limbs that quiver :—Is there not a sound,  
A gathering cry, a tread of hurrying feet ?  
—'Twas but some echo, in the crowded street,  
Of far-heard revelry ; the shout, the song,  
The measured dance to music wildly sweet,  
That speeds the stars their joyous course along ;—  
Away ! nor let a dream disturb the festal throng !

Peace yet again !—Hark ! steps in tumult flying,  
Steeds rushing on, as o'er a battle-field !  
The shouts of hosts exulting or defying,  
The press of multitudes that strive or yield !



And the loud startling clash of spear and shield,  
Sudden as earthquake's burst!—and, blent with these,  
The last wild shriek of those whose doom is sealed  
In their full mirth!—all deepening on the breeze,  
As the long stormy roll of far-advancing seas!

And nearer yet the trumpet's blast is swelling,  
Loud, shrill, and savage, drowning every cry!  
And lo! the spoiler in the regal dwelling,  
Death bursting on the halls of revelry!  
Ere on their brows one fragile rose-leaf die  
The sword hath raged through joy's devoted train;  
Ere one bright star be faded from the sky,  
Red flames, like banners, wave from dome and fane;  
Empire is lost and won,—Belshazzar with the slain.

THE WISH.  

---

COME to me, when my soul  
Hath but a few dim hours to linger here ;  
When earthly chains are as a shrivell'd scroll,  
Oh ! let me feel thy presence ! be but near !

That I may look once more  
Into thine eyes, which never changed for me ;  
That I may speak to thee of that bright shore  
Where, with our treasure, we have longed to be.

Thou friend of many days !  
Of sadness and of joy, of home and hearth !  
Will not thy spirit aid me then to raise  
The trembling pinions of my hope from earth ?

•

By every solemn thought  
Which on our hearts hath sunk in days gone by,  
From the deep voices of the mountains caught,  
Or all th' adoring silence of the sky ;

By every solemn theme  
Wherein, in low-toned reverence we have spoken  
By our communion in each fervent dream  
That sought from realms beyond the grave a token ;

And by our tears for those  
Whose loss hath touch'd our world with hues of death ;  
And by the hopes that with their dust repose,  
As flowers await the south-wind's vernal breath :

Come to me in that day—  
The one—the sever'd from all days—O friend !  
Even then, if human thought may then have sway,  
My soul with thine shall yet rejoice to blend.

Nor then, nor *there* alone :

I ask my heart if all indeed must die ;

All that of holiest feelings it hath known ?

And my heart's voice replies—Eternity !

SONG FOR AIR BY HUMMEL.

---

OH ! if thou wilt not give thine heart,  
Give back my own to me,  
For if in thine I have no part,  
Why should mine dwell with thee ?

Yet no ! this mournful love of mine  
I will not from me cast ;  
Let me but dream 'twill win me thine  
By its deep truth at last !

Can aught so fond, so faithful, live  
Through years without reply ?  
Oh ! if thy heart thou wilt not give,  
Give me a thought, a sigh ?

## A FRAGMENT.

---

REST on your battle-fields, ye brave !  
Let the pines murmur o'er your grave,  
Your dirge be in the moaning wave ;  
We call you back no more !

Oh ! there was mourning when ye fell,  
In your own vales a deep-toned knell,  
An agony—a wild farewell—  
But that hath long been o'er.

Rest with your still and solemn fame ;  
The hills keep record of your name,  
And never can a touch of shame  
Darken the buried brow.

But we on changeful days are cast,  
When bright names from their place fall fast—  
And ye, that with your glory past,  
We cannot mourn you now.

TO A WANDERING FEMALE SINGER.  

---

THOU hast loved and thou hast suffered !

Unto feeling deep and strong,

Thou hast trembled like a harp's frail string—

I know it by thy song !

Thou hast loved—it may be vainly—

But well—oh ! but too well—

Thou hast suffered all that woman's breast

May bear—but must not tell.

Thou hast wept and thou hast parted,

Thou hast been forsaken long,

Thou hast watched for steps that came not back—

I know it by thy song !



By the low clear silvery gushing  
Of its music from thy breast,  
By the quivering of its flute-like swell—  
A sound of the heart's unrest.

By its fond and plaintive lingering,  
On each word of grief so long,  
Oh ! thou hast loved and suffered much—  
I know it by thy song !

## SONG OF THE SPANISH WANDERER.

---

PILGRIM, O say hath thy cheek been fanned,  
By the sweet winds of my sunny land ;  
Know'st thou the sound of its mountain pines ?  
And hast thou rested beneath its vines ?

Hast thou heard the music still wandering by,  
A thing of the breezes, in Spain's blue sky,  
Floating away o'er hill and heath,  
With the myrtle's whisper, the citron's breath ?

Then say, are there fairer vales than those,  
Where the warbling of fountains for ever flows ?  
Are there brighter flowers than mine own which  
    wave  
O'er Moorish ruin and Christian grave ?

O sunshine and song ! they are lying far  
By the streams that look to the western star ;  
My heart is fainting to hear once more  
The water-voices of that sweet shore.

Many were they that have died for thee,  
And brave, my Spain ! though thou art not free,  
Yet I call them blest—they have rent *their* chain,  
They sleep in thy valleys—my sunny Spain !

## NO MORE.

No more! a harp-string's deep and breaking tone,  
 A last low summer breeze, a far-off swell,  
 A dying echo of rich music gone,  
 Breathe through those words—those murmurs of  
 farewell—

No more!

To dwell in peace, with home-affections bound,  
 To know the sweetness of a mother's voice,  
 To feel the spirit of her love around,  
 And in the blessing of her eye rejoice—

No more!

A dirge-like sound! to greet the early friend  
 Unto the hearth, his place of many days;

In the glad song with kindred lips to blend,  
Or join the household laughter by the blaze—  
No more !

Through woods that shadowed our first years to rove,  
With all our native music in the air ;  
To watch the sunset with the eyes we love,  
And turn, and read our own heart's answer *there*,—  
No more !

Words of despair ! yet earth's, all earth's—the woe  
Their passion breathes—the desolately deep !  
That sound in Heaven—oh ! image then the flow  
Of gladness in its tones—to part, to weep—  
No more !

To watch, in dying hope, affection's wane,  
To see the beautiful from life depart,  
To wear impatiently a secret chain,  
To waste the untold riches of the heart—  
No more !

Through long, long years to seek, to strive, to yearn  
 For human love \*—and never quench that thirst,  
 To pour the soul out, winning no return,  
 O'er fragile idols, by delusion nursed—  
 No more !

On things that fail us, reed by reed, to lean,  
 To mourn the changed, the far away, the dead,  
 To send our troubled spirits through the unseen,  
 Intensely questioning for treasures fled—  
 No more !

Words of triumphant music—bear me on  
 The weight of life, the chain, the ungenial air ;  
 Their deathless meaning, when our tasks are done,  
 To learn in joy ;—to struggle, to despair—  
 No more !

\* "*Jamais, jamais, je ne serai aimé comme j'aime,*" was a mournful expression of Mad. de Stael's.

TO MY OWN PORTRAIT.\*  

---

How is it that before mine eyes,  
    While gazing on thy mien,  
All my past years of life arise,  
    As in a mirror seen ?  
What spell within thee hath been shrined,  
To image back my own deep mind ?  
  
Even as a song of other times,  
    Can trouble memory's springs ;  
Even as a sound of vesper-chimes,  
    Can wake departed things ;  
Even as a scent of vernal flowers  
Hath records fraught with vanished hours ;

\* Painted by W. E. West.

Such power is thine !—they come, the dead,  
From the grave's bondage free,  
And smiling back the changed are led,  
To look in love on thee ;  
And voices that are music flown  
Speak to me in the heart's full tone.

Till crowding thoughts my soul oppress,  
The thoughts of happier years,  
And a vain gush of tenderness  
O'erflows in child-like tears ;  
A passion which I may not stay,  
A sudden fount that must have way.

But thou, the while—oh ! almost strange,  
Mine imaged self ! it seems  
That on *thy* brow of peace no change  
Reflects my own swift dreams ;  
Almost I marvel not to trace  
Those lights and shadows in *thy* face.



To see *thee* calm, while powers thus deep,  
    Affection—Memory—Grief—  
Pass o'er my soul as winds that sleep  
    O'er a frail aspen-leaf!  
Oh! that the quiet of thine eye  
Might sink there when the storm goes by!

Yet look thou still serenely on,  
    And if sweet friends there be,  
That when my song and soul are gone  
    Shall seek my form in thee,  
Tell them of One for whom 'twas best  
To flee away and be at rest!

1827.

THE BROKEN CHAIN.  

---

I AM free!—I have burst through my galling chain,  
The life of young eagles is mine again ;  
I may cleave with my bark the glad sounding sea,  
I may rove where the wind roves—my path is free !

The streams dash in joy down the summer hill,  
The birds pierce the depths of the sky at will,  
The arrow goes forth with the singing breeze,  
And is not my spirit as one of these ?

