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THE LAMENT
OF
THE EMERALD ISLE.

BY
CHARLES PHILLIPS, ESQ.

“ Loveliness was around her as light. She saw the Youth, and loved him. Her blue eye rolled on him in secret, and she blessed the Chief of Morven—

“ Thou has left no Son, but thy name shall live in Song;—

“ Narrow is thy dwelling now, thou who wert so great before.”

OSSIAN—*Songs of Selma.*

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THE LAMENT

THE EMERALD ISLE

CHARLES TULLY

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J. M'Creery, Printer,
Black-horse-Court, London

TO

THE MOST DESOLATE WOMAN IN THE WORLD

The Princess of Wales


THIS TRIBUTE

OF

THE SINCEREST SYMPATHY

IS

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P R E F A C E.

IN the following lines I have endeavoured, I am afraid feebly, to embody the universal feeling of this country, at the loss of the pure Spirit who has thus been snatched away in the midst of all a human being could inspire of hope, or feel of happiness. Had the Calamity which has so desolated the heart of a Nation, separated for ever, even two obscure villagers, it could not have been contemplated without the liveliest interest; and, without arrogating any peculiar claim for Royal sufferings, surely there was something in the Character of our lost Princess, for which even Republicanism might confess a sympathy. Her

youth—her beauty—her situation; the noble independence of her conduct—her disinterested selection of the man she loved—the simple, unostentatious seclusion in which she lived—the pattern of domestic affection she displayed—her religious habits;—but, above all, the tender and sublime filial piety which attached her to her hapless Mother under all her afflictions: these were qualities which it requires no rank to illustrate, and betrays no servility to almost adore.

It is to be hoped—should not I say, expected, by a nation of Christian feelings, that the domestic purity of her Conduct will be duly appreciated by those she has left behind. But it was enough to sicken the heart of insensibility, to find miscreants, daring, even before her remains were cold, to revive questions which it would have been equally for the respectability of the throne, and the happiness of the people, had they never been agitated. Our lamented Princess has now left her

mother a legacy to the pity and protection of the British people; and if, contrary to every principle of British law, after being twice exculpated, she is to be a third time put upon her trial, I hope every husband in the Empire will feel it due to his family, rigidly to ascertain, why, after having been exiled while scarcely yet a wife, she is not permitted the repose even of her Nuptial Widowhood.

Dublin,
December 1st, 1817.

THE LAMENT,

&c.

AND is she dead—and is she gone?—
And has she left me all forlorn?—
Oh! hush'd be every other moan,
'Tis Erin's *privilege* to mourn!
My harp is strung to strains of sadness,
My soul is wrapt in moods of madness,—
I've seen my children dear in chains,—
I've heard the death-shriek o'er my plains:

My darlings' blood,
 Was my daily food—
 The blood of my murder'd brave :
 My lullaby,
 Was the raven's cry—
 My pillow, the warrior's grave ;—
 I never learned the song of gladness !

'Mid the rapine of peace—'mid the ruin of war,
 She beamed on my tear-drop like Bethlehem's star :—
 When, raised by memory's horrid spell,
 The buried age roll'd past me—
 When royal murder emptied hell,
 In spectral train to blast me—
 When he, whose woe I wept to tell,
 Around me pealed the thunder ;
 And the emerald gem of my diadem,
 Was dimmed by filial plunder—
 When bigotry toss'd the torch on high—
 When murder shriek'd thro' the midnight sky—

Her name shed music o'er me;—
 When the air was sighs—when the earth was blood—
 When death in its ghastliness peopled the flood—
 Revealed, her virgin image stood—
 An angel of light before me!

She was the star that the darkness divided,
 The harp that gave melody e'en to the blast;
 The dove at whose vision the waters subsided,
 The violet of hope when the winter was past.

Oh, how lovely arose the young flow'ret of May!
 Oh, how pure on its leaf hung the day's infant gem!
 But the sunbeam of heaven kiss'd the dew-drop away,
 But pale ev'ning wept over the blossomless stem!

Sweet spirit! the blush to that weeping eve given,
 Marks the flight of the angels to welcome their own;—
 Sweet spirit! that sunbeam illuming all heaven,
 Reveals the rich glory that shadows thy throne!

The cloud of our incense, arising in air,
 But sullies the crown that encircles thy brow !
 The sigh, as it bursts the full soul of despair,
 Only breaks the blest chorus that hallows thee now.

Yet, still, if the spirit of glory can see,
 The lone exile it leaves in its pilgrimage here—
 There is one, in his wretchedness, sacred to thee,
 Nor unheard, is his sigh, nor unpitied, his tear.

