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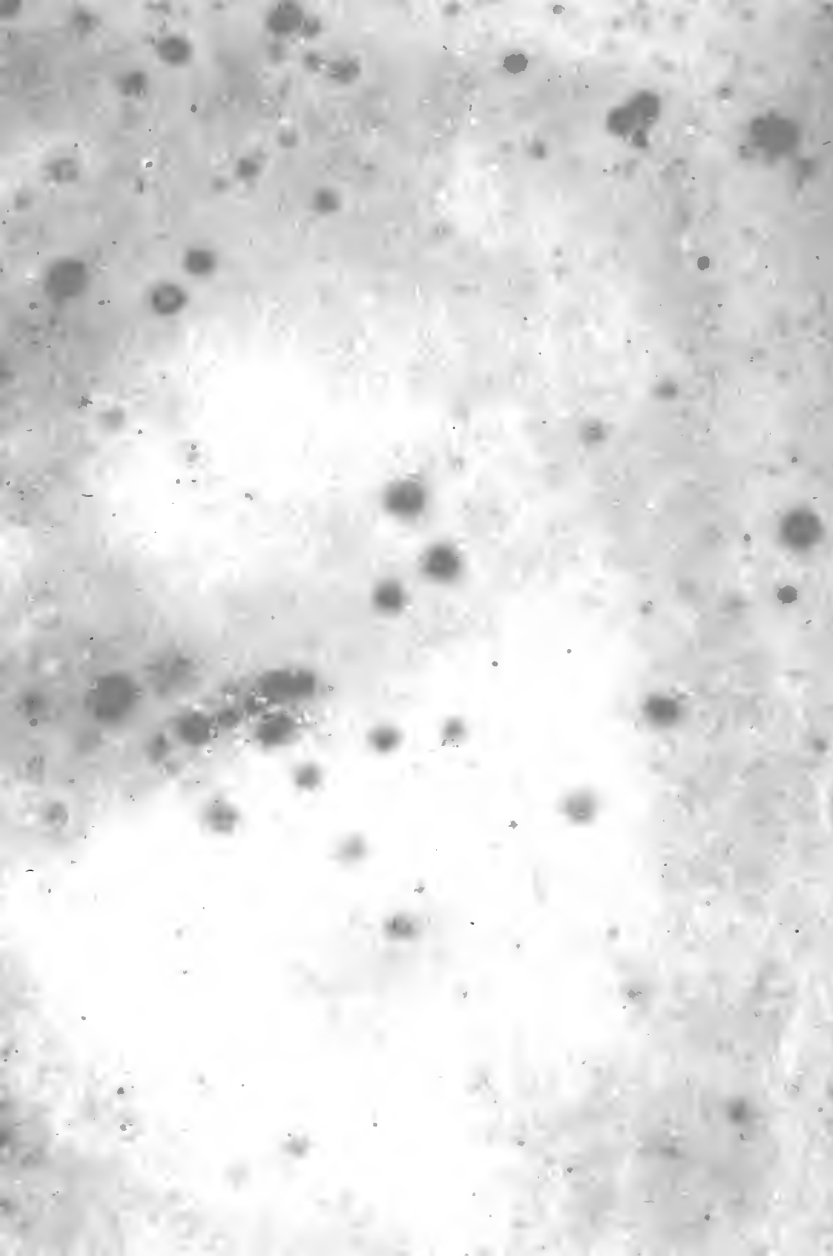
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LOS ANGELES



Louisa Harris,
from a friend.

15 July - 1848.

R. B.





ECCLESIA:

A VOLUME OF POEMS;

BY THE

REV. R. S. HAWKER, M. A.

VICAR OF MORWENSTOW, CORNWALL, AUTHOR OF "POMPEII," THE
OXFORD PRIZE POEM FOR M.DCCC.XXVII.

"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; yea, if I prefer not Jerusalem in my mirth."

OXFORD:

Printed by T. Combe, Printer to the University;

SOLD BY J. G. AND J. RIVINGTON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-
YARD, AND WATERLOO PLACE; TALBOYS, OXFORD;
HANNAFORD, EXETER; LIDDELL, BODMIN;
AND NETTLETON, PLYMOUTH.

M.DCCC.XL.

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THE WESTERN SHORE.

“Nunc scio quid sit amor, duris in cotibus illum.”

M. DCCC. XL.

THOU lovely land! where kindling, throng
Scenes that should breathe the soul of song;
Home of high hopes that once were mine
Of loftier verse and nobler line!

II.

'Tis past—the quench'd volcano's tide
Sleeps well within the mountain-side;
Henceforth shall time's cold touch control
The warring Hecla of my soul.

B 2

853618

III.

Welcome, wild rock, and lonely shore !
Where round my days dark seas shall roar,
And thy gray Fane, Morwenna, stand
The Beacon of the Eternal Land !

My Glebe occupies a position of wild and singular beauty. Its western boundary is the sea skirted by tall and tremendous cliffs ; and near their brink, with the exquisite taste of Ecclesiastical Antiquity, is placed the Church. The original and the proper designation of the parish is Morwenstow, that is Morwenna's Stow or Station, but it has been corrupted by recent usage like many other local names. Halfway down a precipitous cliff near the Church there still survives, with its perpetual water but ruined walls, the Well of Morwenna, an old baptismal fount ; and another, the vicarage well of St John, is used in the Church in regeneration to this day.

EPHAPHATHA!

HIGH Matins now in bower and hall!
It is the Baptist's Festival:—
What showers of gold the sunbeams rain,
Through the tall window's purple pane!
What rich hues on the pavement lie,
A molten rainbow from the sky!

II.

But light and shadow loveliest fall
Yonder, along the southward wall,

Where ceased, even now, the chaunted Hymn
Of that Gray Man, whose eyes are dim:—
'Twas an old Legend, quaintly sung,
Caught from some far barbaric tongue !

III.

He asks—and bread of wheat they bring—
He thirsts for water from the spring,
Which flow'd of old, and still flows on,
With name and memory of Saint John:—
So fares the pilgrim in that hall,
Even on the Baptist's Festival !

IV.

“ How sad a sight is blind old age !”
Thus said the Lady's youthful Page—
“ He eats—but sees not on that bread
What glorious radiance there is shed ;
He drinks from out that chalice fair,
Nor marks the sunlight glancing there !”

V.

“ Watch! gentle Ronald, watch and pray!
And hear once more an old man’s lay;—
I cannot see the morning pour’d,
Ruddy and rich, on this gay board;—
I may not trace the noonday light,
Wherewith my bread and bowl are bright:”—

VI.

“ But thou! whose words are sooth, hast said
That brightness falls on this fair bread;
Thou sayest—and thy tones be true—
This cup is tinged with Heaven’s own hue;
I trust thy voice—I know from thee,
That which I cannot hear nor see!”

VII.

“ Watch, gentle Ronald! watch and pray!
It is the Baptist’s Holy Day—
Go, where in Old Morwenna’s shrine,
They break the bread and bless the wine,

There, meekly bend thy trusting knee,
And touch—what sight can never see!”

VIII.

“ Thou wilt behold—thy lips may share
All that the cup and paten bear ;
But life unseen moves o’er that bread—
A glory on that wine is shed—
A light comes down, to breathe and be—
Though hid—like summer-suns from me.”

IX.

“ Watch, gentle Ronald ! watch and pray !
Day oft is night, and night is day,—
The arrowy glance of Lady fair
Beholds not things that throng the air ;
The clear bright eye of youthful page
Hath duller ken than blind old age !”

X.

'Tis evensong in bower and hall
On the bold Baptist's Festival,
The harp is hush'd, and mute the hymn,
The guest is gone, whose eyes are dim,
But evermore to Ronald clung
That mystic measure, quaintly sung !

June xxiv.

1840.

I have sought in these verses, to suggest a shadow of that beautiful instruction to Christian men, the actual and spiritual presence of our Lord, in the second Sacrament of his Church ; a primal and perpetual doctrine in the faith once delivered to the Saints. How sadly the simplicity of this truth has been distorted and disturbed, by the gross and sensuous notion of a carnal presence introduced by the Romish innovators of the eleventh century !



THE LADY'S WELL.

It flowed ! like light from the voice of God !
Silent, and calm, and fair—
It shone ! where the Child and the Parent trod,
In the soft and evening air.

II.

“ Look at that spring ! my father dear,
Where the white blossoms fell,
Why is it always bright and clear ?
And why, the Lady's Well ? ”

III.

“ Once on a time, my own sweet child,
There dwelt across the sea,
A lovely Mother, meek and mild,
From sin and sorrow free ;”

IV.

“ And Mary ! was her blessed name,—
Though not by men adored,
Its sound some thoughts of love should claim
From all who love their Lord !”

V.

“ A Child was hers—a heavenly birth—
As pure as pure could be ;
He had no father of the earth,
The Son of God was he !”

VI.

“ He came down to her from above !
He died upon the cross :—
We never can do for him, my love,
What he hath done for us.”

VII.

“ And so, to make his praise endure,
Because of Jesu's fame,
Our fathers call'd things bright and pure
By his fair Mother's name !”

VIII.

“ *She !* is the Lady of the Well !
Her memory was meant,
With lily and with rose to dwell,
By waters innocent !”



THE SIGNALS OF LEVI.

The Rabbins say that the daily oblation was not to commence until the signal of Levi was heard.—And the time was thus fixed : a Levite was stationed on the temple roof, and when the morning had so far dawned that he could see Hebron, (a city on the heights, where John the Baptizer was afterwards born ;) then he blew with his trumpet, and the sacrifice began.

SIGNAL THE FIRST.

THERE is light on Hebron now ;

Hark to the trumpet-din !

Day dawns on Hebron's brow.

Let the sacrifice begin !

II.

Hear ye the gathering sound !
How the lute and harp rejoice,—
Mid the roar of oxen bound,
And the lamb's beseeching voice !

III.

This day both the prince and priest
Will hold, at Salem's shrine,
A high and a haughty feast,
Of flesh and the ruddy wine.

IV.