Oh ! the green earth with its wealth of flowers,  
And the voices that ring through its forest bowers,  
And the laughing glance of the founts that shine,  
Lighting the valleys—all, all are mine !

I may urge through the desert my foaming steed,  
The wings of the morning shall lend him speed ;  
I may meet the storm in its rushing glee—  
Its blasts and its lightnings are not more free !

Captive ! and hast thou then rent thy chain ?  
Art thou free in the wilderness, free on the main ?  
Yes ! there thy spirit may proudly soar,  
But must thou not mingle with throngs the more ?

The bird when he pineth, may hush his song,  
Till the hour when his heart shall again be strong  
But thou, canst thou turn in thy woe aside,  
And weep 'midst thy brethren—no, not for pride.

May the fiery word from thy lip find way,  
When the thoughts burning in thee shall spring to  
day ?

May the care that sits in thy weary breast  
Look forth from thine aspect, the revel's guest ?

No ! with the shaft in thy bosom borne,  
Thou must hide the wound in thy fear of scorn ;  
Thou must fold thy mantle that none may see,  
And mask thee with laughter, and say, thou art free !

No ! thou art chained till thy race is run,  
By the power of all in the soul of one ;  
On thy heart, on thy lip, must the fetter be—  
Dreamer. fond dreamer ! oh ! who is free ?

## THE ANGLER.

---

I in these flowery meads would be :  
 These crystal streams should solace me ;  
 To whose harmonious bubbling noise  
 I with my angle would rejoice ;  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 And angle on, and beg to have  
 A quiet passage to a welcome grave.

ISAAC WALTON.

---

THOU that hast loved so long and well  
 The vale's deep quiet streams,  
 Where the pure water-lilies dwell,  
 Shedding forth tender gleams ;  
 And o'er the pool the May-fly's wing  
 Glances in golden eyes of spring.

Oh! lone and lovely haunts are thine,  
Soft, soft the river flows,  
Wearing the shadow of thy line,  
The gloom of alder-boughs ;  
And in the midst, a richer hue,  
One gliding vein of Heaven's own blue.

And there but low sweet sounds are heard—  
The whisper of the reed,  
The plashing trout, the rustling bird,  
The scythe upon the mead ;  
Yet, through the murmuring osiers near,  
There steals a step which mortals fear.

'Tis not the stag that comes to lave,  
At noon, his panting breast ;  
'Tis not the bittern, by the wave  
Seeking her sedgy nest ;  
The air is filled with summer's breath,  
The young flowers laugh—yet look! 'tis Death!

But if, where silvery currents rove,  
    Thy heart, grown still and sage,  
Hath learned to read the words of love  
    That shine o'er nature's page ;  
If holy thoughts thy guests have been,  
Under the shade of willows green ;

Then, lover of the silent hour  
    By deep lone waters past,  
Thence hast thou drawn a faith, a power,  
    To cheer thee through the last ;  
And, wont on brighter worlds to dwell,  
Mayst calmly bid thy streams farewell.

## DREAMS OF HEAVEN.

---

We colour Heaven with our own human thoughts,  
 Our vain aspirings, fond remembrances ;  
 Our passionate love, that seems unto itself  
 An Immortality.

---

DREAM'ST *thou* of Heaven?—what dreams are  
 thine?

Fair child, fair gladsome child?  
 With eyes that like the dew-drop shine,  
 And bounding footsteps wild!

Tell me what hues the immortal shore  
 Can wear, my Bird! to thee?  
 Ere yet one shadow hath pass'd o'er  
 Thy glance and spirit free?



“ Oh! beautiful is Heaven, and bright,  
    With long, long summer days;  
I see its lilies gleam in light,  
    Where many a fountain plays.

“ And there uncheck'd, methinks, I rove,  
    And seek where young flowers lie,  
In vale and golden-fruited grove—  
    Flowers that are not to die ! ”

Thou Poet of the lonely thought,  
    Sad heir of gifts divine !  
Say with what solemn glory fraught,  
    Is Heaven in dreams of thine ?

“ Oh! where the living waters flow  
    Along that radiant shore,  
My soul, a wanderer here, shall know  
    The exile-thirst no more.

“ The burden of the stranger’s heart  
Which here alone I bear,  
Like the night-shadow shall depart,  
With my first wakening *there*.

“ And borne on eagle-wings afar,  
Free thought shall claim its dower,  
From every realm, from every star,  
Of glory and of power.”

O woman ! with the soft sad eye,  
Of spiritual gleam,  
Tell me of those bright worlds on high,  
How doth *thy* fond heart dream ?

By thy sweet mournful voice I know,  
On thy pale brow I see,  
That thou hast lov’d, in fear, and woe—  
Say what is Heaven to thee ?

“ Oh ! Heaven is where no secret dread  
    May haunt Love's meeting hour,  
Where from the past no gloom is shed  
    O'er the heart's chosen bower :

“ Where every sever'd wreath is bound—  
    Where none have heard the knell  
That smites the heart with that deep sound—  
    *Farewell,—belov'd, farewell !*”

THE FUNERAL GENIUS,  
AN ANTIQUE STATUE.

---

THOU shouldst be looked on when the starlight falls  
Through the blue stillness of the summer air ;  
Not by the torch-fire wavering on the walls,  
It hath too fitful and too wild a glare ;—  
And thou—thy rest, the soft, the lovely, seems  
To ask light steps which will not break its dreams.

Flowers are upon thy brow, for so the dead  
Were crowned of old, with pale spring-flowers like  
these ;  
Sleep on, thine eye hath sunk, yet softly shed,  
As from the wing of some faint southern breeze ;  
And the pine-boughs o'ershadow thee with gloom  
Which of the grove seems breathing—not the tomb.

They feared not death, whose calm and gracious thought  
Of the last hour had settled thus in thee ;  
They who thy wreath of pallid roses wrought,  
And laid thy head upon the forest-tree,  
As that of one, by music's dreamy close  
On the wood-violets lulled to deep repose.

They feared not death ! Yet who shall say his touch  
Thus lightly falls on gentle things and fair ?  
Doth he bestow, or will he leave so much  
Of tender beauty as thy features wear,  
Thou Sleeper of the bower ! on whose young eyes  
So still a night, a night of summer lies ?

Had they seen ought like thee ? Did some fair boy  
Thus with his graceful hair before them rest ?  
His graceful hair no more to wave in joy,  
But drooping as with heavy dews opprest,  
And his eyes veiled so softly by its fringe,  
And his lip faded to the white-rose tinge ?

Oh, happy if to them the one dread hour,  
    Made known its lessons from a brow like thine !  
If all their knowledge of the spoiler's power,  
    Came by a look so tranquilly divine !  
Let him who *thus* hath seen the lovely part,  
Hold well that image to his thoughtful heart !

But thou, fair slumberer !—was there less of woe,  
    Or love, or terror, in the days of old,  
That men poured out their gladdening spirits flow,  
    Like sunshine, on the desolate and cold ?  
And gave thy semblance to the shadowy king,  
Who for deep souls had then a deeper sting ?

In the dark bosom of the earth *they* laid  
    Far more than *we*, for loftier faith is ours ;  
*Their* gems were lost in ashes—yet they made  
    The grave a place of beauty and of flowers ;  
With fragrant wreaths and summer-boughs arrayed  
And lovely sculpture gleaming through the shade.

Is it for *us* a darker gloom to shed  
On its dim precincts? Do we not entrust  
But for a time its chambers with our dead,  
And strew immortal seed upon the dust?  
Why should *we* dwell on that which lies beneath,  
When living light hath touched the brow of Death.

## THE SONG OF PENITENCE.

UNFINISHED.

---

HE pass'd from earth

Without his fame,—the calm, pure, starry fame  
He might have won, to guide on radiantly  
Full many a noble soul,—he sought it not ;  
And e'en like brief and barren lightning pass'd  
The wayward child of genius. And the songs  
Which his wild spirit, in the pride of life,  
Had shower'd forth recklessly, as ocean-waves  
Fling up their treasures mingled with dark weed,  
They died before him ;—they were winged seed,  
Scattered afar, and, falling on the rock  
Of the world's heart, had perished. One alone,  
One fervent, mournful, supplicating strain,



The deep beseeching of a stricken breast,  
Survived the vainly-gifted. In the souls  
Of the kind few that loved him, with a love  
Faithful to even its disappointed hope,  
That song of tears found root, and by their hearths  
Full oft in low and reverential tones,  
Fill'd with the piety of tenderness,  
Is murmured to their children, when his name  
On some faint harp-string of remembrance falls,  
Far from the world's rude voices, far away.  
Oh ! hear, and judge him gently ; 'twas his last.

I come alone, and faint I come,  
To nature's arms I flee ;  
The green woods take their wanderer home,  
But Thou, O Father ! may I turn to Thee ?

The earliest odour of the flower,  
The bird's first song is thine ;

Father in Heaven ! my day-spring's hour  
Poured its vain incense on another shrine.

