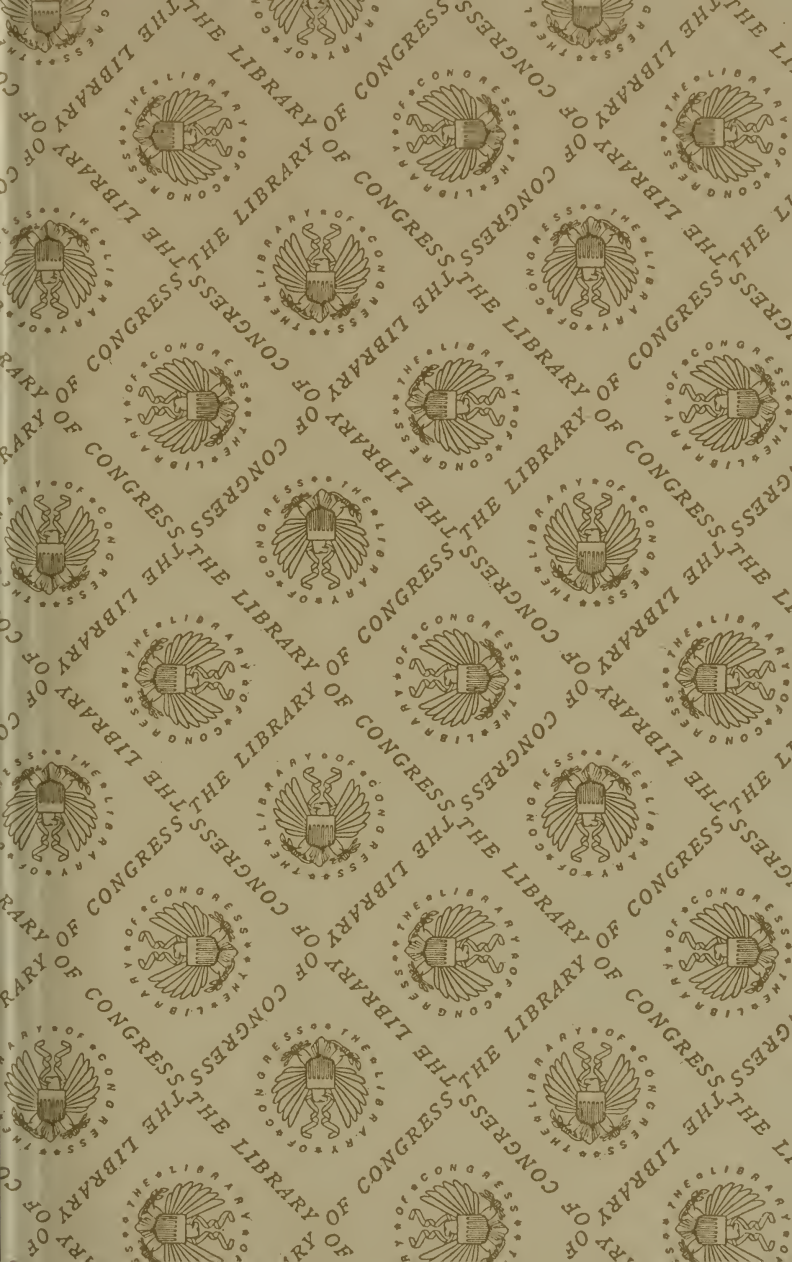


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POEMS

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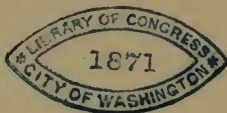
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George & Newman  
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GEORGE LUNT.

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"Poetry conforms the shows of things to the desires  
of the soul."—Lord Bacon.



NEW YORK:  
GOULD AND NEWMAN.  
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TO

THE FRIEND OF HIS YOUTH,

THE REV. WILLIAM BARNWELL,

OF CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA,

THIS VOLUME

IS

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

BY THE AUTHOR.

15-5-2



## P R E F A C E .

---

THE author of the following poems is unwilling to send them into the world without a word or two of introduction; perhaps, it might be fairly called explanation, of the reasons which have prompted their publication. Their appearance is, in fact, owing to the kindness with which the principal poem in the volume was received at its delivery. Having been prepared, as its shape indicates, for public recitation, it was accordingly delivered upon the occasion for which it was written, as one of the exercises of Commencement week, at the College in Waterville, Maine. The indulgence which attended its delivery,

aided by that "request of friends," against which the poetical mind has never yet shown itself to be proof, induced the author to consent to its publication. And, as long as he had thus determined upon a step so desperate, as to commit such a venture to the breath of popular favor, it occurred to him that it would not add much to the scandal of the crime, if he accompanied the bolder transgression with those "*alia enormia*,"—those additional but lighter offences of whose commission he has here acknowledged himself guilty.

The composition of the principal poem in the collection constituted the employment of a three weeks' summer vacation from professional pursuits. The author does not state this fact by way of extenuation of its defects, or to win for it any favor to which other considerations might

not entitle it ; for he holds strictly to the Horatian statute in such cases made and provided, that a poem ought to be really good, or else it is good for nothing. But he mentions it for the purpose of showing, that he has not employed upon a work, whose composition must obviously have required considerable reflection, any of that time which should have been devoted to what are commonly called “ the more serious pursuits of life.” On the contrary, he has rather cheated himself of that season of relaxation from business, to which every man’s labor entitles him.

The smaller pieces in the volume constitute the occasional productions of several years ; most of them in fact, having been written more than six years ago. No other classification of these has been attempted, than to arrange them in

some measure, in the order in which they were written.

The subject of the poem, which the author has denominated "LIFE," as exhibiting that which gives stability and character to human existence and unfolds the hope of eternal being, was suggested to him by reading the remark in the volume of a distinguished writer of the day, that "*the influence of Christianity upon the civilization and refinement of the world had never yet been philosophically considered.*" This observation was probably made before the publication of the late popular work of M. Guizot; a work, which, no doubt, might have materially assisted the author in the execution of his task, if he could have had the fortune to meet with it. As it was, in strict accordance with the remark above quoted, he was able to find almost noth-

ing to aid him in the examination of his subject. He is well aware that the manner in which he has performed his part is very far from anything which justly ought to be considered philosophical. For the production of a work with such pretensions he had neither time nor any of the other important requisitions. The thoughts which suggested themselves upon the grand subject, which is the theme of his verse, he arranged in such shape and order as his opportunities permitted. His object was, in this manner to show, what the Scriptures, going at once to the fountain of man's hopes and capacities, so philosophically as well as practically demonstrate, namely;— that Christianity was absolutely necessary to the development of man's moral nature.

In order to illustrate this point, he has

alluded to the history of the world, to show, that in a natural state of society the institutions of man exhibit a singular and irresistible tendency to decay :—that, to whatever pitch of intellectual superiority and external refinement a nation may have arrived, it has afforded it no security against that mighty and mysterious agency, which has so often reduced the splendid and powerful empires of the world to a condition of barbarous insignificance; and which, at this day, exhibits the tent of the wandering savage in the midst of the most beautiful relics of ancient art, or at the base of the stupendous monuments of former magnificence! In fine, it was his object to enforce the position, that something more than the pursuit of temporal interests, or the indulgence of worldly hopes, was necessary, in order to give true elevation to the character—true stability to the institutions of man.



Without this, although he may attain to a certain degree of excellence, yet at this stage, he is sure to go backwards instead of advancing. Nor does the history of one or two nations, the Chinese and Japanese, for example, which have maintained a wonderful degree of permanence, seem to militate, in the least, against the theory proposed ; because although they have arrived at a certain point of mechanical, if not mental superiority to other semi-barbarous people, yet, at that same point, since the earliest period of their known history, they have persisted in remaining, with an almost ludicrous incapability of improvement.

In conformity with these views, the author has referred to the classic nations, as affording the best exemplification of what unassisted nature could do. He has alluded to them in their political,

social and domestic relations, and only regrets that it was not in his power to go into the subject in a more detailed manner. In truth, nothing can be more obvious, than that their conceptions of character want sadly what may be styled the essentials of *a true humanity*. Almost all with them which is not debased is, to a great degree, artificial and exaggerated. Beautiful, magnificent, finished with exquisite skill may be their imaginative idea of the heroic character, but whoever regards with attention their descriptions of common life, must acknowledge them to be rather Arcadian than real. Indeed, how was it possible for them to arrive at any just notions of the true nature of man, who understood nothing of the actual purpose of his being, nor knew that he was animated with a living soul? To this must be attributed that obvious deficiency of all

those thoughts, emotions and affections, which spring directly from the revelation of the christian religion. Nor is the immediate and radical change which that revelation wrought in the condition of society at all incomprehensible; for by substituting moral sentiment in the place of intense selfishness, it at once enlarged, liberalized, and ennobled the human mind; and by recommending and requiring the cultivation of charity, benevolence, pity, and all their kindred virtues, instead of the more dazzling but less amiable qualities which had before excited the admiration of the world; and by promising eternal rewards to temporal fidelity, it at once placed mankind upon one common level and gave to the lowest the same immortal hope with which the heart of the highest might be inspired.

It is to this principle in its various applications that the author attributes the onward progress of society, and the comparative elevation and general stability of modern institutions ; and it is upon this theory, however imperfectly developed, that the views expressed in the following poem are founded.

*Newburyport, Mass.*

*December, 1838.*

## CONTENTS.

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	Page.
LIFE ; A POEM . . . . .	23
Notes . . . . .	45
To a Warm Wind in Winter . . . . .	53
Love . . . . .	55
Song . . . . .	60
Sonnet . . . . .	61
On some Flowers painted for a Lady . . . . .	62
Invocation of the Greek Poet to Night . . . . .	64
Battle Song for Russia . . . . .	65
The Greek Bard's Lament for Athens . . . . .	67
To the Painter Alexander . . . . .	69
Stanzas to Greece . . . . .	70
Autumn Musings . . . . .	73
Stanzas . . . . .	78
To Julia . . . . .	80
Ode to the Russian Eagle . . . . .	83
To ——— ——— . . . . .	85
Black Barbary . . . . .	86
Fragment . . . . .	89
Chantrey's Washington . . . . .	90

Sisera . . . . .	91
The Alpine Horn . . . . .	94
Jewish Battle Song . . . . .	96
The Parsee's Death . . . . .	98
To a Branch of the ——— . . . . .	100
Song . . . . .	102
Spring Flowers . . . . .	103
To the Evening Star . . . . .	105
Hampton Beach . . . . .	106
To ——— . . . . .	109
“Seventy-five” . . . . .	111
“Pass on, Relentless World” . . . . .	113
Verses against the Removal of Washington's Re- mains from Mount Vernon . . . . .	161
The Lady of Ruthven . . . . .	118
The Bride . . . . .	120
Napoleon and his Son . . . . .	121
The Sabbath Bell . . . . .	124
Spurzheim . . . . .	126
Verses written for a Greek Fair . . . . .	128
Lament of the Cherokee . . . . .	130
Rhine Song . . . . .	133
Rebecca's Lament . . . . .	135
To ——— . . . . .	138
Henry Clay . . . . .	139
Song . . . . .	141

C O N T E N T S .

xvii

The Lyre and Sword . . . . .	143
Song . . . . .	145
Chief Justice Marshall . . . . .	146
Ode for Ordination . . . . .	147
Sonnet . . . . .	149
Mount Hope . . . . .	150
To a Portrait of a Roman Girl . . . . .	152
Pilgrim Song . . . . .	154
Notes . . . . .	157





LIFE; A POEM.



## L I F E .

---

HAIL to these sacred seats! forever blest  
Be the calm mansion of the muse's rest!  
Whate'er the various clime her pilgrims roam,  
Sure of a welcome where she makes her home,  
With joy they greet the sceptre she extends,  
Her home their country, and her sons their friends.

Such are the muse's triumphs! Thus I claim  
Far prouder rights than grace a stranger's name,  
On this sweet spot, where learning loves to dwell,  
While calm contentment shares her mossy cell,  
My heart, sad truant from her happy throng,  
Through the world's wilderness a wanderer long,  
Tir'd of the selfish toil,—the fruitless joy,  
For one short hour feels no wild cares annoy,—  
For one short hour of glorious liberty,  
Thinks its own thoughts, and thrills to feel them free!

Yet say, what theme too worthy for my song,  
Shall cheat the moments as they roll along?

What can I bring not worthless to be brought  
 Back from a world whose lore is dearly bought ?  
 What lesson suited to a learned ear,—  
 What doctrine such as doctors well may hear ?

The Roman poet when his fancy ran  
 Down through the stages of the race of man,  
 Deem'd his own age still viler than the last,  
 While the base future shamed the guilty past ;  
 Nor did the whole dark prospect offer scope  
 For the world's common heritage of hope. <sup>1</sup>

A fairer task be ours,—though anxious care  
 Might touch a Roman bosom with despair,  
 Yes, even though bloody and luxurious Rome  
 Might well stand trembling for th' avenger's doom,—  
 Even then the glimmerings of a brighter morn  
 O'er mountain tops were blushing to be born,  
 Full soon to chase those gloomy clouds away,  
 In one broad flood of gold to pour the day,  
 Give hopes aspiring towards a heavenward goal,  
 And raise, refine and cheer the pilgrim soul.

