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Mrs Wallace.

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FRAGMENTS AND FANCIES.

BY

THE LADY E. STUART WORTLEY.

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TO

FREDERICK MANSEL REYNOLDS, ESQ.

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THE FOLLOWING PAGES

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FRAGMENTS AND FANCIES.

MIDNIGHT THOUGHTS.

NIGHT—Night and Silence and deep Shadows round,
And the great Universe without a bound !
For 'tis at night we feel its grandeur most,
And in its veiled Immensity are lost.
Those distant worlds, that gleam in night's abyss,
Call us, with voices full of power—from this !
Oh ! of yon Palace-dome—ye lamps divine—
Ye full blown flowers which in yon garden shine.
That fairest Eden—left unto our love—
That open Paradise spread out above.
Ye fairest flowers of everlasting bloom,
How pine we—'mid the shadows of the tomb,

For your immortal freshness—ye are arrayed
 Like the field's lilies—but ah! *not* to fade!
 Your very sight can lift us o'er our fate;
 Within our deepest souls ye perpetrate
 Strange deeds of Strength, of Mystery and of Might.
 Aye! in our deepest thoughts, ye worlds of Light!
 And with a glorious trouble, do ye shake
 Our inmost spirits—till they pine and ache,
 E'en to your far-off realms divine to soar,
 And learn all secrets of your starry lore!
 For most when Night makes Heaven and Earth her own,
 And sits sublime upon her shadowy throne—
 The thirst of knowledge seizes on the soul,
 Which spurns the bondage of this earth's controul.
 O! worlds of beauty—worlds of might and power—
 We feel there yet shall come that glorious hour
 When our freed spirits shall in strength arise,
 To pierce the Eternal Mysteries of the Skies.
 They shall know more—know *all*—but here in vain
 They chafe, and fret, and struggle 'gainst the chain!

They *shall* know more—know *all*—but now they fail—
 Themselves are weak, and their best aids are frail.

All feelings deepen, and grow more intense
 Beneath Night's strong and wondrous influence.
 Then memory makes the veiled and buried past
 More Present than the Present—which seems cast
 Into that gulph oblivious—where, before
 The old days were hid—the old days that are no more :
 And Hope—the fair, the lovely Hope, too, springs
 Unto the noblest strength of her glad wings
 In that sweet solemn season—and makes bright
 The aspect of the still and shadowy Night.
 Oh ! fairy Hopes ! how ofttimes have ye fraught
 With joy and beauty my delighted thought
 In midnight's quiet hours ?—and oft, how oft,
 Unto my dreams did ye divinely waft
 E'en then, a thousand raptures—till the day
 Seemed dark and cold when ye were borne away.
 How did ye—smiling hopes !—shine brightly down
 Upon my soul, with glory all your own—

Like glittering stars, on sparkling heaving seas—
 Just ruffled by some newly risen breeze,
 Till each bright star seems multiplied—and made
 As a whole heaven of stars !—thereon displayed—
 So the rich trouble of my restless thought,
 When once *your* smiling radiance it had caught,
 Lent but more lustre to your living beams,
 Till every hope redoubled in my dreams
 Shone gladly forth—as restless and as bright !
 Trembling with splendour—and with heavenly light.

Night—Silence—and deep dreamy shadows round—
 And the great Universe without a bound !
 Yes ! when I upward lift my sleepless eye—
 That world of many worlds—the Eternal sky,
 Greets me with all its boundless majesty.
 Ye stars ! ye well may draw our deep looks there ;
 Awful and wondrous are ye—as ye're fair !
 The Incomprehensibilities of Heaven
 Appear Embodied in ye—for unriven

The veil that shrouds ye. Oh ! unriven that veil
 That screens your mysteries. Who shall tell your tale?
 Though mighty Science hath indeed done much—
 Yet there are hidden things she may not touch—
 Yet there are hidden truths she may not scan,
 In Heaven's unutterably glorious plan !

Night—Silence—Shadows—Stars, and trembling tears—
 For I must weep to think of by-past years !
 And all that hath past with them—raptures fled—
 And hopes destroyed—and friends and feelings dead !
 And ah ! the tears that now rain from mine eyes,
 Are unlike those which Hope so quickly dries.
 In the earliest days of her enchanted reign,
 When *she* can charm away all grief and pain—
 Those tears were like the bright and glistening showers
 Which fall to earth in summer's softest hours—
 And seem at once to turn to radiant flowers !
 But these—that heavily and harshly flow—
 These tell a sterner tale of gloomy woe—

A sombre and a melancholy tale,
 And more resemble the icy glittering hail—
 Which beats down the opening promise of the year,
 So darkly falls each deep and bitter tear !

The moon is forth—and, like a sorceress bright,
 She turns to enchantment all the dreamy night !
 'Thou fair—fair moon—the light thou shedd'st around,
 Holy and solem, brings a peace profound
 Unto the long disturbed—distracted thought
 To which so oft vain torturing cares are brought ;
 And softly dost thou temper and controul
 The wild tempestuous workings of the soul.
 'Tis swayed, e'en as the sea—the haughty sea—
 Whose lightest sounds seem cries of “ Victory ”—
 Is swayed by thy most delicate influence,
 And made to serve thee with a zeal intense.
 'Tis bound in a most bright and lovely chain,
 Like that great ocean—o'er which 'Thou dost reign—
 The strength and grandeur of the unbounded main !

The powers of the old majestic tides—for they
 Still bend before thy calm triumphant sway !
 Thou art their life and soul—supreme art thou,
 And thy supremacy they still avow.
 Even thus canst thou, with heavenly mastery bind,
 With chain unseen—the quick and restless mind ;
 And thy calm smile hath ofttimes gently wrought
 A charm to enthrall the feelings and the thought :
 Yea—even the mighty and mysterious powers
 Of Feeling and of Thought—in some soft hours
 Submit themselves unto a rule, as mild
 As thine—Oh ! fair, and calm, and undefiled !

The stars—and that sweet moon, with their clear rays,
 Can chase away pale terrors and dismays ;
 Such as at times in night's deep reign oppress
 The spirit with a vain and fond distress.
 Too apt that spirit is to wander far,
 'Mid dreams where doubts and contradictions are—
 Through hidden paths to ramble—and to dwell
 'Mid shades, whose gloom it strives not to dispel.

Oh weakness ! oh worst folly ! when we know
 In what blessed channels our quick thoughts should flow—
 For there *are* glad and glorious certainties,
 For ever shining out before our eyes—
 Bright certainties of heavenly things sublime—
 Beyond all things of earth—all things of time !
 Certainties of beatitudes and joys,
 That shall be ours—when this life's vile annoys
 Are all forgotten—if we fix our trust
 High above this frail world of death and dust !

Shall shadows dark, round our vex'd spirits frown,
 Where vainly Heaven's rich promises shine down—
 Like stars o'er deserts—stars whose lovely light
 No wells of water *there* glass back as bright -
 Reflecting each fair splendour of the sky,
 Trembling, as though with *their* deep harmony ?
 And shall this be ? Oh Folly ! and Oh Shame !
 Ours were the error all—and ours the blame !

How do our early feelings die away,
 As we pursue in life our wildering way.

To leave full oft a yawning void behind—
 A void e'en in the Heart—and in the Mind !
 Unless *new* feelings—haply deeper still—
 The hollows and the channels rise to fill !
 Into these hollows, and these channels poured,
 Till heart and mind are thus with fresh wealth stored.
 But, *have* mine early feelings died away ?
 No ! though, in sooth, they long have fallen a prey
 To shadowy Alteration's sweeping power—
 Changed—darkly changed—since their first wakening hour !
 Now hope seems but a flutter of suspense,
 O'erpow'ring—and distracting—and intense ;
 And Love—a beautiful and bright despair—
 And all of Feeling—but a weight of care !
 Each feeling's altered—yet they have not died,
 But in my heart like their own ghosts abide !
 In other days—how did they seem to be
 Fed by thy incense-breath—sweet Poesy,
 And rapt by Music's heavenly voice of might,
 To realms of cloudless uncreated light—

Now like the Spring's young breathings—soft and blest,
O'er freezing snows on some high mountain's breast,
Vainly do Poesy and Music bring
Their charms to this lorn heart—a wounded thing—
That owns no more Joy's fair and lovely sway,
Filled with sad feelings, hid from light and day !

Now Memory strongly rises on my soul,
And occupies and fills at once the whole ;
Fast swells and sweeps its gathering wave of might,
On, on it pours as strong and clear as light !
And did I deem this lorn and heavy heart,
Too long condemned with torturing pangs to smart,
A gloomy chaos of Eternal Grief,
A wintry world with many a scentless leaf ?
Lo ! beneath Memory's touch that heart o'erworn
Laughs into bright creation—as new born !
Its wintry world of barrenness and gloom
At once a world of summer doth become,
Decked in the beauty of a tenfold bloom !

Buds, flowers, and fruits, close mingling there appear,
And all the varied glories of the year !

A world of sunshine and of summer now
That long o'ershadowed heart doth brightly grow.
But, Memory !—*thou* hast wrought the magic charm—
'Tis thou alone canst cheer, and light, and warm ;
And hast thou now within my Being wrought
New Energies of Passion and of Thought ?
No ! no !—thou hast but re-enkindled those
That once—ere deadened by destructive woes—
Swayed my deep spirit—boundless, fiery, strong,
Alas ! what woes did to *themselves* belong !

'Tis thus in midnight hours of purple gloom
The sport of many feelings I become,
And shed in mournful mood fast flowing tears
O'er the remembrances of bygone years ;
While to the aching breast of sleepless grief
The wildest tears bring slight and faint relief,
And *still* the unanswered heart oppressed—oppressed—
Bleeds—vainly bleeds in the unsolaced breast !

MUSIC AND MEMORY.

'Tis the sweet strain I heard in days of yore !—
That soft sweet strain calls back those days once more,
And while its blessed breathings richly float,
Some long-lost feeling lives in every note.
Oh! were I blest as I of old was blest,
'These sounds might not distract the awakened breast ;
Then, then might I those strains untortured drink,
But now each note seems an electric link
To bind my present to my shadowy past,
With sweet, sweet shock, that makes me shrink aghast !
Not only floats this strain i' the haunted air,
The Music of old Memories trembles there.
Aye—in the pale blue haunted air around
There floats a Music far past that of Sound !
And for awhile its power triumphant flings
Beauty, and Joy, and Glory o'er all things !

