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TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES HOPE,

LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COURT OF SESSION,

ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S MOST HONOURABLE PRIVY COUNCIL, &c. &c.

THIS VOLUME

IS

MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.



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P O E M S.

TIME.

I STOOD on the Tarpeian rock,
And gazed on crumbling towers sublime,
Whose splendid ruins seemed to mock
The pride and pomp of former time;
The amphitheatres, and towers,
And shrines that drew a world's applause,
Are now the haunts of birds and flowers,
The monuments of what Rome was.

Athens! thou first inspired'st my dream
Of youthful glory; but to view
Thy altered form, I ne'er would deem
Thou wert the same that Plato knew.

City of Socrates! who dares
 To call those turbaned slaves supine,
 In aught allied—in aught the heirs—
 To deathless demi-gods like thine?

Thy sails, proud Carthage! were unfurled
 In distant seas untracked before,
 And all the treasures of the world
 Lay heaped on thy exulting shore.
 Where art thou now? My wandering eye
 Thine ancient site of glory scanned,
 And saw above, a scorching sky,
 Below, a pathless waste of sand.

I will not gaze then on thy deeds,
 Thou tyrant Time! I'll look no more
 On scenes so dark; my bosom bleeds
 To think on splendours that are o'er:
 Give me the glen remote and wild,
 Buried 'mongst hills, whose towering heads
 Time never of their snows beguiled,—
 Nature's immortal Pyramids!

MY NATIVE LAND.*

ON Cromack's lake the sun is bright,
 And Eden flows in streams of light,
 On Elder's waves the white mists sail,
 And the sky-lark sings o'er Ennerdale ;—
 But I have looked on Forth's broad tide,
 And roamed where Leven's waters glide,
 And I have seen the summer's beam
 On wandering Clyde's majestic stream ;
 And England's charms are lost on me,
 With all their gay variety.

Soft falls the blush of morning light,
 Soracte ! on thy towering height,
 And pleased Aurora long reclines
 Upon the flowery Appenines ;—
 But I have seen the twilight gray
 Yield to the blush of opening day,
 Benlmond ! from thy rocks sublime,
 Loved mountain of my native clime ;

* This, Lord Lindsay a Ballad, and one or two others of the following poems have appeared in periodical publications.

And all the charms are nought to me,
Of thy rich hills, bright Italy!

Fair the Ægean islands lie,
Like streaks of gold in a summer's sky ;
And round thy shores, immortal Greece !
Once all was freedom, joy, and peace ;—
But, Scotia ! thou hast dearer isles,
Renowned for song and beauty's smiles,
And thou hast shores where never trod
The slave that feared a tyrant's nod ;
And art thou not a land to me
Of love, and joy, and liberty ?

MOONLIGHT.

ON Rothsay's shores the moon shone bright,
And Arran smiled in the lovely light,
And Cumbray's isles in a radiance lay
More witching far than the glare of day ;
And there was not a breeze on the silver sea
To ruffle its pure serenity ;
And there was not a bark but mine on the deep
To break with a furrow its placid sleep ;
And softly the distant moon-beams fell
On the hills of a country I love so well.

O! 'twas a night for the soul to expand,
 And to dream of the beauties of fairy-land ;—
 To catch, from the loveliness seen in this,
 A glimpse of the world of higher bliss :—
 'Twas a night to awaken each holier thought,
 To teach the lone bosom with misery fraught,
 That the Being who brightened the cloudless sky
 With the thousand stars he has hung on high,
 Was the guardian of weak mortality :—
 'Twas a night to assuage the most troubled heart,
 And feelings of gentler tone to impart ;
 And tho' something of sadness might linger still,
 Like the shadow that floats across the hill,
 It was not the sadness that darkens the mind
 When sorrow has entered and hope is resigned.

O! a few hours on a night like this,
 When the earth and the air breathe happiness,
 Are worth all the days, and the months, and years,
 That life still oppress or with cares or with tears !
 In those brief moments of godlike joy,
 (Till some mortal feeling the charm destroy)
 All of the past that was pure and bright,
 All of the present that yields delight,
 All of the future that yet may throw
 Light thro' the gathering clouds of woe,
 In the sunny hues of fancy lie
 Glittering before the mental eye !

And O! I have dreamt such heavenly dreams—
 But alas! like the evening's short-lived gleams
 Of purple light, they faded away,
 And I woke to the gloom of life's wintry day!

CHILDHOOD.

O! IT is sweet on a summer's even,
 When earth shines almost as bright as heaven,
 To mark the group in the morn of life,
 Whose innocent bosoms with joy are rife,
 Assembled beneath the time-hallowed tree,
 All smiles, and mirth, and jollity :
 O! 'tis a sight that might impart
 Balm to the wounds of a broken heart ;
 O! 'tis a sight to scatter the mist
 From the eyes of the cold misanthropist!

There you may watch the radiant smile
 Playing on features that know not guile ;
 There you may see the tearless eye ;
 The bosom that never has heaved a sigh ;
 The gentle blush on the young cheek stealing,
 A thousand artless thoughts revealing ;

There too the listener enchanted may hear
 The softest of music that meets the ear,—
 The beautiful tones in which children express
 Their guiltless and heavenly happiness !

Ah ! little do they, in that sunny hour,
 Dream that a cloud so soon must lower ;
 That the smile from the rosy cheek must fly,
 And with it the glance of the merry eye ;
 That sorrow must sadden the lightsome breast,—
 Alas ! that it ever should break the rest
 Of beings so lovely, so gay, and so free
 From the vices and crimes of mortality !
 Even she, the sweet prattler I love so well,
 My own little Helen,—ah ! who can tell,
 Though the morning sun-beams around her play,
 What woes are in store for her future day ?
 And yet, my sweet Helen ! to look at thee now,
 With the gay golden tresses that dance on thy brow,
 And the heaven-lit smile in thine eye of blue,
 And thy dimpling cheek's Hygeian hue,
 And the fairy motion with which you pass
 Over the hardly bending grass,—
 One well might deem thee a thing of the sky,
 Too bright, and aërial ever to die !
 But alas ! the loveliest flowers that blow
 Fade fastest away, like April snow ;

And the bubbles that float on the mountain-river
 Just glance in the sun, then are gone for ever ;
 And the lightest bark on life's treacherous sea
 Rushes first on the gulf of eternity !