For a perilous hour is fled,
And the fear is vain at last,—
Though foretold by sages dead,
And sworn by the Prophets past.

V.

They said that a mortal birth
Even now would a Name unfold,
That should rule the wide wide earth,
And quench the thrones of old !

VI.

But no sound—nor voice—nor word—
The tale of travail brings—
Not an infant-cry is heard,
In the palaces of kings !

VII.

Blossom and branch are bare
On Jesse's stately stem,—
So they bid swart Edom^c wear
Fallen Israel's diadem.

^c The Herods were an Idumæan race.

VIII.

How they throno the cloister'd ground !
Mid Judah's shame and sin ;
Hark to the trumpet-sound,
Let the sacrifice begin !

SIGNAL THE SECOND.

THERE is light on Hebron's towers !
Day dawns o'er Jordan's stream,
And it floats where Bethlehem's bowers
Of the blessed morning, dream.

II.

Yet it wakes no kingly halls,
It cleaves no purpled room,
The soft calm radiance falls
On a cavern's vaulted gloom.

III.

But there, where the oxen rest
When the weary day is done,
How that maiden Mother's breast
Thrills with her awful Son!

IV.

A cave! where the fatlings roam—
By the ruddy heifer trod—
Yea! the mountain's rifted home
Is the birthplace of a God!

V.

This is He! the mystic birth
By the sign and voice foretold;
He shall rule the wide wide earth
And quench the thrones of old!

VI.

The Child of Judah's line—

The son of Abraham's fame—

Arise, ye lands! and shine,

With the blessed Jesu's name!

VII.

This is the glorious dawn;

So fades the night of sin,—

Lo! the gloom of death is gone

Let the sacrifice begin!

SIGNAL THE THIRD.

Ho! watchman! what of the night?

Tell, Christian soldier, tell;

Are Hebron's towers in sight?

Hast thou watch'd and warded well?

II.

Yea, we have paced the wall,
Till the daystar's glimmering birth,
And we breathed our trumpet-call
When the sunlight walked the earth.

III.

What sawest thou with the dawn?
Say, Christian warder, say;
When the mists of night were gone,
And the hills grew soft with day!

IV.

We beheld the morning swell,
Bright, o'er the eastern sea,
Till the rushing sunbeams fell
Where the westward waters be!

V.

City and bulwark lay,
Rich with the orient blaze,
And rocks, at the touch of day,
Gave out a sound of praise !

VI.

No hill remained in cloud,
There lurked no darkling glen ;
And the voice of God was loud
Upon every tongue of men !

VII.

There shall never more be night,
With this eternal sun !
There be Hebrons many in sight,
And the sacrifice is done !

THE CELL.

How wildly sweet, by Hartland tower^d,
The thrilling voice of prayer!
A Seraph from his cloudy bower
Might lean, to listen there.

II.

For time, and place, and storied days,
To that gray fane have given
Hues, that might win an angel's gaze
Mid scenery of Heaven!

^d Githa, wife to Earl Godwin, placed secular priests in the church of St. Nectan, here, who were changed into Canons of the order of St. Austin, by Galfrid de Dynain (temp. Hen. ii.) The Abbey, rebuilt, is now the residence of G. L. Buck, Esq.

III.

Above—the Ocean breezes sweep
 With footsteps firm and free ;
Around—the mountains guard the deep ;
 Beneath—the wide, wide sea !

IV.

Enter ! the arching roofs expand
 Like vessels on the shore,
Inverted, when the fisher band
 Might tread their planks no more ;—

V.

But rear'd on high in that stern form,
 Lest faithless hearts forget
The men that brav'd the ancient storm,
 And held the early net.

VI.

The tracery of a quaint old time
Still weaves the chancel-screen,
And tombs, with many a broken rhyme,
Suit well this simple scene.

VII.

A Saxon font, with baptism bright,
The womb of mystic birth;
An altar, where in angels' sight,
Their Lord descends to earth!

VIII.

Here glides the spirit of the psalm!
Here breathes the soul of prayer!
The awful Church—so hush'd—so calm—
Ah surely God is there!

IX.

And lives no legend on the wall?
No theme of former men;
A shape, to rise at fancy's call.
And sink in graves again!

X.

Yes! there, through yonder portal-stone,
With whisper'd words they tell,
How once, The Monk, with name unknown,
Prepar'd that silent cell!

XI.

He came with griefs that shunn'd the light
With vows long breath'd in vain;
These arches heard at dead of night
The lash, the shriek, the pain:—

XII.

The prayer, that rose and fell in tears,
The sob, the bursting sigh,
Till woke, with agony of years,
The' exceeding bitter cry!

XIII.

This lasted long—as life will wear,
Even though in anguish nurs'd—
Few think what human hearts can bear,
Before their sinews burst.—

XIV.

It lasted long—but not for aye!
The hour of freedom came!
In that dim niche the stranger lay,
A cold and silent frame.—

XV.

What sorrows shook the strong man's soul,
What guilt was rankling there,
We know not—time may not unrol
The page of his despair.

XVI.

He sleeps in yonder nameless ground
A cross hath mark'd the stone,—
Pray ye his soul in death hath found
The peace to life unknown!

XVII.

And if ye mourn that man of tears
Take heed lest ye too fall;
A day may mar the rest, that years
Shall seek, but not recal!

XVIII.

Nor think that deserts soothe despair,
Or shame in cells is screen'd ;
For thought, the Demon, will be there,
And memory the Fiend !

XIX.

Then waft, ye winds, this tale of fear :
Breathe it in hall and bower,
Till reckless hearts grow hush'd to hear
The monk of Hartland tower.

THE TOKEN STREAM

OF

TIDNA-COMBE.

A SOURCE of gentle waters, mute and mild,
A few calm reeds around the sedgy brink ;—
The loneliest bird that flees to waste or wild
Might fold its feathers here in peace, to drink.

II.

I do remember me of such a scene
Far in the depths of memory's glimmering hour,
When earth look'd even on me with tranquil mien
And life gush'd like this fountain in her bower.

III.

But lo ! a little on, a gliding stream
Fed with fresh rills from fields before unknown,
Where the glad roses on its banks may dream
That watery mirror spreads for them alone !

IV.

Ah ! woe is me ! that flood, those flowers, recal
A gleaming glimpse of time's departed shore,
Where now no dews descend, no sunbeams fall,
And leaf and blossom burst no more, no more !

V.

See now ! with heart more stern and statelier force
Through Tidna's vale, the River leaps along !
The strength of many trees shall guard its course,
Birds in the branches soothe it with their song.—

VI.

Oh type of a far scene! the lovely land

Where youth wins many a friend, and I had one;
Still do thy bulwarks, dear old Oxford, stand?

Yet, Isis, do thy thoughtful waters run?

VII.

But hush! a spell is o'er thy conscious wave,

Pause and move onward with obedient tread,
At yonder wheel they bind thee for their slave,
Hireling of man! they use thy toil for bread.

VIII.

Still is thy stream an image of the days

At duty's loneliest labour meekly bound,
The foot of joy is hush'd, the voice of praise,
We twain have reach'd the stern and anxious ground.

IX.

And now what hills shall smile, what depths remain,
Thou tam'd and chasten'd wanderer for thee?
A rocky path—a solitary plain—
Must be thy broken channel to the sea!

X.

Come then, sad river, let our footsteps blend
Onward, by silent bank and nameless stone;
Our years began alike, so let them end,
We live with many men, we die alone!

XI.

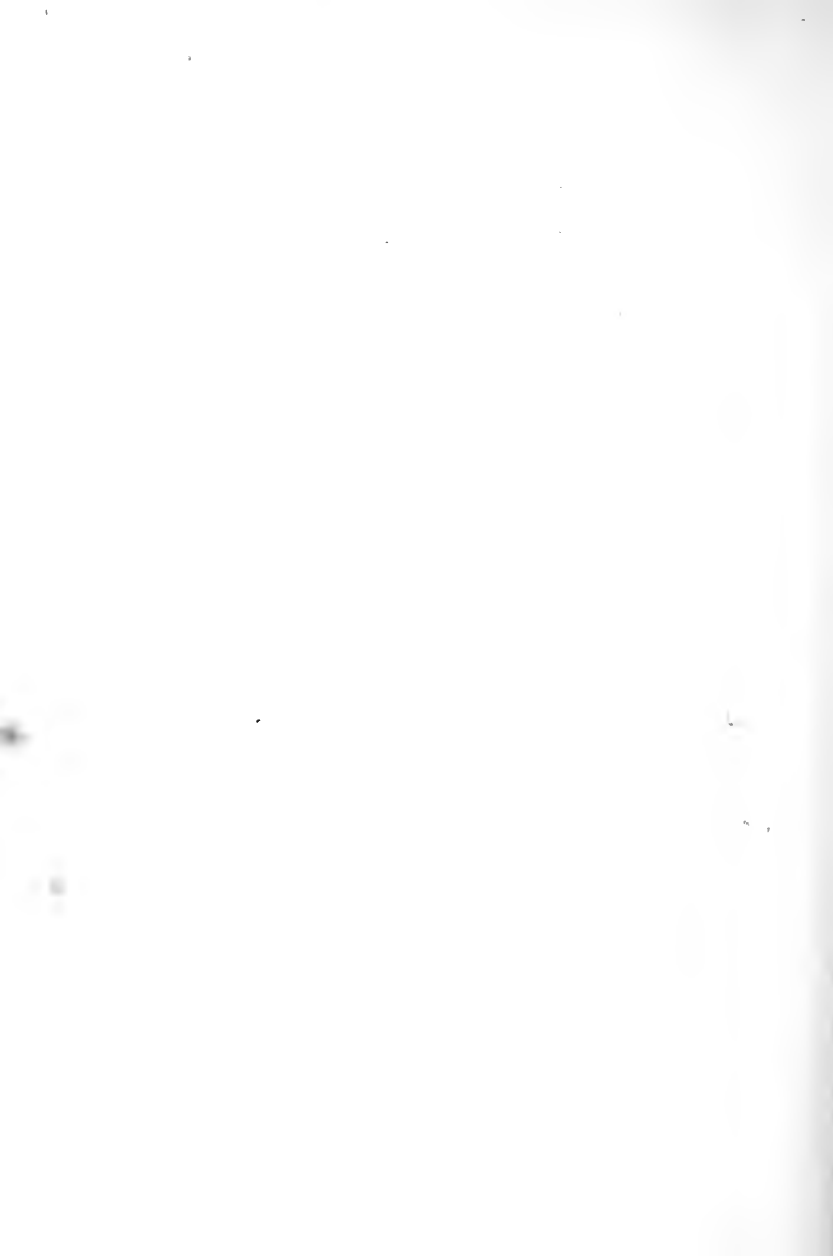
Why dost thou slowly wind and sadly turn?
As loth to leave even this most joyless shore,
Doth thy heart fail thee? do thy waters yearn,
For the far fields of memory once more?