Poor Leopold—the orient day
 As brightly flames o'er Claremont's height
 And its last, loveliest, farewell ray,
 On Esher casts a look of light—

But Esher's groves are sad at noon,
 Sweet Claremont's bow'rs are silent now ;
 And veiled in clouds " the inconstant moon"
 That smiled upon thy nuptial vow !—

Weep on—let not a solace rude
 Profane thy hallowed solitude :—
 Weep on—this world's no world to thee,
 Thou art alone with misery :—
 Weep on—she cannot hear thee weep—
 Thy loved one sleeps the dreamless sleep :—
 Her voice is hush'd—her bosom cold—
 Her eye's blue lustre clouded—
 And, Oh God ! in the earthworm's slimy fold,
 Lies her youth in its loveliness shrouded !

A crown was her birth-right—an empire her dower—
 The throne and the isle of the free :—
 The will of a brave people worshipp'd her power—
 But royalty's sceptre—but chivalry's flower,
 Swayed not the heart that was shrined in the bower
 Of a blessed seclusion with thee !

Oh! Leopold, can wealth or state,
 The cumbrous nothings man calls great?—
 Can Majesty's imperial sway?
 Can faithless fortune's comet ray?
 Recall the love that breathed on thee
 Its death-sigh of idolatry?
 Oh weep—but were each tear a gem,
 And every gem a diadem,
 What were they, to one happy hour
 Of Paradise, in Claremont's bower?—
 Hours of Heaven, that fling their beam
 Like sunshine, o'er a winter stream.
 But, who can blanch the stainless snows,
 Or paint the diamond's trembling ray?
 But, who can catch the living rose,
 That veils the infant blush of day?—
 'Tis theirs alone—the angel art—
 To fancy all that fires the heart—
 The ardent fear—the timid zeal—
 That love, and love alone, can feel.

There is a sad, heart-soothing grief—
 When woe o'erflows, it *accepts relief*,
 And makes a friend of mere distress:—
 It bends in fancy o'er the grave—
 It sees the funeral poplars wave,
 In crowded loneliness.—
 It hears a voice in the whirlwind's sigh,
 Sees the form it loved in the speckless sky,
 And with bodiless visions, and fantasies rude,
 Peoples the airy solitude.

Oh it walked with thee in Windsor's pile,
 As Death's pageant moved before her;
 While the noblest and fairest of all the isle
 Waved the canopied mockery o'er her—
 The flowers of beauty strewed her bier,
 The eye of valour rained the tear,
 Fast as Arabia's tree:—
 The organ's requiem, sweet and slow,
 Rolled its harmonious pomp of woe
 O'er her, as she lay in death below,
 Rebuking all their pageantry.

But, by thee, unheard was the choral hymn,
 Unmark'd the banner'd crowd,
 The temple's midnight day was dim,
 Nor, eye, nor thought,
 Hadst thou for aught,
 But thy loved one in her shroud.

How changed! since decked in gem and plume,
 The gayest of the gay,
 She moved—a thing beyond the tomb—
 Her smile—a nation's holiday!
 That form—the light of ev'ry eye—
 Is now the eye's disgust—
 That brow—the home of majesty—
 An heap of lifeless dust!
 Alas! how late, the courtly crowd,
 The lovely and the brave,
 Before her merest fancy bowed—
 Behold her now—her robe, a *shroud*!
 Her palace-hall—the *grave*!

Gaze, gaze thy last, poor Leopold,
 Her smile can bless thee never—
 Her cheek is pale—her young heart cold—
 The heart that loved thee—cold for ever!

Around her virgin brow, the wreath
 Of nuptial bliss, for thee she wove;
 And o'er that brow still lived in death,
 The last faint farewell look of love:—
 Oh! may that look a spirit be,
 To charm away thy misery.

But lo—a wanderer, far away,
 Neglected and reviled—
 Yon exile mourns her only stay,
 Her own, her darling child.—
 Mothers of England—when, at night,
 Upon the bended knee,
 Your heart invokes a God of Light,
 To guard your children's infancy—
 Oh! spare one pitying prayer for her,
 The widowed, childless, royal wanderer!

Her sire in a foreign land was laid,
 While glory mourn'd her brother—
 Her nuptial wreath just bloom'd, to fade—
 O'er life's sad ruin but one ray strayed—
 Still, still she was a mother.
 And, tho' a pilgrim, and alone,
 The heir, and outcast, of a throne,
 Lured from her own, her native home,
 The home of early life,
 And doomed in stranger realms to roam,
 A widow! yet a wife!
 Still one sweet vision every woe beguiled—
 Still Hope's bright angel pointed to her child.

And still when hell and earth combined,
 To stain her spotless fame—
 Where faded appetite resigned
 The victim up to shame;
 And nearly had her royal blood
 Extinguish'd with its sacred flood
 Th' accusing altar's flame!
 Still through the storm that rainbow vision smiled—
 Still Hope's bright angel pointed to her child.

Departed spirit, beam thy light,
On thy poor mother's tears—
Starless, and dreary, is the night,
Of her declining years—
See her, of every hope bereft,
How desolate—how lone—
All that hate her only left,
And all that loved her, gone—
Friend, father, mother, brother brave,
Are now with thee in the silent grave.
Poor wanderer!—in thy heart's distress
God pity thee!
How rayless is thy wretchedness!
How desolate thy royalty!

THE END.

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