Yet a pale Beauty—faint, and vague, and strange,
 A melancholy Joy, and full of change;
 And a most shadowy Glory, such as dwells
 Round setting suns that smile their last farewells
 'Mid gathering clouds, which gloomily forestall
 The approach of Night, and weave Day's funeral-pall—
 Oh! thou Sweet Strain I heard and loved of yore,
 Wake these vain Memories of the past no more!

MOURNERS OF EARTH!

MOURNERS of Earth!—Oh! ye who weep
 O'er crushing sorrows dark and deep,
 Ye who to Hope have bade farewell,
 Ye who 'mongst gloomiest shadows dwell,
 Oh! but the Midnight of your Sorrow
 May have a glad and glorious Morrow!

There may be miseries, ills, and woes,
And cares, that never win repose
In this strange world, where day by day
We find the enchantments fade away ;
But oh ! this world 'tis passing ever,
And from its scenes, we all must sever.

Mourners of Earth ! perchance your part,
Though now your minds with anguish smart,
Is not a heavier one to bear
Than theirs who mingle joy with care,
Those who indeed rejoice with trembling,
For ever to themselves dissembling !

Seeking to make themselves believe
Their hearts with no vain doubtings heave,
Till even their happiness becomes,
In this dim sphere of clouds and tombs,
More of a keen pain than a pleasure—
A rich—but treasure-draining treasure !

Although possessed—yet evermore
Costing a deep price—o'er and o'er !
For fearful things are heart-joys here !
While Death, and Change, and Doom are near—
Here Love and Death have awful meetings,
Checking the deep heart's fevered beatings !

Mourners of Earth ! no more ye'll find
How every rose with thorns is lined,
The blaze of changeful life shall ne'er
Blind ye with its delusive glare—
There is a Peace which Heaven bestoweth,
Which but the heart that hopes not knoweth.

Mourners of Earth ! methinks for ye
'Tis well 'mongst shadowing clouds to be—
What though those clouds which dim your day
One breath of Love might clear away,
One breath of Love—one breath of Gladness,
Might bring ere long a deeper Sadness !

Then, Mourners ! still be Mourners here,
 Joy hath its bane—and Hope its fear ;
 But Joy and Hope no more shall shine
 With light deceitful as divine,
 To eyes of agonizing weeping,
 Which meet kind glances but in sleeping.

Mourners of Earth !—Oh ! ye who 've lost
 The Dear Ones that you cherished most,
 No offices of tenderness
 May now your crushed existence bless ;
 But *they* are saved from grief and mourning,
 For whom your heavy hearts are yearning.

And still in Heaven they claim your love,
 And draw your faithful thoughts above,
 Earth's mightiest affections fail,
 And all our feelings are but frail ;
 But where the awful grave hath bound them,
 A holiness seems to surround them.

'Then, though no more kind looks and words
May wake your heart's still sleeping chords,
Nor all the love which they express
Thrill ye with glowing happiness,
From many sources ye may borrow
A solace for your cherished sorrow !

Though, hapless Ones ! for you 'tis true
Morn's radiant skies smile dimly blue,
And gloomy seems that gracious hour
Which glorifies the tree and flower,
And fills all Earth with bloom and sweetness,
For you it flies with *blessed* fleetness !

That hour, and all the hours that pass
So swiftly and so soon—Alas !
Ye gladly speed upon their flight—
For Life—for Day—is Death and Night
To ye—whose hopes are gone before ye,
And like the far stars—smiling o'er ye !

All things for ye, however glad,
 Have something in them soft and sad ;
 There is a cloud for every ray
 That laughs out on a Summer's day ;
 In the Harp's crowning tones, faint sighings
 Sound like lorn Echo's last replyings.

All things for ye grief-touched appear,
 Save one thing—in itself most drear,
 That loses—*but* for ye—its gloom,
 That saddest thing on Earth—the Tomb !
 By you, the hapless broken hearted,
 To a bright temple 'tis converted !

Though Morning with her sun-gifts all
 Hath undertones in her blithe call,
 And shadows of deep gloom ye see,
 Where no dim mournful shadows be—
 The Night, when the long Day is ended,
 For ye more starry seems and splendid.

The Night reminds of other things,
 And many a soaring thought it brings,
 And lifts the Mourner's heart above,
 Upon the wings of faith and love !
 Yes—while the immortal stars are shining,
 The wretched cease their fond repining.

The ever glorious Sun of Day
 Decks the glad Earth in bright array,
 But these sweet Stars, with their faint light,
 Attract to Heaven the yearning sight,
 Soon as their soft reign is beginning,
 To Heaven the thoughts and feelings winning.

Oh ! Earthly Hope ! say, what art thou
 Whose charms still countless hearts avow,
 A meteor gleaming among tombs,
 To show their terrors 'mid their glooms ;
 But Heavenly Hope ! thou shin'st and soarest,
 And at the Eternal Throne adorest.

Mourners of Earth!—perchance 'tis well
 For ye *on Earth* 'mid shades to dwell,
 To turn dimmed agonizing eyes
 On the rich blush of Morning's skies,
 And fix your thoughts—the sad and lonely,
 On Heaven and Heavenly Prospects only!

LOVE'S JOYS AND SORROWS.

Oh! Love hath joys and Love hath sorrows too,
 Sorrows for ever keen—joys ever new!
 They who from doubt, and strife, and change would fly,
 Must fly from Love—and Fear, his pale Ally;
 Hoard up their Heart's deep precious waters all,
 Nor let them flow to waste, at Love's false call,
 Then shall the halcyon form of perfect Peace
 Brood o'er them—and their calm shall never cease,

And o'er them too shall float the unfleeing Dove
Of the Everlasting—Heavenly—Changeless Love,
All fraught with breathless tenderness and Truth,
And calm shall be their age, and calm their youth
Who thus with wisest care beneath the sun,
The fearful sway of earthly passion shun !—
Aye, though they love not that which is of Earth,
Though they love not the things of mortal birth,
The mighty fountains of the Heart still flow,
Even while they move through this dim world below.
They love—they feel—they consecrate the heart
To things from All Life's vanities apart—
And while 'tis saved from deep and dreadful woe,
The fountains of the Immortal Heart still flow !
(To quicken into glorious Seas of Light,
Unshadowed by one cloud of threatening night,
When Life's dark hour at length hath fled past,
And all its cares are to oblivion cast,)
Those fountains may be checked, but never dried,
And they shall swell to an eternal tide—

When shines that light of heaven which ne'er grows less,
Over their whole existence—strong to bless—
Love's wonderous powers can die not in the Soul,
'Tis Heaven hath kindled them throughout the whole.
With all our boundless Being—Love is blent,
And we are chained by bonds none ever rent.
And Earthly Love—e'en Earthly Love can raise
The spirit high o'er Life's distracted maze—
And to the Heavenly Love, the pure indeed,
May brightly and with fine gradations lead ;
And when the glorious twain together twine,
They both appear e'en equally divine.
Yea, and in sooth, where suffering and where woe,
From Love may darkly spring and sadly flow,
Even there doth something precious and august
Lift the rapt soul above its coil of dust ;
Then say not Love, even Earthly Love, is vain,
Though it may lead to wretchedness and pain,
To dark regret, and many a gloomy ill.
Oh ! Love's the Soul of Heaven's creation still !

Its very tears are precious as the stars,
Which shine above to smile down Earth's vile jars ;
These sparkle like ethereal dazzling gems,
Fitted for bright and heavenly diadems !
Oh ! say not Love is vain—it is not vain,
Death shall give up to it his power and reign ;
The World, the Sun—Time, Fate, shall it survive,
And everlastingly rejoicing live !
Though it may cause at times the deadliest grief,
Yet of Earth's best of blessings 'tis the chief !
Though it may make the chastened bosom smart,
And deeply wound the lorn unanswered heart,
And check the spirit with a mortal chill,
Yet Love's the soul of the Creation still !
'Tis still a glorious and immortal Sun,
Although at times, in sooth, a clouded one !

AN EVENING PROSPECT.

FAIR, fairest Prospect—fairest hour,
 When slowly over tree and tower
 The light full softly wanes and fades,
 As though the sunbeams turned to shades !
 Now, dewy gems are scattered round
 Meet for a Monarch robed and crowned
 With sweeping state and jewelled vest ;
 And still these gems might shame the rest.
 The scene seems like a fairy world,
 With Evening's stainless dew's empearled !
 Fair, fairest Prospect—fairest time,
 Still fairer than the hour of Prime—
 While all is dusk, and all is soft,
 And gentle breezes whispering, waft
 Sweet tidings from the Stars, that come
 To smile and shine away the gloom.
 Dear is the Evening's tranquil hour
 In the domestic household bower,

The Evening's peaceful hour is dear
Where shines the firelight's glow to cheer,
While smile around the happy hearth
Young faces mantling o'er with mirth,
While many a pleasing tale is told
Of fairy-charms and genii old;
Of history too, and travelled lore—
A rich and ever varied store !
But Evening's hour is far more fair
Out in that fresh sweet open air,
Where play the Summer-breathing gales,
Where floats the hum from populous vales,
And gracious glooms and slumberous shades
Spread softly as the daylight fades
Though there, to gladden and to cheer,
No firelight glow shines bright and clear.
Fair, fairest Prospect—fairest hour,
The dews gleam out o'er bank and bower,
On quivering leaves and drooping stems,
More lovely than the mine's rich gems,

Those splendid flowers of the inner Earth,
Not doomed to perish from their birth ;
That never droop, that never fade,
Ever in glorious light arrayed.
Beautiful—beautiful are they,
Nor destined unto quick decay ;
Ever full-blown and ever fair,
These splendid flowers that flourish there,
Deep in the dark Earth's secret breast—
Untouched—unchanged—in radiant rest,
Oh ! ever beautiful and bright,
Those precious things of solid light !
But these pure dews are yet more fair
Out in the fresh sweet open air ;
Still lovelier, finer gems are these
That tremble to each passing breeze,
Though, unlike those that richly line
The deep recesses of the mine,
They sparkle their brief life away,
While glittering gleams each coloured ray,

Within a short and bounded space,
And are no more seen in their place !
The very flowers on which they shine,
That freshly wreath and brightly twine,
In many a chaplet, rich and rare,
Outlast—outlive them proudly there !