MOODS OF THE MIND.

THERE are times when I look thro' the viewless air
 And can feel that the spirit of God is there ;
 There are times when I gaze on the waveless sea
 And can trace the hand of Eternity ;
 There are times when I lift my bewildered eye
 To the glories that blaze in the midnight sky,
 And can smile at the idle pursuits of sense,
 For I look on the works of Omnipotence.
 O then, in seraphic hours like these,
 My soul goes forth on the passing breeze,
 And I visit new worlds of life and light
 Beyond the empire of sullen night,
 And of sorrow's tear, and the withering breath
 Breathed from the lips of the spoiler Death ;
 Where on each immortal angelic face
 The radiant smile of felicity plays ;
 And I feel that I stand in a world above—
 A world of spirits—a world of love.

There are times when I look thro' the troubled air
And feel that I'm chained to a life of care;
There are times when I gaze on the blackening sea,
And 'tis only an emblem of misery;
There are times when I read in the gathering sky,
Or the drifting clouds that are hurrying by,
The thousand ills that for ever oppress
The heart of man, and make happiness
A rainbow vision, a thing of nought,
That may never be found, yet still must be sought.
Oh! then in an instant melts away,
Like the feathery clouds of a summer's day,
The fairy frost work, by fancy made,
That long in the beams of hope had played;
And I hear the breezes around me sighing,
And I see the flowers on their green stems dying,
And the smile from beauty's lip depart,
And the blood run cold thro' the warmest heart;
And in that sad hour the world to me
Is nought but a bleak nonentity!

ITALY.

ITALIA'S hills ! Italia's hills !

O tell me, is their verdure flown ?
 Are all their flowers, are all their rills,
 To fairer—happier mountains gone ?
 No, those dear hills are still as bright,
 Their flowers and streams as gay to see ;
 But ah ! no more the golden light
 Sheds joy and peace o'er Italy !

No more the patriot sword is bared,
 Which Fabius, Scipio, Brutus drew ;
 No more the patriot voice is heard,
 Which Rome so well for ages knew :
 No more the Tiber's hallowed stream
 Flows thro' the country of the free :
 No more, no more the morning beam
 Wakes on a land of liberty !

O ! there was once a glorious time,
 When Latium ruled a conquered world ;—
 When, proudly in each distant clime,
 The Roman standard was unfurled ;
 O ! then, Italia ! thou didst wear
 A world's bright diadem on thy brow ;—

Ah ! land of sorrow ! tell me where
 Are all the gems that graced it—now ?

Strike, strike the lyre, and strive to breathe
 A better spirit o'er the land ;
 Prepare, prepare the laurel wreath
 For the firm soul, and valiant hand :
 One heart may surely yet be found,
 Which Fabius', Scipio's deeds inspire,
 One glorious heart, whose every bound
 May yet betray a hero's fire !

In vain the fond attempt ; in vain
 The feeble minstrel's noblest powers ;
 Ah ! never now will rise again
 The spirits of Rome's happier hours !
 Ah ! never more, dear land ! wilt thou
 Assert the proud—the free—the brave ;
 Thou bearest on thy gloomy brow
 The shame and sorrow of the slave.

Italia's hills ! Italia's hills !
 O tell me, is their verdure flown ?
 Are all their flowers, are all their rills,
 To fairer—happier mountains gone ?
 No, those dear hills are still as bright,
 Their flowers and streams as gay to see ;
 But ah ! no more the golden light
 Sheds joy and peace o'er Italy !

HUMAN LIFE.

FROM THE GREEK OF POSIDIPPUS, OR, ACCORDING TO
OTHERS, OF CRATES THE CYNIC.

Ποιην τις βιοτοιο ταμοι τριβον ; εν αγορη μεν

Νεικα και χαλεπαι περηξιες, &c.

Anth. Græc. tom. i. p. 54. Edit. De Bosch.

SAY what is life?—At home, perpetual care ;
 Abroad, a struggle or for wealth or power ;
 Unceasing toils the peasant's strength impair ;
 The sailor shudders if a cloud but lower ;
 'Tis tiresome ne'er to quit one's native land ;
 In fear the traveller holds his doubtful way ;
 The husband crouches at his wife's command ;
 The foe to marriage lonely pines away ;
 The parent trembles for his children's fate ;
 Without an heir the childless man must die ;
 The young a thousand hidden snares await ;
 The old look back on former years and sigh ;
 Happiest are they who ne'er draw vital breath,
 Or live but for an hour, and then are blessed with
 death.

HUMAN LIFE.

FROM THE GREEK OF METRODORUS.

Παντοῦν βιοτοιο ταμοις τριτων* εν αγορη μιν

Κηδεα και πιυσται πεηξιεσ, &c.

Anth. Græc. tom. i. p. 56.

WHO would not wish to live?—At home, love smiles;
 Abroad, the glorious mead of fame is won;
 Nature's rich gifts repay the peasants toils;
 The sailor basks 'neath fortune's golden sun;
 'Tis pleasant ne'er to quit one's cheerful hearth;
 Strange sights the traveller enraptured sees;
 The husband's joys to virtue owe their birth;
 He who ne'er weds can rove where'er he please;
 His children's honour forms a parent's pride;
 No heavy griefs the childless man annoy;
 The young see health and pleasure by their side;
 High thoughts of heaven maturer years employ;
 Who then would ask to leave a world like this,
 Or fear to live—since life is happiness?

TEMPERANCE.

FROM THE GREEK OF PARMENIO, THE MACEDONIAN.

Ἀρχει μοι χλαινῆς λιτον σκεπας· οὐδε τραπέζαις
 Δουλεύσω, μουσέων ἀνθεα βόσκοιμος, &c.

Anth. Græc. tom. i. p. 48.

No splendid robe be mine ; I who am fed
 With flowers Aonian ask no table spread
 With richer viands, nor a crowd of friends
 Fawning and flattering for their selfish ends.—
 Whilst Freedom takes her station at my door,
 Temperate and humble let me still be poor.

LOVE.

FROM THE GREEK OF ARGENTARIUS.

Ἀγαζῶ τον ἀφυκτον ἐπὶ σφραγίδος Ἐρωτα
 Χερσὶ λεονταίων—ἀνιοχεντα βίαν· &c.