XII.

Ah me ! my soul, and thou art treacherous too,
Link'd to this fatal flesh, a fetter'd thrall ;
The sin, the sorrow, why wouldst thou renew
The past—the perish'd—vain and idle all !

XIII.

Away ! behold at last the torrent leap,
Glad, glad to mingle with yon foamy brine ;
Free and unmourn'd, the cataract cleaves the steep—
Oh river of the rocks ! thy fate is mine !



MORWENNÆ STATIO

HODIE

MORWENSTOW.

My Saxon shrine ! the only ground,
Wherein this weary heart hath rest,
What years the birds of God have found
Along thy walls, their sacred nest !
The storm—the blast—the tempest-shock
Have beat upon those walls in vain ;
She stands—a daughter of the rock—
The changeless God's eternal fane !

II.

Firm was their faith, the ancient bands,
The wise^a of heart in wood and stone,
Who rear'd with stern and trusting hands
These dark gray towers of days unknown !
They filled these aisles with many a thought,
They bade each nook some truth recal,
The pillar'd arch its legend brought,
A doctrine came with roof and wall.

III.

Huge, mighty, massive, hard, and strong,
Were the choice stones they lifted then ;
The vision of their hope was long,
They knew their God, those faithful men.
They pitched no tent for change or death,
No home to last man's shadowy day,
There ! there ! the Everlasting Breath
Would breathe, whole centuries away !

^a Confer Exodus ch. xxxv. 30 to the end.

IV.

See now! along that pillar'd aisle,
The graven arches, firm and fair,—
They bend their shoulders to the toil,
And lift the hollow roof in air!
A sign! Beneath the Ship we stand,—
The inverted vessel's arching side;
Forsaken—when the fisher-band
Went forth to sweep a mightier tide!

V.

Pace we the ground! our footsteps tread
A Cross—the Builder's holiest form—
That awful couch, where once was shed
The blood with man's forgiveness warm!
And here, just where his mighty breast
Throbb'd the last agony away,
They bade the voice of worship rest,
And white-rob'd Levites pause and pray.

VI.

Mark, the rich rose of Sharon's bowers
 Curves in the Paten's mystic mould,—
 The lily, lady of the flowers,
 Her shape must yonder chalice hold:—
 Types of the Mother and the Son,
 The twain in this dim chancel stand;
 The badge^b of Norman banners, one,
 And one a crest of English land!

VII.

How all things glow with life and thought,
 Where'er our faithful fathers trod!
 The very ground with speech is fraught,
 The air is eloquent of God.
 In vain would doubt or mockery hide
 The buried echos of the past;
 A voice of strength—a voice of pride—
 Here dwells amid the storm and blast!

^b The rose and the fleur de lis, adopted from Song of Solomon, ch. ii. 1, were used as ecclesiastical emblems some centuries before they were assumed into the shields of Normandy and England

VIII.

Still points the tower, and pleads the bell,

The solemn arches breathe in stone,

Window and wall have lips to tell

The mighty faith of days unknown;—

Yea! flood, and breeze, and battle-shock,

Shall beat upon this Church in vain,

She stands—a daughter of the rock—

The changeless God's eternal fane!

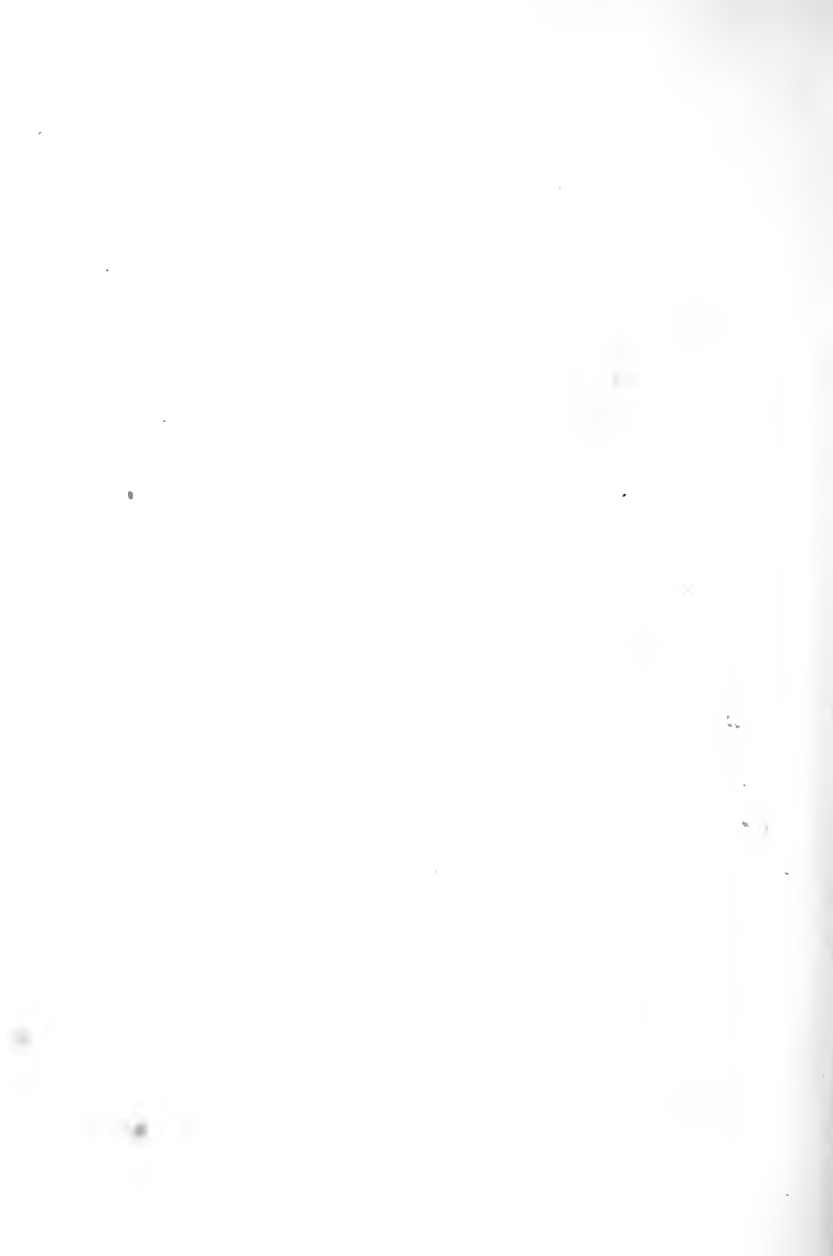


THE FONT.

RAISE ye the sacred hand! and proudly shower
The rain of God upon the mortal flower!
Lo! One unseen shall in those waters blend,
And with a breathing dove's fond wing descend.

II.

Suffer the little child! the wide, wide earth,
Shall yield no happier hour for heavenly birth;
What fairer shrine can woo the God to rest,
Than the meek altar of that infant-breast?



THE CORNISH MOTHER'S GRIEF.

" In Ramah there was a voice heard."

They say 'tis a sin to sorrow,
That what God doth, is best,
But 'tis only a month to-morrow
I buried it from my breast !

II.

I know it should be a pleasure,
Your child to God to send,
But mine was a precious treasure
To me and to my poor^e friend !

^e Friend is the usual phrase for husband, among the peasantry of the West.

III.

I thought it would call me, Mother,
The very first words it said ;
Oh ! I never can love another,
Like the blessed babe that's dead !

IV.

I will make my best endeavour,
That my sins may be forgiven ;
I will serve God more than ever,
To meet my child in Heaven.

V.

I will check this foolish sorrow,
For what God doth is best.
But oh ! 'tis a month to-morrow,
I buried it from my breast !

THE SILENT TOWER
OF
BOTTREAU X.

TINTADGEL bells ring o'er the tide !
The boy leans on his vessel-side,—
He hears that sound, and dreams of home
Soothe the wild orphan of the foam.

“ Come to thy God in time !”

Thus saith their pealing chime :

“ Youth, manhood, old age, past,

“ Come to thy God at last !”

II

But why are Bottreaux echoes still?
 Her tower stands proudly on the hill:—
 Yet the strange Clough^f that home hath found,
 The lamb lies sleeping on the ground.
 Come to thy God in time!
 Should be her answering chime,—
 Come to thy God at last!
 Should echo on the blast.

III.

The ship rode down with courses free,
 The daughter of a distant sea,
 Her sheet was loose, her anchor stored—
 The merry Bottreaux bells on board.
 “Come to thy God in time!”
 Rung out Tintadgel chime—
 “Youth, manhood, old age, past,
 “Come to thy God at last!”

^f This wild bird, “Talons and beak all red with blood.” chiefly haunts the
 coasts of Devon and Cornwall.

IV.

The Pilot heard his native bells
Hang on the breeze in fitful swells :
“ Thank God ! ” with reverent brow, he cried
“ We make the shore with evening’s tide ! ”
Come to thy God in time !
It was his marriage chime : —
Youth, manhood, old age, past,
His bell must ring at last !

V.

Thank God, thou whining knave, on land !
But thank, at sea, the Steersman’s hand,
The Captain’s voice above the gale, —
Thank the good ship and ready sail !
Come to thy God in time !
Sad grew the boding chime :
Come to thy God at last —
Boom’d heavy on the blast !