Oh ! fairest Prospect—fairest time—
More precious than the hour of Prime,
No breath of busy Life is here,
Save that soft stealing on the ear ;
A murmurous hum comes, light and low,
From time to time—then dies off slow
At first, when sinks the glowing Sun,
When Day and all its pomps are done,
When the faint light declining fades,
And gather round the Evening's shades,
We shrink from the increasing glooms,
And from the Night that onward comes ;
But then, by soft and slow degrees,
We find a thousand things to please ;

Ever the scene more lovely grows,
And thousand beauties doth disclose !
So, when Joy's radiant reign is o'er,
Sorrow hath priceless gifts in store ;
If sometimes, sternly to affright,
She darkens to a stormy night,
How oft, in this strange world, how oft
Her Evening aspect smileth soft ;
How oft, by slow degrees, doth she
Win us her lovely charms to see.
Oh ! still to sacred Sorrow bend,
And she may prove a gracious friend.
In the poetic heart and mind
Still is she fittingly enshrined,
For endless treasures spring up there,
Beneath her sway—divinely fair—
And thus that wounded heart becomes
O'ershadowed by her gathering glooms ;
A casket rare—a precious urn,
Where glorious jewels hidden burn,

The bright Sun of Prosperity
May bring sweet flow'rets fair to see,
That bud and bloom, and smile and shine,
And fade, and alter, and decline,
But 'tis in caverns dark and lone
That slowly forms the precious stone,
Where no glad laughing sunny rays
Break through to feed the glorious blaze ;
And thus the Sorrow-darkened Mind
May with rich treasure-heaps be lined,
Though hidden from the common eye
In that deep lonely sanctuary !
Like reliques none may dare assail
Within the Temple's solemn veil !
Oh ! still to Mighty Sorrow bend,
Thy Patron she may prove, and friend !
Fair, fairest Prospect—fairest hour,
When gently, over tree and tower,
The sunlight wanes—the daylight fades,
And leaves the world to dreams and shades !

'T WAS THY SMILE.

'T WAS thy smile, oh ! thou false one ! who lov'st me not now,
 Which burst the first buds Passion wreathed round my brow,
 The first faint folded buds which unopened await
 The sunshine of Fortune, the spring-smile of Fate !
 'T was thy smile, oh ! the brightest that e'er beamed on earth,
 Which first woke these fair buds into beautiful birth ;
 Around thee there streamed a fine atmosphere bright,
 An atmosphere rife with Heaven's own precious light ;
 This thou seemedest to breathe round thee gloriously still,
 Oh ! how could I then think 'twould but end in dark ill,
 So lovely wert thou—and so lovely seemed Love,
 A glory—a rapture—sent down from above.
 How I worshipped that smile which on me deigned to beam
 Beyond all that the wildest of fancies could dream !
 Shun Memory !—Oh ! shun that dark, death-like Despair,
 Which crushed me when Love's hope first melted in air,

When first my soul lost its Life's sweet crowning light,
And my Being was bowed as beneath some harsh blight,
When my heart seemed to lose its own deep, vital spring,
And my hopes and my joys in a moment took wing!
Shun Memory!—Ah! shun that dark hour of Despair,
So fatal, so fell—when Life's paths once so fair,
Were o'erclouded by anguish, and shadowed by fear,
And all grew most deadly that once was most dear.
On that heavy despair, Memory, dwell not in gloom,
Which broke in black horrors like shadows of Doom
Around me, and burst on my shocked, startled sight,
Like the terrible frown of a wild storm-rack'd Night!
Thou wert beautiful ev'n as some bright dream of old
On the minds of the love-inspired sculptors unrolled,
When they stood as entranced—earnest, fervent, and lone,
And burnt their deep souls through the fine featured stone—
How thy Beauty shone down on my soul bright and clear,
And each moment then made thee more utterly dear;
But I found thee ere long yet more faithless than fair,
And my hopes and my joys all were melted in air!

Oh ! my Love it was but like a dream of the heart,
 Then let it be dream-like—so dream-like depart !
 And, alas ! without joy, without strength, trust, or hope,
 With all Life's wond'rous mysteries henceforth must I cope ?
 And my heart *was* so joyous—my soul *was* so free,
 It was once such a bliss—such a rapture—to be—
 But the canker can ruin the freshest of flowers
 That perfume the breeze in the Summer's glad hours ;
 The cloud-shadows dim ev'n the fair dazzling snow,
 O'er which nothing beside may one soiling stain throw—
 Oh ! once my Soul's Sea of deep waves, full and strong,
 Seemed rolling in freedom and gladness along,
 All brightened and smoothed by pure exquisite love,
 Till they answered the Heaven that was shining above.
 Oh ! once, once I felt not—in Hope's cloudless day—
 The wearisome contact with Earth and with clay ;
 But now every light that once lit my young path
 Is hidden by shadows of terror and wrath ;
 Every wreath that I wore is now faded and changed,
 And from freedom and gladness my soul is estranged.

The crown of Life's joys is now crushed with dismay,
 And each gem and each star-spark hath fallen away !
 And Love's bright dazzling moments for ever are past—
 Oh ! would that their memory might fade off as fast !
 'Twas thy smile ! 'twas thy smile ! oh thou false one, as fair—
 That first taught me to breathe Passion's exquisite air !
 'Twas thy smile ! Oh the loveliest that e'er wakened Love !
 That first bade me Devotion's deep ardours to prove—
 'Twas that smile which bade Nature all suddenly start
 Into life yet more splendid—the life of the Heart !
 For all things ! yea, all things ! in the earth, in the air—
 At once seemed one feeling profoundly to share.
 'Twas the feast of the feelings—the sway of the soul—
 And one sense seemed to kindle up Nature's vast whole.
 If these memories—so vain and so vivid—must last—
 Let me know—let me feel—let me breathe but the past—
 Let me see but thy smile in my soul stamped and set,
 Still remember the Past—but the Present forget !

THE PARTING.

WE parted in a sweet and touching hour
Of dreamy influence, and of deepening power ;
The evening's hour of beauty and of rest—
When Earth is garbed as in a Heavenly Vest !
We parted—but my heart—my fervent heart—
Ere thou and thy deep memories so can part—
Thou must be cold, and still, and crushed, and dead—
Thou that hast lived and loved, and ached and bled !
Round these fond memories, each despair's dark spring—
My heart's coiled fibres to the last will cling !
We parted in a Sweet and Sacred hour—
Rich Summer laughed o'er every leafy bower ;
And tender Evening reigned with gentlest sway—
And Daylight beautifully died away !
Summer is here again ! and all around
With fresh and fairy Loveliness is crowned.

She reigns—her Reign the glad Earth proudly owns,
 With all her breezy triumphs—her glad tones :
 Her sounds of Singing Waters, clear and free,
 And all her fair shows of festivity ;
 The birds, the song of birds—how doth it float
 Through the sweet air, note intertwined with note ;
 No rainbowed shell's maze hollowed wreathings close,
 All delicately tinged with blushful rose,
 More complex to the observant eye appear
 Than those mixed melodies unto the ear.
 She reigns in Beauty—but to me her reign
 Can bring but Memories fraught with torturing pain ;
 And Evening reigns too with her tender sway,
 And dies the Day with beautiful Decay ;
 For even Decay is beautiful and fair,
 Most exquisite and softly lovely *there*,
 Where fades the light by delicate degrees,
 And even the dimly gathering gloom can please.
 Still some things sorrowful are lovely too,
 And gently seem our fond regard to woo ;

The nightingale doth mourn with loveliest note—
 Sweet the sad music of her throbbing throat—
 A precious and a rich and crowning strain,
 Though telling such deep tales of passionate Pain ;
 And dear is gentle Evening's soft decline,
 More dear than suns when in full blaze they shine ;
 And the slow death of many-sparkling Light
 Is still a mournfully enchanting sight !
 Yes ! there may be some things—a precious few,
 Both sorrowful and deeply lovely too ;
 But not of such the Heart's harsh love-born grief,
 Dark—dread—without repose—without relief !
 The lesser griefs of life may sometimes wear
 A tender charm—an aspect mild and fair,
 And then the aspiring Mind, still buoyed by Hope,
 And by too many dream-world's girt to droop,
 Many even its Sorrows pleasingly convert
 To something like delight—unharm'd, unhurt ;
 But not among Life's lesser griefs can be
 Wronged, injured Love's o'erwhelming Misery !

Existence then is bound as with a chain
Of infinite and desolating Pain ;
Nor shall that chain its galling links unwind
From the choaked thoughts, and from the tortured mind !
True, though it should not be from fetters freed,
Within the mind may a stern calm succeed
To poignant agony and piercing grief,
But still that calm, it scarce can be relief,
Like some dark sullen Sea, then lies that Mind—
And oh ! the sweeping thunders of the wind—
The Spray—the Storm—the Struggle—and the Strife,
Are better than that gloomy Death in Life—
That heavy calm—that deep and dreadful gloom—
That dull and sombre silence of the tomb.
'Tis Evening now, and it was Evening then,
When we two parted—not to meet again ;
But now comes slowly on—in deepening Might
The proud, and regal, and victorious Night,

In all her awful Dignity Supreme
 She comes, and Earth is wrapt in one soft Dream.
 Oh ! Mysteries of thick Darkness—deep as Doom,
 Magnificence of Majesty of Gloom !
 Her dusky, cloudy, old Magnificence,
 Her solemn Pomp, even awfully intense !—
 How do they smite the strongly-ruffled Soul,
 While gorgeous Dream-clouds through its Silence roll ;
 And nobly, proudly then it makes its own
 The untouched, the unseen, the unfathomed, and the
 unknown ;
 This pleasure still is mine ! though all but this
 Of Earth's enjoyments and of feeling's bliss,
 Must be to me for evermore denied—
 This still is mine, with loftiest thoughts allied.
 Hope, Hope and Happiness—to both farewell—
 With both, in brighter days, 'twas mine to dwell,
 From both 'tis now my gloomy fate to fly,
 And wrapt in thoughts of these bright days to sigh.
 Oh, Hope ! thou Dream ! whose Scenes but Shadows are,
 Oh, Happiness ! thou ever falling Star !