Anth. Græc. tom. i. p. 110.

There is a moral in this picture ;—see
 How the child Cupid with strange witchery
 Has tamed the lion's rage, and with the rein
 Guides him submissive, whilst his flowing mane
 Trembles beneath the lash. The boy meanwhile
 Looks on his kingly subject with a smile.
 The picture speaks ;—shall man, it seems to say,
 When even the lion yields—shall man resist his sway ?

THE FATE OF FENELLA.

THE Author of WAVERLEY, in his Novel entitled "PEVERIL OF THE PEAK," at the conclusion dismisses perhaps too abruptly the female character in whom the reader has all along been most interested. We are merely told that she is to embark with her father in a vessel that is about to sail for one of the then lately established Colonies in America. I have ventured to follow her a little farther in her wanderings.

THE stars that gem yon azure sky
Their golden watch are keeping,
And far below, yon waters lie
In silent radiance sleeping,—
For the moon-beams play on the silvery way
In smiles of placid light,
And the small waves glance, as they onward dance
O'er fields so sweetly bright.
The sea-fowl to her nest is gone,
The fish to the rocks below,
And silently yon bark glides on
As the zephyrs round it blow.

In yonder bark full many an eye
Is closed in gentle and happy sleep ;
Tho' above is nought but the dark blue sky,
And around is only the emerald deep :
Their visions are bright with the joys at hand
In the new-born climes of the western main,
And they sigh not to think of the happy land,
The land they must never revisit again.

They are all at rest, save she alone
Who lingers still on the silent deck ;
The glance of fire from her eye is gone,
And her head hangs drooping upon her neck ;
And her gaze is so sad and so strangely wild
That it seems like the mood of madness ;
And see ! even now methinks she smiled,
But that smile was a smile of sadness.
Her cheek is pale, and her raven hair
Is o'er her bosom loosely flowing ;
But see ! that cheek so pale and fair
Is now with burning blushes glowing.
Ha ! she has climbed on the vessel's prow,
And wildly she looks on the glittering sky,
Then fixes her gaze on the sea below,
And a tear for an instant bedews her eye.
Her thoughts are of him she has left behind,
Of him she has loved so long—so well ;

But the fancies that pass thro' her frenzied mind

What pen may write—what tongue may tell ?

* * * *

Hark ! 'twas a plunge in the silent wave—

Hark ! 'twas a shriek in the midnight air !

The billows close o'er the maiden's grave,

And ne'er did they close o'er a form so fair.

Alas ! Fenella ! thy fate decreed

That peace of mind thou ne'er shouldst know,

That thy bosom should ne'er from the weight be freed

Of frantic passion and secret woe.

And yet, Fenella ! thy heart was warm,

And thine was the love that can never die ;

It resembled the star which the rolling storm

May obscure, but can never remove from the sky.

May the maiden, Fenella, who loves like thee,

Never, like thee, have her fond love slighted ;

And woe on the heart that can calmly see

Affection like thine in its young spring blighted.

THE PILGRIM.

“ LADY ! whither art thou going
With thy hair in ringlets flowing,
And that air of pensive grace
Resting on thy lovely face ?”
“ I go, Sir Knight, to yonder shrine
To pray for one beyond the sea,—
A youth far off in Palestine,
Who fights, Sir Knight, for love and me.”

“ And could that warrior, cold of heart,
From charms like thine, fair maid, depart ?
Curse on the sword that far from thee
Can seek for glory o’er the sea !”
“ Nay, curse him not,” the lady cried,
“ ’Twas I, with frowns and sullen pride,
And arts by female folly planned,
Who drove him to that distant land ;
But if he e’er return again,
He never more shall sue in vain.”

The Knight has thrown his casque away,
And o'er his brow the bright locks stray ;
The Knight has flung his cloak aside,
And eager claimed his promised bride ;
The maiden's face grew pale as death,
And she struggled hard to gain her breath ;
The maiden's face regained its charms,
And smiling she fell in her lover's arms.

SONG. INCONSTANCY.

'Twas a cloudless evening in June, my love,
When we met on the streamlet's side ;
And well I remember how fast, my love,
The hours appeared to glide.
I saw that thy cheek was pale, my love,
And that moist was thine eye of blue ;
I had heard that woman was false, my love,
But I hoped to find thee true.

We parted to meet again, my love,
 For we plighted the mutual vow,—
 And little did I dream then, my love,
 Of the sorrows that pierce me now.
 Ah ! little did I believe, my love,
 That thine was a faithless heart ;
 Could thy sighs be heaved to deceive me, love,
 Could thy tears be the dictates of art ?

Autumn all over the hill, my love,
 Her bright yellow mantle had thrown ;
 And the floweret decayed by the rill, my love,
 When I hoped to make thee my own ;
 We met on the streamlet's side, my love,
 Where last I had called thee mine ;
 But I found thee the bride of another, false love,
 And rank and gold were thine.

Enjoy thy rank and gold, false love,
 And try on thy lord to smile ;
 Forget our parting hour, false love,
 Forget to me thy guile ;—
 But a heart is dead for ever,
 That once was light as wind ;
 And the sun of joy can never
 Illumine the darkened mind.

GREECE.

YES, Minstrel, tune thy harp to glory now,
 And twine the laurel round thy wint'ry brow,
 And let thy strains like vollied thunders roll,
 Nerve the young arm, and fire the impatient soul ;
 And tell the coward who would live a slave,
 Immortal life is in the patriot's grave !

Dost thou not live beneath the sky of Greece ?
 That glorious sky which shone on Salamis ?
 Dost thou not breathe the air Timoleon breathed ?
 Dost thou not tread the flowers that once were wreathed
 Around the swords that Athens loved so well,
 When freedom's fire awoke, and the proud despots fell ? *

Lives there a Greek whose spirit never longed
 To claim the rights that to his sires belonged ?
 Lives there a Greek who cares not though the chain
 Of bitter bondage round his limbs remain ?
 Lives there a Greek, to Greece and glory dead,
 Who loves to rest on Slavery's thorny bed,

* The thirty tyrants who had usurped the government.