VI.

Uprose that sea ! as if it heard
The mighty master's signal word !
What thrills the captain's whitening lip !
The death-groans of his sinking ship.
Come to thy God in time !
Swung deep the funeral-chime—
Grace, mercy, kindness past,
Come to thy God at last !

VII.

Long did the resened Pilot tell,
When gray hairs o'er his forehead fell,
While those around would hear and weep,
That fearful judgment of the deep !
Come to thy God in time !
He read his native chime :—
Youth, manhood, old age, past,
His bell rung out at last !

VIII.

Still, when the storm of Bottreaux' waves
Is wakening in his weedy caves,
Those bells that sullen surges hide
Peal their deep notes beneath the tide,
Come to thy God in time !
Thus saith the Ocean chime,—
Storm, billow, whirlwind past
Come to thy God at last.

The rugged heights that line the sea-shore in the neighbourhood of Tintadgel castle and church are crested with towers. Among these that of Bottreaux-castle, or as it is now written, Bos-castle, is without bells. The silence of this wild and lonely churchyard on festive or solemn occasions is not a little striking. On inquiry as to the cause, the legend related in the text was told me as a matter of implicit belief in those parts.

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“ ARE THEY NOT ALL MINISTERING
SPIRITS.”

WE see them not—we cannot hear
The music of their wing—
Yet know we that they sojourn near,
The angels of the spring!

II.

They glide along this lovely ground,
When the first violet grows:—
Their graceful hands have just unbound
The zone of yonder rose!

III.

I gather it for thy dear breast
From stain and shadow free,
That which an angel's touch hath blest
Is meet, my love, for thee !

THE CHILD JESUS.

A CORNISH CAROL.

WELCOME that star in Judah's sky!

That voice o'er Bethlehem's palmy glen!

The lamp far sages hail'd on high;

The tones that thrill'd the shepherd-men.

Glory to God in loftiest heaven!

Thus Angels smote the echoing chord—

Glad tidings unto man forgiven!

Peace! from the presence of the Lord!

II.

The shepherds sought that birth divine:—
The Wise Men traced their guided way:
There! by strange light and mystic sign.
The God they came to worship lay!
A human Babe in beauty smiled,
Where lowing oxen round him trod:—
A Maiden clasp'd her awful Child—
Pure offspring of the breath of God!

III.

Those voices from on high are mute:
The Star the Wise-men saw is dim:
But Hope still guides the wanderer's foot,
And Faith renews the Angel-hymn!
Glory to God in loftiest heaven!
Touch with glad hand the ancient chord:
Good tidings unto man forgiven!
Peace! from the presence of the Lord!

CONFIRMATION.

"See! His path touched" Isaiah vi. 7.

HE lifts the' appointed hand! He breathes the tone
That none but apostolic lips may own;
Yea! in yon fane by hallowing footsteps trod,
He claims and binds the' eternal troth of God!

II.

Keep, youthful pilgrim, keep that pledge and vow,
Heaven's chosen touch hath blest thy happy brow,
Even as the coal from off the altar came,
To wake on prophet-lips the kindling flame!

III.

Let no heart falter, and no footstep stray :
Firm be the onward path and pure the way ;
Long let the banners bear the conquering sign,
March, Christian soldier, march ! the ranks of God are thine !

“THAT ANCIENT RIVER.”

JUDGES V. 21.

FOUNT of a rushing river ! wild-flowers wreathe
The home where thy first waters sunlight claim,
The lark sits hush'd beside thee while I breathe,
Sweet Tamar spring ! the music of thy name.

II.

On ! through thy goodly channel, on ! to the sea.
Pass amid heathery vale,—tall rock—fair bough—
But never more with footstep pure and free,
Or face so meek with happiness, as now !

The source of the Tamar is on a rushy down or moorland, in the parish of
Morwenstow, Cornwall.

III.

Fair is the future scenery of thy days,
 Thy course domestic, and thy paths of pride,
 Depths, that give back the soft-eyed violet's gaze—
 Shores, where tall navies march to meet the tide.

IV.

Thine leafy Tetcotts and those neighbouring walls^h
 Noble Northumberland's enbower'd domain;
 Thine, Cartha-Martha, Morwell's rocky falls,
 Storied Cotchele, and ocean's loveliest plain.

V.

Yet false the vision, and untrue the dream,
 That lures thee from our native wilds to stray;
 A thousand griefs will mingle with that stream,
 Unnumber'd hearts shall sigh those waves away.

g "Tetcott," the well-remembered mansion of Arscott of Tetcott, the last old English squire "of all his line."

h "Those neighbouring walls." Werrington.

VI.

Scenes, fierce with men, thy seaward current laves,
Harsh multitudes will throng thy gentle brink ;
Back ! with the grieving concourse of thy waves,
Home, to the waters of thy childhood, shrink !

VII.

Thou heedest not ! thy dream is of the shore,
Thy heart is quick with life, on, to the sea !
How will the voice of thy far streams implore
Again amid these peaceful weeds to be !

VIII.

My soul ! my soul ! a happier choice be thine,
Thine the hush'd valley and the lonely sod—
False dream—far vision—hollow hope resign—
Fast by our Tamar-spring—alone with God.

IX.

There let His name be cherish'd,—His, who gave
Home to a western heart by this dear shore ;
Where hues long loved in youth still haunt the wave,
The former breezes sigh—the ancient waters pour !

THE STORM.

WAR! mid the Ocean and the Land!
The battle-field Morwenna's strand,
Where rock and ridge the bulwark keep
The giant-warders of the deep!

II.

They come! and shall they not prevail,
The seething surge, the gathering gale!
They fling their wild flag to the breeze,
The Banner of a thousand seas!

III.

They come—they mount—they charge—in vain—
Thus far—incalculable Main!
No more! thine hosts have not o'erthrown
The lichen on the barrier-stone.

IV.

Have the rocks Faith? that thus they stand,
Unmoved—a grim and stately band—
And look, like warriors tried and brave,
Stern, silent, reckless, o'er the wave?

V.

Have the proud billows thought and life,
To feel the glory of the strife?
And trust one day, in battle bold,
To win the foeman's haughty hold?

VI.

Mark where they writhe with pride and shame,
Fierce valour, and the zeal of fame ;
Hear how their din of madness raves,
The baffled army of the waves !

VII.

Thy way, O God ! is in the sea !
Thy paths where awful waters be ;
Thy Spirit thrills the conscious stone,
O Lord ! thy footsteps are not known !



MINSTER CHURCH!
ON
THE CONFIRMATION DAY,
AUGUST XVII, 1836.

HANG not thy harp upon the willow bough,
But teach thy native echoes one more song!
Though fame withhold her sigil from thy brow,
And years half yield thee to the unnoted throng.
Doth not the linnet her meek lay prolong,
In the lone depths of some deserted wood?
Springs not the violet coarse weeds among,
Where no fond voice shall praise her solitude?
Happy that bird and flower, though there be few intrude!

II.

The minster of the trees ! a lonely dell
Deep with old oaks, and mid their quiet shade,
Gray with the moss of years, yon antique cell !
Sad are those walls : the cloister lowly laid,
Where pacing monks at solemn evening made
Their chaunted orisons : and as the breeze
Came up the vale, by rock and tree delay'd,
They heard the awful voice of many seas
Blend with thy pausing hymn—Thou Minster of the treesⁱ !

III.

The thoughts of days long past lie buried here ;
Scenes of the former men my soul surround :
Lo ! a dark priest who bends with solemn ear :
A warrior prostrate on the awful ground :

ⁱ An alien priory to the Abbey of St. Sergius at Angiers, once occupied this glen. When it was dissolved, the Chapel was suffered to remain. It still preserves a record of the Monastery in its name, the Minster Church.

Hark! by stern promise is Lord Bottreaux bound^k
 To spread for Palestine his contrite sail;
 In distant dreams to hear the vesper-sound
 Of that sweet bell: but never more to hail,
 Amidst those native trees, the Minster of the Vale!

IV.

Gaze yet again! a maid with hooded brow
 Glides like a shadow through the cloister'd wood;
 'Tis not to breathe Saint Ursula's stony vow
 She haunts at eve that dreamy solitude;—
 Yon gnarled oak was young, when there they stood,
 The Lady and the Priest—they meet to sigh—
 And who be they with sudden grasp intrude?
 They sever them in haste—yet not to die—
 Hark! from yon stifled wall a low and frequent cry!

^k On a mound in the gorge of a valley near this church, once stood the Castle of the Barons of Bottreaux (pronounced Bottreau). The name of their seat accrued to the surrounding village which is now abbreviated into Bos-Castle.

^l The doom of the immured. Cf. the second Canto of Marmion.

V.

Long generations ! lo ! a ghastly man
Is leaning there, bent with the weight of days ;
His cell was shattered by the reckless ban
Of a hard Monarch—hush'd the voice of praise :
He had gone forth—strange faces met his gaze,
Ailric was dead, and cold was Edith's eye :
He had return'd—no sheltering roof to raise—
But mid the ruins of his love to die ;
To pass from that worn frame into his native sky !

VI.

Wake ! dreamer of the past ! no fairer grace
Dwelt in the vale or glided o'er the plain !
Heaven's changeless smile is here : Earth's constant face !
The mingling sighs of woodland and the main :
Here, at lone eve, still seek this simple fane,
Hearts that would cherish mid their native trees
The deathless faith—the hope that is not vain—
The tones that gather'd on the ancient breeze—
The Minster's pausing psalm—The chorus of the seas !

VII.

And lo ! 'tis Holy Day ! through vale and wood
Beat joyful hearts ; and whiterob'd forms are seen,
Peopling with life the leafy solitude ;
For He ! of aspect mild yet stately mien^m
The master-soul of a far loftier scene,
Hath come, beside that lowroof'd wall to stand,
Where the meek Minster loves her bowers of green,
To breathe the blessing on that rural band :
Proudly they hear those tones, and see that lifted hand !