To both farewell—a late but long farewell—
 Rent is the chain and broken is the spell !
 But feeling still is mine—though this can be
 Henceforth but sorrow and despondency ;
 Yet welcome be its wretchedness and woe,
 Still let my Soul's deep fountains freely flow !
 The wretch who, sunk in apathetic Peace,
 Finds these keen torments, these sharp suff'rings cease,
 Who languidly exists, who coldly breathes,
 Escapes a thousand pangs, a thousand deaths ;
 But better these than such a lifeless Life,
 Oh ! better all the Agonies of Strife—
 The acute Anxieties—the poignant Pain—
 Than such stagnation of the Heart and Brain !
 We parted in a sweet and solemn hour
 Of dreamy influence and of deepest power—
 We parted—we *are* parted—and 'tis o'er—
 And all—once *all* to me—can be no more !

THE FESTAL HOUR.

A Festal Hour—bring wreaths—bring harps—bring lamps
—a Festal Hour !

Call Pleasure's favourite votaries now to Pleasure's gilded
bower ;

Assemble now the Lovely Ones in the gay and glitt'ring
halls—

Rubies and roses burning deep 'midst their Hair's perfumed
falls ;

Soft Flattery's incense shall salute ere long their listening ears,
And gentlest words shall soothe away their bashful maiden
fears,

Till happy sighs shall sweetly through their honeyed accents
thrill,

And soften them to lovelier and to dearer music still !

While radiant smiles shall tremble round their lips that blush
apart—

The smile of Beauty's tenderness—sweet Sunstroke of the,
Heart !

True, lovelier might sound Love's first words beneath the
 greenwood shade,
 When soft and slow the Evening light had dwindled and
 decayed,
 Where Nature's vernal splendours spread in glorious pomp
 around,
 Than here where gleam the dazzling lamps, and rings the
 loud harp's sound.
 Where Love's words come down on the Soul, the moved and
 ruffled Soul,
 Like moonbeams when o'er troubled seas, o'er broken waves
 they roll !
 Soft, lovely in themselves they are, serene and gently mild,
 But tossed upon those stirring waves, they too seem strange
 and wild ;
 For moved and ruffled is the Soul 'mongst festal scenes like
 these,
 As waters of the sounding Sea, are ruffled by the breeze—
 For me, I sorrowing, silent move amidst the gladsome train,
 To me the sounds of joy bring grief—and pleasure gives but
 pain !

To me, to me, are nothing now the words of Flatt'ry's
tongue,

Or more, the words of Passion's breath, whereon once I
raptured hung,

The old, precious, household words of Love—to me long,
deeply dear,

No more may greet my watchful sense, nor court my longing
ear;

And therefore 'tis I wander 'mongst the idle and the gay,
And therefore 'tis I sickening turn from these light sounds
away!—

I wander there in vain, vain hope, that it may bring relief—
Unto my aching lonely heart—my spirit's yearning grief;
But still remembering those blest words, so hallowed and so
dear—

I shrink from Flattery's—Passion's tones, with grieved and
wounded ear!

Ah! how many thus even like myself, may join the joyous
throng,

With aching hearts and sorrowing minds, mingling the Gay
among?

But who—who are the gay? and who the happy and the
free?

Ah! could we rend the veil that hides the much we should
not see—

And could we rend that covering veil—and push the mask
aside—

And bid them put away their cloak of vanity and pride;
Then when that mask was pushed aside—that veil was rent
away—

We might indeed ask mournfully—but who—who are the
gay?

In deeply bosomed sorrow some have joined the splendid
train,

That yet would not for worlds on worlds be set free from
their pain—

While evermore they woo and win to wander by their side,
Some Phantom of some gentle thing—that loved, and sunk,
and died!

Some Phantom of some lovely thing that now hath fled
away—

And they have mingled 'mongst the throng—and they are
of the gay!

Those that they loved are free—are flown—and they 'midst
others mix,

Secure none other—ever may their winged affections fix !

Their winged affections—that on high with quenchless
longing soar—

Fettered to this dull gloomy earth, this shadowy world no
more—

Where all things that are lovely come, but for a little while,

O'er poor Mortality's marked path to flutter and to smile !—

And these are of the gay ! these—these who inly mourn and
groan—

And they assume the careless smile—affected the cheerful tone !

And some are there, who vainly have, through tumult and
through wrath,

Toiled in Ambition's slippery ways, and veiled and dan-
gerous path ;

Who have slaved beneath her iron reign—and rued her
fearful sway—

And worn their noblest energies, their proudest powers away ?

And vainly worn, while others gained the prize for which
they strove—

And they amongst the Crowd appear—amidst the gay they
move!

And some are there who have been made Love's victims—
wronged—betrayed!

Whose every hope was wrecked at once, when Love's fair
wreath decayed;

And they smoothe down, and brightly wreath the coiled
up glossy braids—

And mingle in the lovely throng, of happier, brighter maids.
Upon these glossy coiled-up wreaths they place the Crown
of flowers,

And join the joyous concourse then, to smile away the
hours,

While Grief's fell hungry canker-worm is preying on their
hearts,

And vain for them are Pleasure's wiles, and Flattery's
specious arts.

Who are the gay? Oh answer this! Who—who then are
the gay?

Many may seem so—while in sooth they are bitterest
Sorrow's prey;

But let them *seem* so—'tis indeed a harmless bright deceit,
 And forces others too to smile, and one same task repeat ;
 The soft infection gently spreads throughout the festive
 crowd—

Oh ! *where* would be a *festive throng*, where hidden truths
 avowed ?

WHAT SHALL BE MISSED?

THE Dove—the fond, fond turtle Dove—

What truth dwells in her breast ;

Oh ! what a Shrine of perfect Love

Must be her hallowed nest.

Lovingly plies she her sweet care

Midst the deep greenwood shades—

And Love's own brightest Star shines there,

The Star that never fades !

The Lark—the glad rejoicing Lark—
 He makes the Sky his own,
And soars from Earth the dim and dark,
 And mounts as to a throne !

Heaven, Earth, and Air, resounding ring
 With his triumphant strain ;
Then who can think of such a thing
 As Sorrow—or as Pain ?

The Rose shines forth in splendour bright—
 Fairest of flowers that blow—
It is a rich and rare delight
 To gaze on that red glow !

The Queen of gardens and of bowers,
 She reigns with tenderest sway ;
And all the radiant tribe of flowers
 To her must homage pay.

The dew drop sparkles on the leaf
Ere yet its life is o'er;
For fragile is that Life, and brief—
A moment—and no more!

But oh! thou gentle turtle dove,
Ere long must thou depart;
And who shall miss the perfect love
That heaves thy little heart?

And Lark! rejoicing rapturous bird,
When Death shall be thy share—
When thy deep song no more is heard,
Shalt thou be missed in air?

Rose! loveliest, sweetest of all flowers,
When thou hast drooped and died,
Shalt thou be mourned for in the bowers,
With all thy bloom and pride?

Bright dewdrop !—when the next fair spring
 Calls forth each flower that blows,
 Shalt thou be needed, then to fling
 Sweet coolness o'er their brows?

Nothing is missed—and nothing mourned—
 Soon is filled up the place
 Of all that once the Earth adorned—
 While race succeeds to race.

Whole tribes of turtle Doves shall pour
 Their souls on love away,
 Feeling as thou hast felt before—
 Thou feel'st, sweet bird—to-day !

Thousands of larks shall mount as high,
 And sing a strain as clear,
 And weave as rich a harmony
 As thine—which now I hear.

Thousands of joyous larks shall spring
To where Morn's sunbeams shine—
Upon as strong and free a wing—
With hearts as light as thine.

Scores of bright roses shall unfold
And blush with crimson glow,
When thou dost thy rich smile withhold,
Sweet Rose ! so radiant now.

Myriads of dew drops yet shall shine,
Like studs of sunny light,
With sparkling brilliancy like thine,
Fair dew drop—now so bright !

Love—Beauty—Music—Purity—
These things shall ever last ;
These things shall never, never die,
For them there is no Past !

And oh ! 'twould be a wretched thing
 If these indeed could pass,
 Like Earth's frail children withering—
 But they are of loftier class !

They still shall last—and they shall live,
 Though all around them die—
 Their mortal tenements survive
 And light the Eternity !

The Lark may die, who sweetly sung,
 For him shall Day grow dim,
 But though that living Lyre's unstrung,
 Music dies not with him !

This Rose shall fade, which hues of Light
 On all seems to confer,
 But though she bear decay's dull blight,
 Beauty dies not with her !

The dew drop may be quickly dried
 Beneath Noon's flaming sky—
 But though no more with that allied,
 Purity shall not die !

Death will smite sore the turtle Dove—
 And still her throbbing heart ;
 But the everlasting Soul of Love
 Shall ne'er from Earth depart !

LINES ON A PRISONED EAGLE.

ONCE most majestic of Earth's free things,
 How sadly droop thy proud and powerful wings—
 How didst thou once urge far thy stormy course,
 Tempesting the air around with haughtiest force,
 And soaring into Heaven's blue arch intense,
 Gorgeous with uttermost magnificence !

Thou scornedst the earth—thou mockedst at the ground,
 Thou playedst with the elements unbound ;
 And thou art fettered—thou art now enchained
 Unto that earth so much by thee disdained.
 The Sun hath lost his mightiest worshipper,
 Shattering the old Silence with triumphant stir !
 Still didst thou pay thy homage—free and bold,
 O'er-canopied by clouds of burning gold :
 At his Eternal and magnificent shrine—
 Brightly sublime—illustriously divine !
 Oh ! ye unchanging and outshining skies,
 Ye wear your crown of old sublimities—
 Though he who soared into your chrystal height,
 And drank even at your fountainhead of light,
 May never more his splendid homage pay
 At those resplendent courts of radiant day !
 As richly do ye glow—as brightly smile,
 Though he be bound and fettered here the while !
 Poor prisoned Eagle ! how didst thou of old
 With proud audacity and ardour bold

Soar stately and haughtily on high,
Even when the tempest brooded in the sky,
Sailing amid the thunder-charged storm clouds,
That heaved along that sky in leaguering crowds;
And now, when Lightnings shiver o'er thy head,
Thou coverest, chained and dungeoned—worse than dead!
Thou biddest us think of the immortal Mind
Entombed on Earth, and cabined, and confined!
While still 'tis wakened, rapt, inspired, o'erwrought
By things mysterious to its troubled thought,
And tempted other regions to explore,
And strongly moved to glorious heights to soar;
And yet the while from these bright regions thrust,
And prisoned down in darkness and in dust.
Yes! of that Mind like some embodied ray,
That mind—so shrouded in its mortal clay—
Art thou, oh! fettered Eagle!—bound and chained,
And harshly curbed, and heavily constrained,
Like some embodied ray of mighty mind
That fain would leave its earthly home behind,

Yet is condemned to suffer and to sigh
 Far from its proper clime, its native sky !
 But thou hast deeper cause to faint and droop,
 Uncheered like that with a Majestic Hope !
 Thy being hath a limit and a bound,
 And thou must still lie fettered to the ground ;
 But that shall yet rejoicing soar away
 Into the Ethereal regions of the Day.
 The hour for that assuredly shall come
 Which yet shall see it gain its Heavenly Home !
 Yes ! in some future though some far off hour
 Shall it career in Glory, Triumph, Power,
 And win a deep and everlasting Dower !
 And rend a way through glorious worlds on high,
 Bathed in the boundless splendours of the sky !
 And then more free than the unbridled wind
 Shall be that lightened and enfranchised Mind ;
 Then shall its thoughts, far loftier than before,
 Melt in unlapsing music evermore.
 Borne o'er Earth's triumphs—fervours—agonies—
 Into the placid calm of yon pure skies ;

Then shall be opened to its raptured sight
 Worlds—flooding worlds with cataracts of Light !
 Then shall it glow with fires of quenchless truth,
 And revel in divine Eternal Youth !
 And gaze on mysteries—opened and revealed—
 That long had been from human senses sealed !
 Oh ! yet that mind—that deep immortal mind—
 Shall leave its trammels and its ties behind.
Thou art not like it—Eagle !—bound and chained—
That shall not be for evermore constrained !