Nor casts one thought on those immortal days
 Refulgent still in Memory's brightest rays,—
 Those days when Persia's madman from his height
 Of vain ambition hurled, asked only flight;
 Those days when at thy straits, Thermopylæ!
 The Spartan hero held the world at bay?
 O! then, fallen country, on thy brow alone
 The star of freedom, rich in radiance, shone,
 And o'er thy hills, in smiling beauty bright,
 Pure and serene it shed celestial light!
 How has that star gone out, and left no trace
 Of its heart-wakening light and loveliness!

But the dark time is past;—Rejoice! Awake!
 The clouds are scattering, and the sunbeams break;
 And lo! for ages new, o'er isle and sea,
 What Greece has been, Greece yet shall nobly be.

THE EVENING CLOUD.

A LONELY streak of sunny hue
 Lay floating in the western sky,
 Whilst all around the unchequered blue
 Of spotless ether met the eye ;
 And brighter still that lone streak grew,
 And still more rich its golden dye,
 Till like a rosy couch it lay
 Embroidered for the god of day.

I gazed upon its airy site,
 And wished my eager soul removed
 From this dark, joyless realm of night,—
 From scenes once dear, and friends once loved,—
 To that bright spot of glorious light,
 Which, self-supported, onward moved
 In gay effulgence through the skies,
 A small but lovely paradise.

Then on that flake of radiance lying,
 A viewless spirit of the air,
 With heavenly music round me flying,
 Offspring of hearts that know not care,
 I'd travel on in bliss undying,
 Above this world of dark despair,
 And, with the evening's dewy showers,
 I'd scatter wreaths of purple flowers.

Far o'er the ocean's emerald tide
 Sleeping in placid peace below,
 Far o'er the giant mountain's side
 Crowned with a crest of dazzling snow,
 In noiseless glory I would glide,
 Beyond the reach of earth-born woe,
 For ever wrapt in radiance bright—
 A thing of joy, and love, and light.

SONNETS.

I.

PERICLES.

HE is the pride of Athens ! He has fought
 First in her battles ; he has reared her fanes,
 Restored her laws, struck off her galling chains,
 And won the glory his ambition sought.
 Yet say not he is happy. See him stand
 By yonder lifeless form, and on his cheek
 Mark the big tear in silent language speak,
 As the gay flowers drop sadly from his hand.
 They fall upon his last—his youngest child,—
 Him on whose sunny face he loved to gaze,
 Watching how merrily his youthful days
 Were dancing on, whilst all around him smiled.
 But he has died. Look on the warrior's brow,
 In the fond father's heart there is no Athens now.

II.

THE GRAVE.

YES, o'er the sad and silent grave
 The willow's drooping branches wave,
 And snowy lilies, planted round,
 Protect the consecrated ground,
 And the green sod from idle footsteps save.
 The evening songster, lingering there,
 With plaintive music fills the air ;
 And oft those lilies' dew-drops gleam
 In morning's gay and rosy beam,
 When smiling nature seems too bright for care.
 Ah, me ! nor golden eve, nor crimson morn,
 Nor shady tree, nor flower of lovely dye,
 Nor wild bird's music floating through the sky,
 The dreary, sullen mansion can adorn.

 III.

SAME SUBJECT.

WHY should we mourn o'er thee, thou harmless grave !
 Thou chamber of the dead, where lie at rest
 The young, the wise, the beautiful, the brave,
 All whom the world admired and fortune blest ?
 Why do we call thee silent, dark, and cold ?
 To us thou art so—but to us alone ;
 To those whom thy sad walls their prisoners hold,
 Thy attributes are all alike unknown :

Boots it to them, when life no longer flows
 Along their veins, and every pulse is still,
 That o'er their head the sculptured marble shows
 The mourner grieving for a fancied ill?
 That marble rests but on a heap of clay,—
 The soul brooks not the grave—her's heaven's eternal day.

 IV.

TO PETRARCH.

OFt in the moonlight, Petrarch! men have mused
 Pensive and lonely by thy mountain grave;
 Nor was a tear of sympathy refused
 To thee, sweet bard! who wert so fond a slave
 To the bright glance of woman's witching eye,
 Her winning smile, and her deceitful sigh.
 What tho' thy love, thy hopes, thy joys, thy fears,
 Now sleep where the Euganean mountain rears
 Its flowery brow, as gaily as it did
 Ere its green sward thy gentle features hid?
 Poet of Arqua! thou art with us still,
 Thine no oblivious grave on yonder hill!
 Poet of Arqua! thou wilt live as long
 As she thou mad'st immortal by thy song!

V.

THE POWER OF RELIGION.

I SAW a mother in a darkened room
 Fold to her bosom her pale dying child ;
 In those loved arms the cherub faintly smiled,
 But on the mother's brow sat fear and gloom.
 At her left side there stood a spectre wild,
 Gazing in triumph on his infant prey ;
 He held a scythe that gleamed with deadly ray,
 And the sunk heart of its last hope beguiled.
 But on her right a radiant form appeared,
 The immortal features of whose heavenly face,
 More bright than poet's dream, 'twas bliss to trace.
 The spoiler look'd upon that form and feared,—
 His scythe struck powerless ; and the mother's eye,
 Touched by that radiant form, beheld it life—to die.

VI.

TO FANCY.

THOUGH much I love this world, yet I have made
 A new one for myself, where I have found
 All beauty, joy, and innocence abound,
 In bright Elysian purity arrayed.

And thou, sweet Fancy! wert my gentle guide
 Through the rich country of undying flowers,
 Which bloom without the aid of earthly showers,
 Transcending far the garden's gayest pride.
 O! thou hast carried me at once away
 From all terrestrial passions and desires,
 From malice, envy, and unholy fires,
 That burn but to consume; and I can stray,
 Even here on earth, amidst as blest abodes
 As your's, thrice happy angels and immortal gods!

 VII.

TO EVENING.

BRIGHT is the hour when, bursting from the sea,
 The glorious sun begins his course on high;
 Then nature smiles, and from grove, hill, and lea,
 The general chant salutes the joyful sky.
 But dearer far, sweet eventide! art thou;
 Softer thy music, sweeter still thy light;
 Whilst yet, perchance, on some far mountain's brow,
 A streaming ray unwilling yields to night.
 O! it is then, when every sound is still,—
 Save where the lark his untaught vespers sings,
 Then sinks to sleep beside the gurgling rill
 Meand'ring near, and rests his little wings,—
 'Tis then that I, my soul to rapture given,
 Can look around, and fancy earth is heaven!