VIII.

And we, who gaze and ponder—have we not
Thoughts new and strange for fancy's future hour ?
Shall no glad visions haunt this storied spot,
Glide from those boughs, and rest by yonder tower ?

^m Henry, Lord Bishop of Exeter, who held a confirmation in this church on the 17th of August, 1836.

Yes! there shall be a spell of mightiest power
Breath'd o'er that ground—him will these groves recal
Who saw, unbent, the deadly battle lower,
Fair Sion's turrets shake—Her bulwarks fall—
And foremost mann'd the breach, and latest left the wall!

IX.

Fane of the woods! farewell! one holier thought
Henceforth be thine; with added beauty blest!
The presence of this day hath surely wrought
A charm immortal for thy home of rest:
Long may the swallow find her wonted nest
On thy gray walls! long may the breezes bear
The sounds of worship from thy happy breast!
The mind that shook whole Senates hath been there,
Strong be the soul of faith, and firm the voice of prayer!

THE BUTTERFLY.

BIRD of the moths ! that radiant wing
Hath borne thee from thine earthly lair ;
Thou revellest on the breath of spring
A graceful shape of woven air !

II.

The glories of the earth are thine :—
The joyful breeze, the balmy sky,
For thee, the starry roses shine,
And violets in their vallies sigh.

III.

Yet was the scene as soft and bright,
When thou wert low in wormy rest,
The skies of summer gush'd with light,
The blossoms breathed on Nature's breast ;

IV.

But Thou that gladness didst not share,
A cave restrain'd that shadowy form ;
In vain did fragrance fill the air,
Dew soften and the sunbeams warm.

V.

Dull was thy day ! a living death,—
Till the great change in glory came,
And thou, a thing of life and breath,
Didst cleave the air with quivering frame !

VI.

My son! my son! read, mark, and learn
This parable of summer skies,
Until thy trusting spirit yearn,
Like the bright moth, to rush and rise.

VII.

Lo! round and near, a mightier scene!
With hues that flesh may not behold;
There all things glow with loveliest mien,
And earthly forms have heavenly mould!

VIII.

Oh for that place of paths divine,
By the freed soul in rapture trod!
The upper air—the fields that shine—
For ever in the Light of God!

“The earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God.” Romans viii. 19.



THE RINGERS OF LAUNCELL'S TOWER.

They rang at the accession of George the Third, and all lived to ring
again on the fiftieth anniversary of his reign.

THEY meet once more ! that ancient band,
With furrow'd cheek and failing hand,
One peal to-day they fain would ring
The Jubilee of England's King !

II.

They meet once more—but where are now
The sinewy arm—the laughing brow—
The strength that hail'd, in happier times,
King George the Third with lusty chimes!

III.

Yet proudly gaze on that lone tower!
No goodlier sight hath hall or bower,—
Meekly they strive—and closing day
Gilds with soft light their locks of gray!

IV.

Hark! proudly hark! with that true tone
They welcomed him to Land and Throne;
So e'er they die they fain would ring
The Jubilee of England's King!

V.

Hearts of old Cornwall ! Fare ye well,
Fast fade such scenes from field and dell,
How wilt thou lack, my own dear land,
Those trusty arms, that faithful band !

“ The ancient spirit is not dead,
Old times methinks are breathing here.”

was my very natural thought, on a recent visit to the school and church of this parish ; wherein I found “ whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report,” most nobly and vigorously upheld by the young Vicar, the Rev R. W. K. Buck.



ISHA CHERIOTH.

THEY say his sin was dark and deep,
Men shudder at his name—
They spurn at me because I weep,
They call my sorrow, shame.

II.

I know not ! I remember well
Our city's native street,
The path—the olive-trees—the dell
Where Cherieth's daughters meet ;

III.

And there, where clustering vineyards rest,
And palms look forth above,
He kindled in my maiden-breast
The glory of his love!

IV.

He left me—but with holier thought,
Bound for a mightier scene;
In proud Capernaum's paths he sought
The noble Nazarene!

V.

They tell of treachery bought and sold,—
Perchance their words be truth,—
I only see the scenes of old;
I hear his voice in youth.

VI.

And I will sit, as Rizpah sate,
Where life and hope are fled,
I sought him not in happier state,
I will not leave my dead !

VII.

No ! I must weep, though all around
Be hatred and despair ;
One sigh shall soothe this fatal ground
A Cherieth maiden's prayer !



TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCE ALBERT,
OF
SAXE-COBURG AND GOTHA.

JANUARY VIII, 1840.

HE COMES! a Conqueror! with the soft control,
 Mightier than warrior's sword on monarch's hand ;
He comes! to claim the Lady of his soul,—
 A fearless knight from the old German land!

II.

A voice of welcome from a thousand hills!
 The sound of love in earth and air and sea!
A nation's heart, thy name, Prince Albert! fills
 With prayer and blessing for thy Bride and thee!

III.

Thou comest to link thee with a lofty soil,
A land of graceful dames and stately men :
Be proud ! on thee will England's Daughter smile,
And thou on England's Queen look love again.

IV.

What haughty dreams thy gathering visions yield !
'Tis thine the awful couch of kings to share ;
The hope of many a land thine arm must shield,
The Beauty of our Isles shall slumber there !

V.

Bring princes in thy breast across the brine !
Lo, round the chaste form of thy noble mate
The future spirits of a shadowy line,
The souls of kings unborn, in silence wait !

VI.

Forget thy father-land ! Thou hast no more
Another city, hearth, or native home :
This is thy country, this thy natural shore—
Thine Eagle-nest amid the Ocean-foam.

VII.

Come ! at an English altar proudly stand,
Take, from our ancient priest, thy chosen bride !
Breathe, in the language of thy Lady's land,
The eternal vows—the pledge of love and pride !

VIII.

Rejoice, O Prince ! her Fathers' Faith is Thine—
One worship and one creed ye twain will share ;
How many a solemn arch and cloister'd shrine
Shall hail your blended names in English prayer !^p

^p This was written on the supposition that the Prince would be named in the Liturgy.

IX.

Love well our clime ! the scenery of thy choice,
Thy Lady's isle—the pride of earth and sea—
Her fanes will greet thee with their holiest voice,
Her towers among the trees shall thrill for thee !

X.

'Tis not the troth of state---the plighted hands
Where Passion shudders at the feet of Pride :
No selfish Bridegroom at yon altar stands,
Nor glitters there a cold and reckless Bride !

XI.

Joy to that fane ! the noble and the fair
Are met to blend the tones of love and truth ;
Joy to that fane ! an English Lady there
Binds to her soul the Husband of her youth.

XII.

He comes, as came the mighty hearts of old,
The men of bounding steed and belted brand:
That which his vows have won his arm shall hold,
A fearless knight from the old German land!

XIII.

The voice of welcome, Prince! I wake once more,—
Far from the glare of courts, from cities free,
A lowly name, on Cornwall's rocky shore,
I breathe this blessing for thy Bride and thee!



THE SONG
OF
THE WESTERN MEN.

When Sir Jonathan Trelawny, one of the seven Bishops, was committed to the Tower, the Cornish men rose one and all and marched as far as Exeter in their way to extort his liberation.

A good sword and a trusty hand !
A merry heart and true !
King James's men shall understand
What Cornish lads can do !

II.

And have they fix'd the where and when ?
And shall Trelawny die ?
Here's twenty thousand Cornish men
Will see the reason why !

III.

Out spake their captain brave and bold,
A merry wight was he,
“ If London Tower were Michael’s hold,
We’ll set Trelawny free !”

IV.

We’ll cross the Tamar, land to land,
The Severn is no stay,—
All side by side and hand to hand,
And who shall bid us nay !

V.

And when we come to London Wall
A pleasant sight to view,
Come forth, come forth ! ye cowards all
To better men than you !

VI.

Trelawny he's in keep and hold,
Trelawny he may die,
But here's twenty thousand Cornish bold
Will see the reason why!

With the exception of the chorus, contained in the two last lines, this song was written by me, as an imitation of the Old English Minstrelsy, and was inserted in a Plymouth Paper in 1825. It happened to fall into the hands of Davies Gilbert, Esq. who did me the honour to reprint it at his private Press at East Bourne, under the impression that it was the original ballad. I have been still more deeply gratified by an unconscious compliment from the critical pen of Sir Walter Scott. In a note to the 4th volume of his collected poems, page 12, he thus writes of the Song of the Western Men:—

“ In England, the popular ballad fell into contempt during the 17th century; and although in remote counties* its inspiration was occasionally the source of a few verses, it seems to have become almost entirely obsolete in the Capital.”

“ * A curious and spirited specimen occurs in Cornwall, as late as the trial of the Bishops before the Revolution. The President of the Royal Society of London, Mr. Davies Gilbert, has not disdained the trouble of preserving it from oblivion.”

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THE WRECK.

I shall be, I think, forgiven, if I include in this volume a composition suggested by a family relique; because however inferior the verses may be, they record a name and an event which will long be matter of Cornish pride. The following inscription on a silver goblet in my possession will speak for itself.

“ This cup is presented to Wray Fans, Esquire, by Edward and Robert Were Fox, of Wadebridge, on behalf of the proprietors of the cargo of the St. Anna St. Joseph, Captain Antony de Fonseca Rosa, wrecked at Bude the 7th of August 1790, for his care in saving the same, and particular attention to the unfortunate crew.”

ADIEU ! Adieu ! my own dear shore,
The Isles, where angry spirits dwell ;
De Rosa views thy coast no more—
Ye winds ! is this his last farewell ?

II.

Adieu ! tall Chili's mountains bold,
Parana's sands and rich Peru.—
To deep Potosi's mines of gold,
To Empelada's shores adieu !

III.

The setting sun sinks fast and deep,
Beneath thy hot and waveless seas;—
“ Oh ! for full sails this calm to sweep !
“ The Petrel's wing to cleave the breeze !”

IV.

Hush ! Mariner, that heedless word
The clouds—the winds—that voice obey—
Lo ! at thy wish the fatal bird
Skims o'er the wave at break of day !