How vast the wondrous change ! Like some wild plain,  
 Whose festering rankness bears no bounteous grain ;  
 Where the dull weed luxuriates at will  
 Which owns no reaper's toil,—no sower's skill,—

Where the bright flower lifts up its gorgeous eye,  
Just feels its unknown being but to die,—  
Where savage beast alone or coiling snake  
Keep the cool thicket and the secret brake,  
And the gay sunbeam and the freshening rain  
Give strength and grace and beauty all in vain ;—  
So lay the world,—one vast uncultur'd wild,  
And if it smil'd, 'twas as a desert smil'd !  
O'er the one half, where erst sprang primal light,  
Hung the dark veil of chaos and old night ;—  
At Balbec's base the prowling monster trode,  
Wild satyrs danced where Pharaoh's legions strode,  
Life had gone out from Tadmor's fallen domes,  
Or forms obscene profaned her palace-homes,  
And where th' empurpled east pour'd his first beam  
O'er mountain forest or on palmy stream,  
The desert wanderer made his lonely lair,  
Vilest his heart where nature was most fair,  
And o'er the youthful world in earth's fresh prime,  
Laden with age's spoils, grim ruin stalk'd sublime !<sup>2</sup>

Or turn to other climes, which fondly claim  
A proud exemption from oblivion's shame,—  
Boast the mind's treasures to their children given,  
And beams to guide their steps like light from heaven ;—  
Where polish'd manners joined with polish'd sense,  
And genius breath'd consummate eloquence,

Where learning pondered o'er the sage's rules,  
And wisdom taught in philosophic schools,—  
Where wit gleam'd sparkling from her jewell'd store,  
And dreaming sophists pored on mythic lore,—  
Where burning words instinct with living fire  
Rush'd to the music of the trembling lyre,—  
Where the warm heart inspired the tuneful tongue,  
And poets felt the numbers that they sung,—  
Where fervent patriots owned no selfish flame,  
And heroes died to save their country's fame,  
Where earth with glory deck'd the teeming sod,  
And art reared temples to the unknown God,  
And nature revell'd in the priceless dower,  
Of gifts bestowed in heaven's propitious hour !  
Yet say, oh say, on this abounding tide  
Of all that flatters pomp and pampers pride,  
What generous mind but 'mid the gorgeous whole,  
Mourns the dead life that breathes without a soul !  
Feels something wanting to give life its charm,  
A something more death's terrors to disarm,  
Something (in which the stoic has no part)  
To mould, refine and humanize the heart,—  
A mighty spirit, able to withstand  
Ruin's fierce shock and time's relentless hand,  
Tear the false, glittering, icy veil between,—  
Pour warmth and beauty o'er the glowing scene.

Enthroned his rapt soul in his speaking eyes,  
And waft man's heaven-born being to the skies !

Glance o'er the humbling story of the past,  
The course how wondrous, and the theme how vast !  
Mark, how the scattered, wandering savage roves  
O'er Scythian plains,—through Britain's druid groves,  
And the fierce German bares his rugged form  
To brave the headlong current of the storm,  
While with wild food his wintry hut he fills,  
Where gloomy forests frown on wizard hills,  
Ages ere Europe's sons had dared the main,  
Or one fair city crowned the verdant plain ;  
Mark the same fierce emotions ever warm  
Those fiery hearts that led the northern swarm,  
From where bleak winds o'er the vext Baltic rave  
To the soft murmurings of the Adrian wave,—  
While Rome, alas, imperial Rome awaits  
The conqueror's nod to spare her regal gates !  
Whate'er the soil his hurrying footsteps prest,  
The same dark passions fire his glowing breast,  
Barbarian still his generations run,  
The same wild blood rolls down from sire to son,  
The same rude dwelling shields his infant brood,  
Lake, stream and forest yield him equal food,

In form and heart through countless years the same,  
No ages change him, and no laws can tame !

Would grander visions charm gay fancy's eye ?  
Behold the gorgeous East come sweeping by,  
As when our common parents o'er it trod  
Glowing with beauty from the hand of God !  
Leave the lone savage to the deep recess  
Of his unseen primeval wilderness ;  
See man, a loftier being, grasp the sway  
Which weaker mortals dare not disobey,  
Stretch his broad empire to the rising sun,  
Deem nothing his, while aught is to be won,  
Yet ere his hand secures the dazzling prize,  
A change comes o'er it, and the pageant flies ;—  
And like the pictures on the magic glass,  
Which, one by one, in gay procession pass,  
Yet ere the steadfast eye can fix them there,  
Fade quite away, and melt in empty air,—  
So the vain empires men eternal deem  
Rise up and vanish, like a shifting dream !

Behold the glory of that mighty throne  
On the proud plain of ancient Babylon !  
How the broad rumor spreads from coast to coast !  
The Chaldee's beauty and the Assyrian's boast !



As when the King led his embattled powers  
To the sad base of Zion's trembling towers,  
When midnight saw the angel of the Lord  
Smite hosts to death with one resistless word,—  
So, in a moment, at that guilty feast,  
Where revell'd sottish lord with impious priest,  
While the handwriting on the glittering wall,  
Gleam'd on the dazzled eyes of that throng'd hall,  
And shrinking satrap and dark wizard train  
Glared on the fearful characters in vain,—  
Yea, while God's prophet read the words of fate,  
The Median thunder'd at his palace-gate,  
And, like a dream before the rising day,  
Life, throne and empire past alike away !

But why pursue a tale, whose widening range  
Tells the same story of unceasing change !  
Empire to empire,—thrones to thrones succeed,—  
The Persian tramples on the flying Mede,  
Looks from thy towers, superb Persepolis !  
Counts the broad circle of all nature his,  
While the bold Greek scorns his luxurious throne,  
Grasps the wide realm and makes it all his own,  
And the soft trappings of a feeble sway  
Sweeps with the besom of his wrath away !  
Behold the glories of old Egypt, hid  
Deep underneath a nameless pyramid !

See Time's relentless wave forever rolled  
O'er Tyre's proud purple,—Sidon's matchless gold !  
Mark the dead cities,—to recount whose reign  
Some lonely fallen column doth remain !  
And the dead nations,—of whose buried race,  
Not even the desert tomb affords a trace !  
Search through the gloomy treasure-house of yore,  
Look on the brightening scroll of later lore,  
And learn why Fate's inexorable flight  
So soon consigned them to the realms of night.

O lofty lesson, for the wiser mind,  
With hopeful purpose glancing o'er mankind !  
O lesson pregnant with eternal truth,  
That reverend age befits,—and generous youth !  
Such as a nation's sages might unfold,—  
Such as a nation's offspring should be told !  
Where'er the varied tribes of man are traced,  
Through the dry sands of Afric's burning waste,  
Where gales perfumed with spicy odors fly  
O'er the gay gardens of an Asian sky,  
Where the untutored savage wanders free,  
Midst the green islands of the heaving sea,  
Where the red tenant of the western wild,  
In all but nature's unbought lore a child,

With sinewy strength his fiery courser reins  
Down rocky mountains and o'er sounding plains ;—  
Go, where the spear, the arrow and the knife  
More than supply the trifling wants of life,  
While the rough chase renews the manly form,  
And the rude hut just keeps away the storm,—  
Or go, where Art's enraptured soul once caught  
The glowing visions of diviner thought,  
Breathed Dorian music on her mellow tone,  
And stood immortal in the graven stone,—  
Where star-eyed science dared at first unroll  
Heaven's glittering curtain like a pictured scroll,—  
Where polar cliffs in ice eternal shine,  
Or torrid sunbeams scorch the blazing line,—  
Fainter or brighter the ethereal flame  
Which fires man's heart,—that heart is still the same !  
Behold his soul, upborne on rapturous wings,  
Leave earth's vain scenes behind her as she springs,—  
Immortal visions cheer his joyful way  
Through earth's long night to heaven's eternal day ;  
Even earth does but refine his viler part,  
While all the spirit animates his heart !  
But take this mighty influence away,  
Illume his mind with reason's twinkling ray,  
Leave him soul-fettered 'mid those mysteries  
Whose aim lies hid from nature's half-shut eyes,—

Veil the bright hope, by God's own promise given,  
To make the child of earth an heir of Heaven,—  
And mark this boasted monarch of an hour,  
How vast his empire,—how supreme his power !  
To all his being's nobler purpose blind,  
His endless soul by earth's brief bounds confined,  
Delusive winds mislead his shattered barque,  
Cheated forever by some meteor spark,  
On his dark sense no hopes immortal gleam,  
This life a shadow,—and the next a dream !

True, here and there, through the long gloomy night,  
Star after star breaks softly into light ;  
True, through the gloom some deep-revolving sage  
Reads half a lesson on fair nature's page ;  
Yet such the story of man's feeble kind,  
Ere gospel light dawned on his clouded mind,  
Touch'd th' ethereal part with heavenly fire,  
And answered all the spirit's vast desire.  
Even so from age to age he roams the wild,  
By fallen nature's grovelling thoughts defiled ;  
With reason scarce alive to choose the good,  
Self-love his law,—his motive daily food,—  
No lofty aim his brutal rage disarms,  
No generous glow his rugged bosom warms,—  
Dark even to human love's all-piercing beams,  
He is the very savage that he seems.

To dream life out on that same sounding shore,  
Where his sire's fathers pitched their tents of yore,—  
O'er the same plain to chase the flying game,  
His whole existence owns no higher aim ;—  
Or if his thoughts one moment upward swell,  
A heaven like his would be the good man's hell !

And the same mighty law which marks his state,  
And dooms him hopeless to a hopeless fate,  
O'er the wide universe its force maintains,  
On Tartar deserts or Arcadian plains ;—  
Before it earth's proud cities melt away,  
Kingdoms on kingdoms sink by sure decay,  
Nor arts, nor arms, nor every haughty name  
Which fills the bright emblazonry of fame,  
Nor broadest empire, can resist that spell,  
Whose power let mouldering shaft and broken arches tell !

But say, grave guardians of ingenuous youth,  
Have fancy's colors tinged the plume of truth ?  
Ye know the startling story,—has it caught  
A darker shadow from the hue of thought ?  
Give wing to memory,—scan the teeming earth,  
That morn of human life's immortal birth ;—  
Not of barbarian let the tale be told,  
Nor the half-savage, decked with gems and gold,—

Nor orient empires, whose unstable thrones  
 Were built in blood, and shook with human groans ;—  
 But go where morning's rosy hand unfurled  
 The mists that veiled the Eden of the world,  
 And ocean beamed innumerable smiles<sup>3</sup>  
 Round the green circles of those wind-swept isles.  
 Muse where Rome's master-spirit mused of yore,—<sup>4</sup>  
 Mourn, as he mourned, along that desolate shore,—  
 Seek regal dome and idol fane, and stand  
 Where soon a mightier spirit stretched his hand,  
 While Grecian sophists mock'd heaven's weighty call  
 In heaven's own language, from the lips of Paul !  
 Go up with him to glory's chosen home,—  
 Appeal to Cæsar in eternal Rome !  
 Queen of the world ! behold her matchless charms,  
 Mistress of generous arts and noble arms !  
 Where nations gather to that sumptuous mart,  
 And the world feels her like a mighty heart ;  
 View Cæsar's palace and the slave's vile den,  
 Count all that makes a Roman citizen ;  
 Enter their dwellings,—view them there,—and seek  
 What constitutes the Roman,—what the Greek !

Leave to their purple plagues the envied great,  
 And ask what blessings crown the common state.

Not freedom theirs if fairly understood,  
The right to seek our own substantial good ;—<sup>5</sup>  
To-day the plaything of some factious tongue,  
Careless alike of right or deepest wrong,—  
To-day led on, the sport of senseless wrath,  
The brutish mass hurls ruin in its path,—  
To-morrow, shrinking from a stripling's frown,  
One tyrant or an hundred treads them down.  
And say, what fruit can bare existence yield,  
Where force and fraud spring noxious through the field ?  
Where bold-faced rapine scorns the venal laws,  
And pity shrinks to plead the poor man's cause,—  
Where the rude soldier leads his hard-eyed band  
To lord it proudly o'er the groaning land,—  
Where wealth sits trembling at the loaded board,  
And dreads each instant the impending sword,—<sup>6</sup>  
And the vile hind, far, far beneath the slave,  
Crawls basely down to his ignoble grave ;—  
Where scarce are known the tender thought of 'home'  
And all those softer images, which come  
And cluster round the gentle name of 'wife,'  
To throw its sparkle o'er the wine of life ;—  
Where mocking priests invoked a helpless god,  
And life hung trembling on a despot's nod,—  
Where nought was safe which here we sacred call,  
Where *men* were nothing and one man was all,



Grim fears around him,—dangers all before,  
Darkness above,—how could his spirit soar ?

Or mark his ready vassal, come from far, <sup>8</sup>  
His master's plaything in the game of war,—  
Pleas'd *to obey*, he yields his servile breath,  
Nor hope, nor fear, attend him down to death.  
For him no brightening prospect cheers the earth,  
Nor soft refinement soothes his rugged hearth ;  
His helm and corselet rough with barbarous gold,  
Inured to all which well might daunt the bold,  
Light thoughts are his whose very life is sold.  
For him no happy islands deck'd their bowers,  
Nor bright Elysium poured undying flowers ;  
Heroes and demi-gods might scale the skies,  
But heaven itself was shut from vulgar eyes.  
If visions on his dying fancy fall  
Of flower-crowned meadows or ethereal hall,—  
Scarce deems the flowery field or genial board  
Yields equal place to servant as to lord,—  
Doubtful the present and the future dim,  
Nor earth nor heaven has aught in store for him ! <sup>9</sup>

Yea, though some after poets might have sung  
Far sweeter strains than died on Virgil's tongue,  
And nobler Romans heard a loftier strain,  
Than burned in Tully's accents all in vain,



And science uttered a diviner store  
Than flowed from Plato's lips of honied lore,  
Yet all in vain to raise our fallen kind,—  
His heart corrupted, and perverse his mind ;  
No love for man his sadden'd bosom cheers,  
No trust in God supports his failing years,—  
Dead to immortal hope, no sun's bright beam  
Could break th' enchantment of that dreary dream ;—  
Ages on ages might have rolled away,  
Till worn-out nature sank by slow decay,—  
Vandal or Scythian might have ruled their hour,  
Kingdom on kingdom felt time's ruthless power,  
Till man, down sinking to the brutish clod,  
Heaven all a blank,—scarce conscious of a God,  
Saw ancient darkness mock the sterile plain,  
And primal chaos reassume her reign !<sup>10</sup>

On Grecian fane sank down the fading sun,  
And their long night's dim twilight had begun,—  
And foul with crime, a demon soul had come  
To glut its fury with the blood of Rome,—<sup>11</sup>  
In utter darkness, without hope of day,  
Prone in the dust the Gentile nations lay, <sup>12</sup>  
While Zion bowed beneath th' oppressor's rod, <sup>13</sup>  
Proud of God's temple, had forgotten God !

So did the world's vain pageant onward roll,—  
So did earth's mockeries fill th' immortal soul ;  
Nor had earth healing fit for hearts like these,  
Which felt no need,—acknowledged no disease !

O wondrous change, like life from out the tomb !  
Hark the deep voice, that shakes the desert's gloom !  
And lo, the brightest of heaven's starry train  
That led the magian to Judea's plain !  
Lo, heaven itself reopening to unfold  
More, more than patriarch saw, or prophet told !