VIII.

(FROM THE SPANISH OF LOPE DE VEGA.)

Al sepulcro de Amor, que contra el filo, &c.

VISIT the mighty tomb Diana reared
 For him she loved—the young Endymion ;
 Visit proud Faro's tower whose radiance shone
 On the far bark that thro' the ocean steered ;
 Or gaze on Ephesus' immortal shrine ;
 Or on the famed Colossus of the sun ;
 Or on the thrones th'Assyrian empress* won ;
 Or on the sacred temple of the Nine :
 Let all the wonders which the world e'er knew,
 Statues, and palaces, and heavenly steeds,
 Warriors, and towers, and fanes, and pyramids,
 Be given at once to thy enraptured view,—
 Yet there remains a greater wonder still,—
 My love—my faith—is a sublimer miracle.

* Semiramis.

IX.

(FROM THE SAME.)

Cleopatra a Antonio en oloroso vino, &c.

Two costly diamonds Cleopatra gave
 To the fond Roman in Nectarean wine,—
 Diamonds extracted from their Indian grave,
 The wondrous workmanship of power divine.
 The Roman, yielding to the mighty power
 Of love and beauty, in a fond mad hour
 Swallowed the first, whose heavenly radiance shone
 Bright as the brightest gem on Ninus' throne :
 Awaits the second a more fair renown,
 Not thus dishonoured ; in his starry crown
 Antony placed it, that the world might see
 It had no jewel of such brilliancy,
 Till future years should bring that envied day
 When on the ravished eye should rise Lucinda's ray.

X.

(FROM THE ITALIAN OF FILICAIA.)

Italia ! Italia ! O tu cui feò la sorte,
 Dono infelice di bellezza, ond' hai, &c.

HESPERIA ! O Hesperia ! why wert thou
 Cursed thus with beauty ? for it was to thee
 A fatal gift of woe and slavery,—
 'Twas stamping anguish on thy wretched brow !
 O ! hadst thou been less lovely, or more brave,
 Then nations, trembling at thy mighty name,
 Had scarcely dared to envy thee thy fame,
 But as it was—they lured thee to thy grave.
 And now armed torrents rush with carnage down
 Thine Alps' green sides, and Gallic herds are spread
 O'er Po's dear banks—no longer now thine own—
 And far to foreign wars thy troops are led ;
 In foreign wars their generous blood they spill,
 And, conquerors or conquered, they are bondmen still.

XI.

(FROM THE ITALIAN OF JACOPO SANAZZARO.)

Vissa teco son io molti e molt' anni,
 Con quale amor, tu'l sai, fida consorte, &c.

YES, faithful consort, many a pleasant year
 Has seen our mutual joy, and mutual love ;
 But he whom worlds adore—the God above,
 Calls me at length from toil and trouble here.
 And I could leave this earth without a tear,
 Eager to reach the bright abodes of bliss,
 Unless when, in the hour of happiness,
 To thy sad fate I turn with sudden fear.
 Lone thou wilt be :—yet, Virtue is thy guide ;
 Before thee she will throw her heavenly light,
 And bring thee on in safety by her side.
 Then weep no more ; for, from its glorious site,
 My soul shall watch thee, and at last, sweet bride,
 Lead thee to heaven, where all, like thee, is bright !

AMBITION.

YES, we must part, and part for ever,—

Nay, Ellen, look not so ;

For like the waves of yonder river

The stream of life must flow ;

In youth, meandering gaily on

Where wild-flowers mark the way,

And glancing in the summer sun

For a short summer day :

Then comes a deeper broader tide,

And darker waves we see ;

Which swift, and sure, and silent glide

On to eternity.

Then blame me not if I should go

Where glory's smiles are won,

For ere I die the world must know

What I have thought and done.

And I must plunge into the stream

And snatch the bubble fame ;

And light that never fades must gleam

Around my deathless name.

THE BROKEN HEART.

I AM tired, I am tired, of this gloomy world,
For the beacon flag of hope is furled,
And the stars I love have left the sky,
And my air-built castles in ruins lie ;
And the tempest has swept in its hour of wrath
O'er the loveliest flowers that gemmed my path ;
And I have lived to see young joy blighted,
And I have lived to see young love slighted ;
And I have known what it is to part,—
When light goes out in the lonely heart :
And I have known what is sadder still—
In human life the deadliest ill—
O ! I have known what it is to see
Once more, after years of misery,
One for whose sake thou hadst dared to brave
A thousand perils by wind and wave,—
One who had shone like a sunny gleam
In the darkness and woe of thy life's troubled dream,
And to find her—Alas ! can such things be ?
Estranged for ever from love and thee !

I have no ties in this desert earth,
 I have no share in its idle mirth,
 I have no wish for its empty fame,
 I have no fear of its senseless blame,
 I have nought to do with its vain pursuits,
 For I know all its fairest are poisoned fruits !

SCIO.

SWEET Scio! o'er thy lovely isle
 The summer's softest zephyrs blow ;
 And cloudless skies above thee smile,
 And sun-bright waves around thee flow ;
 And all that nature ever made
 Most fair, most bright, most like to heaven—
 Of hill, or grove, or stream, or glade,
 To thee, sweet Scio! she has given.
 Full, clear, and rich, the bulbul's lay
 Sounds through thy balmy orange bowers ;
 Glittering in light thy streamlets stray
 'Mong meads of laurels and of flowers ;
 And gentle woman's glance of love
 Sheds joy and peace o'er all thy shores ;
 And man, each grosser thought above,
 Looks on her beauty and adores.

Fair Scio! must the storm of war
Obscure the glories of thy skies?
Must rapine drive her reeking car
Infuriate through thy paradise?
Where once arose at eve and morn
Wild music's notes of sweetest breath,
Must now be heard, as if in scorn,
The shouts of strife and shrieks of death?
Must maidens, whose dark ringlets strayed
In rich luxuriance o'er their brow,
And on whose lips incessant played
A smile to lighten all below,—
Must they, with eyes obscured by woe,
And moist pale cheeks, and streaming hair,
Yield powerless to a barbarous foe,
Or trembling fly—they know not where?
And must the young, the brave, bow down
Beneath a foreign tyrant's yoke—
Tremble beneath a tyrant's frown,
Or die beneath a tyrant's stroke?
Ah! sea-girt Scio! land of bloom!
Thy hour is come;—'tis heaven's decree,
And thou must smile no more; thy doom,
Bright isle! is woe and slavery!