CONTEMPLATIONS IN SOLITUDE.

THE golden Summer Heavens have lavished here
 The bright luxuriance loveliest climates wear !
 The beauty of the fair and fervid day
 Smiles o'er the Earth, as though 'twould ever stay—

Unchanged—unchilled !—Sweet promise ! but how vain
Each morn must pass—each glowing moon must wane ;
Each wreath of joy must perish and decay,
And all we love must fleet and die away ;
All things must bow—as all have bowed before—
To Death ! the strong one ! Rock of Hope's bright shore ;
Life's gilded barks come daily hurrying on,
But to be dashed to fragments there—undone !
Death ! ever when I dwell in solitude,
Dost thou impress my mind's deep dreamy mood ;
Though none can fixedly e'er look on thee,
Since still thou seemest, pale shade, to melt, to flee !
From the long-yearning painful gaze we cast,
On the dread conqueror of the captive past !
And yet at times, how strangely, deeply near,
The Pale One—stern and sombre doth appear—
The Pale One ! He the unearthly form of Fear !
Even now I greet him with an awe profound—
My soul of souls his presence doth surround !

And while it labours with that thought of Death—
 Passion melts from it, like some snow-wrought wreath !
 Oh ! thou whose valveless vault—whose keyless keep—
 Contains all those who walked on earth to weep !
 All tribes and nations that have seen the sun,
 And the short race of mortal trial run ;
 All vile—all virtuous—and all weak and wise—
 For all lie then concealed from kindred eyes ;
 All who have nameless and neglected died—
 All who through Earth's old Empires proud and wide
 Sent their deep name—their deep and deathless name—
 To dwell for aey, with Memory and with Fame ;
 For all their mighty echoes to repeat,
 For future ages rapturously to greet
 For ever and for ever—all from whom
 The Light of Life hath melted—turned to gloom ;
 How doth the shadow of thy presence cast
 A hue that clouds the Present like the Past—
 All sternly sombre—and all sadly still,
 Our souls beneath that burthening presence thrill ;

Whether 'tis where the humble village spire
Points to the Heavens—no pyramid points higher !
And the sepulchral ground—the hallowed ground—
Lies heaped on many slumbering heads around ;
Or where the gay—the great—the busy crowd—
Where the vast cities' roar is long and loud,
And palaced streets spread lengthening fair and proud ;
Or when rush wild the mountain's swollen floods,
Or the deep Funeral Shades of sounding woods ;
Blackened by mighty firs—in gloom extend,
Thickening and darkening, ever without end ;
Or where sweet sunny vales laugh bright and fair,
To shades unknown—to Light and Heaven laid bare !
Death ! Death ! if thou art there—all seems around,
Within thy chain of ghastly terrors bound ;
And this all-wonderful and glorious Earth,
So oft resounding with the voice of mirth—
In its magnificence of Strength—Light—Bloom—
Appears one vast and proudly Vaulted Tomb !
But Earth shall yet behold the mighty hour,
Which must deprive thee of thy fearful power !

When called from thee, and doom, and dust to part,
 Her summoned sons shall from her bosom start !
 Uplifted from their bed of ages then,
 And quickened into Being once again—
 While she herself is split, and racked, and riven,
 And bared before the burning eye of Heaven—
 And scathed—by thunder-stroke on thunder-stroke—
 Half crushed to flame-transpierced on mist and smoke !
 Which, 'mid the horrors of that final storm,
 A troubled halo fearfully shall form
 Around the heads of those who long had slept,
 And the strict fast of Death's stern mystery kept !
 Still, when my Soul dwells deep on thee, oh ! Death !
 Each passion melts like snow in pallid wreath ;
 And leaves it calm, and holy, and resigned,
 While solemn thoughts arise within the mind ;
 And 'tis not marvellous that when alone,
 The thoughts should take a sad and sombre tone—
 And dwell—Oh ! dark and awful Death on thee,
 With whom all living must so shortly be !

And yet, this lovely World doth ne'er appear
 To shrink from thee with any gloomy fear !—
 Though scarce a spot smiles on its glorious face,
 That is not, Death ! thy Province and thy Place !
 Yet oh ! the bloom, the splendour, and the light—
 That crowns it still, as Earth laughed in despite
 At thy worst terrors—and rejoiced without
 One shadow of despondence or of doubt !

SONG,

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In the time of blossoms and of birds,
 We wept our whispered farewell words !
 Those haunting sounds, that oft return,
 To dreaming ears and hearts that mourn !

The air was one charmed world of sound,
A waste of colours seemed the ground ;
Rich was the greensward's rainbowed breast,
With flowers by their own sweets oppressed !

In the time of blossoms and of birds,
We wept our whispered farewell words ;
But Hope still lingered—sweetly near—
And charmed away the gathering tear.

Life was one hurrying burning dream—
One chainless and exulting stream
Of witcheries—glories—and delights—
Doomed to endure Time's cankering blights.

Oh ! fearful was the awakening hour,
Fearful its trace of withering power !
And Memory's whispers, sadly still—
Through all my trembling being thrill !

NOT NOW! NOT NOW!

Not now ! not now ! I would not sorrowing hear,
 Victorious music pealing sweet and clear—
 Thrilling with Passion's heart-quakes ! Oh ! not now !
 A shadow and a pallor stain my brow ;
 Soft echoes ! bring me to assuage my woe—
 The broken music of th' Old Long ago !

Not now !—alas ! not now—would I behold
 The festal hall, that burns with sculptured gold—
 Where pictured walls glance back the flood of light—
 All spiritually intense and bright !
 On such gay scenes mine eyes with tears I cast,
 Give *me* a tremulous moon-ray of the past !

Not now !—not now !—could I delighted stray—
 Where glistening waters, singing on their way,

Make the earth jubilant with wakening sound,
Where flower-scents break forth from each greensward
mound;

No! lead me to indulge my deepening gloom,
To the hushed precincts of some time-worn tomb.

Not now!—not now!—o'erworn with burdening woes,
Would I the Poet's glorious page unclose;
Whence Thoughts, like breathing Sun-strokes, flash and
burn,

And Nature's founts stream free as from an urn!
No! to an altered heart—Earth's weariest thing—
Memory! thy pale and cloud-dimmed pictures bring.

THE GRAVE OF THE GIFTED.

A Grave for the Gifted!—Where—where shall it be?
 By the echoing shores of the hollow-voiced Sea?
 Oh, no! let those ashes at last sink in rest—
 Now the strong Passion-whirlwinds have died in her
 breast!

For the Gifted and Beautiful lost One—a grave,
 But not in the precincts of Ocean's hoar wave;
 Too much of life's tempests and tumults she knew,
 Let her sleep 'neath the Skies' gracious weepings of dew!

Like a bird from the storms—all aweared, o'erworn—
 To a nest of repose be the Lovely One borne,
 Where no loud savage storm shakes the moon-lighted Air,
 But the breeze, a sweet message from Heaven's shore shall
 bear!

A Grave for the Gifted!—Where—where shall it be?
 Where the bright summer-treasures yield wealth to the bee—
 Where the faint-thrilling voice of some fountain is heard,
 And the rich air is rent by Night's passionate bird.

Where old chestnut-trees shed round a twilight of gloom,
 Which doth hallow and mellow the wild flower's meek bloom,
 Where the fragrant Spring-rains dance in joy to Earth's
 breast—

Sweet Earth!—with a blossomy richness oppressed—

Where the whitest of roses undazzlingly blow
 More pure and more soft than the enwreathed Mountain-
 Snow—

Where the Starlight still tremblingly signal the Hours,
 And throw sudden gleams o'er the wood-bosomed bowers—

Where the sunflower shall burn, and the lily shall bend!
 And the Acacia its leaves with the willow's shall blend—
 Oh! the old Kingly Laurel's illustrious gloom
 Overshadowed her *life*—be *that* far from her *tomb*!

A Grave for the Gifted !—A Grave for the Young !
 Since sealed the pure lips that so thrillingly sung ;
 But far from the Laurel—the Tempest—the Billow—
 Where stillness is deepest, *there* spread ye her pillow !-

LAMENT OF AN EGYPTIAN PRINCESS.*

SHE leaned upon a sumptuous couch, which shone
 With many a blazing dye and burning stone ;
 Cups of the rose-scented onyx glitter'd there,
 With many a crystal vase, and cresset fair ;
 The far-off spice-wood's treasures there were heap'd,
 Till in warm fragrance every breeze was steep'd,
 That pierced its way through golden trellised bowers,
 Ruffling the unfolded leaves and lustrous flowers.
 Silence hung o'er that odorous porphyry hall,
 Scarce broken by the fountain's lulling fall ;

* The Princesses of Egypt are said to have pined for the waters of the Choaspes after being removed from their native land by marriage with foreign Princes.