Therefore my childhood's once-loved scene  
Around me faded lies ;  
Therefore, remembering what hath been,  
I ask, is this mine early paradise ?

It is, it is,—but Thou art gone,  
Or if the trembling shade  
Breathe yet of thee, with altered tone  
Thy solemn whisper shakes a heart dismayed.

## A

## TALE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.\*

A FRAGMENT.  

---

THE moonbeam, quivering o'er the wave,  
Sleeps in pale gold on wood and hill,  
The wild wind slumbers in its cave,  
And heaven is cloudless—earth is still !  
The pile, that crowns yon savage height,  
With battlements of Gothic might,  
Rises in softer pomp arrayed,  
Its massy towers half lost in shade,  
Half touched with mellowing light !

\* Written many years ago.

---

The rays of night, the tints of time,  
Soft-mingling on its dark-gray stone,  
O'er its rude strength and mien sublime,  
A placid smile have thrown ;  
And far beyond, where wild and high,  
Bounding the pale blue summer sky,  
A mountain vista meets the eye,  
Its dark, luxuriant woods assume,  
A pencilled shade, a softer gloom ;  
Its jutting cliffs have caught the light,  
Its torrents glitter through the night,  
While every cave and deep recess,  
Frowns in more shadowy awfulness.

Scarce moving on the glassy deep,  
Yon gallant vessel seems to sleep,  
But, darting from its side,  
How swiftly does its boat design  
A slender, silvery, waving line  
Of radiance o'er the tide !

---

No sound is on the summer-seas,  
But the low dashing of the oar,  
And faintly sighs the midnight breeze  
Through woods that fringe the rocky shore.  
—That boat has reached the silent bay,  
The dashing oar has ceased to play,  
The breeze has murmured and has died  
In forest-shades, on ocean's tide.  
No step, no tone, no breath of sound  
Disturbs the loneliness profound,  
And midnight spreads o'er earth and main  
A calm so holy and so deep,  
That voice of mortal were profane,  
To break on nature's sleep !  
It is the hour for thought to soar,  
High o'er the cloud of earthly woes ;  
For rapt devotion to adore,  
For passion to repose ;  
And virtue to forget her tears,  
In visions of sublimer spheres !

For oh ! those transient gleams of heaven,  
To calmer, purer spirits given,  
Children of hallowed peace, are known  
In solitude and shade alone !  
Like flowers that shun the blaze of noon,  
To blow beneath the midnight moon,  
The garish world they will not bless,  
But only live in loneliness !

Hark ! did some note of plaintive swell  
Melt on the stillness of the air ?  
Or was it fancy's powerful spell  
That woke such sweetness there ?  
For wild and distant it arose,  
Like sounds that bless the bard's repose,  
When in lone wood, or mossy cave  
He dreams beside some fountain-wave,  
And fairy worlds delight the eyes,  
Wearied with life's realities.

—Was it illusion?—yet again  
Rises and falls th' enchanted strain,  
Mellow, and sweet, and faint,  
As if some spirit's touch had given  
The soul of sound to harp of Heaven  
To soothe a dying saint!  
Is it the mermaid's distant shell,  
Warbling beneath the moonlight wave?  
—Such witching tones might lure full well  
The seaman to his grave!  
Sure from no mortal touch ye rise,  
Wild, soft, aerial melodies!  
—Is it the song of woodland-fay  
From sparry grot, or haunted bower?  
Hark! floating on, the magic lay  
Draws near yon ivied tower!  
Now nearer still, the listening ear  
May catch sweet harp-notes, faint, yet clear,  
And accents low, as if in fear  
Thus murmur, half-suppressed;

“ Awake ! the moon is bright on high,  
The sea is calm, the bark is nigh,  
The world is hushed to rest !”  
Then sinks the voice—the strain is o’er,  
Its last low cadence dies along the shore,

Fair Bertha hears th’ expected song,  
Swift from her tower she glides along ;  
No echo to her tread awakes,  
Her fairy step no slumber breaks,  
And in that hour of silence deep  
While all around the dews of sleep  
O’erpower each sense, each eyelid steep,  
Quick throbs her heart with hope and fear,  
Her dark eye glistens with a tear.  
Half-wavering now, the varying cheek  
And sudden pause, her doubts bespeak,  
The lip now flushed, now pale as death,  
The trembling frame, the fluttering breath !

---



Oh ! in that moment, o'er her soul,  
What struggling passions claim control !  
Fear, duty, love, in conflict high,  
By turns have won th' ascendancy ;  
And as, all tremulously bright,  
Streams o'er her face the beam of night,  
What thousand mixed emotions play  
O'er that fair face, and melt away :  
Like forms whose quick succession gleams  
O'er fancy's rainbow—tinted dreams ;  
Like the swift glancing lights that rise  
'Midst the wild cloud of stormy skies  
    And traverse ocean o'er ;  
So in that full, impassioned eye  
The changeful meanings rise and die,  
    Just seen—and then no more !  
But oh ! too short that pause—again,  
Shrills to her heart that witching strain,  
“ Awake ! the midnight moon is bright,  
Awake ! the moments wing their flight,  
    Haste ! or they speed in vain !”

Oh ! call of love ! thy potent spell,  
O'er that weak heart prevails too well,  
The " still small voice " is heard no more  
That pleaded duty's cause before,  
And fear is hushed, and doubt is gone,  
And pride forgot, and reason flown !  
Her cheek, whose colour came and fled,  
Resumes its warmest, brightest red,  
Her step its quick, elastic tread,  
    Her eye its beaming smile !  
Through lonely court and silent hall,  
Flits her light shadow o'er the wall,  
And still that low, harmonious call  
    Melts on her ear the while !  
Though love's quick ear alone could tell  
The words its accents faintly swell,  
" Awake, while yet the lingering night  
And stars and seas befriend our flight,  
    Oh ! haste, while all is well ! "

The halls, the courts, the gates, are past,  
She gains the moonlight beach at last.  
Who waits to guide her trembling feet?  
Who flies the fugitive to greet?  
He, to her youthful heart endeared  
By all it'e'er had hoped and feared,  
Twined with each wish, with every thought,  
Each day-dream fancy e'er had wrought,  
Whose tints pourtray, with flattering skill,  
What brighter worlds alone fulfil!  
—Alas! that aught so fair should fly,  
Thy blighting wand, Reality!

A chieftain's mien her Osbert bore,  
A pilgrim's lowly robes he wore,  
Disguise that vainly strove to hide  
Bearing and glance of martial pride;  
For he in many a battle scene,  
On many a rampart-breach had been;  
Had sternly smiled at danger nigh,  
Had seen the valiant bleed and die,

And proudly reared on hostile tower,  
'Midst falchion-clash, and arrowy shower,  
    Britannia's banner high !  
And though some ancient feud had taught  
    His Bertha's sire to loathe his name,  
More noble warrior never fought,  
    For glory's prize, or England's fame.  
And well his dark, commanding eye,  
    And form and step of stately grace,  
Accorded with achievements high,  
Soul of emprize and chivalry,  
    Bright name, and generous race !  
His cheek, embrowned by many a sun,  
Tells a proud tale of glory won,  
Of vigil, march, and combat rude,  
Valour, and toil, and fortitude !  
E'en while youth's earliest blushes threw  
Warm o'er that cheek, their vivid hue,  
His gallant soul, his stripling-form,  
Had braved the battle's rudest storm ;

---

When England's conquering archers stood,  
And dyed thy plain, Poitiers, with blood,  
When shivered axe, and cloven shield,  
And shattered helmet, strewed the field,  
And France around her King in vain,  
Had marshalled valour's noblest train ;  
In that dread strife, his lightning eye,  
Had flashed with transport keen and high,  
And 'midst the battle's wildest tide,  
Throbb'd his young heart with hope and pride.  
Alike that fearless heart could brave,  
Death on the war-field or the wave ;  
Alike in tournament or fight,  
That ardent spirit found delight !  
Yet oft, 'midst hostile scenes afar,  
Bright o'er his soul a vision came,  
Rising, like some benignant star,  
On stormy seas, or plains of war,  
To soothe, with hopes more dear than fame,  
The heart that throbb'd to Bertha's name !

---

And 'midst the wildest rage of fight,  
And in the deepest calm of night,  
To her his thoughts would wing their flight  
    With fond devotion warm ;  
Oft would those glowing thoughts pourtray  
Some home, from tumults far away,  
    Graced with that angel form !  
And now his spirit fondly deems  
Fulfilled its loveliest, dearest dreams !