THE BACHELOR.

O GENTLE woman! born to be
 The lonely heart's divinity!
 He who through life's dark scene can move,
 Nor seeks thy smile, nor courts thy love,
 Nor ever, when with cares opprest,
 Finds in thy sheltering bosom rest,—
 Lives not one day of genuine bliss,
 Knows not one hour of happiness;
 And, after years of pain and strife,
 Dies ere he tastes the life of life!

Thou votary of pleasure! go
 Where Niagara's torrents flow;
 Or where the wandering Arab lies,
 Beneath the blaze of burning skies;
 Or where the Negro's rude canoe
 Travels the waste of water through;
 Or where on Lapland's shores of snow
 The freezing winds of winter blow;
 And ask what power has reconciled
 Proud man to scenes so sad—so wild?

What guardian angel hovers there
To chase the visions of despair ?
What spell, howe'er his foot may roam,
Still brings him back to peace and home ?
And learn that potent spell, above
All other spells, is—woman's love.
And learning this, thou lonely thing !
Go weep thy lost and blighted spring ;—
Go weep, and let that heart of steel
Know what it is to live and feel ;
Weep, when thou seest that mind with mind,
And fate with fate, are intertwined ;
And yet that thou, unblest, unknown,
Art, in the midst of crowds, alone ;
A thing produced in evil hour,
A yellow leaf, a withered flower,
A sea-weed tossed on ocean's breast,
The wise man's pity, or his jest.

MOONLIGHT.

WHAT see'st thou, silver crescent of the sky,
When, in thy growing beauty, thou dost sail
Bright, through yon blue unclouded canopy,
And when, ere twilight gathers in the vale,
Or sunny radiance leaves the mountain's brow,
Thy gentler beams their loveliest light bestow ?

Thou see'st the village-dance, where light hearts meet
Upon the village-green, and where the lute
Breathes forth in merry tunes its accents sweet,
Nor stops until the taber's voice is mute,
And till the dancers in their mirth forget
The jangling music of the castanet.

Thou see'st the lover in the twilight bower,
When vow is poured on vow, and eye meets eye,
And when the bliss of that enraptured hour
Is uttered only in the burning sigh ;
Ah ! tell them not that youth is on the wing,
Blight not the hopes of their delicious spring.

Thou see'st the fisher loitering by the shore ;
 Thou see'st the school-boy wandering through the wood ;
 Thou see'st the peasant by his cottage door ;
 Thou see'st the poet in his solitude,
 Musing, perchance, some high heroic lay—
 Soft fall thy light where'er his footsteps stray !

But other scenes are thine, sweet star of night,
 When, in thy wane, the too victorious morn
 Steals from thee all thy radiance, and with light
 From orb more dazzling hastens to adorn
 This lower world : Ah ! then, fair planet, say
 What see'st thou, as thou hold'st thy heavenly way ?

Thou see'st the traveller, haply doomed to roam
 In foreign lands, unfriended and alone,
 An exile from his country and his home,
 The sweets of friendship and of love unknown ;
 Now round his bark the whitening billows rise,
 And now his path through Afric's desert lies.

Thou see'st pale genius watching from afar
 The first faint traces of the wakening day,
 Or gazing sadly on yon fading star,
 Whose little light fades not more fast away :
 Ah ! 'tis the vigil of the broken heart,
 That fain would live, though treacherous hope depart.

Thou see'st the mother, wife, or sister, stand
By the lorn sick-bed, where disease has found
Another victim, and with icy hand
The joyful current of the blood has bound,
And from the brow plucked off the festive wreath,
Triumphant of the thorns that lurked beneath.

Thou see'st the soldier on the tented field
Snatching short slumber ere he wakes to die ;
Thou see'st the wretch whose senses never yield
To gentle sleep, and in whose dim sunk eye
Thou read'st remorse and terror ;—this is he
Who finds, too late, that guilt is misery.

Thou see'st, fair orb, the truths of human life,
Things which will be, and which have ever been ;
A motley stage, that shows a constant strife
Betwixt the tragic and the comic scene ;
Where now a sage, and now a fool appears ;
To-day delight and smiles, to-morrow care and tears.

BENLOMOND.

“ LAND of the mountain and the flood !”
Land of the rock and nodding wood !
Land of the wild melodious song !
To whom the minstrel harps belong,
That wont to ring, in loud acclaim,
To many a warrior's deathless name !
Land of the North ! to slaves unknown,
Proudly I greet thee as my own !

I loved thee, Scotland !—when a child
I wandered by thy streamlets wild,
And saw the foaming torrent's spray
Take o'er steep rocks its giddy way ;
Or rambled, far from haunts of men,
Along the deep secluded glen,
Or where high cliffs looked sternly down
On wildest beauties—all thy own !

And though in distant lands I've strayed—
Lands in bright sunshine's charms arrayed,
Lands where the olive and the vine
Together bloom, together twine,—
Yet, Scotland! still thou hast for me
All, all thy former witchery!
What though my youthful hopes are gone?
Bright Nature's gifts are still thine own.

Shame on the poet in whose heart
The love of country holds no part!
Who, scornful of the patriot's fire,
Can wander far, and tune his lyre
To the soft notes of other climes,
Singing their follies and their crimes;
Forgetful of that land, alone
Worthy the patriot—and his own.

Dear land of all my soul holds dear,
Of all I love, admire, revere—
Land where the happy Muses roam,
Land in which Freedom finds her home,
Land in which Beauty's smiles impart
New rapture to the bounding heart,—
High from this green immortal throne,
Proudly I greet thee as my own!

LORD LINDSAY; A BALLAD.

PART I.

THE moon rides high in the clear blue sky,
And the lake lies calm and bright ;
But on that bright lake, where no rude waves break,
A deed must be done to-night.

Ha ! do you mark yon lonely bark
That leaves the darkened shore ?
It spreads no sail to catch the gale,
But I see the glancing oar.

No sailor he for the boisterous sea
Who rows that shallop small ;
Yet with him are none, as he hastens on,
Whilst the moonbeams round him fall.