V.

Unseen the forms that fill the sky
To watch the seaman's reckless hour—
Thy sin hath brought the Avenger nigh,
The spirit of the storm hath power.

VI.

“Nine awful days—nine hopeless nights,
Have seen us tossed from strand to strand;
Pilot, are these Morena's heights?
Pilot, is this my native land?”

VII.

De Rosa, No! not these thine hills,
Nor they Morena's mountains blue—
No groves of cork, no shining rills,
Nor vine nor olive meet thy view.

VIII.

Thou seest dark Cornwall's rifted shore,¹¹⁴
Old Arthur's stern and rugged keep:¹¹⁵
There, where proud billows dash and roar,¹¹⁶
His haughty turret guards the deep.¹¹⁷

IX.

And mark yon bird of sable wing,¹¹⁸
Talons and beak all red with blood,¹¹⁹
The spirit of the long lost king
Pass'd in that shape from Camlan's flood!

X.

And still, when loudliest howls the storm,¹²⁰
And darkliest lowers his native sky,¹²¹
The king's fierce soul is in that form,¹²²
The warrior's spirit threatens nigh!¹²³

XI.

“ Pilot ! they say when tempests rave,
Dark Cornwall’s sons will haunt the main,
Watch the wild wreck, yet not to save,
Oh, for Parana’s sands again !”

XII.

Is it the mermaid, cold and pale,
That glides within yon cloister’d cave ?
Hark ! ’tis her wild and broken wail
Above the shipwreck’d seaman’s grave !

XIII.

Away ! away ! before the wind !
Fury and wrath are on the blast,
Tintagel’s keep, far, far behind,
Tremoutha’s bay is won and passed.

XIV.

Away! away! what shall avail,
In the fierce hands of such a sea?
She bends—she quivers to the gale—
And Bude's dark rocks are on the lee!

XV.

Her race is run—deep in that sand
She yields her to the conquering wave—
And Cornwall's sons—they line the strand—
Rush they for plunder?—No! to save!

XVI.

High honour to his heart and name!
Who stood that day with sheltering form—
To give these shores a gentler fame,
To soothe the anguish of the storm!

XVII.

Thenceforth, when voice and bowl went round,
De Rosa's pledge was true and loud—
“To every man on Cornish ground!”
And every Cornish heart was proud.

XVIII.

And still when breathes the seaman's vow,
This thought will mingle with his fear—
Would that we saw one absent brow!
Would that the I'Ans voice were here!

THE HISTORY OF THE

1711

OF THE
ROYAL SOCIETY
OF LONDON
FROM
THE
FUNDATION
TILL
THE
PRESENT
TIMES

BY
JOHN
DEWAR
OF
THE
SOCIETY

“ I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE
LIFE! SAITH THE LORD!”

MAY 1840.

WE stood beside an opening grave,
By fair Morwenna's walls of gray :
Our hearts were hush'd—the God who gave
Had called a sister-soul away.

Hark ! what wild tones around us float,
The chaunting cuckoo's double note !

II.

We uttered there the solemn sound,—
“ Man that is born from flesh of Eve.
The banished flower of Eden's ground,
Hath but a little time to live :”—

And still, amid each pausing word,
The strange cry of that secret bird.

III.

“ Ashes to ashes—dust to dust”—
The last farewell we sadly said,
Our mighty hope—our certain trust—
The resurrection of the dead !
 Again, all air, it glides around,
 A voice ! the spirit of a sound.

IV.

A doctrine dwells in that deep tone,—
A truth is borne on yonder wing,—
Long years ! long years ! the note is known,
The blessed messenger of spring !
 Thus saith that pilgrim of the skies,
 “ Lo ! all which dieth shall arise !”

V.

Rejoice! though dull with wintry gloom
Love's sepulchre and sorrow's night,
The sun shall visit depth and tomb,
A season of eternal light!

Like the glad bosom of the rose,
The mound shall burst—the grave unclose!

VI.

Yea! soothed by that unvarying song
What generations here have trod!
What winds have breathed that sound along,
Fit signal of the changeless God!

Hark! yet again the echoes float,
The chaunting euekoo's double note!

THE HISTORY OF

THE

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1800

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THE NUN OF CARMEL'S LAMENT.

AT THE CONQUEST OF ST. JEAN D'ACRE.

NOVEMBER 2, 1840.

WEEPEST thou! weepst thou! with victory won,
Dark-eyed daughter of the Syrian sun!
Where Carmel, a conqueror, cleaves the sky,
With the turban'd palm for his crest on high.

II.

Tears! where the moony crescent is bright,
And the red red cross hath prevail'd in fight,
And swarthy Misraim's doom is done,
And Syria is safe, and Acco^a won!

^a The ancient name (cf. Judges i. 31.) of St. Jean D'Acrc.

III.

I weep not the home of my Syrian birth,
Nor the Victor's foot on my Fathers' Earth,
Nor the rushing rivers of Gentile gore,
That darken the floods upon Jewry's shore.

IV.

But I grieve that the sweet and the holy sign,
With the Moslem banner should wave and shine ;
I blush for the battle that blends in fame
Mohhammad's, and Issa Ben Mariam's^b name.

V.

Woe worth the war where the gain is loss !
Shame to the crescent beside the cross,
Trouble and dread to the pledge that gave,
A Christian arm to a pagan glaive,

^b The Syriac name of Jesus Son of Mary.

VI.

I dream of the hearts that are lowly laid,
The warriors that wielded the beamy blade,
And waved to the winds yon blessed sign,
In war for their God and his tarnished shrine.

VII.

I think on the days that are quench'd and gone,
When the souls of England came sternly on,
To sweep from the lands the accursed horde
That mock'd at the cross and blasphemed its Lord.

VIII.

And I see where the Turkish cohorts ride,
The armies of Christ! they are side by side;
And I hear, in the City's funeral knell,
Old England's shout and the Islam yell!

IX.

Tears then, and grief, for the Syrian sun,
With victory gain'd and with Aeco won,
Oh ! Pride will be shame and triumph loss,
Till the crescent shiver beneath the cross !

THE EXILE'S TEXT.

JEREMIAH XXII. 10.

WEEP ye not for the dead ! they sleep
In hallow'd slumbers, calm and deep,
Their bed, the country of their birth,
The dust around them, Hebrew earth !

II.

They cease—and yet, bemoan them not !
Their tombs are in the blessed spot,
Where hearth, and home, and altar, stand,
With Aaron's shrines and Judah's Land !

III.

But weep ye sore for us ! we go
Where rivers of the stranger flow ;
And Gentile winds must bear along,
The Lord's—the God of Jacob's song !

IV.

We travel to the graves unknown—
To die, in cities not our own,
False feet our sepulchres will tread,
A breathing nation of the dead.

V.

Bel's loathsome land ! and Nebo's sky :—
Our flesh will shudder where we lie—
Bone to his bone will cleave and creep
From the vile earth around our sleep.

VI.

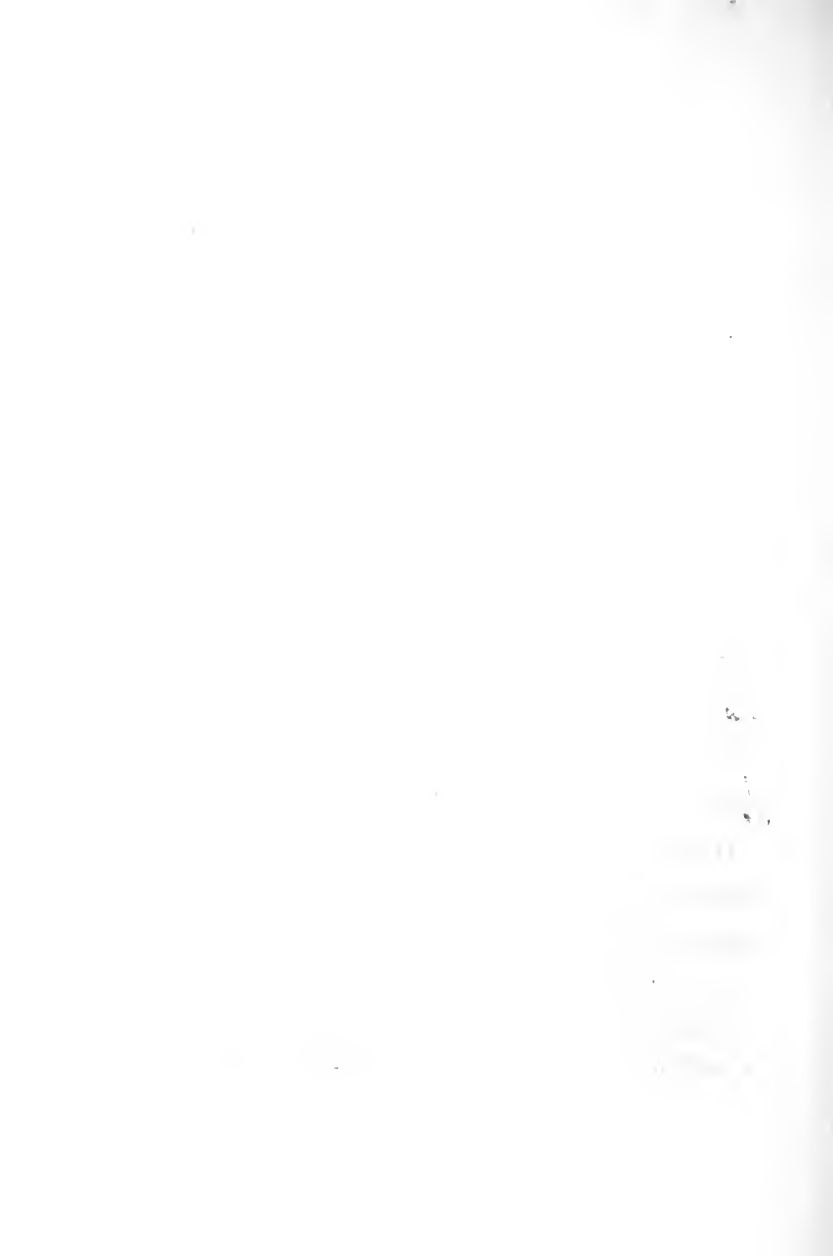
But they, the dead by Jordan's stream,
They hear those waters where they dream,
The floods that fall by Abraham's cave
And Rachel's tomb and Isaac's grave!