Silence—though she who sate there, pale and lone,
 Held a fair lute that pour'd no wakening tone—
 But she hath risen now from her dreamy trance,
 To cast around a wild and mournful glance ;
 The paleness passes from her stately brow,
 Her form dilates with passion's grandeur now !—
 Melts from her mien the dull and cold eclipse,
 The mighty-rushing strain o'erflows her lips !—

Exultingly ye still roll on ! in melody and power,
 Streams of my Royal Fatherland !—with sun-gifts for your
 dower,
 Roll on—roll on—exultingly ! but, oh ! my heart—no
 more
 Must to the bounding of your waves bound as 'twas wont
 of yore.

But this is nought. No ! nought to ye ! proud everlasting
 streams,
 Still trembling to the crimson'd light of sultry noontide
 beams ;

Still glorying in your billowy course the same as when I
stray'd
Along your flowering shores beneath the Cedar's feathery
shade.

Yet there, walk in dark beauty still, old Egypt's regal
daughters,
All—all but me, the stricken deer, lone thirsting for its
waters;
My Sisters ! sweet companions of my Childhood's laughing
years,
Shed ye for me while lingering there Love's vain, unreck'd
of tears?

And doth my recollected form still haunt your wanderings
there,
Unwither'd by intense regret, unchanged by burdening care?
And doth my recollected voice rise mingling soft and low,
With the deep bewildering music of the waves' triumphant
flow.

Oh, Sisters ! dwell in gladness there, ye beautiful and bless'd,
 Nor dream that on the stranger's shores your young souls
 might find rest—

Ye tender flowers ! ye would but droop when chain'd to
 alien thrones,

Pale those pomegranate cheeks would grow, and faint those
 laughing tones.

Though here my step is greeted with the cymbal and the lute,
 My heart sends no rich answer forth—the broken shell is
 mute ;

Though these porphyry halls are starry with bright wealth
 of gold and gem,

I droop like some night-blowing flower, *sun-smitten* on the
 stem !

Though here the o'er-arching heav'ns shed down soft splen-
 dours o'er the land,

And though the rivers bluely roll to a golden-flowering
 strand—

Tho' these pleasure-shades be emerald bright, these palace-
chambers fair,

Oh ! the Beautiful—the Beautiful—for *me* is only *there* !

Would I might be a drifting leaf, cast on those flashing
floods,

Where Egypt's precious sunshine in its full-blown radiance
broods ;

For e'en the loveliest sunshine here, to me shines dim and
cold,

Oh ! might I on Chocaspes' stream, its gathered rays
behold !

Oh ! that I might my land—my home—in breathless tran-
sport part,

And seek thy odorous shades once more, all matchless that
thou art ;

But clouds have liberty above, and restless birds around,

While the Queen of this resplendent land in sumptuous
chains lies bound.

The jewel-roughened goblet to my throbbing lips I press
 But to dash it on the marble floor, in a passion of distress ;
 Bring me the blessed waters from those well-known native
 springs,
 More lovely than Heaven's vernal dews shed from the
 Morning's wings.

Bear hence these jewelled goblets with their sculptured
 traceries bright—
 The waters sparkling o'er the brim are loathsome in my
 sight ;
 Bring from Choaspes' worshipped stream the sweet and
 precious draughts,
 To quench my fevered thirst at length—and soothe my
 phrenzied thoughts.

Forgive ! my bosom's lord, forgive, this wild and fitful mood,
 Forgive, if all thy tenderness my dark soul hath withstood ;
 May'st thou ne'er know what 'tis to pine in weary dreams
 away,
 And turn thee sorrowing from the Sun, and all the pomps
 of day !

Thine own fair Land spreads laughingly around thy cloud-
less path,

Thou dost not bend 'neath Memory's power, a tempest in
its wrath !

The scenes thou'st known and loved of old, still charm thy
raptured eye—

Think with what yearning languishment the Exile's heart
must die !

Even now a full and fervid dream came sweeping through
my mind,

Within whose bright transparence—streams—skies—land-
scapes—shone enshrined !

Those skies—those landscapes—I have loved, and panted
to behold !

Those streams that gird my Land with Orient hyacinth and
gold !

I am parted from thee, glorious Home ! and the Heavens
look coldly down

On the banished One, whose aching brows lie crushed
beneath a crown ;

Those Heavens—those Heavens—that mirrored burn—
depth within depth unfurled

In the hundred hundred Rivers of that Queen-Land of the
World!

May the wild winds, that proudly go in triumph where they
will, [doth thrill!

Bear to those scenes one murmured tone which from my lip

Like wandering flower-seeds—dreamy scents—or broken
whisperings sweet, [fleet.

Shall be the breathings of my Love, borne on their pinions

Oh! that at once my burning soul they thus might waft
along—

To where the founts of glory roll—majestically strong!—

Where musk-winds rich, and sunbeams play!—birds float—
and flower shades quiver—

Mantling with sudden radiances the old Imperial River!

Roll on!—roll ever-sounding on, in melody and power,

The amethyst's heart-hues are dim to thy foam's far-gleaming
shower—

Oh! when this fainting heart of love hath drooped away
and died,

May ye to every age bear on a voice of strength and pride!

It will be so, immortal Founts!—and that I feel it will,
Makes my quick heart with deep delight o'erpoweringly to
thrill—

Anguish and Exultation rend a Spirit long o'erworn—
I sink—I faint—Farewell, glad Skies of Summer and of
Morn!

Silence once more hung o'er that princely hall,
Save ye might hear that wild heart's rise and fall,
Loud—quick and loud!—But now the paleness cold
Steals o'er her forehead, 'neath her hair's rich fold.
In the swift rushing of that strain went by
The might—the strength—of battling Agony,
Her darkly-glorious eye is downwards bent,
Languor and fervour in its stillness blent;
The fringed lid glitters with the unconscious tear—
But, hark! what stealthy step approaches near?

What Form hath leant on that flowered ballustrade
 (In kingly robes, resplendently arrayed,
 O'er whom the sycamores and myrtles flung
 Their verdurous shadows) while the Mourner sung?
 Oh! who hath hastened to that Mourner's side?
 Raise, raise those drooping eyes! thou Queen! and Bride!
 Whose whispered tones of love have made thee start?
 Whose piercing eyes have questioned thy wrung heart?
 —That gaze hath brought back the impassioned glow,
 Like sunset waves, o'er all thy cheek and brow.
 Who hath thus waked thee from thy second trance
 By the soft magic of one pitying glance?
 Crowned Daughter of the Pharaohs! is it he
 Who bore thee from thy home of Infancy!—
 And is 't for him to bring back Joy's rich smile
 To thy worn cheek—Flower of the haughty Nile!
 Oh! Woman!—unto every love thus true,
 Well may thine hours of rosy calm be few!

CHURCHYARD CONTEMPLATIONS.

It is a mournful and a solemn spot
 Where Death—pale presence!—is—where Life is not;
 And all that would be bright and glad elsewhere,
 And soft, and sweet, and exquisite, and fair,
 Here gains a shadowy and a thoughtful gloom,
 Won from the awful contact of the tomb!
 Here Summer, royal in her pomp, doth wear
 A borrowed mournfulness—which all must share—
 A borrowed mournfulness that smites the heart—
 The heart which feels ere long 'tis doomed to part,
 To leave but ashes and but dust behind,
 For all the burning thoughts within it shrined;
 The towering energies then slackening droop,
 Loosed from their strenuous hold on Sky-built Hope,
 Youth's falcon eye, that drinks the rushing light,
 And shines as if with fire from Heaven—so bright—

So kindly and deeply bright, assumes
 A fixed, cold stillness 'mongst these Time-worn Tombs—
 Youth's burning heart that joyously forgot
 Fate's awful certainties—here *feels* its lot,
 And quiveringly submits, with grief and pain,
 And owns its glowing day-dreams are but vain !
 And Age here draws a yet more shortened breath,
 And faints with an anticipated Death !
 Throughout all changeful and revolving times,
 All varying circumstance—all differing climes—
 Thou ever hast thine awful sway maintained,
 Oh, Death !—and ever ruled and ever reigned ;
 And wheresoe'er thou art—there broods a power
 Which bids the cheek turn pale, the pulse beat slower.

Here woman—woman the devoted—lies !
 Love and her fervid Soul—to yon rich skies
 Together passed !—for sure, of Heaven they were,
 And unto Heaven, Death-freed, they make repair.
 Arise—ye gentle ones, in joy and power,
 No more shall mortal anguish be your dower

As on this Earth—where they who love must know
 Dark Separation's keen and lasting woe.
 Not there shall suffering, weakness, doubt, and fear,
 Be Woman's portion—as they must be here !
 No more shall dread on her heart's pulses press,
 Nor her unconquerable tenderness
 Bow down that head by every beauty crowned,
 Now o'er ten thousand worlds spread wide around,
 Even raised triumphantly—and she is saved
 From all that pained and wronged her and enslaved !
 Woman !—devoted Dreamer !—canst thou hold
 To this harsh world—the hollow and the cold ?
 And canst thou cling—with boundless worship cling
 To every chain, which thou aside shouldst fling,
 Wouldst thou indeed be calm, and glad, and free,
 And 'scape the crush of deadliest misery—
 For every tie on Earth is as a chain,
 To bind thee down to peril and to pain ;
 But what is that to thee ?—Thrones, Glories, Powers,
 And star-bright Honours, and celestial Dowers—

Empire—and Majesty—and Strength and Might—
 And Pomp and Power—and Triumph and Delight—
 To thee, were not so precious and so dear,
 Even as a handful of the frail dust here
 If sanctified by love—whose hallowed breath
 To thee is worth all round—above—beneath !
 But well it is for thee, that 'gainst thy will,
 Full oft thou'rt spared from worst of grief and ill !
 And from the scene of many sorrows borne,
 To realms which ever laugh with beamy morn !
 Here woman, woman—the devoted lies—
 And yet, not so—she liveth in the skies !
 The gloomy grave may bind and hold her not—
 Chains, ties, and slavery are indeed forgot ;
 Her march is 'mongst the Seraph ranks above,
 Whose life like hers is but of boundless love !
 She is not here—Heaven's glorious Scenes unrolled,
 Her meek beseeching eyes may now behold !
 That in their meekness had so much of might—
 With thoughtful minds, and hearts that felt aright !