In that soft light, his plumes so white
Wave gaily o'er his brow ;
And the sabre bright of a warrior Knight
Hangs by his side below.

And now no more he plies his oar,
 Though far from land is he,
 And the lake beneath lies still as death,
 And the stars twinkle silently.

He looks around, but not a sound
 Falls on his anxious ear ;
 Yet on his brow you may mark, e'en now,
 A transient shade of fear.

That shade has gone—he has stooped him down,
 That warrior high and proud—
 He has stooped him down, and his arms are thrown
 Around a lady's shroud.

And a lady fair is lying there
 All deadly cold and pale,
 And her golden hair, in ringlets rare,
 Moves in the silent gale.

And a wound is seen, where the sword has been,
 In her fair but blood-stained breast ;
 The wild-bird's song, her bowers among,
 No more will break her rest.

Hark ! 'twas a plunge in these waters bright—
 That lady is seen no more—
 Shuddering starts the youthful Knight,
 And returns to the distant shore.

But there is one who has stood alone,
Unseen on the winding shore ;
He has marked the deed, and with care and speed
Has sought Lord Ronald's door.

In Lord Ronald's to-night the lamps blaze bright,
And guests are in the hall ;
And tale and song the mirth prolong,
And splendour gleams o'er all.

But the fairest far is that lovely star
Who shines by her father's side ;
The heavens have smiled on Lord Ronald's child,
And to-night she is Lindsay's bride.

And where art thou, Lord Lindsay, now ?
Must the bridal wait for thee ?
The feast is set, and the guests are met,
But the bridegroom, where is he ?

And why does Randolph, stern and proud,
Stalk through the hall alone ?
Why looks he on the festive crowd
Till mirth and smiles have flown ?

Long, long he strove to gain the love
Of Ronald's beauteous child ;
But vain his aim, for Lindsay came—
The maid on Lindsay smiled.

What then has brought, unwished, unsought,
Lord Randolph here to-night ?
Comes he to see the bridal glee,
Or comes he to prove his right ?

He has stopped by the side of the blushing bride,
And he gazes upon her cheek ;
He has stopped by the side of the blushing bride,
Yet he deigns not a word to speak.

But, hark ! a sound is echoed round,
And gladness beams on all,
For a youthful Knight, like a burst of light,
Enters the glittering hall.

Within, without, a deafening shout
Proclaims Lord Lindsay's name ;
Well loved is he by the brave and free,
And well known on the field of fame.

In that fair light, his plumes so white
Wave gaily o'er his brow ;
And the sabre bright of a warrior Knight,
Hangs by his side below.

On Isobel's face he has fixed his gaze,
And he smiles on his lovely bride ;
But, ha ! why now, with that gloomy brow,
Is Randolph so near her side ?

He has seized her hand, and they silent stand,
 Before the altar-stone ;
 But, ha ! why now, with that stern dark brow,
 Presses Lord Randolph on ?

He tears her away from Lindsay's side,
 And steps himself between ;
 Flash his eyes with an angry pride,
 And stern is his haughty mien.

“ Lord Ronald ! shame on thy hoary head,
 And shame on thy father's land,
 If, when your only child you wed,
 A murderer gain her hand ! ”

There was silence deep, like the silence of sleep,
 Through all that lofty hall,
 There was silence deep as in dungeon-keep,
 Or beneath the shroud and pall.

An instant more, and like torrent's roar,
 A sound through the silence broke—
 'Twas stern and loud, 'twas fierce and proud,
 'Twas Lindsay's voice that spoke.

“ Oh few there be who thus, like thee,
 Have Lindsay's wrath defied ;
 And even thou, proud Thane, might'st know,
 That when they did, they died !

“ Oh few there be who thus, like thee,
 Have Lindsay’s fame decried ;
 Thou craven-lord, by this good sword,
 I tell thee thou hast lied !”

He said, and both their weapons seize,
 And fling their sheaths away—
 But, ha ! what dark red spots are these
 That dim that sabre’s ray ?

Lord Lindsay’s cheek, though he did not speak,
 From fiery-red grew pale ;
 There was fear in his look, and his young limbs shook,
 And his weapon powerless fell.

Gleamed Randolph’s eyes, in glad surprise,
 When he gazed on the bloody steel ;
 “ Oh ! the murderer’s hand, and the murderer’s brand
 The saints themselves reveal !

“ ’Twas a puny bark, and the night was dark,
 And the world was fast asleep ;
 And there was not a sound heard all around,
 And the lake was black and deep :

“ But there was one who stood alone,
 Unseen on the winding shore,
 He marked thy deed, and with care and speed
 He sought Lord Ronald’s door.

“ Kneel down, kneel down, and frankly own
 Thy guilt, thou warrior proud ;
 In whose fair side that sword didst thou hide ?
 Whom wrapt’st thou in yonder shroud ?”

Lord Lindsay stood in anxious mood,
 But dared not try to speak,
 In anxious mood, while the mantling blood
 Again regained his cheek.

At length a voice of stifled woe
 From his inmost heart was sent—
 “ Nay, grieve not so, my sweet bride, know,
 Thy Lindsay is innocent.”

His young bride’s eye gave quick reply ;
 She smiled through many a tear ;
 “ Lindsay !” she said, “ my grief has fled,
 And hushed is every fear :

“ Whether soon or late, we shall meet our fate,
 To Heaven’s will resigned ;
 And, Lindsay, thou full well may’st know
 Our fates are intertwined.”

PART II.

LONG months rolled on, the Spring was gone,
And Summer's radiance past ;
And Autumn's bowers, and Autumn's flowers,
Had withered in the blast ;

And the wild winds blow, as the drifting snow
Comes down on hill and glen ;
Birds sing not now, on the high green bough,
For Winter frowns again.

The morn has broke, Dunedin's smoke
Floats through the cold blue sky,
Like purple shroud, or golden cloud,
A splendid canopy ;

And far below, a princely show,
Dunedin's turrets gleam ;
And the morning light is dancing bright
On Forth's majestic stream :

And the morning gale has filled the sail
Of many an anxious bark,
That had hastened on, before the sun,
When the waves around were dark.

And many a Knight, in his armour dight,
Is bounding o'er the tide,
And thousands more, by the winding shore,
In haste on their chargers ride.