Who, with pale cheek, and locks of snow,  
    In minstrel garb attends the chief ?  
The moonbeam on his thoughtful brow  
    Reveals a shade of grief.  
Sorrow and time have touched his face,  
With mournful yet majestic grace,  
Soft as the melancholy smile  
Of sunset on some ruined pile !  
—It is the bard, whose song had power,  
To lure the maiden from her tower ;

The bard whose wild, inspiring lays,  
E'en in gay childhood's earliest days,  
    First woke in Osbert's kindling breast,  
    The flame that will not be repress,  
The pulse that throbs for praise !  
Those lays had banished from his eye,  
The bright, soft tears of infancy,  
Had soothed the boy to calm repose,  
Had hushed his bosom's earliest woes ;  
And when the light of thought awoke,  
When first young reason's day-spring broke,  
More powerful still, they bade arise,  
His spirit's burning energies !  
Then the bright dream of glory warmed,  
Then the loud pealing war-song charmed,  
The legends of each martial line,  
The battle-tales of Palestine ;  
And oft, since then, *his* deeds had proved,  
Themes of the lofty lays he loved !  
Now, at triumphant love's command,  
Since Osbert leaves his native land,

---

Forsaking glory's high career,  
For her, than glory far more dear,  
Since hope's gay dream, and meteor ray,  
To distant regions points his way,  
That there affection's hands may dress,  
A fairy bower for happiness ;  
That fond, devoted bard, though now,  
Time's wint'ry garland wreathes his brow,  
Though quenched the sunbeam of his eye,  
And fled his spirit's buoyancy ;  
And strength and enterprise are past,  
Still follows, constant to the last !

Though his sole wish was but to die  
'Midst the calm scenes of days gone by,  
And all that hallows and endears,  
The memory of departed years,  
Sorrow, and joy, and time, have twined  
To those lov'd scenes, his pensive mind ;  
Ah ! what can tear the links apart,  
That bind his chieftain to his heart ?



What smile but *his* with joy can light  
The eye obscured by age's night ?  
Last of a loved and honoured line,  
Last tie to earth in life's decline,  
Till death its lingering spark shall dim,  
That faithful eye must gaze on him !

Silent and swift, with footstep light,  
Haste on those fugitives of night,  
They reach the boat—the rapid oar,  
Soon wafts them from the wooded shore ;  
The bark is gained—a gallant few,  
Vassals of Osbert, form its crew ;  
The pennant, in the moonlight beam,  
    With soft suffusion glows ;  
From the white sail a silvery gleam,  
    Falls on the wave's repose ;  
Long shadows undulating play,  
From mast and streamer, o'er the bay ;  
But still so hushed the summer-air,

They tremble, 'midst that scene so fair,  
Lest morn's first beam behold them there.  
—Wake, viewless wanderer ! breeze of night ;  
From river-wave, or mountain-height,  
Or dew-bright couch of moss and flowers,  
By haunted spring, in forest bowers ;  
Or dost thou lurk in pearly cell,  
In amber grot, where mermaids dwell,  
And caverned gems their lustre throw,  
O'er the red sea-flowers' vivid glow ?  
Where treasures, not for mortal gaze,  
In solitary splendour blaze ;  
And sounds, ne'er heard by mortal ear,  
Swell through the deep's unfathomed sphere ?  
What grove of that mysterious world,  
Holds thy light wing, in slumber furled ?  
Awake ! o'er glittering seas to rove,  
Awake ! to guide the bark of love !

Swift fly the midnight hours, and soon  
Shall fade the bright propitious moon ;

Soon shall the waning stars grow pale,  
E'en now—but lo! the rustling sail,  
Swells to the new-sprung ocean gale!  
The bark glides on—their fears are o'er,  
Recedes the bold, romantic shore,

Its features mingling fast;  
Gaze, Bertha, gaze, thy lingering eye  
May still each lovely scene descry

Of years for ever past!

There wave the woods, beneath whose shade,  
With bounding step, thy childhood played;  
'Midst ferny glades, and mossy lawns,  
Free as their native birds and fawns;  
Listening the sylvan sounds, that float  
On each low breeze, 'midst dells remote;  
The ring-dove's deep, melodious moan,  
The rustling deer in thickets lone;  
The wild bee's hum, the aspen's sigh,  
The wood-stream's plaintive harmony.  
Dear scenes of many a sportive hour,  
There thy own mountains darkly tower!

'Midst their gray rocks no glen so rude,  
But thou hast loved its solitude !  
No path so wild but thou hast known,  
And traced its rugged course alone !  
The earliest wreath that bound thy hair,  
Was twined of glowing heath-flowers there.  
There, in the day-spring of thy years,  
Undimmed by passions or by tears,  
Oft, while thy bright, enraptured eye,  
Wandered o'er ocean, earth, and sky,  
While the wild breeze that round thee blew,  
Tinged thy warm cheek with richer hue ;  
Pure as the skies that o'er thy head  
Their clear and cloudless azure spread ;  
Pure as that gale, whose light wing drew  
Its freshness from the mountain dew ;  
Glowed thy young heart with feelings high,  
A Heaven of hallowed ecstasy !  
Such days were thine ! ere love had drawn  
A cloud o'er that celestial dawn !

---

As the clear dews in morning's beam,  
With soft reflected colouring stream,  
Catch every tint of eastern gem,  
To form the rose's diadem ;  
But vanish, when the noontide hour,  
Glow's fiercely on the shrinking flower ;  
Thus in thy soul each calm delight,  
Like morn's first dew-drops, pure and bright.  
Fled swift from passion's blighting fire,  
Or lingered only to expire !

Spring on thy native hills again,  
Shall bid neglected wild-flowers rise,  
And call forth, in each grassy glen,  
Her brightest emerald dyes !  
There shall the lonely mountain rose,  
Wreath of the cliffs, again disclose ;  
'Midst rocky dells, each well-known stream,  
Shall sparkle in the summer beam ;  
The birch, o'er precipice and cave,  
Its feathery foliage still shall wave ;

The ash 'midst rugged clefts unveil,  
Its coral clusters to the gale,  
And autumn shed a warmer bloom,  
O'er the rich heath and glowing broom.  
But thy light footstep there no more,  
Each path, each dingle shall explore ;  
In vain may smile each green recess,  
—Who now shall pierce its loneliness ?  
The stream through shadowy glens may stray,  
—Who now shall trace its glistening way ?  
In solitude, in silence deep,  
Shrined 'midst her rocks, shall echo sleep,  
No lute's wild swell again shall rise,  
To wake her mystic melodies.  
All soft may blow the mountain air  
—It will not wave thy graceful hair !  
The mountain-rose may bloom and die,  
—It will not meet thy smiling eye !  
But like those scenes of vanished days,  
Shall others ne'er delight ;

Far lovelier lands shall meet thy gaze.

Yet seem not half so bright !

O'er the dim woodlands' fading hue,

Still gleams yon Gothic pile on high ;

Gaze on, while yet 'tis thine to view

That home of infancy !

Heed not the night-dew's chilling power,

Heed not the sea-wind's coldest hour,

But pause, and linger on the deck,

Till of those towers no trace, no speck,

Is gleaming o'er the main ;

For when the mist of morn shall rise,

Blending the sea, the shore, the skies,

That home, once vanished from thine eyes,

Shall bless them ne'er again !

There the dark tales and songs of yore,

First with strange transport thrilled thy soul,

E'en while their fearful, mystic lore,

From thy warm cheek the life-bloom stole ;

There, while thy father's raptured ear,

Dwelt fondly on a strain so dear,  
And in his eye the trembling tear,  
Revealed his spirit's trance;  
How oft, those echoing halls along,  
Thy thrilling voice has swelled the song,  
Tradition wild of other days,  
Or troubadour's heroic lays  
Or legend of romance !  
Oh ! many an hour has there been thine,  
That memory's pencil oft shall dress  
In softer shades, and tints that shine  
In mellowed loveliness !  
While thy sick heart, and fruitless tears,  
Shall mourn, with fond and deep regret,  
The sunshine of thine early years,  
Scarce deemed so radiant—till it set !  
The cloudless peace unprized, till gone,  
The bliss, till vanished, hardly known !

On rock and turret, wood and hill,  
The fading moonbeams linger still ;



Still, Bertha, gaze!—on yon gray tower,  
At evening's last and sweetest hour,  
While varying still, the western skies  
Flushed the clear seas with rainbow-dyes,  
Whose warm suffusions glowed and passed,  
Each richer, lovelier, than the last;  
How oft, while gazing on the deep,  
That seemed a heaven of peace to sleep,  
As if its wave, so still, so fair,  
More frowning mien might never wear,  
The twilight calm of mental rest,  
Would steal in silence o'er thy breast,  
And wake that dear and balmy sigh,  
That softly breathes the spirit's harmony!  
—Ah! ne'er again shall hours to thee be given,  
Of joy on earth—so near allied to Heaven!

Why starts the tear to Bertha's eye?  
Is not her long-loved Osbert nigh?  
Is there a grief his voice, his smile,  
His words, are fruitless to beguile?