Not ours the task to trace, through truths sublime,  
The brightest record on the page of time ;  
Not ours to speak of God's almighty word  
For the glad healing of the nations poured ;—  
Weak is the poet's lyre, and all unstrung,—  
Fain would its chords to loftier strains have sung,  
How man's dark spirit sank till gloomy night  
Fled from the dawning beam of gospel light,  
Rose with that morn, and with it keeps its way  
On towards the brightness of the perfect day !  
But needless all to point the unsealed eye  
To the full lustre of the noon-day sky,—  
And darkly desperate must be they who dare  
Madly to doubt when proof is every where !

As when gray morning in the eastern sky,  
Waits the glad coming of day's burning eye,  
Now her soft veil of thin transparent blue  
Feels the first rosy sunbeam pierce it through,—  
While he, slow rising, throws a brightening beam  
On azure clouds that skirt the ocean stream,—  
Peers o'er the wave, till his broad level glance  
With golden glory floods the blue expanse,—  
Climbs up the sea-beat cliffs that frown below,  
Scatters the mists that shroud the mountain's brow,—  
Gilds every tree-top in the forest shade,  
And gems the verdant vesture of the glade,—  
Finds the sweet flower that mid the dim vale's dew  
Smiles a soft welcome with its eye of blue,—  
Throws hues of beauty on the secret brook,  
And brightness round the greenwood's shadowy nook,—  
Till dewy valley and far-gleaming height  
And universal nature feel delight !

So slow, so still, and gentle as the rain  
Whose summer softness bathes the sultry plain,  
So like the gladdening day-spring from on high  
Beamed gospel light on man's benighted eye !  
Mark how it sweeps the thousand clouds away,  
Which veiled the lustre of the rising day ;—  
Behold it penetrate the human soul,

Sweet to persuade, and mighty to control,—  
Behold it melt the savage mind, and pour  
Life, light and joy where all was gloom before !  
A kindlier fire his frozen bosom warms,  
And tints his being with ten thousand charms ;—  
No longer earth supplies his life's demands,  
Through the wide universe his mind expands,—  
Though all unconscious of a soul before,  
And sinking ever down though born to soar,  
His selfish bosom feels a genial glow  
Rush with life's tide and through it warmer flow,—  
No more in self his broad affections end,  
But human nature has become his friend !  
Behold its softening influence impart  
Unheard of virtues to the kindling heart !  
Downwards no more his raised emotions grope,  
Imparadised with new and living hope,  
O'er the wide earth he casts his brightening eye,<sup>14</sup>  
The deep blue ocean and the jewell'd sky,—  
Spreads his white canvass to the freshening gale,  
Welcomes afar the stranger's fluttering sail,  
Sees his proud cities crowd the sounding shore,—  
On nature's shallow shifting sand no more,  
But built in God and founded on that Rock,  
Strengthen with years, nor mark Time's feeble shock,—  
Till gentle peace comes o'er the fertile plain  
With life's bright arts all smiling in her train,—

And gathering strength as intercourse extends,  
While common hopes conspire to make men friends,  
No more to slavish fears a willing prey,  
God's laws and man's assume their rightful sway,  
And man instinct with generous liberty,  
Becomes that freeman whom the truth makes free !

Such are the gospel triumphs ! Conquering still  
Blind passion's force and Time's imperious will !  
Nor Age, nor Goth, nor what the frozen north  
Like a wild flood poured from its bosom forth,—  
The heathen's hatred, nor the atheist's sneer  
For one brief moment check'd its sure career !

Mark the sweet promise of that joyous prime  
In its slow progress up the tide of time !  
Not by man's will or way impetuous hurled,<sup>15</sup>  
By sword or tempest through a trembling world,  
But kept through many an age, the latent spark  
Threw its clear beams where all around was dark ;—  
Lurk'd in the mountain cavern's deep recess,—  
Lit the lone hermit through the wilderness,—  
Broke like a star, when that triumphant sign  
Gleamed on the blazing helm of Constantine,—  
Though faint, still warmed the bold crusader's veins,  
When night hung dark on Syria's burning plains,—

Shone where St. Louis bore the banner'd flowers,—  
Cheer'd good king Richard under Acre's towers,—  
Burst forth like living fire from that lone cell  
Where one strong spirit strove with earth and hell,<sup>16</sup>  
While mitred priest and crowned king in vain  
Announced the faggot or imposed the chain,—  
But brightest blazed, when, by that savage shore,  
Where the embattled storm and ocean roar,  
Long tossed upon the billows wintry dark,  
Cast anchor down that frail and shivering barque,  
And our bold fathers knelt in heartfelt prayer,  
On the wild rock, and knew that God was there !

## N O T E S .

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Note 1. Page 26.

*"For the world's common heritage of hope."*

Damnosa quid non imminuit dies?

Aetas parentum, sejour avis, tulit

Nos nequiores, mox daturos

Progeniem vitiosiore.

*Hor. Carm. III. VI.*

Note 2. Page 27.

*"And o'er the youthful world, in earth's fresh prime,*

*Laden with ages' spoils, grim ruin stalked sublime."*

The idea intended to be conveyed is, that the empires celebrated in ancient story had no comparative permanence; but that the face of the youthful world, so to speak, was marked with the ravages of time.

Note 3. Page 36.

*"And ocean beamed innumerable smiles."*

*Ποντιων τε κυματων*

*Ανηριθμον γελασμα.*

Prometheus Bound.



Note 4. Page 36.

*" Muse where Rome's master spirit mused of yore."*

The allusion is to Cicero, and to the celebrated letter of Servius Sulpicius, addressed to him on the death of his daughter.

Note 5. Page 37.

*" Not freedom theirs, if fairly understood,  
The right to seek our own substantial good."*

It is not, perhaps, too much to say that the ancient Greeks and Romans had few enlightened notions on the subject of freedom, properly so called. The liberty of which they boasted was rather the absence of foreign restraint, than the existence of rational freedom at home.

Note 6. Page 37.

*" And dreads each instant the impending sword."*

Gladium Damoclis.

Note 7. Page 37.

*" Where scarce are known the tender thoughts of "home," &c.*

Since the foregoing poem was written, I have met with the following kindred sentiments, in the course of a very beautiful introduction to "Specimens of the Greek Dramatic Poets."

"Bred up, again, as the component member of a Community, rather than as the branch of a separate family, of a Community too, where, from the established usages of society, man was comparatively every thing, and woman nothing, the feelings of the modern hearth were almost as little known to



the ancient Greek as the feelings of the modern altar. Hence, those endearing charities which are evinced in the 'thousand decencies' of social and domestic life, and those numberless varieties of feeling, situation and character, which grow out of the equal and unrestrained intercourse between the sexes, and which from the business and charm of the modern drama, are among the attractions least to be looked for, or expected in that of the ancients."

ÆSCHYLUS. *Intro. p. 6.*

Note 8. Page 38.

*"Or mark his ready vassal come from far."*

The description may be taken as applicable either to the native soldiery or the remoter auxiliaries.

Note 9. Page 38.

*"Nor earth nor heaven had aught in store for him."*

The ancient heaven was the promised reward of qualities and achievements generally very much beyond the power of the great mass of mankind.

Note 10. Page 39.

*"And primal darkness reassume her reign."*

The idea is that no degree of mere intellectual superiority could have saved the most polished nations of antiquity from that abyss of degradation to which they were fast tending, at the advent of the Saviour; nor is it easy to calculate how far that event may have operated indirectly as well as directly to prevent the utter degradation of society and its return to a state of total ignorance and barbarity.

Note 11. Page 39.

*“And foul with crimé a demon soul had come.”*

The allusion is to the character of Tiberius Cæsar as portrayed by the pen of Tacitus.

Note 12. Page 39.

*“In utter darkness, without hope of day,  
Prone in the dust the Gentile nations lay.”*

*“A world lying in wickedness.”*

Note 13. Page 39.

*“While Zion bowed beneath th’ oppressor’s rod,  
Proud of God’s temple, had forgotten God!”*

S. Mark 13: 1, 2.      S. Luke 21: 5.

Note 14. Page 42.

*“O’er the wide earth he casts his brightening eye.”*

The object is to show that Christianity unfolds and expands the mind,—fills it with new emotions, perceptions, hopes and desires, and imparts a direct impulse to the enterprising spirit of society.

Note 15. Page 43.

*“Not by man’s will or way impetuous hurled.”*

It is remarkable how gradual the schemes of Divine Providence are in their intent and operation, leading, rather than

compelling the creatures of its power. Men, on the other hand, too often think to effect the most thorough revolutions in the very fabric of society, in the course of a few years, perhaps a few months, although the conversion of the world, which, it is repeatedly promised, shall finally be accomplished, has not yet been completed, after the lapse of nearly eighteen hundred years.

Note 16. Page 44.

*“Where one strong spirit strove with earth and hell.”*

LUTHER.—See his own account of his struggles with his superhuman visitants.



P O E M S .



P O E M S .

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TO A WARM WIND IN WINTER.

Low sweet wind, whose melody,  
Floats along the rippled sea,  
Why, to ride the curling foam,  
Did'st thou leave thy pleasant home ?  
For thy motion soft and slow,  
And thy voice so sweet and low,  
Tell of milder climes than this,  
Far beyond the blue abyss.

Dost thou come from Araby,  
Where eternal summers be ?  
Or, where over ocean isles  
Everlasting verdure smiles ?  
Sporting under spicy trees,  
Singing where the roses blow,  
Could'st thou leave them, wandering breeze,  
For the land of cold and snow ?

Dost thou bring from Eastern bowers  
'Tidings of the birds and flowers ?  
For the birds away have flown,—  
And the flowers all shrunk and gone ;—  
Go, and tell them how we long  
For the roses and the song ;—  
Now, sweet wind, I warn thee go,  
Here is only cold and snow !



## LOVE.

I KNEW the story of a broken heart ;  
 A sad tale 'twas, and such an one as some,  
 Of austere brow and cold mysterious eye,  
 Might scarcely deign to hear, or hearing it,  
 Would gravely smile, and then, with solemn air,  
 Shaking the doubtful head, turn back to dust.  
 But haply some may learn from it that sadness,  
 By which the heart grows better ; for the tear  
 Which falls for woe doth ever purify  
 The soul that sends it, and returns again  
 A flood of peace, sweet as a seraph's prayer.

They loved, or thought they loved, for cunningly  
 Doth the arch god rivet an iron chain  
 Around one neck, nor lets the sufferer see  
 How light he wreathes the siken thread that joins  
 His mated slave to that eternal yoke.  
 She was a blessed creature,—one might live  
 From blushing boyhood down to hoary age,  
 And only once in that long waste of years,  
 Could such a vision come,—but never more  
 To be forgotten ;—not the wanton flowers

Laughed to the sunbeam half so gay as she ;—  
The sweet south wind on wings of fragrant gladness  
Lingered and sighed at her sweet rivalry ;—  
She was the very dream to light the life  
Of a boy-poet in his passionate hour ;—  
There never came a thought, when she was by,  
That Time would ever ask her to give up  
One single sparkle of her glorious eye,—  
That there was such a thing as Time or Death,  
Or that one little silken tress of hers  
Would ever droop down in the cold, cold dust.

And could she love that strange and moody man,  
Who walked among his kind companionless—  
A dreamy, wayward man ? Her lightest word  
Could win him back from musing melancholy,  
And when at times a saddening power would pass  
Along his pale, broad brow, and quench awhile  
His eagle spirit, she would wreath again  
Her fairy fingers in his raven locks,  
And he would kiss her cheek and smile on her ;—  
She was his own,—his all,—and without her,  
Himself had been as nothing. Hand in hand,  
Up the brown hills together had they climbed,  
And seen the sun, the glorious summer sun,  
Unfold the violet's petals—they had stood

Upon the moonlight lea, and day by day,  
 As that mysterious sadness, which partakes  
 Of such deep joy, as nature's communings  
 Alone can give, stole o'er them, they had wept  
 The tears that sanctify and bless,—together  
 Had bowed their spirits, and with their pure prayers  
 Adored high heaven—what lacked they more? They  
     loved!

O may not love like this forever mock  
 At Time and Change and Fate?

Solemn and sad

The cold east wind sweeps by the russet oaks,  
 And the green liveried forests have put on  
 Their bridal hues, purple and verdant gold,—  
 Their bridal to decay! Solemn and sad  
 The cold east wind hath swept o'er her—She too  
 Makes ready bridal vesture,—is she ready  
 To marry with the grave? O who that saw  
 So very fair and beautiful a thing  
 Lingering thus frail upon the verge of life,  
 Would marvel if her next low, gentle prayer  
 Should waft her up to Paradise? Yet all,  
 Even to the last had hope, but still wept on,  
 They scarce knew why,—but when the trembling leaves  
 Dropt from their parent boughs, and a faint shudder  
 And a tremulous flush, and in her eye

A most unearthly brightness came and passed,  
And she lay there, voiceless and soulless now,  
Lovelier than thought, with her bright, golden hair  
Glittering amid the violet veins that rose  
Upon her holy brow, you would suppose,  
They had not deemed of this, so utter was  
Their tearless agony !

Far, far away,  
Over the wide blue waters, long and lone,  
Roamed that heart-stricken man, nor found he rest  
Nor peace, nor hope,—and now he came to die  
In his own land. The white sails filled, away  
The good ship cleaves the crested billows free,—  
Yet his heart felt no bounding spring of hope ;—  
From morn to night his idle eye was fixed  
Upon the idle wave, save when at times,  
The western heaven grew gladdened with the joy  
Of the perpetual sun, and then with arms  
Outspread, and eyes agaze, would he look long  
And wistfully towards that far distant land ;—  
But when the moaning billows roused themselves,  
And the pale, sickly sun adown the west  
Glared white upon the ghastly sea, and 'mid  
Shrill flying ropes the piping sea-winds shrieked,  
Till grey-beard sailors shook their hoary heads,  
Then he would smile, not proudly, nor in scorn,

But as if he had hoped,—had prayed for death,  
And now would hail him a deliverer. On  
The fast ship scuds her course, and now he stood  
On his own native shore, nor waited he  
For welcome or for greeting, till he lay  
Along her grave who died,—among bright flowers,  
Ripe honey-suckle and sweet fairy-cap,—  
And all night long did the cold faithless moon  
Shower dews on him, and laughing morn rose up,  
As fresh and fair as at young Nature's birth,—  
But it was not for him !