VII.

Then mourn ye not for them, their sleep
Is pure and blessed: calm and deep:
But grieve, yea! grieve for us, we go
Where rivers of the stranger flow!

VIII.

No more! no more! oh never more
The hills, the trees, the ocean shore;
Ah Salem, Gilead, Lebanon,
The Lord! the Lord your God, is gone!



A SONNET OF THE SEA.

OUR bark is on the waters ! wide around

The wandering waves—above, the lonely sky—

Hush ! a young sea-bird floats—and that quick cry
Shrieks to the levell'd weapon's echoing sound :

Grasp its lank wing, and on ! with reckless bound.

Yet, creature of the surf, a sheltering breast

To-night shall haunt in vain thy far-off nest—
A call, unanswered, search the rocky ground.

Lord of Leviathan ! when ocean heard

Thy gathering voice, and sought his native breeze,—
When whales first plunged with life, and the proud deep
Felt unborn tempests heave in troubled sleep,—

Thou didst provide, even for this nameless bird,
Home ! and a natural love amid the surging seas !

“ THEY SHALL FLEE EVERY ONE TO
HIS OWN LAND.”

JEREMIAH L. 16.

HOME ! home, once more ! and every tree
Looks with familiar face on me ;
A smile comes o'er the accustomed hill,
A voice of welcome from the rill !

II.

Home ! home, once more ! but where are now
The bounding breast and brightening brow ?
The footstep firm—the bearing bold,
Wherewith I trod these scenes of old !

III.

These all are fled—and in their room
Thought thickens all things into gloom;
Along this path the listener hears
Feet heavy with the toil of years.

IV.

Yet cleaves my soul to this dear glen,
The old remembrance lives again,—
The scene sighs with its former breath,
Like that, old Ridley loved in death^c.

^c Who can read without emotion the last words of Ridley, written in his prison-house in Oxford, in memory of the "scenes he had loved the best," in the life he was about to forego for Jesus Christ his sake? Who that loves old Oxford can fail to be touched by the passage to which these lines refer;—"Farewell! sweet Magdalene walks in Oxford, where I did learn St. Paul's Epistles by heart."

V.

Here did I chaunt to many a wind
The themes of God's eternal mind ;
While the deep stream and thrilling birds
Made music 'mid those mighty words !

VI.

Here oracles an echo found,
Breathed far away on Syrian ground,
By prophet-bards, to whom were given
The lore and poetry of Heaven !

VII.

Here too would dreamy thought recal
Gesture and tone of saintly Paul,
Till fancy heard the iron band
That shook upon his lifted hand !

VIII.

All, all is gone—no longer roll
Vision and dream around my soul;
But in their stead float down the wind
These fragments of a broken mind.

IX.

Still, home once more! for in this dell
The dust of love will fondly dwell;
And scenes so dear in life shall hide
The hearts that death could not divide!

THE SEA-BIRD'S CRY.

'Tis harsh to hear from ledge or peak
The cruel cormorant's tuneless shriek,
Fierce songs they chaunt in pool and cave,
Dark wanderers of the western wave !
Here will the listening landsman pray
For memory's music, far away,
Soft throats that nestling with the rose
Soothe the glad rivulet as it flows !

II.

Cease, stranger ! cease, that fruitless word :
Give Eve's hush'd bough to woodland bird,
Let the winged minstrel's valley-note,
Mid flowers and fragrance pause and float :
Here must the echoing beak prevail,
To pierce the storm and cleave the gale—
To call, when warring tides shall foam,
The fledgling of the waters home !

III.

Wild things are here of sea and land !
Stern surges and a haughty strand—
Sea monsters haunt yon cavern'd lair ;
The mermaid wrings her briny hair ;

That cry, those sullen accents, sound
Like native echoes of the ground.
Lo! He did all things well who gave
The sea-bird's voice to such a wave!

“ And God said, Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life, and fowl that may fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven.” Gen. i. 20.



POMPEII.

How fair the scene! the sunny smiles of day
Flash o'er the wave in glad Sorrento's bay;
Far, far along mild Sarno's glancing stream,
The fruits and flowers of golden summer beam,
And cheer, with brightening hues, the lonely gloom,
That shrouds you silent City of the Tomb!
Yes, sad Pompeii! Time's deep shadows fall
On every ruin'd arch and broken wall;
But Nature smiles as in thy happiest hour,
And decks thy lowly rest with many a flower.

Around, above, in blended beauty shine
The graceful poplar and the clasping vine ;
Still the young violet^a, in her chalice blue,
Bears to the lip of Morn her votive dew ;
Still the green laurel springs to life the while,
Beneath her own Apollo's golden smile ;
And o'er thy fallen beauties beams on high
The Glory of the Heavens—Italia's sky !

How fair the scene ! even now to Fancy's gaze
Return the shadowy forms of other days :
Those halls, of old with mirth and music rife,
Those echoing streets that teem'd with joyous life,
The stately towers that look'd along the plain,
And the light barks that swept yon silvery main.
And see ! they meet beneath the chestnut shades,
Pompeii's joyous sons and graceful maids,

^a The violets of this district are proverbial for their abundance and beauty.

Weave the light dance—the rosy chaplet twine,
 Or snatch the cluster from the weary vine ;
 Nor think that Death can haunt so fair a scene,
 The Heaven's deep blue, the Earth's unsullied green.

Devoted City ! could not aught avail
 When the dark omen^b told thy fearful tale ?
 The giant phantom dimly seen to glide,
 And the loud voice^c that shook the mountain-side,
 With warning tones that bade thy children roam,
 To seek in happier climes a calmer home ?
 In vain ! they will not break the fatal rest
 That woos them to the mountain's treacherous breast :

b Dio Cassius, lxxvi. relates, that, previously to the destruction of the city, figures of gigantic size were seen hovering in the air, and that a voice like the sound of a trumpet was often heard. Probably the imagination of the inhabitants invested with human figure the vapours that preceded the eruption.

c *Vox quoque per lucos vulgo exaudita silentes
 Ingens ; et simulacra modis pallentia miris
 Visa sub obscurum noctis.*

Virg. Georg. l. 476.

Fond memory blends with every mossy stone
Some early joy, some tale of pleasure flown ;
And they must die where those around will weep,
And sleep for ever where their fathers sleep.
Yes ! they must die : behold ! yon gathering gloom
Brings on the fearful silence of the tomb ;
Along Campania's sky yon murky cloud
Spreads its dark form—a City's funeral shroud.

How brightly rose Pompeii's latest day^d !
The Sun, unclouded, held his golden way,—
Vineyards, in Autumn's purple glories drest,
Slept in soft beauty on the mountain's breast ;
The gale that wanton'd round his crested brow,
Shook living fragrance from the blossom'd bough ;
And many a laughing mead and silvery stream
Drank the deep lustre of the noonday beam :

^d Pompeii was destroyed on the 23rd of August, A. D. 79. See Plinii Epist. l. vi. 16, 20 ; Dio Cassius, lxxvi. It remained undiscovered during fifteen centuries.

Then echoing Music rang, and Mirth grew loud
 In the glad voices of the festal crowd ;
 The opening Theatre's^e wide gates invite,
 The choral dance is there, the solemn rite—
 There breathes th' immortal Muse her spell around,
 And swelling thousands flood the fated ground.
 See ! where arise before th' enraptur'd throng,
 The fabled scenes, the shadowy forms of Song !
 Gods, that with heroes leave their starry bowers,
 Their fragrant hair entwin'd with radiant flowers,
 Haunt the dim grove, beside the fountain dwell—
 Strike the deep lyre, or sound the wreathed shell—
 With forms of heavenly mould ; but hearts that glow
 With human passion, melt with human woe :

^e Eustace, and other modern writers, have thought it improbable that the inhabitants of Pompeii could have assembled to enjoy the amusement of the theatre after the shocks of the earthquake and other symptoms of danger which preceded the eruption ; but as their theatrical representations partook of the nature of religious solemnities, there does not seem sufficient reason to disregard the positive assertion of Dio Cassius to the contrary.

Breathless they gaze, while white-rob'd priests advance,
And graceful virgins lead the sacred dance;
They listen, mute, while mingling tones prolong
The lofty accent, and the pealing song,
Echo th' unbending Titan's haughty groan,
Or in the Colchian's woes forget their own^f!
Why feels each throbbing heart that shuddering chill?
The Music falters, and the Dance is still—
“ Is it pale twilight stealing o'er the plain?
“ Or starless Eve, that holds unwonted reign?”
Hark to the thrilling answer! who shall tell
When thick and fast th' unsparing tempest fell,
And stern Vesuvius pour'd along the vale
His molten cataracts, and his burning hail:—

^f Ivory tickets of admission were found in the vicinity of one of the theatres, inscribed on one side with the name of a play of Æschylus, and on the other with a representation of the theatre itself. One or two of these are preserved in the studio at Naples.

Oh! who shall paint, in that o'erwhelming hour,
Death's varying forms, and Horror's withering power?
Earthquake! wild Earthquake! rends that heaving plain,
Cleaves the firm rock, and swells the beetling main:
Here, yawns the ready grave, and, raging, leap
Earth's secret fountains from their troubled sleep;
There, from the quivering mountain bursts on high
The pillar'd flame, that wars along the sky!
On, on they press, and maddening seek in vain
Some soothing refuge from the fiery rain;—
Their home? it can but yield a living tomb,
Round the lov'd hearth is brooding deepest gloom:
Yon sea? its angry surges scorching rave,
And deathfires gleam upon the ruddy wave:
Oh! for one breath of that reviving gale,
That swept at dewy morn along the vale!
For one sad glance of their beloved sky,
To soothe, though vain, their parting agony!