—Oh ! bitter to the youthful heart,  
That scarce a pang, a care has known,  
The hour when first from scenes we part,  
Where life's bright spring has flown !  
Forsaking, o'er the world to roam,  
That little shrine of peace—our home !  
E'en if delighted fancy throw  
O'er that cold world, her brightest glow,  
Painting its untried paths with flowers,  
That will not live in earthly bowers ;  
(Too frail, too exquisite, to bear  
One breath of life's ungenial air ;)  
E'en if such dreams of hope arise,  
As Heaven alone can realize ;  
Cold were the breast that would not heave  
One sigh, the home of youth to leave ;  
Stern were the heart that would not swell  
To breathe life's saddest word—farewell !  
Though earth has many a deeper woe,  
Though tears, more bitter far, must flow,

That hour, whate'er our future lot,  
That first fond grief, is ne'er forgot !

Such was the pang of Bertha's heart,  
The thought, that bade the tear-drop start ;  
    And Osbert by her side,  
Heard the deep sigh whose bursting swell,  
Nature's fond struggle told too well,  
And days of future bliss pourtrayed,  
And love's own eloquence essayed,  
    To soothe his plighted bride !  
Of bright Arcadian scenes he tells,  
    In that sweet land to which they fly ;  
The vine-clad rocks, the fragrant dells  
    Of blooming Italy.  
For he had roved a pilgrim there,  
And gazed on many a spot so fair,  
It seemed like some enchanted grove,  
Where only peace, and joy, and love,  
Those exiles of the world, might rove,  
    And breathe its heavenly air ;

And all unmixed with ruder tone,  
Their "wood-notes wild" be heard alone !

Far from the frown of stern control,  
That vainly would subdue the soul,  
There shall their long-affianced hands,  
Be joined in consecrated bands,  
And in some rich, romantic vale,  
    Circled with heights of Alpine snow,  
Where citron-woods enrich the gale,  
And scented shrubs their balm exhale,  
    And flowering myrtles blow ;  
And 'midst the mulberry boughs on high,  
Weaves the wild vine her tapestry :  
On some bright streamlet's emerald side,  
Where cedars wave, in graceful pride,  
Bosomed in groves, their home shall rise,  
A sheltered bower of Paradise !

Thus would the lover soothe to rest  
With tales of hope, her anxious breast ;

Nor vain that dear, enchanting lore,  
Her soul's bright visions to restore,  
And bid gay phantoms of delight,  
Float, in soft colouring, o'er her sight.  
—Oh ! youth, sweet May-morn, fled so soon,  
Far brighter than life's loveliest noon,  
How oft thy spirit's buoyant power,  
Will triumph, e'en in sorrow's hour,  
    Prevailing o'er regret !  
As rears its head th' elastic flower,  
Though the dark tempest's recent shower,  
    Hang on its petals yet !

Ah ! not so soon can hope's gay smile,  
The aged bard to joy beguile ;  
Those silent years that steal away,  
The cheek's warm rose, the eye's bright ray,  
Win from the mind a nobler prize,  
E'en all its buoyant energies !  
For him the April days are past,  
When grief was but a fleeting cloud ;

No transient shade will sorrow cast,  
When age the spirit's might has bowed !  
And as he sees the land grow dim,  
That native land, now lost to him,  
Fixed are his eyes, and clasped his hands,  
And long in speechless grief he stands.  
So desolately calm his air,  
He seems an image, wrought to bear  
The stamp of deep, though hushed despair ;  
Motion and life no sign bespeaks  
Save that the night-breeze, o'er his cheeks,  
    Just waves his silvery hair !  
Nought else could teach the eye to know  
He was no sculptured form of woe !

Long gazing o'er the darkening flood,  
Pale in that silent grief he stood ;  
Till the cold moon was waning fast,  
    And many a lovely star had died,  
And the gray heavens deep shadows cast  
    Far o'er the slumbering tide ;

And robed in one dark solemn hue,  
Arose the distant shore to view.  
Then, starting from his trance of woe,  
Tears, long-suppressed, in freedom flow,  
While thus his wild and plaintive strain,  
Blends with the murmur of the main.

THE BARD'S FAREWELL.

Thou setting moon ! when next thy rays,  
Are trembling on the shadowy deep,  
The land, now fading from my gaze  
These eyes in vain shall weep ;  
And wander o'er the lonely sea,  
And fix their tearful glance on thee,  
On thee ! whose light so softly gleams,  
Thro' the green oaks that fringe my native streams.

But 'midst those ancient groves no more  
Shall I thy quivering lustre hail,

---

Its plaintive strain my harp must pour,  
To swell a foreign gale ;  
The rocks, the woods, whose echoes woke,  
When its full tones their stillness broke,  
Deserted now, shall hear alone,  
The brook's wild voice, the wind's mysterious moan.

And oh ! ye fair, forsaken halls,  
Left by your lord to slow decay,  
Soon shall the trophies on your walls  
Be mouldering fast away !  
There shall no choral songs resound,  
There shall no festal board be crowned ;  
But ivy wreath the silent gate,  
And all be hushed, and cold, and desolate.

No banner from the stately tower,  
Shall spread its blazoned folds on high,  
There the wild briar and summer-flower,  
Unmarked shall wave and die !

---



Home of the mighty ! thou art lone,  
The noonday of thy pride is gone,  
And 'midst thy solitude profound,  
A step shall echo like unearthly sound !

From thy cold hearths no festal blaze,  
Shall fill the hall with ruddy light,  
Nor welcome, with convivial rays,  
Some pilgrim of the night ;  
But there shall grass luxuriant spread,  
As o'er the dwellings of the dead ;  
And the deep swell of every blast,  
Seem a wild dirge for years of grandeur past.

And I—my joy of life is fled,  
My spirit's power, my bosom's glow,  
The raven-locks that graced my head,  
Wave in a wreath of snow !  
And where the star of youth arose,  
I deemed life's lingering ray should close,

And those loved trees my tomb o'ershade,  
Beneath whose arching bowers my childhood played.

Vain dream ! that tomb in distant earth,  
Shall rise forsaken and forgot,  
And thou, sweet land, that gav'st me birth,  
A grave must yield me not !  
Yet haply he for whom I leave,  
Thy shores, in life's dark winter-eve,  
When cold the hand, and closed the lays,  
And mute the voice he loved to praise,  
O'er the hushed harp one tear may shed,  
And one frail garland o'er the minstrel's bed !

THE PRAYER FOR LIFE.

---

O SUNSHINE and fair earth !  
Sweet is your kindly mirth,  
Angel of Death ! yet, yet awhile delay !  
Too sad it is to part,  
Thus in my spring of heart,  
With all the light and laughter of the day.

For me the falling leaf  
Touches no chord of grief,  
No dark void in the rose's bosom lies :  
Not one triumphal tone,  
One hue of hope, is gone  
From song or bloom beneath the summer skies.

Death, Death ! ere yet decay,  
Call me not hence away,  
Over the golden hours no shade is thrown ;  
The poesy that dwells  
Deep in green woods and dells,  
Still to my spirit speaks of joy alone.

Yet not for this, O Death !  
Not for the vernal breath  
Of winds that shake forth music from the trees ;  
Not for the splendour given  
To night's dark regal heaven,  
Spouler ! I ask thee not reprieve for these.

But for the happy love  
Whose light, where'er I rove,  
Kindles all nature to a sudden smile,  
Shedding on branch and flower  
A rainbow-tinted shower  
Of richer life—spare, spare me yet awhile.

Too soon, too fast thou'rt come !  
Too beautiful is home,  
A home of gentle voices and kind eyes !  
And I the loved of all,  
On whom fond blessings fall  
From every lip—oh ! wilt thou rend such ties ?

Sweet sisters ! weave a chain  
My spirit to detain ;  
Hold me to earth with strong affection back :  
Bind me with mighty love  
Unto the stream, the grove,  
Our daily paths—our life's familiar track.

Stay with me ! gird me round !  
Your voices bear a sound  
Of hope—a light comes with you and departs ;  
Hush, my soul's boding swell,  
That murmurs of farewell ;  
How can I leave this ring of kindest hearts ?

Death ! grave ! and are there those  
That woo your dark repose  
'Midst the rich beauty of the glowing earth.  
Surely about them lies  
No world of loving eyes—  
Leave me, oh ! leave me unto home and hearth !

THE WELCOME TO DEATH.  

---

THOU art welcome, O thou warning voice !  
My soul hath pined for thee ;  
Thou art welcome as sweet sounds from shore  
To wanderer on the sea.  
I hear thee in the rustling woods,  
In the sighing vernal airs ;  
Thou call'st me from the lonely earth,  
With a deeper tone than theirs.

The lonely earth ! Since kindred steps  
From its green paths are fled,  
A dimness and a hush have lain  
O'er all its beauty spread.

The silence of the unanswering soul  
Is on me and around ;  
My heart hath echoes but for *thee*,  
Thou still, small, warning sound !

Voice after voice hath died away,  
Once in my dwelling heard ;  
Sweet household-name by name hath changed  
To grief's forbidden word !  
From dreams of night on each I call,  
Each of the far removed ;  
And waken to my own wild cry—  
“ Where are ye, my beloved ? ”

Ye left me ! and earth's flowers were dim  
With records of the past :  
And stars poured down another light  
Than o'er my youth they cast :  
Birds will not sing as once they sung,  
When ye were at my side,



And mournful tones are in the wind,  
Which I heard not till ye died !