Nay ! all must own, in Life's fond feverish hour—
That glance even multitudinous of Power !
Since it can bid keen Passion's lightnings dart
Through the most callous and most selfish heart,
And make it glow with an immortal fire,
And touch, and thrill, and rouse it—and inspire !
And it can calm the wild and stormy mind,
That rushed like Ocean-waves before the wind—
And soften it and soothe—and gently bless
With all the sweet repose of tenderness ;
And it can bid the ambitious spirit turn
From all, for which it never ceased to yearn !—
And teach it to forsake its fiery path,
Where fell the thunderbolts of Strife and Wrath ;
Or it can stir the sluggish and the slow,
And force the heart's long frozen founts to flow !
To cold Indifference—dull, and dead, and tame—
Give a proud interest and a lofty aim,
And kindle it with Zeal's impassioned flame !
Or win the o'erwrought Enthusiast from his trance,
For boundless, endless power is in that glance !—

Woman—with meekness and with truth arrayed,
 (The fairest flower that flourishes to fade !)
 Seems not thy Smile, pure, spiritual, refined,
 The very Poetry of Soul and Mind,
 Of the everlasting Mind and deathless Soul,
 The Poetry that soars beyond controul !
 Launching on one fleet hour of mortal fate
 Eternity's sublime and glorious weight !—
 Yet, oh ! that smile, that lights the world around,
 Too oft it leaves thy heart in darkness bound,
 While many sorrows pierce thy bosom's fold,
 And peace and joy Fate's stern decrees withhold,
 And wronged Affection, wronged—but ever true—
 Doth o'er thy path the thorns unsparing strew.
 What is't to thee then, that the soul of grace
 Is breathing o'er thy form, and from thy face,
 That while thou may'st a hopeless mourner be,
 The treasures of All Beauty meet in thee,
 That on thine exquisite and precious head
 A Glory from the far-off Heaven seems shed—

That with enchanting loveliness thou'rt rife,
 If Love's bright self bless not thine inner life !
 On thee the light of orbal worlds is showered,
 With gifts unutterable art thou dowered,
 Ah ! linked with highest things, thou should'st not stoop
 From the triumphant Altitudes of Hope !—
 No ! thou should'st feel that Soul of Love within
 Was meant for worlds more pure—not worlds of sin—
 That thine own gentle heart and lofty mind
 Were for a nobler, fairer state designed ;
 And hearken to the Voice of Heaven, which breaks
 Upon thine inborn sense, and sweetly speaks
 To tell of brighter things than aught below,
 Where reigns so much of terror and of woe—
 Trust unto all thy heart doth still reveal,
 Believe in all thou dost so deeply feel,
 And know'st thou not thy Love can never die—
 A part of thine own immortality !
 And should'st thou limit then thy Hope and Trust
 To this frail world—to ashes and to dust ?

Oh ! yet shalt thou be saved from grief and gloom,
 And thou and Love be brightly wafted Home !
 These who now round me rest in solemn sleep,
 The Grave's unbroken slumber, stern and deep—
 The Hamlet's gentle mothers and fair maids—
 (Some snatched away while yet o'er their soft braids
 Youth's golden light of perfect beauty shone,
 And some, when their long weary task was done)—
 These have been bounden all, in Love's strong chain,
 The Peril known—the Passion and the Pain !—
 These have fulfilled their destinies as well
 As those who in the hall and palace dwell,
 Affection's mighty reign is still confessed
 Strong in a peasant's as a prince's breast—
 Toil—hardship—care and suffering are in vain
 To check or limit that triumphant reign ;
 And if unhappy in their love they were,
 'Twas their worst suffering and their heaviest care ;
 And if their love was fortunate and blest,
 Oh ! little—little did they heed the rest !

Love—thou one luxury left unto the Poor—
 Thou'rt like an Angel-watcher at their door !
 With nought of vanity commixed or pride,
 Oh ! Love, all luxuries thou art worth beside ;
 And not because these gentle slumberers round
 Were in a lowly path and humble found—
 And not because in peasant homes they moved
 Were they less worthy—were they less well loved—
 Or less enchanting in their station shown—
 Oh ! no, an equal charm was round them thrown.
 Nor might the statelier daughters of the land
 Reign with a softer or more sweet command,
 For Woman's gentle sovereignty serene
 Is o'er the heart—the same in every scene !

Here sleeps the infant—haply, brightly borne
 From Earth's dim twilight to the realms of morn,
 Ere it had bowed to Sorrow's tyrant reign,
 Or known the thrill of grief, the throb of pain—
 Even as a very lightning of sweet life,
 That vanished ere it mingled with the strife—

A Spirit Meteor—that but came to part
 Ere Love or Fear had agonized the heart,
 That precious Spirit may have soared above,
 Where Knowledge never pierced, but only Love;
 That precious, precious Spirit, borne away
 Ere grief could wound or error could betray.
 Oh! let that Spirit for one strong hour float
 Around me in my dreams, from gloom remote,
 And lead mine every yearning thought on high
 To bask in sunshine of the upper Sky,
 So overcharged with glory keen and bright,
 That almost deadly unto mortal sight
 Were the soul-dazzling splendour of its light!

Death! in this lowly, still, and green Retreat,
 Gently the pondering mind thou seem'st to greet,
 For, oh! there is a tenderness serene
 Breathed o'er the quiet of this simple scene,
 A gracious tenderness, with nought of gloom,
 Shed o'er each flow'r-besprent and dew-lit tomb,

Found not where costly shrines of regal pride
 Their ghastly tenants in dark splendour hide—
 Here waves the grass through many a verdant hour,
 Glittering beneath the Summer's beam-crossed show'r ;
 Morn—Evening—Night—here mingle evermore
 With Death's broad shadow—spread o'er Earth's smooth
 floor !

Oh ! my deep dreams ! my deep and Mighty Dreams,
 How strong their Empire o'er my Spirit seems—
 (For of Hope—Fear—Doubt—Awe and Wonder blent—
 These weave about our paths a Web wherein we are pent !)
 My deep, deep dreams—though solemn as profound,
 They shed a strong and wond'rous charm around,
 Though many mysteries their vast circle fill,
 (Too fearfully inextricable still !)—
 They make the Scene more hallowed and more dear,
 They make it lovelier and more bright appear !
 And yet those dreams they are of Death !—whose power
 Is felt far more, in such a peaceful hour ;

For Evening now is slowly coming on,
 And Day, with all its charms, is nearly done ;
 And Nature speaks with voice of fond appeal,
 To teach the heart those solemn truths to feel ;
 For still Man's holiest monitress she is,
 And points his path to wisdom and to bliss ;
 And still she speaks in clear, strong tones, and saith,
 " Behold incessant change—continual death,
 Decay still seizing on all forms of mine—
 Oh ! Man ! behold *my* fate, and think of *thine*."

Shall Nature's whisp'ring voice, or tempest cry,
 Alike be scorned by mortals—born to die ?
 Shall Nature's thunderings, threatenings, prayers, prove
 vain,
 While zealously she storms Man's heart and brain ?
 The Stars, like glowing Visions, float and stream
 Heaven's living Poetry on every beam ;
 They draw the thought to all which is above,
 And claim for loftiest, noblest things—our love.
 The gathered Surges of the haughty Sea,
 Fierce, black, and hoarse, in hours when Storms reign free,

Tell fearful tales fraught with profound dismay,
Of the utter nothingness of dust and clay.
When the Sea rages, wrestling as 'twould rock,
With heave convulsive and terrific shock,
The mighty Heavens upon its thundering Waves,
Of thousands of the Earth the troublous graves,
Its voice of strength doth fearfully proclaim
How weak is Man in his frail mortal frame,
How weak without Almighty help and aid—
A gasping trembler—powerless and afraid ;
And the huge billows lift their heads on high,
Like crested Titans, to assault the sky ;
And frowning Pyramids they seem to form,
Seen by the Lightning glimpses of the Storm,
As though to build, on Mockery fierce, intent,
To those who sink a Moment's Monument !
And to their own dark Triumph, proud and high,
Their own stern Conquest and dread Victory,
A moment's heaving trophy pile sublime,
That shames the work of Nations and of time !

Dark lifted to the Firmament's broad arch,
Vexing the Stars upon their dazzling march !
But if in *this frame*—in *this* strange brief Life,
Oh, Man ! thou'rt frail, and weak 'mid Nature's strife,
If thou but hearkenest to her counsel sage,
And studiest carefully her pregnant page,
What more than glory and what more than power,
Shalt thou inherit in the appointed hour,
When the proud Stars shall pale their heavenly fire,
Doomed each in turn to wither and to expire,
When the great Sun shall powerless wax and old,
His rays grown feeble, and his rich smiles cold,
And all the Heavens surrounding him shall seem
Like the departing pageants of a Dream—
When the deep Seas shall leave no trace to tell
Where once their haughty Surges joyed to swell ;
Nay, when the globe whereon they heaved is gone,
And Nature's great and glorious task is done—
Man's everlasting Spirit shall aspire,
Through Ages after Ages, higher and higher,

New climes of boundless Glory ever try,
 And revel rich in Immortality !
 Each thought—Creation—gifted with a Dower
Not of its own—but of Almighty Power ;
 Each hope—Completion—nay, to Hope no more
 Stooping in meek dependence as before—
 Itself its own great Happiness—and Fate
 Its own great Truth—and Circumstance and State !—
 My thoughts ! my deep and wandering thoughts, be still,
 Nor dare with such dread grandeur thus to thrill !

ON THE PORTRAIT OF LADY ASHLEY.

OH ! fairest 'mongst a million fair !
 With sunny eyes and floating hair,
 And sylph-like form, and beauteous face,
 And charm of fascinating grace,
 And stamp of an exalted line
 That marks each lineament of thine !

Oh ! fairest 'mongst a myriad fair !
Far *more* than beauty's boast is there,
Or charm of captivating grace,
Or pride of a patrician race,
There lurks the attractive modesty
That deprecates the admiring eye ;
The ingenuous candour there is seen,
That, open, smiling, and serene,
For evermore accompanies
Sweet Innocence, that scorns disguise :
And there, too, above all, appears
The gentleness that most endears,
That most can win, and most enthrall—
'Mid thousand graces, first of all !
The brightest jewel in the zone—
The cestus round fair woman thrown !
All vestal thoughts, all angel dreams,
Illumine thine aspect with their beams,
And charms of form, and charms of mind,
In thee so sweetly seem combined,

That brooding this bright vision o'er,
The full heart cannot wish for more.
Could ev'n Imagination seize
On beauties more divine than these?
Eyes—like the Sun in Morn's young hour,
When heightened beauty—softened power—
Make him *most* Heavenly in the sight,
Shining with Love's own golden light;
Lips—that like bruised pomegranates blush
Still with a deep and deepening flush,
And brighten with such conquering smiles,
That their sweet magic spell beguiles
Craft of its weapons and its wiles—
Dull Envy of its stings and sneers,
And Sorrow of its rising tears!
Rich hair—like Berenice's own,
Which erst unmatched—unrivalled shone
Those clustering locks—those glistening braids
Too precious for these earthly shades,
Translated to the glorying skies
To dazzle ev'n Immortal eyes!