## SONG.

As yonder lone and lovely star  
Hangs o'er the western hills afar,  
And, pausing in its downward flight,  
Longs lingering for the coming night,  
Long I for thee !

The last fond flowers, that loved to fling  
Their fragrance on the breath of spring,  
And pine beneath the skies of June,  
Mourn not so for the waning moon,  
As I for thee !

The wild bird fills the vocal grove  
With wailings for his absent love ;  
So every passing breath of air  
Must on its buoyant pinions bear  
Some sigh for thee !

That lovely star shall wax and wane,  
Those flowers shall die to bloom again,  
The sweet bird sing his mate to rest,  
So shall I yet to this fond breast,  
Clasp thee, oh, thee !

## SONNET.

POETS in elder days, have in their dreams  
Imagin'd such a lovely thing as thou !  
And of such eyes, beneath that glorious brow,  
Have noble painters partly caught the gleams ;—  
So Aphrodité looked when she arose,  
Fairer by far than the sea-foam she clove,  
So Helen, when a thousand monarchs strove  
For her celestial beauty ;—may be, those  
Were but the fond creations of some youth,  
Who had drank in all beauty, till he grew  
Mad with his own conception, and so drew  
Unreal fancies in the guise of truth ;—  
Yet, fairest Lady, while on thee I gaze,  
More truth-like seem, methinks, those tales of ancient  
days !

## ON SOME FLOWERS PAINTED FOR A LADY

BY ALEXANDER.

LADY, hear the fairy numbers,  
We, a few frail flowers would send,  
Pure as are thy gentlest slumbers,  
For our sister and our friend.  
We are transitory things,  
Blooming but a little hour ;  
So have joy and beauty wings,  
Fading like a passing flower.  
We had past, like morning's dews,  
Long forgot though once so dear,  
But behold our living hues  
Fixed in imag'd beauty here !  
We were young, like you, and fair,  
We have gone as all things must ;  
Youth is less than fleeting air,  
Beauty is but painted dust !  
But these vanish'd lives of ours  
Have not flown away in vain ;  
Thoughts, that linger round these flowers,  
Memory oft shall bring again.  
Happy we who still can give



Voices from the silent tomb,  
Bidding fond remembrance live,  
Cherishing affection's bloom !  
So we pray your guardian spirit,  
When youth's brilliant flush is o'er,  
All heart, mind, have gained of merit,  
There to fix forevermore :  
Happy thoughts of sinless pleasures,  
All the cultur'd mind hath given,—  
All the bosom's glowing treasures,—  
All that wafts the soul to Heaven !

## INVOCATION OF THE GREEK POET TO NIGHT.

THE night,—the night,—we hail thee, sable Night !  
 There is no tumult in thy dark array,  
 Thy jewelled cincture, excellently bright,  
 Beams out more glorious than the garish day.

Day is for care and toilsome weariness,  
 And hearts grow sick and sad beneath its light,  
 And then thou comest, soothing their distress,  
 With dreams and happy slumbers, gentle Night !

Day hath a thousand cares, and painful eyes  
 Watch his slow progress down the purple west,  
 And bless thy orient gladness, who dost rise  
 Shrouded in dim forgetfulness, most blest !

Come, with the mother of thy silver gleam,—  
 And none shall fail to own thy potent sway,  
 For grief's uplifted eye shall bless that beam,  
 And mirth grow calm beneath thy sober ray.

Lone mother of our vigils ! unto thee  
 We call, who guidest, by thy mystic light,  
 The mighty current of the tumbling sea,  
 The night,—the night,—we hail thee, sable Night !

## BATTLE SONG FOR RUSSIA, 1828.

BLACK eagle of Russia ! hurrah ! hurrah !  
 Oh, never before in so holy a war,  
 Did the clang of thy talons, the flash of thine eye,  
 Lure the valiant, where brave hearts might well beat so  
     high !

Strong and wild foams the Danube,—lo ! fiercely and  
     wide,  
 Red rolling from battle comes on the broad tide,  
 While the Russ and the Moslemah,—Pacha and slave,—  
 Close grappled in death struggle down the dark wave.

How the Pontic rings back to the deep-measur'd bay,  
 Of the river-king's hounds yelling out for their prey !  
 And the she-wolf and raven have come with their brood,  
 And scream from the hills for a share of the food.

Nor shall they lack blood,—they are wild with delight,—  
 They are fierce for the banquet that waits them to-night ;  
 But the Turk and the Tartar are fiercer by far  
 Than the vulture or wolf when they snuff up the war.

Then on, like the torrent you're leaving behind ;  
Speed, speed, like the sons of the storm and the wind ;  
Forward, sabre and spear, on the Musselman's track,—  
And may yours be the onset that never looks back !

While Gaul's wither'd lilies flout idly the sky ;  
While England talks on of her " ancient ally ;"  
Give the rein to your chargers, the spur to their flanks,  
And burst like a storm through the infidel ranks.

If ye hurl from the empire he dares to pollute,  
And drive back to his den, by Mount Caucasus' foot,  
The ruffian and robber who sits on the throne  
Which the princes of Christendom once sat upon,—

From the hills of the east to the streams of the west,  
Black eagle of Russia ! Thy wings shall be blest ;  
'Till old Greece shall revive at the sound of thy name,  
And Zion's high places exult in the fame !

THE GREEK BARD'S LAMENT FOR ATHENS. <sup>1</sup>

OH, wo is me for Athens! I could weep  
 Like a pale boy for his young buried love ;—  
 Yet when the cold wind hurries her to sleep,  
 'Tis with the fresh earth and wild flowers above ;  
 But dust and fiery ashes cover thee,  
 Oh, mother of the nations! wo is me !

Oh, wo is me for Athens! could not all,  
 That made thee noble in the olden time,  
 Save one poor moment thine inglorious fall,  
 Mistress of arts and mother of the rhyme !  
 Now the spurned Persian triumphs over thee,  
 And the pale Frank betrays thee,—wo is me !

Oh, wo is me for Athens! now not even  
 One gray memorial of thy glory nods ;  
 Nor time-blessed temple lifts its face to heaven,  
 Mother of ancient gods and men-like gods ;  
 But from thy girdling mountains down on thee  
 Look savage men and smile,—Oh, wo is me !

Oh, wo is me for Athens! for they said  
The Lion's thunder should be with the Greek,—  
That France's liliated banner should be spread,  
And the black eagle whet his eager beak ;  
But only vultures flap their wings o'er thee,  
And hungry wolves are coming ;—wo is me !

Oh, wo is me for Athens! times to come  
Shall know how light and beauty, even like life,  
Went out from thee, till deserts sprang to bloom,—  
Know that the Cross waved over Freedom's strife,  
And blush that Christendom could coldly see  
Thee and the Cross hurled down,—oh, wo is me !

Oh, wo is me for Athens! see, they weep,  
Those reverend ghosts, the noble and the sage!  
And cities, thy dead children, come from sleep,  
Amidst the dust of many a buried age!  
But yesterday's proud minions mock at thee,  
Who didst give law to empires,—wo is me !

## TO THE PAINTER ALEXANDER

## ON A PORTRAIT.

THAT ancient thief, who stole Jove's vital flame,  
And filled with genial life th' unbreathing clay,  
*Stole but the fire*, as classic records say,  
For his own hands fashion'd the senseless frame ;—  
But thou hast stolen all ! That eye divine  
Doth ravish Venus now of half her praise,  
And Pallas owned such brow, in ancient days,  
Where mind reposed on forehead so benign ;—  
And all that beauty ever had here lives,  
Laughing Aurora on those lips of mirth,  
And Hyacinth his flowing ringlets gives,—  
But oh, the soul that's here ! Never hath earth  
Such spiritual beauty to her daughters given ;  
This stamps the theft,—that soul of thought belongs to  
Heaven !

## STANZAS TO GREECE, 1828.

LAND of the vine,—the song,—the lute,  
     Land of the sword,—the spear,—the shield,—  
 The Spartan blade and Doric flute  
     Once more are on thy battle-field ;  
 And high above the ranks of war  
 Rings wild the Dorian *Alala!* <sup>2</sup>

Land of all great and glorious things,  
     Whose soil is full of heroes' hearts,  
 Back to the fountain of its springs  
     The current of my life-blood darts,  
 To think, oh shame ! that thou should'st be  
 For one short moment less than free !

The memory of a thousand years  
     Is as a dream of yesterday,  
 When in the waste no deed appears  
     To mark those ages past away ;  
 While the base offspring of the slave  
 Crawls to his undistinguish'd grave.



But ye have risen, like the flush  
Of morning on a dreary night ;  
And now be like the cataract's rush,  
Mighty and glorious in the light ;  
On, torrents, on,—and sweep away  
Those barbarous hordes of haughty clay.

The spirit of an elder time,  
When men's right hands were made for swords ;  
When Athens, on her rock sublime,  
Bought no vile breath of foreign lords ;  
That spirit is upon you now,  
And like a glory lights your brow.

The voice of ages long gone by  
Comes awful from the shades below,—  
“ Your father's sword is at your thigh,  
Your father's curse is on the foe ;  
Son of the Greek ! the veriest slave  
May seek for Freedom in the grave ! ”

And now the Cross is overhead,—  
The sabre-hilt is in your hand,  
Beneath you are the glorious dead,—  
Your foot is on your father-land,  
Rank, deluged with the blood and tears  
Of twice two hundred festering years!

And generous hearts, that scorn alike  
The tyrant and the willing slave,  
Shall bless each noble blow you strike,—  
The good, the beautiful, the brave,  
From the sweet south's eternal smile,  
To ocean's uttermost blue isle!

## AUTUMN MUSINGS.

COME thou with me ! If thou hast worn away  
 All this most glorious summer in the crowd,  
 Amid the dust of cities and the din,  
 While birds were caroling on every spray ;  
 If, from gray dawn to solemn night's approach,  
 Thy soul hath wasted all its better thoughts,  
 Toiling and panting for a little gold,—  
 Drudging amid the very lees of life,  
 For this accursed slave that makes men slaves ;  
 Come thou with me into the pleasant fields,  
 Let Nature breathe on us and make us free !

For thou shalt hold communion, pure and high,  
 With the great Spirit of the Universe ;  
 It shall pervade thy soul ; it shall renew  
 The fancies of thy boyhood : thou shalt know  
 Tears, most unwonted tears dimming thine eyes ;  
 Thou shalt forget, under the old brown oak,  
 That the good south-wind and the liberal west  
 Have other tidings than the songs of birds,  
 Or the soft news wafted from fragrant flowers.

Look out on Nature's face, and what hath she  
In common with thy feelings? That brown hill,  
Upon whose sides from the gray mountain ash  
We gather'd crimson berries, looked as brown  
When the leaves fell twelve autumn suns ago ;  
This pleasant stream, with the well-shaded verge,  
On whose fair surface have our buoyant limbs  
So often played caressing and caressed,—  
Its verdant banks are green as then they were,  
So, went its bubbling murmur down the tide.  
Yes, and the very trees, those ancient oaks,  
The crimson-crested maple, feathery elm,  
And fair, smooth ash, with leaves of graceful gold,  
Look like familiar faces of old friends.  
From their broad branches drop the wither'd leaves,  
Drop, one by one, without a single breath,  
Save when some eddy curl round the old roots  
Twirls them about in merry sport awhile.  
They are not changed ; their office is not done ;  
The first soft breeze of spring shall see them fresh  
With sprouting twigs bursting from every branch,  
As should fresh feelings from our wither'd hearts.  
Scorn not the moral ; for while these have warmed  
To annual beauty, gladdening the fields  
With new and ever glorious garniture,

Thou hast grown worn and wasted, almost gray  
Even in thy very Summer. 'Tis for this  
We have neglected nature ! Wearing out  
Our hearts and all life's dearest charities  
In the perpetual turmoil, when we need  
To strengthen and to purify our minds  
Amid the venerable woods ; to hold  
Chaste converse with the fountains and the winds !  
So, should we elevate our souls ; so, be  
Ready to stand and act a nobler part  
In the hard, heartless struggles of the world.

Day wanes, 'tis autumn eventide again ;  
And sinking on the blue hills' breast the sun  
Spreads the large bounty of his level blaze,  
Lengthening the shades of mountains and tall trees,  
And throwing blacker shadows o'er the sheet  
Of this dark stream, in whose unruffled tide  
Waver the bank-shrub and the graceful elm,  
As the gray branches and their trembling leaves  
Catch the soft whisper of the coming air :  
So doth it mirror every passing cloud,  
And those which fill the chambers of the west  
With such strange beauty, fairer than all thrones,  
Blazoned with orient gems and barbarous gold.

I see thy full heart gathering in thine eyes ;  
I see those eyes swelling with precious tears ;  
But if thou could'st have looked upon this scene  
With a cold brow, and then turned back to thoughts  
Of traffic in thy fellow's wretchedness,  
Thou wert not fit to gaze upon the face  
Of Nature's naked beauty,—most unfit  
To look on fairer things, the loveliness  
Of earth's most lovely daughters, whose glad forms  
And glancing eyes do kindle the great souls  
Of better men to emulate pure thoughts,  
And, in high action, all ennobling deeds.

But lo, the harvest moon ! She climbs as fair  
Among the clustered jewels of the sky,  
As, 'mid the rosy bowers of paradise,  
Her soft light, trembling upon leaf and flower,  
Smiled o'er the slumbers of the first-born man.  
And, while her beauty is upon our hearts,  
Now let us seek our quiet home, that sleep  
May come without bad dreams ;<sup>3</sup> may come as light,  
As to that yellow-headed cottage-boy,  
Whose serious musings, as he homeward drives  
His sober herd, are of the frosty dawn,  
And the ripe nuts, which his own hand shall pluck.

Then, when the bird, high-courier of the morn,  
Looks from his airy vantage o'er the world,  
And, by the music of his mounting flight,  
Tells many blessed things of gushing gold,  
Coming in floods over the eastern wave,  
Will we arise and our pure orisons  
Shall keep us in the trials of the day.

## STANZAS.

I HAD a harp of many chords,  
 Where song and music loved to dwell,  
 And oft it told, in burning words,  
 What song and music only tell :  
 The pulse that thrills the hero's heart,  
 The blood that stirs the patriot's veins,  
 And passion's power and passion's art  
 Were on its wires and in its strains.