Thou art welcome, O thou summoner !  
Why should the last remain ?  
What eye can reach my heart of hearts,  
Bearing in light again ?  
E'en could this be, too much of fear  
O'er love would now be thrown—  
Away, away ! from time, from change,  
Once more to meet my own !

LINES WRITTEN FOR THE ALBUM AT  
ROSANNA, \* IN 1829.

OH! lightly tread through these deep chestnut-bowers,  
Where a sweet spirit once in beauty mov'd!  
And touch with reverent hand these leaves and flowers,  
Fair things, which well a gentle heart hath lov'd!  
A gentle heart, of love and grief th' abode,  
Whence the bright stream of song in tear-drops flow'd.

And bid its memory sanctify the scene!  
And let th' ideal presence of the dead  
Float round and touch the woods with softer green,  
And o'er the streams a charm, like moonlight, shed;  
Through the soul's depths in holy silence felt—  
A spell to raise, to chasten, and to melt!

\* A beautiful place in the County of Wicklow, formerly the abode of the authoress of "Psyche."

## THE WANDERER.

Translated from the German of SCHMIDT VON LUBECK.

“Ich komme vom Gebirge her,” &c.

---

I COME down from the hills alone,  
Mist wraps the vale, the billows moan !  
I wander on in thoughtful care,  
For ever asking, sighing—*where* ?

The sunshine round seems dim and cold,  
And flowers are pale, and life is old,  
And words fall soulless on my ear—  
—Oh ! I am still a stranger here.

Where art thou, land, sweet land, mine own ?  
Still sought for, long'd for, never known ?

The land, the land of hope, of light,  
Where glow my roses freshly bright,

And where my friends, the green paths tread,  
And where in beauty rise my dead ;  
The land that speaks my native speech,  
The blessed land I may not reach !

I wander on in thoughtful care,  
For ever asking, sighing—*where ?*  
And spirit-sounds come answering this  
—“ *There, where thou art not, there is bliss !*”

**WELSH MELODIES.**

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## WELSH MELODIES.

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### DRUID CHORUS ON THE LANDING OF THE ROMANS.

---

By the dread and viewless powers,  
 Whom the storms and seas obey,  
 From the Dark Isle's \* mystic bowers,  
 Romans ! o'er the deep away !  
 Think ye, 'tis but nature's gloom  
 O'er our shadowy coast which broods ?  
 By the altar and the tomb,  
 Shun these haunted solitudes !

\* *Ynys Dywyll*, or the Dark Island, an ancient name for Anglesey.

Know ye Mona's awful spells ?

She the rolling orbs can stay !

She the mighty grave compels

Back to yield its fettered prey !

Fear ye not the lightning-stroke ?

Mark ye not the fiery sky ?

Hence !—around our central oak

Gods are gathering—Romans, fly !



THE SEA-SONG OF GAVRAN.\*

---

WATCH ye well ! The moon is shrouded  
 On her bright throne ;  
 Storms are gathering, stars are clouded,  
 Waves make wild moan.  
 'Tis no night of hearth-fires glowing,  
 And gay songs and wine-cups flowing ;  
 But of winds, in darkness blowing  
 O'er seas unknown !

\* Gavran was a British Chief, who in the fifth century undertook a voyage to discover the islands which, by tradition, were known under the appellation of Gwerddonau Llion, or Green Islands of the Ocean. This expedition was never afterwards heard of.—See *Cambrian Biography*, p. 124.

In the dwellings of our fathers,  
    Round the glad blaze,  
Now the festive circle gathers,  
    With harps and lays ;  
Now the rush-strewn halls are ringing,  
Steps are bounding, bards are singing,  
—Ay ! the hour to all is bringing  
    Peace, joy, or praise !

Save to us, our night-watch keeping,  
    Storm-winds to brave,  
While the very sea-bird sleeping,  
    Rests in its cave !

Think of us when hearths are beaming,  
Think of us when mead is streaming,  
Ye, of whom our souls are dreaming,  
    On the dark wave !

THE HALL OF CYNDDYLAN.

---

THE Hall of Cynddylan is gloomy to-night, \*  
 I weep, for the grave has extinguish'd its light ;  
 The beam of its lamp from the summit is o'er,  
 The blaze of its hearth shall give welcome no more !

\* “ The Hall of Cynddylan is gloomy this night,  
 Without fire, without bed—  
 I must weep awhile, and then be silent.

The Hall of Cynddylan is gloomy this night,  
 Without fire, without being lighted—  
 Be thou encircled with spreading silence !

• • • • •

The Hall of Cynddylan is without love this night,  
 Since he that owned it is no more—  
 Ah, Death ! it will be but a short time he will leave me !

The Hall of Cynddylan it is not easy this night,  
 On the top of the rock of Hydwyth,  
 Without its lord, without company, without the circling  
 feasts !”

*See OWEN'S “ Heroic Elegies of Llywarch Hen.”*

The Hall of Cynddylan is voiceless and still,  
The sound of its harpings hath died on the hill !  
Be silent for ever, thou desolate scene,  
Nor let e'en an echo recall what hath been !

The Hall of Cynddylan is lonely and bare,  
No banquet, no guest, not a footstep is there !  
Oh ! where are the warriors who circled its board ?  
—The grass will soon wave where the mead-cup was  
pour'd !

The hall of Cynddylan is loveless to-night,  
Since He is departed whose smile made it bright !  
I mourn, but the sigh of my soul shall be brief,  
The pathway is short to the grave of my chief !

## THE LAMENT OF LLYWARCH HEN.

---

LLYWARCH HEN, or Llywarch the Aged, a celebrated bard and chief, of the times of Arthur, was prince of Argoed, supposed to be a part of the present Cumberland. Having sustained the loss of his patrimony, and witnessed the fall of most of his sons, in the unequal contest maintained by the North Britons against the growing power of the Saxons, Llywarch was compelled to fly from his country, and seek refuge in Wales. He there found an asylum for some time in the residence of Cynddylan, Prince of Powys, whose fall he pathetically laments in one of his poems. These are still extant, and his elegy on old age and the loss of his sons, is remarkable for its simplicity and beauty.—See *Cambrian Biography*, and OWEN'S *Heroic Elegies and other poems of Llywarch Hen*.

---

THE bright hours return, and the blue sky is ringing  
 With song, and the hills are all mantled with bloom ;  
 But fairer than aught which the summer is bringing,  
 The beauty and youth gone to people the tomb !

Oh! why should I live to hear music resounding,  
 Which cannot awake ye, my lovely, my brave?  
 Why smile the waste flowers, my sad footsteps sur-  
     rounding?  
 —My sons! they but clothe the green turf of your  
     grave!

Alone on the rocks of the stranger I linger,  
 My spirit all wrapt in the past, as a dream!  
 Mine ear hath no joy in the voice of the singer,\*  
 Mine eye sparkles not to the sunlight's glad beam,  
 Yet, yet I live on, though forsaken and weeping!  
 —Oh Grave! why refuse to the aged thy bed,  
 When valour's high heart on thy bosom is sleeping,  
 When youth's glorious flower is gone down to the dead!

Fair were ye, my sons! and all kingly your bearing,  
 As on to the fields of your glory ye trod!

\* "What I loved when I was a youth is hateful to me now.

•       •       •       •       •       •       •

Each prince of my race the bright golden chain wear-  
 ing,  
 Each eye glancing fire, shrouded now by the sod ! \*  
 I weep when the blast of the trumpet is sounding,  
 Which rouses ye not ! Oh, my lovely ! my brave !  
 When warriors and chiefs to their proud steeds are  
 bounding,  
 I turn from Heaven's light, for it smiles on your  
 grave ! †

\* " Four and twenty sons to me have been,  
 Wearing the golden chain, and leading princes."

*Elegies of Llywarch Hen.*

The golden chain, as a badge of honour, worn by heroes, is frequently alluded to in the works of the ancient British bards.

† " Hardly has the snow covered the vale,  
 When the warriors are hastening to the battle ;  
 I do not go, I am hindered by infirmity."

OWEN'S *Elegies of Llywarch Hen.*

## GRUFYDD'S FEAST.

---

GRUFYDD AB RHYS AB TEWDWR, having resisted the English successfully in the time of Stephen, and at last obtained from them an honourable peace, made a great feast at his palace in *Ystrad Tywi*, to celebrate this event. To this feast, which was continued for forty days, he invited all who would come in peace from *Gwynedd*, *Powys*, the *Deheubarth*, Glamorgan, and the marches. Against the appointed time he prepared all kinds of delicious viands and liquors; with every entertainment of vocal and instrumental song; thus patronising the poets and musicians. He encouraged, too, all sorts of representations and manly games, and afterwards sent away all those who had excelled in them, with honourable gifts.—*Vide Cambrian Biography.*

---

LET the yellow mead shine for the sons of the brave,  
 By the bright festal torches around us that wave!  
 Set open the gates of the prince's wide hall,  
 And hang up the chief's ruddy spear on the wall!  
 There is peace on the land we have battled to save,



Then spread ye the feast, bid the wine-cup foam high,\*  
That those may rejoice who have fear'd not to die!