Yon mother bows in vain her shuddering form,
Her babe to shield from that relentless storm :
Cold are those limbs her clasping arms constrain,
Even the soft shelter of her breast is vain !
Gaze on that form ! 'tis Beauty's softest maid,
The rose's rival in her native shade ;—
For her had Pleasure rear'd her fairest bowers,
And Song and Dance had sped the laughing hours :
See ! o'er her brow the kindling ashes glow,
And the red shower o'erwhelms her breast of snow ;
She seeks that lov'd one—never false till then ;—
She calls on him—who answers not again :
Loose o'er her bosom flames her golden hair,
And every thrilling accent breathes despair !
Even the stern priest, who saw with raptur'd view,
The deathless forms of Heaven's ethereal blue,
Who drank, with glowing ear, the mystic tone,
That clothed his lips with wonders not their own,

Beheld the immortal marble frown in vain,
And fires triumphant grasp the sacred fane,
Forsook at last the unavailing shrine,
And curs'd his faithless gods—no more divine!

Morn came in beauty still—and shone as fair,
Though cold the hearts that hail'd its radiance there,
And Evening, crown'd with many a starry gem,
Sent down her softest smile—though not for them!
Where glean'd afar Pompeii's graceful towers,
Where hill and vale were cloth'd with vintage-bowers,
O'er a dark waste the smouldering ashes spread,
A pall above the dying and the dead.

Still the dim city slept in safest shade,
Though the wild waves another Queen obey'd,
And sad Italia, on her angry shore,
Beheld the North its ruthless myriads pour;
And Nature scatter'd all her treasures round,
And grac'd with fairest hues the blighted ground.

There oft, at glowing noon, the village maid
Sought the deep shelter of the vineyard shade ;
Beheld the olive bud—the wild-flower wave,
Nor knew her step was on a people's grave !
But see ! once more beneath the smiles of day,
The dreary mist of ages melts away !
Again Pompeii, 'mid the brightening gloom,
Comes forth in beauty from her lonely tomb.
Lovely in ruin—graceful in decay,
The silent City rears her walls of gray :
The clasping ivy hangs her faithful shade,
As if to hide the wreck that time had made ;
The shatter'd column on the lonely ground,
Is glittering still, with fresh acanthus crown'd ;
And where her Parian rival moulders near,
The drooping lily pours her softest tear !
How sadly sweet with pensive step to roam
Amid the ruin'd wall, the tottering dome !

The path just worn by human feet is here ;
Their echoes almost reach the listening ear :
The marble hall with rich mosaie drest ;
The portal wide that woos the lingering guest :
Altars, with fresh and living chaplets crown'd,
From those wild flowers that spring fantastic round,
The unfinish'd painting, and the pallet nigh,
Whose added hues must fairer charms supply :
These mingle here, until th' unconscious feet
Roam on, intent some gathering crowd to meet ;
And cheated Fancy, in her dreamy mood,
Will half forget that it is solitude !

Yes, all is solitude ! fear not to tread,
Through gates unwatch'd, the City of the Dead,
Explore with pausing step th' unpeopled path,
View the proud hall—survey the stately bath,
Where swelling roofs their noblest shelter raise ;
Enter ! no voice shall check th' intruder's gaze !

See! the dread legion's peaceful home is here,
 The signs of martial life are scatter'd near:
 Yon helm, unclasp'd to ease some Warriór's brow,
 The sword his weary arm resign'd but now,
 Th' unfinish'd sentence trac'd along the wall,
 Broke by the hoarse Centurion's startling call:
 Hark! did their sounding tramp reecho round?
 Or breath'd the hollow gale that fancied sound?
 Behold! where 'mid yon fane, so long divine,
 Sad Isis mourns her desolated shrine!
 Will none the mellow reed's soft music breathe?
 Or twine from yonder flowers the victim's wreath?
 None to yon altar lead with suppliant strain
 The milk-white monarch of the herd again?
 All, all is mute! save sadly answering nigh
 The nightbird's shriek, the shrill cicala's cry.

g Hinc albi, Clitumne, greges, et maxima taurus

Victima.

Virg. Georg. ii. 146.

Yet may you trace along the furrow'd street,
The chariot's track—the print of frequent feet ;
The gate unclos'd, as if by recent hand ;
The hearth, where yet the guardian Lares stand ;
Still on the wall the words of welcome shine^h,
And ready vases proffer joyous wineⁱ :
But where the hum of men ? the sounds of life ?
The Temple's pageant, and the Forum's strife ?
The forms and voices, such as should belong
To that bright clime, the land of Love and Song ?
How sadly echoing to the stranger's tread,
These walls respond, like voices from the dead !
And sadder traces—darker scenes are there,
Tales of the Tomb, and records of Despair ;

h On many of the walls the word *Salve* is carved over the door.

i The amphoræ which contained wine still remain, and the marble slabs are marked with cups and glasses.—*Eustace*.

In Death's chill grasp unconscious arms enfold
 The fatal burden of their cherish'd gold;
 Here, wasted relics, as in mockery, dwell
 Beside some treasure lov'd in life too well;
 There, faithful hearts have moulder'd side by side,
 And hands are clasp'd that death could not divide!
 None, none shall tell that hour of fearful strife,
 When Death must share the consciousness of Life;
 When sullen Famine, slow Despair consume
 The living tenants of the massive tomb;
 Long could they hear, above th' incumbent plain,
 The music of the breeze awake again,
 The wave's deep echo on the distant shore,
 And murmuring streams, that they should see no more!
 Away! dread scene! and o'er the harrowing view
 Let Night's dim shadows fling their darkest hue!

k At the door of the court of one of the houses skeletons were found, one with a key, another with a purse.—*Eustace*.

But there, if still beneath some nameless stone,
By waving weeds and ivy-wreaths o'ergrown,
Lurk the gray spoils of Poet or of Sage,
Tully's deep lore, or Livy's pictur'd page ;
If sweet Menander, where his relics fade,
Mourn the dark refuge of Oblivion's shade ;
Oh ! may their treasures burst the darkling mine !
Glow in the living voice, the breathing line !
Their vestal fire our midnight lamp illumè,
And kindle Learning's torch from sad Pompeii's tomb !

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THE END.

WHEN darkness fills the western sky,
And sleep the twin of death is nigh,
What soothes the soul at set of sun?
The pleasant thought of duty done!

II.

Yet must the pastoral slumbers be
The shepherd's, by the eastern tree,
Broken and brief, with dreams that tell
Of ravaged flock and poison'd well.

III.

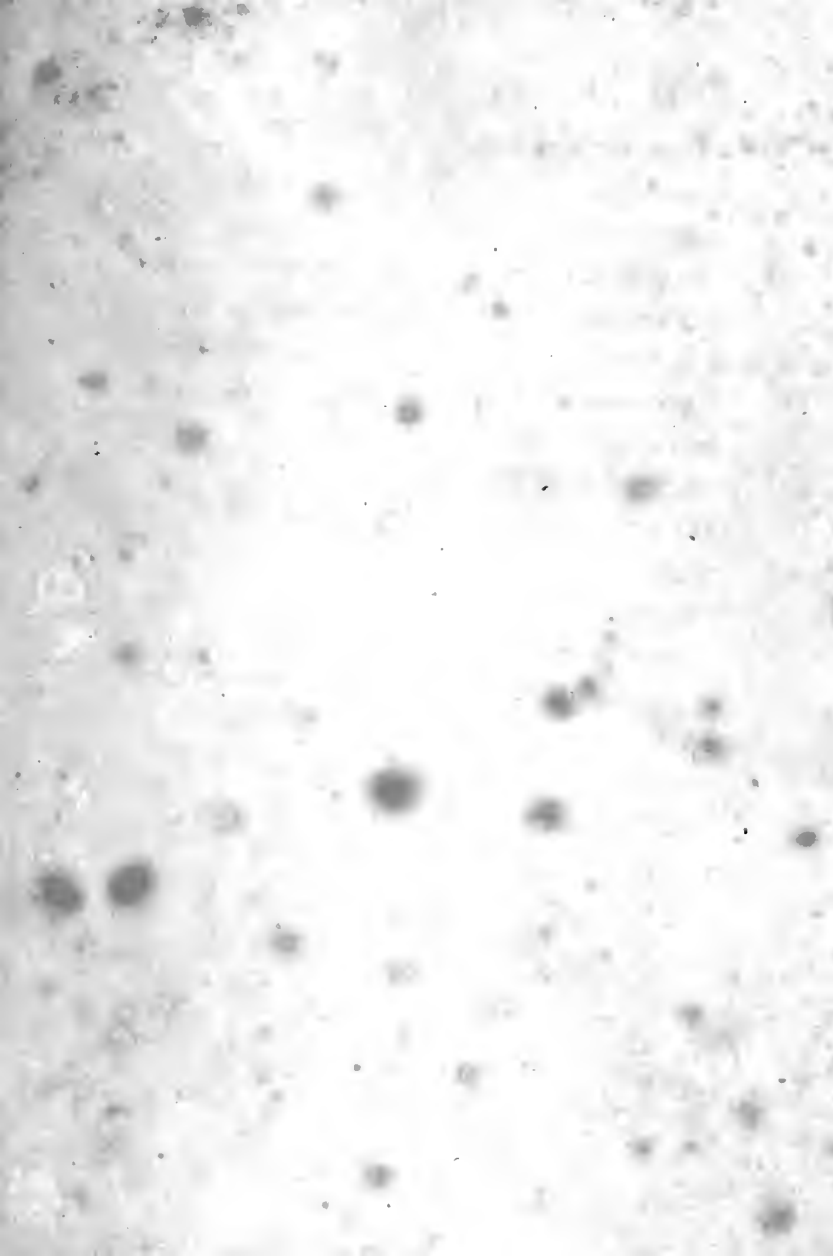
Be strong, my soul ! fast wears the night,
Soon will day dawn in holier light ;
Old faces—ancient hearts—be there,
And well known voices thrill the air !

NOVEMBER 1840.

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