The tints that deck the glowing west,  
 The gorgeous light of summer skies,  
 The barren sea's tumultuous breast,  
 The purpled earth's unnumber'd dyes ;  
 The songs of birds, that come to drink  
 And hear the lay of quiet streams,  
 Those haunted rivers, on whose brink  
 Dwell visions sweet and summer dreams.

And sometimes grew the strain more high,  
 And rush'd like lightning thro' the chords ;  
 It sang the battle's dinning cry,  
 The trumpet voice and clashing swords :



But now my lyre no longer sings  
The loftier themes it loved of yore,  
When worldly thoughts have swept its strings,  
It wakes to passion's voice no more !

## TO JULIA.

“Tanti tibi non sit opaci

Omnis arena Tagi, quodque in mare volvitur aurum,  
Ut somno careas.”—Juv.

MAIDEN, go ! If thou hast lost  
All that made thee once so dear,  
Let not now our parting cost  
Thee a sigh, or me a tear ;  
Go, with fashion's heartless train,  
Go, where wealth and pleasure wait,  
Seek them all nor seek in vain,  
Go, and leave me to my fate :  
And, if 'mid thy gay career,  
Thought of love and me intrude,  
Check the rising thought, nor e'er  
Let it mar thy lighter mood.

Maiden, go ! A sadden'd brow  
Haply serves but to conceal ;  
Tears, methinks, are idle now,  
Waste them not, unless you feel :  
If your bosom is too cold  
Still to prize a loyal heart,

If you value sullen gold  
More than love, 'tis best we part.  
Go, and when your heart has learned  
How love flies the courtly door,  
Learn that true affections spurned  
Droop to death and bloom no more.

Maiden, go ! And should you rue  
All your coldness here hath done,  
Know that Nature, ever true,  
Will not now desert her son.  
If you she gave the cold desire  
To flaunt in fortune's glittering train,  
For me she framed a heart and lyre,  
Which will not let me live in vain.  
The simple chords of that rude lyre,  
The plain warm homage of that heart,  
Alike were yours ; nor shall the fire  
That warmed in joy, in grief depart.

Maiden, go ! I will not call  
A blush again to shame that brow,  
But may you in the festal hall  
Be tranquil as you leave me now :  
Still my lot in life must be  
In some dim secluded spot,

Undisturbed by thoughts of thee,  
Dreams of love and all forgot ;  
But not the Tajo's sands of gold,  
Nor all the treasures of the deep  
Could pay you for the peace you've sold,  
Pleasant dreams and quiet sleep.

## ODE TO THE RUSSIAN EAGLE. — AUTUMN, 1828.

Bird of the proud imperial eye,  
 Thou hoary playmate of old kings,—  
 Lord of the van, when victory's cry  
 Over the fainting battle rings,—  
 Sluggishly art thou sailing by,  
 With drooping crest and flagging wings ;  
 How glorious was thy bursting ire !  
 But where is now that glance of fire ?

Back to the bourne of the frozen North,—  
 With shatter'd plumage rent and riven,  
 And eye all quenched, whose flame glared forth,  
 Like the red glittering bolt of Heaven.  
 Storm-courier ! What hath hushed so still  
 That wild, bleak tempest's icy pinions,  
 Which made the hearts of tyrants chill  
 On the gray thrones of old dominions ?  
 Is this the bird, whose scream should sound  
 To startle earth's reluctant nations,  
 Circling the world's broad limits round,  
 Like a great earthquake's undulations ?

The bird, whose glance should blaze as far  
As the red north's bright coruscations,—  
Whose lightning eye should kindle war  
In every brave heart's warm pulsations?  
Back to the bourne of the frozen North,—  
For the hearts thou leddest to battle forth,  
Oh, they were faint and cold, and their hands  
Weak, as becomes a despot's bands!  
Brave bird, they were all unworthy thee,—  
All unworthy the strife of the free!

Yet shrink not Greece, from that barbarian horde,  
What though no christian chivalry advance,—  
No Lion-heart uplift his mighty sword,  
Nor good St. Louis couch th' unerring lance;—  
Yet shrink not, mother of the Lyre of songs,  
The word is, onward! For the flight of time,  
Which cannot blot the history of thy wrongs,  
Hath writ no story in her burning rhyme,  
Like the brave annals of a nation's birth,  
When, by their sires, their children and their God,  
Oath-bound to victory, they issue forth,  
And stand all free, or sleep on glory's sod!

TO \_\_\_\_\_

As that high-mounting bird, who ere  
 The reddening day-break plumes his wings,  
 While, upward soaring, loud and clear,  
 To the glad morning-stars he sings ;

Yet, having hailed the orient day,  
 Bethinks him of his happy nest,  
 And from the stars and golden clouds  
 Drops gently to his partner's breast ;

Even so would I, who many a lay  
 Have utter'd but for idle fame,  
 Chaffering my bosom thoughts away  
 In purchase of an empty name,—

Now, like that high and noble bird,  
 Forget whate'er could once enthrall,  
 While closer to my heart I fold  
 Thee, thee, my own, my love, my all !

## BLACK BARBARY.

## THE SOLDIER AND HIS STEED.

The eastern gray is blending fast  
With orange on the mountain height,  
The misty clouds are hurrying past,  
The stars are melting in the light :  
I feel the air's delicious glow  
Revive my heart and bathe my brow ;  
The morning's unbought joys for me,—  
I'll saddle soon Black Barbary.

My beauteous mare, whose bounding speed  
Has never fail'd my utmost need ;—  
Her tossing head and glancing eye  
Own that she knows her master nigh.  
With golden grain her crib I'll fill,  
And water from the clearest rill ;  
And then the far blue hills shall see  
A gallant race, fleet Barbary !

Her graceful limbs and glossy hide,  
Without a speck to mar its pride,



Her silken tail of raven black,  
Which streams behind our hurried track,  
Prouder than ever Pacha bore  
'Mid charging hosts his ranks before,  
Her stamping foot,—how wild and free,  
How dear thou art, proud Barbary !

Wert thou an Arab's desert steed,  
To share his tent and serve his need,  
His wife's delight, his kinsmen's joy,  
The playmate of his prattling boy,—  
Scarce might an empire's wealth obtain  
One lock of all thy floating mane ;  
And art thou not as dear to me,  
My gentle, playful Barbary !

If I had wealth, I'd gladly deck  
With bells of gold thine arching neck ;  
But well I know thou carest less  
For gauds than for one dear caress,  
And friends like thee become not strange,  
Though clouds may lower and fortunes change ;  
Thy faith is firm, thy love is free,—  
Thine eye unchanged,—true Barbary !

Thy brilliant eyes are wild as when  
We bore the battle's fiery brunt,  
Thy spreading nostrils wide as then,  
As high thy starr'd and noble front :  
How would thy pricking ears rejoice  
To hear the trumpet's cheering voice !  
The winds of heaven are not more free  
Than thy fierce charge, brave Barbary !

Thy hoof is strong, thy step is sure,  
We'll go as on the wild-bird's wing,—  
No double-riding cares endure,<sup>4</sup>  
The magic of thy bounding spring :  
See, now she champs the bending bit,—  
My foot is on the stirrup set,  
One bound,—and off,—away go we,  
I and my mare, good Barbary.

## FRAGMENT.

Broad on the bay the sunbeams quiver,  
The good ship floats, the wind is free ;  
The tide is rolling down the river,  
And merry leaps the laughing sea ;  
And cheerly sounds along the shore,  
Unmoor, my lads, unmoor, unmoor !

The airs are mild, as if some bed  
Of wooing flowers delayed their rushing,  
The lyric birds are overhead,  
And, hark, the forest leaves are gushing  
With flute-like melodies, which say,  
Stay, gentle Lady, stay, oh, stay !

## CHANTREY'S WASHINGTON.

GRAVE,—grand,—sublime ! Thy simple majesty,  
 Dead Father of the people, still is here :  
 So, o'er a thraldom-shackled hemisphere,  
 Did'st thou look forth erewhile, till it was free !  
 The gorgeous East might send her kings to thee,  
 And throned monarchs, sitting by the West,  
 Might come to bow their faces, nor divest  
 Old hoary thrones of ancient dignity,—  
 Lord of thyself in strength severe of soul !  
 Thy form stands rescued from oblivion's dust,  
 And Freedom's watchword now, from pole to pole,  
 The name is with the wise, the brave, the just.  
 But thou did'st hold virtue and fame in fee,  
 And so, thy glory, boundless and sublime,  
 Doth scorn the feeble limits of all time,  
 Wrought in the tissue of Eternity !

## SISERA. 5

ONCE more hath Israel's prayer assail'd the skies ;  
 Once more the Lord hath heard his children's cries ;  
 And Israel's hosts in stern battalia gleam,  
 On Tabor's mount, by Kishon's palmy stream.  
 They come, the mighty come, to rend in twain  
 Proud Hazor's yoke and Jabin's iron chain :  
 Firm in the faith that trusts the promis'd word,  
 What need of fear ? for with them fights the Lord !  
 His prophet leads,—his strength shall edge the sword !

Nor wait they long ; for, hark ! what sound of fear  
 Wilder than thunder strikes th' astonish'd ear ?  
 A thousand iron chariots shake the ground,—  
 The palm-trees tremble, and the rocks resound.  
 He comes in all his pride, lo, Sisera !  
 His valiant men are with him for the war,  
 And shouts of hosts and timbrel's clang are borne,  
 With the fierce tambour and the savage horn,  
 The clash of cymbals and the shrieking reeds,  
 The tramp of thousands and the rush of steeds !  
 Behold the prancing squadrons hurl from far  
 The reedy javelin,—and the tough bows jar,  
 And gleams on high th' uplifted scimitar !

See the strong war-horse, glorious in his ire,  
How wild his eye, how fierce his breath of fire !  
His neck in thunder clothed, he mocks at fear,  
The rattling quiver and the glittering spear !  
The Gentile comes, all gleaming far and wide  
The pompous trappings of barbaric pride ;  
And smiles to think how soon shall victory rest  
With wings like eagles' on that haughty crest :  
He trusts in strength ; 'twill vanish at a word ;  
He trusts in chariots ; might is with the Lord !  
Oh, hush, vain boaster,—Azrael comes,—away,—  
'Tis the death-angel leads our hosts to-day !

His mighty wings outspread, careering fast  
The strong destroyer rode the hurrying blast ;  
Quick was the work of death ; not even a sigh  
Betrayed the valiant's mortal agony ;  
Silent the shaft of bitter dealing sped ;  
None mourn'd his brother,—all were with the dead !

And Sisera is with them ; far he flies,  
But sleep that wakes no more hath veil'd his eyes.  
In vain his mother from her lattice look'd ;  
Her bosom's boding voice impatient brook'd,—  
In fancy saw him triumph o'er the plain,  
In fancy clasp'd him to her heart again,—

Took from his blood-red hand the glittering prey,—  
“ Oh, wherefore do his chariot wheels delay ?”  
Vain dream ! nor prey, nor son shall she behold—  
The proud, how low ! that bounding heart, how cold !  
Foredoom'd no warrior's happier fate to know,  
A woman's hand hath dealt th' ignoble blow ;—  
So fall the proud, whose stay is spear and sword,—  
So triumph all who trust in thee, oh Lord !

## THE ALPINE HORN. 6

Day fades apace : its broad red glow  
 Went up from all the vales below,  
 And like a flash of lightning sprung  
 From Alp to hoary Alp, and flung  
 A momentary crimson streak  
 On every snow-wreathed mountain peak.  
 Dark are the clouds that late were roll'd  
 In red and purple, green and gold ;  
 Even Jura takes a deeper blue,  
 And all the hills their cold gray hue ;  
 All, save Mont Blanc ;—the King of day  
 Still lingers on his icy rills,  
 And flings his last and brightest ray  
 In farewell to the King of hills !

Hush ! 'tis a sweet and solemn sound  
 Floats downward on the clear cold air ;  
 And happy voices waft it round,  
 And happy hearts are tuned to prayer :  
 " Praised be the Lord ! thine are the days  
 When storms the mountain cottage blanch ;  
 Thine vintage-time ; thine hand upstays,



The snow-wreath and the avalanche !”  
“ Praised be the Lord !” it echoes round,  
Nor one eternal Alp is mute ;  
And distant cities catch the sound  
Like the low breathing of a flute ;  
“ Praised be the Lord !” fear not to sleep,—  
His eye shall see ; His hand shall keep !

## JEWISH BATTLE SONG.

Ho ! Princes of Jacob ! the strength and the stay  
 Of the daughter of Zion,—now up, and array ;  
 Lo, the hunters have struck her, and bleeding alone  
 Like a pard in the desert she maketh her moan :  
 Up, with war-horse and banner, with spear and with sword,  
 On the spoiler go down in the might of the Lord !

She lay sleeping in beauty, more fair than the moon,  
 With her children about her, like stars in night's noon,  
 When they came to her covert, these spoilers of Rome,  
 And are trampling her children and rifling her home :  
 Oh, up, noble chiefs ! would you leave her forlorn,  
 To be crush'd by the Gentile, a mock and a scorn ?

Their legions and cohorts are fair to behold,  
 With their iron-clad bosoms and helmets of gold ;  
 But gorgeous and glorious in pride though they be,  
 Their avarice is broad as the grasp of the sea ;  
 They talk not of pity ; the mercies they feel  
 Are cruel and fierce as their death-doing steel.

Will they laugh at the hind they have struck to the earth,  
 When the bold stag of Naphtali bursts on their mirth ?

Will they dare to deride and insult, when in wrath  
 The lion of Judah glares wild in their path?  
 Oh, say, will they mock us, when down on the plain  
 The hoofs of our steeds thunder over their slain?

They come with their plumes tossing haughty and free,  
 And white as the crest of the old hoary sea;  
 Yet they float not so fierce as the wild lion's mane,  
 To whose lair ye have tracked him, whose whelps ye  
     have slain;

But, dark mountain archer! your sinews to day  
 Must be strong as the spear-shaft to drive in the prey.

And the tribes are all gathering;—the vallies ring out  
 To the peal of the trumpet,—the timbrel—the shout:  
 Lo, Zebulon comes; he remembers the day  
 When they peril'd their lives to the death in the fray;  
 And the riders of Naphtali burst from the hills  
 Like a mountain-swollen stream in the pride of its rills.