Let the horn, whose loud blast gave the signal for fight,  
With the bee's sunny nectar now sparkle in light, †  
Let the rich draught it offers with gladness be crown'd,  
For the strong hearts, in combat that leap'd at its sound!

Like the billow's dark swell, was the path of their  
might,

Red, red as their blood, fill the wine-cup on high,  
That those may rejoice who have fear'd not to die!

And wake ye the children of song from their dreams,  
On Maelor's wild hills, and by Dyfed's fair streams! ‡

\* Wine, as well as mead, is frequently mentioned in the poems of the ancient British bards.

† The horn was used for two purposes, to sound the alarm in war, and to drink the mead at feasts.

‡ Maelor, part of the counties of Denbigh and Flint. Dyfed, (said to signify a land abounding with streams of water,) the modern Pembrokeshire.

Bid them haste with those strains of the lofty and free,  
Which shall float down the waves of long ages to be.

Sheath the sword which hath given them unperish-  
ing themes,

And pour the bright mead, let the wine-cup foam high,  
That those may rejoice who have fear'd not to die!

THE CAMBRIAN IN AMERICA.  

---

WHEN the last flush of eve is dying,  
On boundless lakes, afar that shine ;  
When winds amidst the palms are sighing,  
And fragrance breathes from every pine : \*  
When stars through cypress boughs are gleaming,  
And fire-flies wander bright and free,  
Still of thy harps, thy mountains dreaming,  
My thoughts, wild Cambria ! dwell with thee !

Alone o'er green savannahs roving,  
When some broad stream in silence flows,  
Or through th' eternal forests moving,  
One only home my spirit knows !

\* The aromatic odour of the pine has frequently been mentioned by travellers.

Sweet land, whence memory ne'er hath parted !  
To thee on sleep's light wing I fly ;  
But happier, could the weary-hearted,  
Look on his own blue hills, and die !

•

## THE MONARCHY OF BRITAIN.

---

THE Bard of the Palace, under the ancient Welsh Princes, always accompanied the army when it marched into an enemy's country, and while it was preparing for battle, or dividing the spoils, he performed an ancient song, called *Unbennaeth Prydain*, the monarchy of Britain. It has been conjectured that this poem referred to the tradition of the Welsh, that the whole Island had once been possessed by their ancestors, who were driven into a corner of it by their Saxon invaders. When the prince had received his share of the spoils, the bard, for the performance of this song, was rewarded with the most valuable beast that remained.—See JONES's *Historical Account of the Welsh Bards*.

---

SONS of the Fair Isle ! \* forget not the time,  
Ere spoilers had breath'd the free winds of your clime !

\* Ynys Prydain, the ancient name of Britain, signifies the Fair, or Beautiful Island.

All that its eagles behold in their flight,  
Was yours from the deep to each storm-mantled height!  
Tho' from your race that proud birth-right be torn,  
Unquench'd is the spirit for monarchy born.  
Darkly though clouds may hang o'er us awhile,  
The crown shall not pass from the Beautiful Isle !

Ages may roll ere your children regain,  
The land for which heroes have perish'd in vain.  
Yet in the sound of your name shall be power,  
Around her still gathering, till glory's full hour.  
Strong in the fame of the mighty that sleep,  
Your Britain shall sit on the throne of the deep !  
Then shall their spirits rejoice in her smile,  
Who died for the crown of the Beautiful Isle !

### TALIESIN'S PROPHECY.

---

A PROPHECY of Taliesin relating to the Ancient Britons, is still extant, and has been strikingly verified. It is to the following effect :

“ Their God they shall worship,  
Their language they shall retain,  
Their land they shall lose,  
Except wild Wales.”

---

A VOICE from time departed, yet floats thy hills among,  
O Cambria ! thus thy prophet bard, thy Taliesin sung !  
The path of unborn ages is trac'd upon my soul,  
The clouds, which mantle things unseen, away before  
me roll,

A light, the depths revealing, hath o'er my spirit pass'd,  
 A rushing sound from days to be, swells fitful in the  
     blast,

And tells me that for ever shall live the lofty tongue,  
 To which the harp of Mona's woods by Freedom's  
     hand was strung.

Green island of the mighty !\* I see thine ancient race  
 Driven from their fathers' realm, to make the rocks  
     their dwelling-place !

I see from Uthyr's † kingdom the sceptre pass away,  
 And many a line of bards and chiefs, and princely men  
     decay.

But long as Arvon's mountains shall lift their sove-  
     reign forms,  
 And wear the crown to which is given dominion o'er  
     the storms,

\* *Ynys y Cedeirn*, or Isle of the Mighty, an ancient name given to Britain.

† Uthyr Pendragon, king of Britain, supposed to have been the father of Arthur.



So long, their empire sharing, shall live the lofty  
tongue,  
To which the harp of Mona's woods by Freedom's  
hand was strung!

## OWEN GLYNDWR'S WAR SONG.

SAW ye the blazing star ?\*  
 The heavens look down on freedom's war,  
     And light her torch on high !  
 Bright on the dragon-crest †  
 It tells that glory's wing shall rest,  
     When warriors meet to die !

\* The year 1402 was ushered in with a comet or blazing star, which the bards interpreted as an omen favourable to the cause of Glyndwr. It served to infuse spirit into the minds of a superstitious people, the first success of their chieftain confirmed this belief, and gave new vigour to their actions.—*Vide PENNANT.*

† *Owen Glyndwr* styled himself the *Dragon* ; a name he assumed in imitation of *Uther*, whose victories over the Saxons were foretold by the appearances of a star with a dragon beneath, which *Uther* used as his badge ; and on that account it became a favourite one with the Welsh.—*PENNANT.*

Let earth's pale tyrants read despair,  
And vengeance in its flame ;  
Hail ye, my bards ! the omen fair  
Of conquest and of fame,  
And swell the rushing mountain-air  
With songs to Glyndwr's name.

At the dead hour of night,  
Mark'd ye how each majestic height  
Burn'd in its awful beams ?  
Red shone th' eternal snows,  
And all the land, as bright it rose,  
Was full of glorious dreams !  
Oh ! eagles of the battle,\* rise !  
The hope of Gwynedd wakes !†

\* "Bring the horn to Tudwrou the Eagle of Battles."—Vide *The Hirlas Horn, a poem by OWAIN CYVEILIOG*. The eagle is a very favourite image with the ancient Welsh poets.

† GWYNEDD (pronounced Gwyneth,) North Wales.

It is your banner in the skies,  
Through each dark cloud which breaks,  
And mantles, with triumphal dyes,  
Your thousand hills and lakes!

A sound is on the breeze,  
A murmur, as of swelling seas!  
The Saxon on his way!  
Lo! spear, and shield, and lance,  
From Deva's waves, with lightning glance,  
Reflected to the day!  
But who the torrent-wave compels  
A conqueror's chain to bear?  
Let those who wake the soul that dwells  
On our free winds, beware!  
The greenest and the loveliest dells,  
May be the lion's lair!

Of us *they* told, the seers  
And monarch-bards of elder years,  
Who walk'd on earth, as pow'rs!

And in their burning strains,  
A spell of might and mystery reigns,  
    To guard our mountain-towers!  
—In Snowdon's caves a prophet lay,\*  
    Before his gifted sight,  
The march of ages pass'd away,  
    With hero-footsteps bright,  
But proudest in that long array,  
    Was Glyndwr's path of light!

\* Merlin, or Merddin Emrys, is said to have composed his prophecies on the future lot of the Britons, amongst the mountains of Snowdon. Many of these, and other ancient prophecies, were applied by Glyndwr to his own cause, and assisted him greatly in animating the spirit of his followers.

PRINCE MADOC'S FAREWELL.  

---

WHY lingers my gaze where the last hues of day,  
On the hills of my country in loveliness sleep?  
Too fair is the sight for a wanderer, whose way  
Lies far o'er the measureless worlds of the deep!  
Fall, shadows of twilight! and veil the green shore,  
That the heart of the mighty may waver no more!

Why rise on my thoughts, ye free songs of the land,  
Where the harp's lofty soul on each wild wind is  
borne?

Be hush'd, be forgotten! for ne'er shall the hand  
Of minstrel with melody greet my return.  
—No! no!—let your echoes still float on the breeze,  
And my heart shall be strong for the conquest of seas!

'Tis not for the land of my sires to give birth  
Unto bosoms that shrink, when their trial is nigh ;  
Away! we will bear over ocean and earth  
A name and a spirit that never shall die.  
My course to the winds, to the stars I resign,  
But my soul's quenchless fire, oh! my country! is  
thine.