Sounding afar, has the trump of war
Been o'er the nation sent ?
Or go they to hold, these warriors bold,
Some princely tournament ?

They ride in speed, and the trampling steed
Is heard as he passes by ;
But no smile, I ween, on their lip is seen,
No gay glance in their eye.

Full well may you know that they speed not now
The might of their swords to prove,
Nor yet to ride in the lists so wide,
For the sake of their ladies' love :

But in silence and woe those warriors go,
To gaze on a sight of fear ;
And many an eye, that has long been dry,
Will shed the unbidden tear.

He who so oft, in the midst of the fight,
Had flashed like a beam on their eyes ;
The brave and the free, by their King's decree,
To-day as a murderer dies.

And they go to gaze on his youthful face,
 E'er the axe on his neck shall gleam ;
 And they go to gaze on the manly grace
 That must pass away as a dream.

Hear you the tread, like the tramp of the dead,
 As yon mournful crowd draws near ?
 Every tongue is dumb, but the muffled drum
 Strikes on the startled ear.

They dare not speak, but they gaze on his cheek,
 And his clear and sparkling eye ;
 And they mark him mount, with unchanging front,
 That platform black and high.

He mounts not alone, for beside him is one
 Of a fairer and gentler form ;—
 Ah ! she once was his bride, and she clings to his side,
 Like a lily that bends in the storm.

* * * * *

A stranger stood among the crowd,
 And care was on his brow ;
 He stood arrayed in a peasant's plaid,
 But a fair sword gleamed below.

“ I pray you, Sir Knight, by your sword so bright,”
 Said the dark and the lonely man ;
 (And a deep blush broke, as he faintly spoke,
 O'er his cheek that was erst so wan ;)

“ I pray you, Sir Knight, by your sword so bright,
 And by yonder sunny sky ;
 Tell me the cause why the King and the laws,
 Have condemned that youth to die ?”

The Knight looked down, with a haughty frown,
 On the stranger's care-worn frame ;—
 “ Thou peasant slave ! are the deeds of the brave
 So little known to fame ?

“ On Lindsay's face you have fixed your gaze,
 While tears start to your eyes ;
 The brave and the free, by his King's decree,
 To-day as a murderer dies !

“ Ay, slave ! look now on that noble brow,
 For you never may look again ;
 That youthful Knight, in the clear moonlight,
 Slew Ellen of Deloraine.

“ The maid had come from her native home,
 Her home was far away ;
 But Lindsay's smile, and Lindsay's guile,
 Had taught her feet to stray.

“ And she thought to wed, that simple maid,
The Knight she loved so well ;
But on Lindsay smiled Lord Ronald’s child,
The bright-eyed Isobel.

“ The lake was deep, and the world asleep,
When they met on the silent shore ;
'Twas a fatal night, his dagger was bright,
And Ellen was seen no more !

“ And there are those, who were Lindsay’s foes,
Who speak of sounds heard by none ;
Of the stifled breath, and the struggle of death,
And the shriek and the dying groan.

“ But thy cheek is pale in the morning gale,
And phrenzy is in thine eye :
And thy troubled breast, with grief opprest,
Heaves many a lengthened sigh.”

“ Sir Knight, pass on, thy task is done,
But mark yon scaffold well ;
For the Lord may save the free and the brave,
For love, and Isobel.”

The young Knight raised his head and gazed
Upon the scene of woe ;
The axe gleams high, but the startled eye
Dares not behold the blow.

“ Farewell, farewell, dear Isobel,
 Forget not Lindsay’s love ;
 Oh, weep not so, for well you know
 There is a heaven above !”

He quits the maid—his neck is laid
 Beneath the fatal steel ;
 And who can tell, though hid so well,
 What pangs his heart may feel ?

The axe gleams high, a steady eye
 Prepares the mortal blow ;
 “ He shall not die—’twas I ! ’twas I !”
 A stranger screamed below.

And as he spoke, the fatal stroke
 Suspended hung in air ;
 He reached the place, disclosed his face,
 It was the young St. Clair.

“ Away ! away ! what—would you slay
 The noblest flower of Tweed ?
 ’Twas I, ’twas I, by yon bright sky,
 ’Twas I who did the deed !

“ I lured sweet Helen from her home—
 Her home beyond the sea ;
 She left her father’s princely dome,
 Fond maid ! for love and me.

“ But love grows old, and love grows cold,
And bright eyes please no more ;
I hoped to wed a nobler maid,
And Ellen’s reign was o’er.

“ Yet she would speak, with mantling cheek,
Of all the vows I made ;
And, with a pride she could not hide,
My perjured heart upbraid.

“ I saw her bleed—oh ! that the deed
Were blotted from my brain !
'Twas a calm clear night when my sabre bright
Slew Ellen of Deloraine.

“ My strength was gone, I threw me down
By her fair and lifeless form ;
I lay on the rack, and the heav’ns were black,
And I heard the howling storm ;—

“ Yet the moon shone bright, with her silver light,
And the sky above was blue ;
I heard a sound, I looked around,
And Lindsay’s voice I knew.

“ He was my friend, and long had been,
And I was not betrayed ;
He gazed upon the dreadful scene,
But she was cold and dead.

“ ‘ Oh ! lost St. Clair !’ I heard him cry,
 ‘ Thy life is in its prime,
 Thou wilt not, must not, dar’st not die—
 Go, and repent thy crime.’

“ I spake not a word, but he took my sword,
 And gave his own to me ;
 I mounted his steed, and with woe and speed,
 I fled alone and silently.

“ I have wandered far, but my heart’s deep scar
 Was ne’er by wandering healed ;
 My wretched life with pain was rife,
 And I wished not my crime concealed.

“ I have come to die ’neath my country’s sky,
 My bitter woes to end,
 I have come to save the faithful and brave—
 My best and my only friend.”

Oh ! then broke out a deafening shout,
 That o’er Dunedin rung ;
 And mountains round gave back the sound
 Prolonged by Echo’s tongue.

And twenty thousand lips proclaimed
 Lord Lindsay’s honoured name ;
 And twenty thousand lips proclaimed
 Lord Lindsay’s well-won fame !

Lord Lindsay raised his eye, and gazed
On his own loved Isobel ;—
Oh! volumes spoke in that short look,
And in her Lindsay's arms she fell.

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