Like Sisera's rolls the foe's chariot wheel,  
 And he comes, like the Philistine, girded in steel;<sup>7</sup>  
 Like both shall he perish, if ye are but men,  
 If your javelins and hearts are as mighty as then;  
 He trusts in his buckler, his spear and his sword;  
 His strength is but weakness;—we trust in the Lord!

## THE PARSEE'S DEATH.

“ I have always, “ said the Parsee, “ considered my fate as connected with the great luminary that rules the creation. Therefore, carry me out, that I may take my last farewell of the heavenly ruler of my earthly destinies.”

“ He remained a few moments in silent adoration ; it set in all its splendour, and when its golden disk had entirely disappeared, we looked round at the Parsee. He too, had sunk into everlasting rest ! ”—ANASTASIUS.

O, SET me, ere the day is done,  
Where I may view the sinking sun ;—  
Once more to see the glory there,  
To frame my parting soul to prayer,  
And feel my body die away,  
Beneath the fading light of day.

Thanks, gentle friends ! his cheering beams,  
Revive my spirit's fainting gleams ;—  
I see the god in glory vest  
The sacred chambers of the West,  
And bless him, that his fire illumes  
My journey to the place of tombs.

O Lord of life and light supreme !  
O, sovereign sun, whose vital beam  
To being warmed this sullen clay,  
Soon as the body dies away,  
May the freed spirit dare aspire  
To realms of pure, perennial fire !

Ye elements, receive your trust,—  
Earth, take thy part of primal dust ;  
The ocean-caves shall have their share,  
And breath unite with fluid air ;  
I go to find thy place of rest,  
Oh sun, adown the glowing west !

## TO A BRANCH OF THE ———

DARK rolling current, whose impatient course,  
 Bending through yellow fields of ripened grain,  
 Tends downward, till the bubbles of thy source  
 Ride on the tumult of the heaving main,—

As thus thou rollest on, exulting stream,  
 To join thy rapid parent, fierce and wide,—  
 Like the wild thoughts of an unquiet dream,  
 I send my fancies down thy restless tide.

O Sun, that lingerest in the liquid west,  
 Stamp with the gold of thine illustrious beams  
 What, on this wave caressing and carest,  
 I write to her the mistress of my dreams:

Say I am not alone,—for round about  
 Are flying chariot-clouds like spirit cars,—  
 That twilight birds are on their airy route,  
 And the high heaven is full of glorious stars:

Say I am not alone,—the ancient hills  
Give utterance deep to many-voiced lays,  
And air-built nests are gushing out, like rills,  
With carolled songs of comfort and of praise.

Say it, oh gently, river, as you flow,  
Though my heart bounds in this ennobling stir,  
Yet affluent Nature seems a fabled show,  
Unreal as a vision, without her.

## SONG.

HER beauty, like the star of night,  
    Outshone them all beyond compare,—  
But ah, it was an icy light,  
    That froze as well as glittered there.

No jewel might her brow adorn,  
    Or deck her locks of flowing gold ;  
Her eye was brighter than the morn,—  
    But, ah, her bosom—it was cold !

Her ripened cheek out-blushed the dawn,  
    Her lips were roses dashed with dew,—  
Her light step tripp'd it like the fawn,  
    Oh, she was fair, had she been true.

Her beauty, like the star of night,  
    Outshone them all beyond compare,  
But ah, it was an icy light,  
    That froze as well as glittered there.



## SPRING FLOWERS.

THESE frail expiring flowers,  
Dying before their life had well begun,  
Their birth was blessed by heaven's dearest showers,  
And nurtured since by its most golden sun.

Soft is the breath of gentle May ;  
The skies of early June are kind and warm ;  
And underneath them, every summer's day,  
Each light flower lifted up its fragile form ;  
Yet were they shielded from the fiercer ray,  
Nor felt the rude bleak touches of the storm.

The brown hill's bosom was their home ;  
Close by some overhanging rocks,  
That kept away the tempest's ruder shocks ;  
And there they might even yet abide,  
(Had not I come  
And plucked them from their parent side,)  
There, where nothing their beauty could espy  
Save the day's burning eye,  
And the sweet bird that sung upon the lea,

And the choir'd stars, that on their airy ride,  
Look'd with the moon, from midway heaven to see.

How did they spring at first to greet  
The tripping of May's merry feet !  
How gladly would they ripen now,  
Under young June's ardent brow !  
And yet, perchance, 'twere better to be so ;  
Since brightest things, they say,  
(The brightest aye the soonest go)  
Even like ourselves must fade away,  
Than sadly perish day by day alone,  
Upon the wild hills' breast unseen, unknown.

## TO THE EVENING STAR.

—————“Hesperus  
 —————shone brightest.”—MILTON.

O BRIGHT and beautiful, that all alone,  
 Sitt'st queenlike, on the deep blue arch of even,  
 And seem'st thyself a drop of golden heaven,  
 Before the stars surround thy burning throne ;  
 Lo, if the lady of my love be now  
 Gazing upon thy beauty, be, O star,  
 The mirror of my heart, and from afar  
 Let her behold my truth, and from her brow  
 Fair as thyself, and from her soft blue eye  
 (Like Heaven new lighted by a summer moon)  
 And from her pure young heart bring me a boon,  
 A token of her love ; so shall no sigh  
 Or tear disturb my peace, but I will rest  
 Content until once more I fold her to my breast.

## HAMPTON BEACH.

"O mare, o litus, verum secretumque Museum, quam multa dictatis,—quam multa invenitis!"—PLINY.

AGAIN upon the sounding shore,  
 And oh how blest, again alone !  
 I could not bear to hear thy roar,  
 Thy deep, thy long majestic tone ;  
 I could not bear to think that one  
 Could view with me thy swelling might,  
 And like a very stock or stone,  
 Turn coldly from the glorious sight,  
 And seek the idle world, to hate and fear and fight.

Thou art the same, eternal sea !  
 The earth hath many shapes and forms,  
 Of hill and valley, flower and tree ;  
 Fields that the fervid noontide warms,  
 Or winter's rugged grasp deforms,  
 Or bright with autumn's golden store ;  
 Thou coverest up thy face with storms,  
 Or smil'st serene,—but still thy roar  
 And dashing foam go up to vex the sea-beat shore.

I see thy heaving waters roll,  
I hear thy stern uplifted voice,  
And trumpet-like upon my soul  
Falls the deep music of that noise  
Wherewith thou dost thyself rejoice ;  
The ships, that on thy bosom play,  
Thou dashest them about like toys,  
And stranded navies are thy prey,  
Strown on thy rock-bound coast, torn by the whirling  
spray.

As summer twilight soft and calm,  
Or when in stormy grandeur drest,  
Peals up to heaven the eternal psalm,  
That swells within thy boundless breast ;  
Thy curling waters have no rest,  
But day and night, the ceaseless throng  
Of waves that wait thy high behest,  
Speak out in utterance deep and strong,  
And loud the craggy beach howls back their savage  
song.

Terrible art thou in thy wrath,—  
Terrible in thine hour of glee,  
When the strong winds, upon their path,  
Bound o'er thy breast tumultuously,

And shout their chorus loud and free  
To the sad sea-bird's mournful wail,  
As heaving with the heaving sea,  
The broken mast and shattered sail  
Tell of thy cruel strength the lamentable tale.

Ay, 'tis indeed a glorious sight  
To gaze upon thine ample face ;  
An awful joy,—a deep delight !  
I see thy laughing waves embrace  
Each other in their frolic race ;  
I sit above the flashing spray,  
That foams around this rocky base,  
And, as the bright blue waters play,  
Feel that my thoughts, my life, perchance are vain  
as they.

This is thy lesson, mighty sea !  
Man calls the dimpled earth his own,  
The flowery vale, the golden lea ;  
And on the wild gray mountain-stone  
Claims nature's temple for his throne !  
But where thy many voices sing  
Their endless song, the deep, deep tone  
Calls back his spirit's airy wing,  
He shrinks into himself, where God alone is king !

TO \_\_\_\_\_

My being bows to thee,—  
 My spirit knows the sign,  
 The star that rules thy destiny  
 Is a mightier star than mine ;  
 At morning and by night,  
 Have I followed its clear light,  
 And I feel the sure control  
 Of the spell upon my soul.

Thy beauty is a thing,  
 To gaze at from afar ;  
 A bird upon its heavenward wing,  
 The lustre of a star :  
 Yet in dreams of my unrest  
 Do I fold thee on my breast,  
 And start from troubled sleep  
 To watch and pray and weep.

I mingle with the gay,  
 They court me with their wiles,—  
 But coldly do I turn away  
 From beauty's richest smiles ;

For thou art on my sight,  
A vision of delight,  
Ever living all apart,  
Like a thought upon my heart.

I mingle in the dance,  
I join the festal throng,  
But little heed the mazy trance,  
Or list the mellow song ;  
For thou art ever near,  
And thy voice upon my ear  
Dwells like a spirit tone,  
Which will be heard alone.

Then urge no more the dream,  
That paints my bosom free ;  
Shew never more, by fancy's gleam,  
The impossible to be :  
For oh, thou wast and art  
The madness of my heart,—  
With my life and with my mind,  
With my very being twined.



“SEVENTY FIVE.”<sup>8</sup>

It broke on the hush of morn,—  
 It startled the dull midnight,  
 Like the stirring peal of a battle horn,  
 It summoned them forth to fight :  
 It rose o'er the swelling hill,  
 By the meadows green it was heard,  
 Calling out for the strength of the freeman's will,  
 And the might of the freeman's sword !

The rivers heard the noise,—  
 The valleys rung it out ;  
 And every heart leaped high at the voice  
 Of that thrilling battle-shout !  
 They sprang from the bridal bed,  
 From the pallet of labor's rest ;  
 And they hurried away to the field of the dead,  
 Like a tardy marriage-guest.

They left the plough in the corn,—  
 They left the steer in the yoke ;  
 And away from mother and child, that morn,  
 And the maiden's first kiss they broke !

In the shower of the deadly shot,  
In the lurid van of the war,  
Sternly they stood, but they answered not  
To the hireling's wild hurrah.

But still as the brooding storm,  
Ere it lashes ocean to foam,  
The strength of the free was in every arm,  
And every heart on its home.  
Of their pleasant homes they thought,—  
They prayed to their father's God,—  
And forward they went till their dear blood bought  
The broad free land they trod!

“ PASS ON, RELENTLESS WORLD.”

SWIFTER and swifter, day by day,  
 Down time's unquiet current hurled,  
 Thou passest on thy restless way,  
 Tumultuous and unstable world !  
 Thou passest on ! Time hath not seen  
 Delay upon thy hurried path ;  
 And prayers and tears alike have been  
 In vain to stay thy course of wrath !

Thou passest on, and with thee go  
 The loves of youth, the cares of age ;  
 And smiles and tears, and joy and wo,  
 Are on thy history's troubled page !  
 There, every day, like yesterday,  
 Writes hopes that end in mockery ;  
 But who shall tear the veil away  
 Before the abyss of things to be ?

Thou passest on, and at thy side,  
 Even as a shade, Oblivion treads,

And o'er the dreams of human pride  
His misty shroud forever spreads ;  
Where all thine iron hand hath traced  
Upon that gloomy scroll to day,  
With records ages since effaced,—  
Like them shall live, like them decay.

Thou passest on, with thee the vain,  
Who sport upon thy flaunting blaze,  
Pride, framed of dust and folly's train,  
Who court thy love, and run thy ways :  
But thou and I,—and be it so,—  
Press onwards to eternity ;  
Yet not together let us go  
To that deep-voiced but shoreless sea.

Thou hast thy friends,—I would have mine ;  
Thou hast thy thoughts,—leave me my own ;  
I kneel not at thy gilded shrine,  
I bow not at thy slavish throne :  
I see them pass without a sigh,—  
They wake no swelling raptures now,  
The fierce delights that fire thine eye,  
The triumphs of thy haughty brow.

Pass on, relentless world ! I grieve  
    No more for all that thou hast riven ;  
Pass on, in God's name,—only leave  
    The things thou never yet hast given ;  
A heart at ease, a mind at home,  
    Affections fixed above thy sway,  
Faith, set upon a world to come,  
    And patience through life's little day.

VERSES AGAINST THE REMOVAL OF WASH-  
INGTON'S REMAINS FROM MOUNT  
VERNON.

Ax, leave him alone to sleep forever,  
Till the strong archangel calls for the dead,  
By the verdant bank of that rushing river,  
Where first they pillowed his mighty head !

Lowly may be the turf that covers  
The sacred grave of his last repose ;  
But oh ! there's a glory around it hovers,  
Broad as the day-break, and bright as its close.

Though marble pillars were reared above him,  
Temples and obelisks rich and rare,—  
Better he dwells in the hearts that love him,  
Cold and lone as he slumbers there.

Why should ye gather with choral numbers ?  
Why should your thronging thousands come ?  
Who will dare to invade his slumbers,  
Or take him away from his narrow home ?

Well he sleeps, in the majesty,  
    Silent and stern, of awful death !  
And he who visits him there should be  
    Alone with God and his own hushed breath !

Revel and pomp would profane his ashes,  
    And may never a sound be murmured there,  
But the glorious river's that by him dashes,  
    And the pilgrim's voice in his heart-felt prayer !

But leave him alone ! To sleep forever,—  
    Till the trump, that awakens the countless dead,  
By the verdant bank of that rushing river,  
    Where first they pillowed his mighty head !

## THE LADY OF RUTHVEN.

(A PICTURE.)

HAIL to thee, fair noble lady !  
 Much I marvel who art thou,  
 With thy bright eye clear and steady,  
 And thy broad resplendent brow !

Well becomes the Spanish bonnet  
 Those dark locks that woo the wind,  
 And the plume that flutters on it  
 Is not freer than thy mind.

Ruthven's lady,—saith it rightly ?  
 Scotland owns the ancient name ;  
 Many a knight that bore him knightly,  
 Many a bright and beauteous dame.

Yet, methinks, those haughty glances  
 Suit not our degenerate days ;  
 Knights no longer splinter lances,  
 Bards no longer sing their praise :



Trumpets hushed and folded banners,  
Mammon's stamp on beauty's brow,  
Feeble men and selfish manners,—  
These things suit not such as thou!

Would I knew her lofty story ;  
How she loved, and how she died ;  
Sure I am 'twas one of glory,  
— Sure I am 'twas one of pride.

For the soul on every feature,  
Looks so high and so serene,  
Say thou wast a glorious creature,  
Wheresoe'er thy lot has been.