CASWALLON'S TRIUMPH.

---

CASWALLON (or Cassivelaunus) was elected to the supreme command of the Britons, (as recorded in the Triads,) for the purpose of opposing Cæsar, under the title of Elected Chief of Battle. Whatever impression the disciplined legions of Rome might have made on the Britons in the first instance, the subsequent departure of Cæsar they considered as a cause of triumph; and it is stated that Caswallon proclaimed an assembly of the various states of the island, for the purpose of celebrating that event by feasting and public rejoicing.— *See the Cambrian Biography.*

---

FROM the glowing southern regions,  
Where the sun-god makes his dwelling,  
Came the Roman's crested legions,  
O'er the deep, round Britain swelling;  
The wave grew dazzling as he passed,  
With light, from spear and helmet cast,



And sounds in every rushing blast  
Of a conqueror's march were telling.

But his eagle's royal pinion,  
Bowling earth beneath its glory,  
Could not shadow with dominion  
Our wild seas and mountains hoary !  
Back from their cloudy realm it flies,  
To float in light through softer skies ;  
Oh ! chainless winds of Heaven arise !  
Bear a vanquish'd world the story !

Lords of earth ! to Rome returning,  
Tell, how Britain combat wages,  
How CASWALLON'S soul is burning  
When the storm of battle rages !  
And ye that shrine high deeds in song,  
Oh ! holy and immortal throng !  
The brightness of his name prolong,  
As a torch to stream through ages !

## HOWEL'S SONG.

---

HOWEL AB EINION LLYGLIW was a distinguished bard of the 14th century. A beautiful poem, addressed by him to Myfanwy Vychan, a celebrated beauty of those times, is still preserved amongst the remains of the Welsh bards. The ruins of Myfanwy's residence, Castle Dinas Brân, may yet be traced on a high hill near Llangollen.

---

PRESS on, my steed! I hear the swell \*  
 Of Valle Crucis' vesper-bell,  
 Sweet floating from the holy dell  
 O'er woods and waters round.

\* " I have rode hard, mounted on a fine high-bred steed, upon thy account, O thou with the countenance of cherry-flower bloom. The speed was with eagerness, and the strong long-ham'd steed of Alban reached the summit of the highland of Brân."

Perchance the maid I love, e'en now,  
 From *Dinas Brdn's* majestic brow,  
 Looks o'er the fairy world below,  
 And listens to the sound !

I feel her presence on the scene !  
 The summer-air is more serene,  
 The deep woods wave in richer green,  
 The wave more gently flows !  
 Oh ! fair as Ocean's curling foam ! \*  
 Lo ! with the balmy hour I come,  
 The hour that brings the wanderer home,  
 The weary to repose !

Haste ! on each mountain's darkening crest,  
 The glow hath died, the shadows rest,

\* " My loving heart sinks with grief without thy support, O  
 thou that hast the whiteness of the curling waves ! \* \* \*  
 \* \* I know that this pain will avail me nothing towards ob-  
 taining thy love, O thou whose countenance is bright as the  
 flowers of the hawthorn !" — HOWEL'S *Ode to Myfanwy*.

The twilight-star, on Deva's breast,  
Gleams tremulously bright ;  
Speed for Myfanwy's bower on high !  
Though scorn may wound me from her eye,  
Oh ! better by the sun to die,  
Than live in rayless night !

## THE MOUNTAIN-FIRES.

---

THE custom retained in Wales of lighting fires (*Coelcerthi*) on November eve, is said to be a traditional memorial of the massacre of the British chiefs by Hengist, on Salisbury Plain. The practice is, however, of older date, and had reference originally to the *Alban Elved*, or new year.—See the *Cambro-Briton*.

When these fires are kindled on the mountains, and seen through the darkness of a stormy night, casting a red and fitful glare over heath and rock, their effect is strikingly picturesque.

---

LIGHT the hills! till Heaven is glowing  
 As with some red meteor's rays!  
 Winds of night, though rudely blowing,  
 Shall but fan the beacon-blaze.

Light the hills ! till flames are streaming,  
From \* Yr Wyddfa's sovereign steep,  
To the waves round Mona gleaming,  
Where the Roman track'd the deep !

Be the mountain watch-fires heighten'd,  
Pile them to the stormy sky !  
Till each torrent-wave is brighten'd,  
Kindling as it rushes by.  
Now each rock, the mist's high dwelling,  
Towers in reddening light sublime ;  
Heap the flames ! around them telling  
Tales of Cambria's elder time.

Thus our sires, the fearless-hearted,  
Many a solemn vigil kept,  
When, in ages long departed,  
O'er the noble dead they wept.

\* Yr Wyddfa, the Welsh name of Snowdon, said to mean the *conspicuous place*, or object.

In the winds we hear their voices,  
—“ Sons ! though yours a brighter lot,  
When the mountain-land rejoices,  
Be her mighty unforgot !”

## ERYRI WEN.

---

“SNOWDON was held as sacred by the ancient Britons, as Parnassus was by the Greeks, and Ida by the Cretans. It is still said, that whosoever slept upon Snowdon would wake inspired, as much as if he had taken a nap on the hill of Apollo. The Welsh had always the strongest attachment to the tract of Snowdon. Our princes had, in addition to their title, that of Lord of Snowdon.”—PENNANT.

---

THEIRS was no dream, oh ! Monarch-hill,  
 With heaven's own azure crown'd !  
 Who call'd thee—what thou shalt be still,  
 White Snowdon !—holy ground.

*They* fabled not, thy sons, who told  
 Of the dread power, enshrin'd  
 Within thy cloudy mantle's fold,  
 And on thy rushing wind !



It shadow'd o'er thy silent height,  
 It fill'd thy chainless air,  
 Deep thoughts of majesty and might,  
 For ever breathing there.

Nor hath it fled! the awful spell  
 Yet holds unbroken sway,  
 As when on that wild rock it fell,  
 Where Merddin Emrys lay! \*

\* Dinas Emrys (the fortress of Ambrose,) a celebrated rock amongst the mountains of Snowdon, is said to be so called from having been the residence of Merddin Emrys, called by the Latins Merlinus Ambrosius, the celebrated prophet and magician: and there, tradition says, he wrote his prophecies concerning the future state of the Britons.

There is another curious tradition respecting a large stone, on the ascent of Snowdon, called *Maen du yr Arddu*, the black stone of Arddu. It is said, that if two persons were to sleep a night on this stone, in the morning one would find himself endowed with the gift of poetry, and the other would become insane.—See WILLIAMS'S *Observations on the Snowdon Mountains*.

Though from their stormy haunts of yore,  
Thine eagles long have flown, \*  
As proud a flight the soul shall soar,  
Yet, from thy mountain-throne !

Pierce then the heavens, thou hill of streams !  
And make the snows thy crest !  
The sunlight of immortal dreams  
Around thee still shall rest.

Eryri ! temple of the bard !  
And fortress of the free !  
'Midst rocks which heroes died to guard,  
Their spirit dwells with thee !

\* It is believed, amongst the inhabitants of these mountains, that eagles have heretofore bred in the lofty clefts of their rocks. Some wandering ones are still seen at times, though very rarely, amongst the precipices.—*See the same Work.*

CHANT OF THE BARDS BEFORE THEIR  
MASSACRE BY EDWARD I. \*

---

RAISE ye the sword ! let the death-stroke be given,  
Oh ! swift may it fall as the lightning of Heaven !  
So shall our spirits be free as our strains,  
The children of song may not languish in chains !

Have ye not trampled our country's bright crest ?  
Are heroes reposing in death on her breast ?  
Red with their blood do her mountain-streams flow,  
And think ye that still we would linger below ?

\* This sanguinary deed is not attested by any historian of credit. And it deserves to be also noticed, that none of the bardic productions since the time of Edward make any allusion to such an event.—*See the Cambro-Briton*, Vol. I. p. 195.

Rest, ye brave dead ! 'midst the hills of your sires,  
Oh ! who would not slumber when freedom expires ?  
Lonely and voiceless your halls must remain,  
—The children of song may not breathe in the chain !

## SABBATH SONNET.

Composed by Mrs HEMANS a few days before her death, and  
dictated to her Brother.

---

How many blessed groups this hour are bending  
Through England's primrose meadow paths their way  
Towards spire and tower, 'midst shadowy elms ascend-  
ing,

Whence the sweet chimes proclaim the hallowed day.  
The Halls from old heroic ages grey  
Pour their fair children forth ; and hamlets low,  
With whose thick orchard-blooms the soft winds play,  
Send out their inmates in a happy flow,  
Like a freed vernal stream. I may not tread  
With them those pathways,—to the feverish bed  
Of sickness bound ;—yet, oh my God ! I bless  
Thy mercy, that with Sabbath peace hath filled  
My chastened heart, and all its throbbings stilled  
To one deep calm of lowliest thankfulness.

EDINBURGH :

PRINTED BY JOHN STARK, OLD ASSEMBLY CLOSE.