## THE BRIDE.

THEY'VE decked her maiden loveliness,  
With robes of pride and gaudy art ;  
But more I prize the simple dress,  
In which she won my youthful heart :  
For oh, it brings those hours anew,  
When life was like a dream of joy,  
When she was all I thought her, true,  
And I a happy careless boy.

And o'er her brow of radiant white,  
And clustered in her dark brown hair,  
Are gems of gold and pearly light,  
That shine like stars emblazoned there :  
But oh, more dear than gold or pearls,  
Are these pale withered token-flowers,  
Which once adorned her glittering curls,  
And still recall those happier hours.

## NAPOLEON AND HIS SON.

HE died not in the battle broil ;  
 Girt by the noble and the brave ;  
 The warlike chiefs, who shared his spoil,—  
 The kings, whose realms he won and gave :  
 No monarch held his sobbing breath,  
 By that imperial bed of death ;  
 And save some stern-eyed veterans there,  
 Who struggling checked the bitter sigh,  
 And the priest's voice in muttered prayer,  
 They left him all alone to die !

But round *thy* princely dying bed,  
 Fair scion of so rude a strain !  
 How many a fruitless tear was shed,—  
 How many a sob repress'd in vain !  
 For thou art dead ! a summer flower,  
 'That withered in one little hour ;  
 Or like the stately sapling, broke  
 And ruined by the first rude blast ;  
 While HE fell, like the gnarled oak,  
 Beneath the thousandth storm at last !

HE died within those niggard walls,  
 A nation's shame,—a hero's shrine,—  
 And *thou* within the palace-halls  
 Of royal Hapsburgh's ancient line :  
 Pomp chaunted forth *thy* funeral wail,—  
 HIS requiem was the rising gale !  
 And down amid their kingly brood  
 They laid in dust *thy* youthful head,—  
 The majesty of solitude  
 Received HIM to his narrow bed !

And loud and sad the sullen bell  
 Told when *thy* soul forsook its clay ;  
 But louder was the pealing knell,  
 When HIS stern spirit burst away :  
 O'er his lone island, fierce and far,  
 Howled out the elemental war ;  
 And high above,—beneath,—around,—  
 The headlong storm in fury poured,  
 And lashed and rent the reeling ground,—  
 And the eternal ocean roared ! <sup>9</sup>

HIS life was like the torrent's force,  
 Swift and resistless in its sweep ;  
 But *thine* had flowed a gentler course,  
 With human virtues full and deep.

HE strode from Egypt's pyramids  
To Alpine snows, o'er human heads ;  
He rode with Victory,—and unfurled  
His haughty flag to every blast ;  
He trampled on a prostrate world,  
That turned and trampled him at last !

So should it ever be,—that pride  
May learn how low its loftiest state !  
And they, who mourned him, justified  
Such haughty empire's humbling fate :  
His end was like a prophet-word  
To King and Cæsar,—crown and sword !  
But with his offspring's youthful bier  
Hope, love and joy went down in gloom ;  
France wept the sire,—but Europe's tear  
Bewails the son's untimely tomb !

## THE SABBATH BELL.

How sweetly, through the lengthened dell,  
 When wintry airs are mild and clear,  
 Floats chiming up the sabbath bell,  
 In softened echoes to the ear !  
 " Come, gentle neighbours, come away !"  
 So doth the welcome summons say ;  
 " Come, friends and kindred, 'tis the time !"  
 So seems to peal the sabbath chime.

Done are the week's debasing cares,  
 And worldly ways and worldly will ;  
 And earth itself an aspect wears  
 Like Heaven, so bright, so pure, so still !  
 Hark, how by turns, each mellow note,  
 Now low, now louder, seems to float,  
 And falling, with the wind's decay,  
 Like softest music dies away !

" And now," it says, " where Heaven resorts,  
 Come, with a meek and quiet mind ;  
 Oh, worship in these earthly courts,  
 But leave your earth-born thoughts behind."

And, neighbours, while the sabbath bell  
Peals slowly up the winding dell,  
Come, friends and kindred, let us share  
The sweet and holy rapture there.

11\*

## SPURZHEIM.

No sacred voice of Father land,  
Like home familiar sooth'd his bed,  
Nor ancient friend's best welcome hand  
                    Raised his sick head.

From the bright home that gave him birth,  
A pilgrim o'er the ocean wave,  
He came, to find in other earth  
                    A stranger's grave.

In his meridian blaze of fame,  
With mind and heart and courage high,  
Man's good his hope,—God's praise his theme,—  
                    He came to die !

And they who stood in speechless woe,  
To watch his spirit ebb away,  
Warmed with that spirit's fervid glow  
                    But yesterday !



So, like a dream, he came and died !  
He rests not by the broad blue Rhone,—  
Nor where the old Rhine's rushing tide  
Utters its moan.

But o'er his grave the mellowing year  
Shall throw a pall of glorious hue,  
And manly sorrow's sacred tear  
Wet it with dew.

## VERSES WRITTEN FOR A GREEK FAIR.

If o'er the land of songs and flowers,  
 And clustered vineyards ruby bright,  
 Of orange-groves and olive bowers,  
 And deep blue skies of cloudless light :

If o'er the land where every crag,  
 That frowns on vale and plain below,  
 Has heard the flap of Freedom's flag,  
 And seen the freeman's battle-blow :

If o'er the land of arms and arts,  
 Of bard and hero, king and sage,  
 Where sovereign beauty ruled all hearts,  
 And swelled the lay and fired the page :

If, o'er the land of burning thought  
 And lofty deed, rude steps have trod,  
 Wasting what man's fine hand had wrought,  
 Spoiling the nobler works of God :

If, o'er the land of ancient light  
 Tyrants have held their long control ;

Thrown round the mind the pall of night,  
And tenfold darkness round the soul :

Oh, let us tear the veil away !  
Strengthen the weak and lead the blind ;—  
Oh, let us pour Heaven's blessed ray  
On the dull heart and clouded mind :

So shall our generous aid afford  
Light to relume these hallowed shades,—  
Give the Greek boy his father's sword,  
Their mother's lyre those dark-eyed maids.

## LAMENT OF THE CHEROKEE.

We stand not where our fathers stood,—  
The land they trod is ours no more ;  
And not a drop of kindred blood  
Is flowing on our native shore :  
Where'er our vagrant footsteps roam,  
We're aliens in a desert home !

In vain may memory dare to trace  
The glories of the days of old ;  
The ancient dwellings of our race,  
By which the eternal rivers rolled ;  
All that our fathers held in fee,—  
All that our sons may never see :

The blue majestic hills, that rose  
Like thrones for gods to sit upon ;  
The plains that spread beneath their snows,  
Bequeathed from hoary sire to son ;  
Given, back through countless ages fled,  
By nature to the mighty dead :

The forests, lofty as the hills,  
And gray beneath a thousand years ;  
The vales, that gushed with crystal rills,  
The fields that glowed with golden ears ;  
And, dearer than a monarch's throne,  
The rude, rude huts that were *our own* :

The paths, o'er which our bounding feet  
Outstripped the deer in headlong race,  
The noontide covert's cool retreat,  
Familiar as a brother's face,—  
Oh, who can love another earth  
Like the bright spot that gave him birth ?

Ay, the old trees stand tall and gray,  
Beneath whose unforgotten shade  
The youthful warrior brought his prey,  
At evening to his dark-eyed maid ;  
And every flower that decked her hair  
Still blooms in summer beauty there.

But there no more shall chieftain hurl  
The shaft of war or sportive lance,  
And there no more shall Indian girl  
Beneath those verdant arches dance,

Or pluck the flowers, or in the shade  
Her feathery chaplet ever braid.

Our fathers held their sires in awe,  
But we must bend and sue and seek ;  
For this, they say, is christian law,  
To grind the poor and daunt the weak !  
Oh, forest-free the red-bird roams,  
But we are slaves in foreign homes.

Not this the tale our sires have told !  
And is the eagle spirit fled ?  
Gone with the fiery hearts of old  
To slumber with the mighty dead ?  
Gone, like the morning's misty breath,—  
Gone, with the white man's broken faith ?

Oh, better far than thus to go,  
Withering and dwindling, day by day,  
To venture all upon one blow,  
Before our spirits melt away,—  
Scorn this dull life of lingering slaves,  
And die around our fathers' graves !

## RHINE SONG.

ADOWN the broad and rushing Rhine  
 Our trusty shallop cuts her way,  
 While round us tower and hill-top shine,  
 Beneath the sunset's burning ray :  
 And oh, we bless thee, deep blue Rhine !  
 But not for thine abounding tide ;  
 'Tis for the bright and blushing vine,  
 That ripens by thy sunny side.

We see the clustered gold, oh Rhine !  
 Its burning topaz glory throw  
 We see the purple gleam divine,  
 And richer yet the ruby glow :  
 And oh, we bless thee, deep blue Rhine !  
 But not for thine abounding tide ;  
 'Tis for the bright and blushing vine,  
 That ripens by thy sunny side.

Then let us quaff to bless the Rhine,  
 Who makes each kindred impulse start,  
 A beaker of his generous wine,  
 And feel it circle round the heart :

For oh, we bless thee, deep blue Rhine !  
But not for thine abounding tide ;  
'Tis for the bright and blushing vine,  
That ripens by thy sunny side.



## REBECCA'S LAMENT.

(WRITTEN AFTER READING IVANHOE.)

IF I had Jubal's chorded shell,  
     O'er which the first-born music rolled,  
 In burning tones, that loved to dwell  
     Among those wires of trembling gold :  
 If to my soul one note were given  
     Of that high harp, whose sweeter tone  
 Caught its majestic strains from Heaven,  
     Which glowed like fire round Israel's throne :  
 Up in the deep blue starry sky,  
     Then might my soul aspire to hold  
 Communion fervent, long and high  
     With bard and king and prophet old :  
 Then might my spirit dare to trace  
     The path our ancient people trod,  
 When the gray sires of Jacob's race,  
     Like faithful servants, walked with God !

But Israel's song, alas ! is hushed,  
     That all her tales of triumph told,  
 And mute is every voice that gushed  
     In music to her harps of gold ;

And could my lyre attune its string,  
To loftier themes we loved of yore,  
Alas, my lips could only sing  
All that we *were* but *are* no more,  
Our hearts are still by Jordan's stream,  
And there our footsteps fain would be,  
But oh, 'tis like the captive's dream  
Of home his eyes may never see.  
A cloud is on our father's graves,  
And darkly spreads o'er Zion's hill,  
And there their sons must stand as slaves,  
Or roam like houseless wanderers still.

Yet where the rose of Sharon blooms,  
And cedars wave the stately head,  
Even now from out the place of tombs  
Breaks the deep voice that stirs the dead.  
Through the wide world's tumultuous roar,  
Floats clear and sweet the solemn word,—  
“ Oh, virgin-daughter, faint no more,  
Thy tears are seen, thy prayers are heard :  
What though, with spirits crushed and broke,  
Thy tribes like desert exiles rove,  
Though Judah feels the stranger's yoke,  
And Ephraim is a heartless dove ;

Yet, yet, shall Judah's Lion wake,  
Yet shall the day of promise come,  
Thy sons from iron bondage break,  
And God shall lead the wanderers home."

TO ———.

THE dove that found no rest  
To which her foot might cling,  
Turned to the ark her drooping breast,  
Turned back her weary wing :  
Still the dark waters covered o'er  
All vestige of her promised home ;  
Yet from the crested waves she bore  
An emblem of the rest to come.

And thus my weary soul,  
Upon the world's wide sea,  
Tossed as the stormy waters roll,  
Turns back, dear love, to thee :  
Still thou art far, oh, far away,  
And fainting hope grows like despair ;  
Yet through the gloomy night one ray  
Of starry promise glitters there.

HENRY CLAY. <sup>10</sup>

HE came from out the glowing West,  
 And strength and glory round him shone,  
 Not with the hero's glancing crest,  
 Not with the "spoils of victory" won.

No martial trump before him played,  
 No booming cannon pealed afar,  
 No banner flaunted o'er his head,  
 No shouting thousands dragged his car.

Not his the venal meed of praise,  
 Which servile throngs of flatterers yield ;  
 Not his the frantic cries they raise  
 Triumphant on the sanguine field.

Yet o'er his brow the laurel wreath  
 May well be blooming fresh and fair,  
 And round him well the choral breath  
 Of myriads may be swelling there.

For his the prouder thoughts of life,  
 Who by his country's altars stood,

'Mid doubt and peril, fear and strife,  
Victorious, but unstained with blood.

For this the freeman's harp shall ring  
In freedom's halls its loftiest lay,  
And honor's wreath forever fling  
Its glories round the name of CLAY.

## SONG. 11

SHE is not on the sunny lea,  
She is not by the shady brook,  
She is not where she used to be  
By her ain mither's ingle-nook ;  
And weary falls the gloomy night,  
And weary drags the heavy day,  
Since she is gone that made them bright,  
My ain dear love, that's far away.

I wander sadly roun' an' roun'  
To every place we lov'd so well,—  
The hill-side where the sun went down,  
The hawthorn in the flowery dell ;  
But oh, I miss her sad and sair,  
Where we thegither knelt to pray,—  
The village kirk,—that sees nae mair  
My ain dear love, that's far away.

I canna see her light step trip,  
That dared me to the merry race,  
I canna touch my eager lip,  
To her sweet modest blushin' face ;

Her soft, soft hand to clasp in mine,  
I miss it sairly a' the day,  
And oh, my heart, it aches for thine,  
My ain dear love that's far away.



## THE LYRE AND SWORD.

THE Freeman's glittering sword be blest,—  
 Forever blest the Freeman's lyre,—  
*That* rings upon the tyrant's crest,  
*This* stirs the heart like living fire :  
 Well can he wield the shining brand,  
 Who battles for his native land ;  
 But when his fingers sweep the chords,  
 That summon heroes to the fray,  
 They gather at the feast of swords,  
 Like mountain eagles to their prey !

And 'mid the vales and swelling hills,  
 That sweetly bloom in Freedom's land,  
 A living spirit breathes and fills  
 The Freeman's heart and nerves his hand :  
 For the bright soil that gave him birth,  
 The home of all he loves on earth,—  
 For *this*, when Freedom's trumpet calls,  
 He waves on high his sword of fire,—  
 For *this*, amidst his country's halls  
 Forever strikes the freeman's lyre !

His burning heart he may not lend  
To serve a doting despot's sway,—  
A suppliant knee he will not bend,  
Before these things of "brass and clay:"  
When wrong and ruin call to war,  
He knows the summons from afar;  
On high his glittering sword he waves,  
And myriads feel the freeman's fire,  
While he, around their fathers' graves,  
Strikes to old strains the Freeman's lyre!

## SONG.

LIGHT of my life! where'er thou art,  
     My spirit fondly turns to thee ;  
 And every pulse that thrills my heart  
     Is thine before mine own it be :  
 Thine, in the day-beam's blessed light,  
     And thine, at eve's delicious hour,  
 Thine, underneath the shadowy night,—  
     And every season hath some power  
                     To make me thine.

So will the current of my days  
     Be still to make me more thine own ;  
 Thine still the charms I love to praise,  
     Thy voice be still my music's tone :  
 Thine, 'mid the burning hopes of youth,  
     And thine, as manhood's powers unfold,  
 Thine all my soul-spring's living truth,  
     And time but shew me tested gold,  
                     Still ever thine.

## CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL.

As when the storm is gathering round him fast,  
 And night and cloud obscure the traveller's way,  
 Hope fondly looks for some unfading ray,  
 While star by star declines, the brightest last ;  
 Thus, oh my country, while that starry host,  
 The jewels of thy glory disappear,  
 And night and tempest blacken round, and fear  
 Tells of a ruined land and freedom lost !  
 To him, high-priest of all that sacred band,—  
 To him, the guardian of his country's law,—  
 The wise, the firm, the pure, who ever saw  
 The danger, and upraised his sheltering hand,  
 How have we looked ! How shall we look in vain,  
 Mid darker days to come,—in Anarch's direful reign !

## ODE FOR ORDINATION. 12

WHEN darkly around her the shadowy cloud  
 Betokens her glory departed ;  
 The daughter of Zion by mournfulness bow'd,  
 Alone in her sorrow she weepeth aloud,  
 With desolate grief broken-hearted !  
 Then where should the voice of her mourning come ?  
 Upward ! upward ! Heavenward !  
 There is the daughter of Zion's home !

But when through the day of her darkness and gloom,  
 The Sun of her bosom's devotion  
 Comes bright as a bridegroom, rejoicing in bloom,  
 And his soft-falling accents, like hope from the tomb,  
 Awaken each heart-felt emotion !  
 Then where should the voice of her gladness come !  
 Upward ! upward ! Heavenward !  
 There is the daughter of Zion's home !

Thus bounding with gladness or shrouded in care,  
 How holy a comfort is given !  
 While Hope, the sweet seraph, still whispers her prayer.  
 And the day-star, that beams on the night of despair,

Points the daughter of Zion to Heaven !  
Then where should the voice of her rapture come ?  
Upward ! upward ! Heavenward !  
There is the daughter of Zion's home !

## SONNET.

(WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.)

SWEETLY they past along the desart road,  
 (Faithful and Christian) towards the blissful bourne,  
 Though many a thorn their tender feet had torn,  
 Ere they arrived before that bright abode ;  
 And foes without and foes, alas ! within,  
 Beset their steps through all the weary way,—  
 Still journeying onwards did they sing and pray  
 For grace to baffle all the snares of sin.  
 So passing on with hopeful hearts elate,  
 They reach the mansions of eternal rest,  
 Their Lord receives them each a happy guest,  
 And myriad welcomes crowd the golden gate !  
 Oh, that their Pilgrim zeal might fire our road,  
 And wing the progress of our souls to God !

## MOUNT HOPE.

(THE RURAL CEMETERY AT BANGOR, ME.)

If Hope be here, oh sylvan mount !  
    Reposing on thine emerald breast,—  
Throws light o'er sorrow's sacred fount,—  
    And calms the mourner's heart to rest,—

If they, who sleep beneath this sod,  
    Made holy by affection's tear,  
Had found a resting-place with God  
    Before their ashes slumbered here,—

Ye have not called its name in vain !  
    The sweetest, purest, ever given,  
To soothe the life's long hour of pain,  
    And lead the spirit up to Heaven !

If Hope be here,—our souls may soar  
    With something of immortal fire,—  
If Hope be here,—no earthly shore  
    Can bound the heart's untold desire !



It must be so,—ye flowers, that gem  
The hill-side with unnumbered dyes,  
Speaks not, on every fragile stem,  
Some lesson from your starry eyes?

And ye, God's loftier work, whose tall,  
Gray branches seek heaven's vaulted blue,  
Tree—flower—hill—plain! great Nature's all,—  
Are not your ceaseless voices true?

Yes,—many a time, beneath the shade,  
That sleeps upon the green hill's breast,  
When all of earthly hope is laid,—  
With youth and beauty here at rest,—

How many a breaking heart shall say,  
Oh not in vain thy name was given,  
To call its thoughts from earth away,  
And fix its hope,—its all, on Heaven!

## TO A PORTRAIT OF A ROMAN GIRL

BY F. ALEXANDER.

THOSE deep, deep, fervent eyes, whose gaze intense  
 Is fixed on vacancy—that youthful brow,  
 Where thoughts of pain are gathering even now,  
 And long have gathered, till the very sense  
 Of thought is agony—that ripe full mouth,  
 Scarce open, and the long distracted air  
 On thy sweet face—all tell how sullen care  
 Hath marr'd thee, daughter of the sunny South !  
 Say, dost thou miss thy lover's hand among  
 Those rich brown tresses, that the winds of Heaven  
 Play with so rudely ? Hath the false one given  
 His cold heart to another ? Hath he flung  
 Away that fiery heart of thine, that swells  
 And burns within that full and glowing breast,  
 Where never more sweet peace, nor tranquil rest  
 Shall cleanse the fount of its embittered wells !

No legend speaks the story of thy days ;  
 Yet there is that inwrought upon thy brow,  
 Which far more eloquent than words avow,  
 All the long anguish of thy soul betrays :

Alas, the tale it tells ! For blighted youth—  
Heart crush'd—hope lost—life wasted—all things gone,  
But the deep sense of wretchedness alone,  
Impictured here to tell the living truth—  
Say the hard world hath been too hard with thee,  
Oh, fitting emblem of Rome's crumbled wall,  
In ruins still most beautiful ! And all  
Look sadly on thee, and sigh, ' Misery !' <sup>13</sup>

## PILGRIM SONG. 14

OVER the mountain wave  
     See where they come ;  
 Storm-cloud and wintry wind  
     Welcome them home :  
 Yet where the sounding gale  
     Howls to the sea,  
 There their song—peals along,  
     Deep-toned and free :  
         Pilgrims and wanderers,  
         Hither we come ;—  
         Where the free dare to be,—  
         This is our home !

England hath sunny dales,  
     Dearly they bloom ;—  
 Scotia hath heather-hills,  
     Sweet their perfume :  
 Yet through the wilderness  
     Cheerful we stray,  
 Native land—native land,  
     Home far away !

Pilgrims and wanderers,  
Hither we come ;—  
Where the free dare to be,  
This is our home !

Dim grew the forest path,—  
Onward they trod ;  
Firm beat their noble hearts,  
Trusting in God !  
Gray men and blooming maids,  
High rose their song,  
Hear it sweep—clear and deep,  
Ever along ;—  
Pilgrims and wanderers,  
Hither we come ;—  
Where the free dare to be,  
This is our home !

Not theirs the glory-wreath  
Torn by the blast ;—  
Heavenward their holy steps,  
Heavenward they past,  
Green be their mossy graves !  
Ours be their fame,  
While their song—peals along,  
Ever the same :

Pilgrims and wanderers,  
Hither we come ;—  
Where the free dare to be,  
This is our home !

## NOTES.

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Note 1. Page 67.

This piece was written in the year 1828, when it was said that Athens had been bombarded by the Turks and levelled with the ground.

Note 2. Page 70.

*“ Rings wild the Dorian Alala, etc.”*

The ancient Greek battle-cry was ἄλαλη, Doric, ἄλαλά. *Doric flute*; see Milton, for

—————“ the Dorian mood  
Of flutes and soft recorders.”

Note 3. Page 76.

*“ May come without bad dreams, etc.”*

I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count myself a king of infinite space; were it not that I have *bad dreams*.—HAMLET.

Note 4. Page 88.

*“ No double-riding cares endure, etc.”*

“ Post equitem sedet atra cura.”—HOR. *Carmin. III. od. I. 40.*

Note 5. Page 91.

“SISERA.”—Judges 4: 12.

Note 6. Page 94.

“THE ALPINE HORN.”

It is said that the Shepherds, who inhabit the upper ranges of the Alps, practise an impressive mode of evening worship. When the sun begins to sink behind the glittering hills, and his beams yet tremble upon their highest summits, the Shepherds assemble in front of their cottages. In consequence of the difficulty of conveying sound in these lofty regions, they make use of a horn of peculiar construction and powerful tone, and through this, utter the sentence, “Praise to God!” The note is caught and repeated by their distant neighbours, and reverberated by the thousand echoes of the hills. Such a sentence, so uttered, amidst these tremendous solitudes,—must fall upon the senses with an effect more thrilling than the grandest organ pealing through the sublimest cathedral of man’s construction. It is nature’s voice, offering its sincere adoration in nature’s most awful,—most magnificent temple!

Note 7. Page 97.

“*And he comes like the Philistine girded in steel.*”

In order to read this line with due regard to rhythm it is necessary that the accent should be placed on the first syllable of ‘Philistine.’ This is the Miltonic pronunciation of the word. For this see “SAMSON AGONISTES,” *passim*.



Note 8. Page 111.

“SEVENTY-FIVE.”

The subject of these stanzas suggested itself to me on the plain of Lexington. Happening accidentally to be there, several years since, when some military parade or review was taking place, I fell into company with several old men, survivors of the famous “fight,” upon the plain where we stood. One old man in particular; a fine specimen of vigorous age, at eighty and upwards, under the influence of the military show, described the “hot haste” of the former exciting occasion, and with a voice of great sweetness and power, imitated the bugles of the advancing foe.

Note 9. Page 122.

“*And the eternal ocean roared.*”

“The fifth of May was a day of unexampled tempest in the island; trees were everywhere torn up by the roots, the sea lashed and rent the shores, the wind burst through the hills with the loudness of thunder. In this war of the elements, Napoleon perhaps heard the old echoes of battle; the last words on his lips were of war; “tete d’armee” was uttered in his dream, and he died. The fiery spirit passed away, like Cromwell’s, in storm!”—*Croly’s George IV. pp. 334, 335.*

Note 10. Page 139.

“HENRY CLAY.”

Written upon the visit of Mr. Clay to Massachusetts, in 1834. The allusion is to the compromise bill, so called, introduced by him into the Senate.

Note 11. Page 141.

“SONG.”

The Author hopes he may be pardoned this solitary instance on his part of the introduction of Scotticisms into an American Song.

Note 12. Page 147.

“ODE FOR ORDINATION.”

Written to the music of “Lutzow’s Wild Chase.”

Note 13. Page 153.

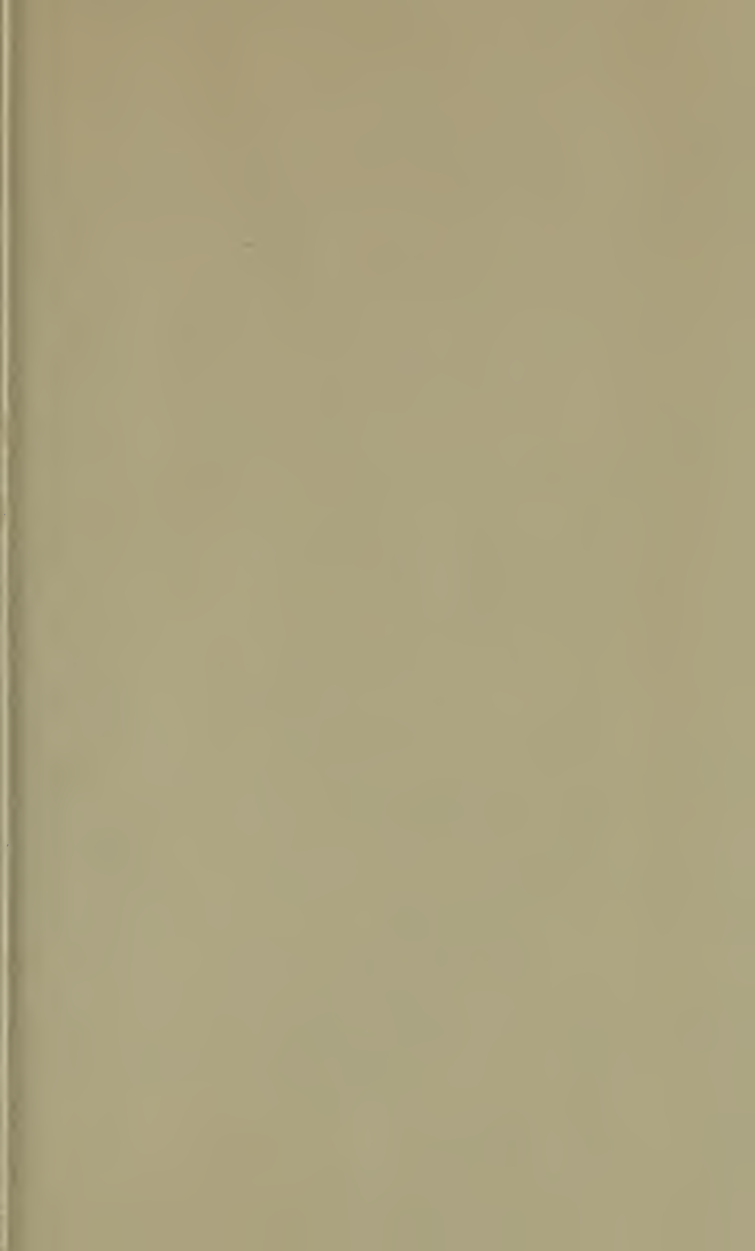
“*Look sadly on thee, and sigh, “Misery.”*”

The expression of the face on this picture is such, that the artist gave it the name of “Misery.”

Note 14. Page 154.

“PILGRIM SONG.”

Written for the celebration of the second centennial anniversary of the ‘ancient’ town of Newbury, May 1835.









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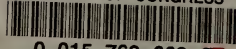


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