These locks of thine might scarcely yield
To those displayed in that proud field !
How richly do they stream unbound,
In waves of dark luxuriance round,
And cast soft shadows o'er the light
Of thy fair beauty, else *too* bright !
Most glorious hair ! that seems to fall
Just loosened from some delicate thrall,
In burnished hyacinthine flow,
The pillar of thy throat of snow,
And shoulder's sculptured grace below :
Itself the sole crown for that head—
Unjewelled and ungarlanded ;
The only mantle that should hide,
Those shoulders' alabaster pride !
That sole rich veil—whose folds reveal
Beauties that match those they conceal !

Enchantment—Oh ! enchantment's seen
In those fair features—that sweet mien—

Thou fairest 'mongst a myriad fair!—
Enchantment—Yea! enchantment's there!
And yet, no dangerous Circe thou,
With those meek eyes—that guileless brow.
'Tis the Enchantment pure and true,
For ever exquisite and new—
The magic innocent and rare,
Which works no spell, and weaves no snare
That beauty—when 'tis close allied
With sacred Virtue's modest pride—
Doth ever blamelessly exert,
Over the warm and feeling heart;
Then the prompt sentence of the eyes,
The judgment seals and ratifies!
Oh! fairest 'mongst a myriad fair—
Can pen rehearse the witcheries there?

NO MORE!

No more—Oh ! it must be no more—

That precious dreaming o'er that precious love !

Must, then, such mighty happiness be o'er—

And must my heart wail like a wounded dove

No more ?—Oh ! it must be no more !

Ne'er shall I know its kindling might again !—

That heart-quake of young passion in its power ;

But faintly droop as flowers beneath the rain—

And die in dreams of that last meeting-hour

No more !—Oh ! it must be no more !

And Spring is here, bewilderingly bright—

A laughing world of sunshine and of rose

Greets every where the heart, and thought, and sight ;

But all in vain—nought brings me now repose,

No more !—Oh ! it must be no more !

Oh ! the unburied dreams that haunt my mind ;

Spring ! with thy scent-charged flowers do thou enchain,
Nor let me mourn heart-wasted, unresigned,

What mourning never can bring back again ;
No more !—Oh ! it must be no more !

Past—perished—now—for evermore—and past—

That costly consciousness of answered love !

Let my heart tremble into rest at last,

And wear the chains it unsuspecting wove !
No more !—Oh ! hope must be no more !

ON THE LOSS OF THE ROTHSAY CASTLE
STEAM-BOAT, 1831.*

UNKNOWN—unclaimed—tossed as with other weeds
To silent Earth—and what heart feels or heeds?
And yet, perchance, these torn chill ashes were
To kindred bosoms exquisitely dear ;
Perchance ! Ah ! surely—never yet on Earth
Lived *one* unloved, uncherished from his birth !
No ! this pale dust hath once most precious been,
In eyes that viewed not life's last phrenzying scene,
When the fierce rushing night brought dread and death,
Stifling the latest prayer, and latest breath.
Now, the cold Sea to the cold Earth returns
These reliques wan—o'er which no fond one mourns !

* Two beautiful sisters were said to have been lost in the Rothsay Castle.

The stranger on their stranger lineaments,
Casts a sad gaze, and momentarily laments ;
Then with a sorrowing mien he turns away,
With hurrying steps to leave the unshrouded clay.
Yet, stranger ! turn again ! hast thou ne'er known
What 'tis to love a something all thine own ?
Give to these hapless ones a few meek tears,
Lost in the beauty of their golden years ;
Look on these pale fair forms—these broken flowers—
Once bright as rose-buds, in Spring's vernal hours ;
Adopt these desolate orphans of the grave—
Bear them afar from the dull moaning wave ;
Gather with kind and reverential hands
Their sacred ashes from the tide-worn sands ;
Consign them to some calm unstormy tomb,
Where broods a tender and a tearful gloom—
Where breathes no tempest-gust to shake their rest,
But south-winds sweep the green sward's flowering breast :
Oh ! how unlike their death-bed—yon mad sea—
Where all was awe and conquering agony !

Where silent stood a doomed and destined throng—
The bold—the timorous—and the weak and strong—
Ev'n as a sculptured groupe of Death—to await
The last stern signal from the hand of Fate—
Without the shadow of one hope—without
Even the chill comfort of one lingering doubt ;
Yet if high Love and heavenly Faith were there,
Thou wert expelled—wert exiled—thence, Despair !
If, conscious of the Almighty Presence, still
They humbly yielded to the Almighty Will—
And bowed them meekly to the impending ill,
And on that anchor and that rock reposed,
Which still, to the eye that seeks them, are disclosed ;
Then the worst bitterness of the opening grave
Was taken from the black and boiling wave !
If that same Love that tamed the storms of old—
The Love Almighty—breathed where thunders rolled,
Oh ! how the tempests in their *hearts* were stilled,
Though Heaven and Earth with those wild terrors thrilled ;

Softer than warblings of the mother dove,
 Pierced through their souls the whisperings of that love ;
 The shock of the Elements—the roar of Seas—
 Were weak and powerless when compared with these !
 And surely, Gentlest Sufferers—in *your* woe—
 That consolation's might 'twas yours to know ;
 Yes ! we may hope—ye fair and beauteous dead—
 Deep blessings o'er your fearful doom were shed ;
 And that 'twas given to ye, when doomed to part—
 To die—soul linked in soul—and heart to heart
 With your beloved ones—blessed even *thus* to share
 That hour's unmeasurable Hope and Fear !

I BORE ON MY BROWS.

I BORE on my brows a burning wreath
 Of youth and hope most bright—
 And I shrank from the very thought of Death,
 Of Solitude and Night !

Wreathed with the myrtle and the rose,
Was the glowing wreath I wore ;
But there are lovelier things than those,
For chastened hearts in store !

Thank Heaven—thank Heaven—that one by one
Such earth-born blooms decay !
For when they are withered and undone,
Spring lovelier things than they !

I must crown these brows, sublimely now,
With an everlasting wreath—
And wean my thoughts from things below,
From Night—and Earth—and Death !

For when of old I fondly deemed—
From these I shrank away ;
Ah me ! I idly, vainly dreamed,
And stooped me to their sway !

While I but plucked Earth's smiling flowers
Of Youth—Hope, Love, and Joy—
I held to things, which fleeting hours
Can blight and can destroy !

But, Oh ! thank Heaven ! that one by one
These flowers have dropped away :
Now that their breath and bloom are gone,
I dread not Death's sure day !

Let me crown my pale and thoughtful brow,
With flowers of heavenly breath—
And shrink indeed, and truly now—
From Earth—and Night—and Death !

Yes—powerless was the wreath I wore,
To battle 'gainst the blight ;
But now, indeed, in truth, I soar
Beyond Earth—Death—and Night !

FALSE WORLD!

Oh! World! False world!

From thee and thine

My hopes are hurled,

In swift decline!

Farewell—farewell

To grief and glee!

No more I dwell

With them or thee!

My thoughts lie curbed,

In calm unchanged—

Still undisturbed—

From strife estranged!

To Hope and Fear

Farewell—farewell—

No longer here

In soul I dwell.

My thoughts are turned

To worlds more bright—

For late I mourned,

Girt round with night !

Oh! World! False World!

How dear thou wert!

What dreams lie furled

Within my heart!

Dreams—that of yore

Were full of might,

So streaming o'er

With rich delight!

Dreams that were all
Of thee and thine—
Could these enthrall
This heart of mine ?

Thy pomp—thy pride—
Thy wealth—thy worth—
And nought beside
Than fleeting Earth !

Thy sheen—thy show—
Thy strength—thy state !
(Oh ! shame and woe—
These stamped my Fate !)

My dreams were full
Of these and thee !
All else seemed dull
And dark to me !

The West-Heavens burn
 With dazzling clouds;
But soon these turn
 To gloomy shrouds.

And so, Oh! Earth,
 Thy charms decay;
Thy might—thy mirth—
 So fades away!

But clouds that shone
 O'er Heaven's blue face,
Fade one by one,
 And leave no trace.

Once bright of hue,
 They melt away,
Nor more renew
 Their proud array.

Grown dim and cold,
They shine no more ;
Their tale is told,
Their time is o'er.

But, Oh ! no stain
They leave behind
On Heaven's blue plain—
With Star-fires lined !

They leave no trace—
That eye can see—
But pure their place,
And fair and free !

World !—*thy* delights,
Ere they depart,
With mortal blights
Corrupt the heart.

Temptations throng
Round those who cling
With passion strong
To each vain thing.

Those pomps—those shows—
Those dreams and joys—
Oft end in woes
And dire annoys!

And leave behind—
Thus void—thus vain—
On heart and mind
A stamp—and stain!

Oh! World! how weak
Are they who know
Alone to seek
Thy smiles below!

Temptations crowd
About their way—
Too soon they're bowed
Beneath such sway !

Awhile perchance
They sigh and shrink—
Yet one more glance—
They smile and sink !

Oh ! World of Death !
I know thee now,
Thine icy breath
Hath chilled my brow !

In time I turn
From thee away—
With strength to spurn
Thy false Array.

My dreams that burned
Like sunset clouds—
Like them that turned
To shadowy shrouds

That shrank away,
And fading passed,
In swift decay—
Not made to last !

At least *they* left
No stain to blight—
Of pomp bereft—
And hue and light.

But sternly taught,
My sobered mind,
To leave in Thought
Itself behind !

To scorn such toys
As these now seem—
All Earthly joys—
Each Earthly dream !

Those Dreams so bright
With rapture's glow,
Fraught with Delight
Soon changed to Woe !

Oh ! World of Strife !—
I fly thee now !—
The Sea of Life
Shall peaceful flow !

Oh ! World of Gloom !
From thee I part ;
One Mighty Tomb
In truth thou art !

World—World of Death—

From thee I fly ;

To breathe thy breath—

Is but to die !

I shun—who sought

Thy Storms—thy Strife !—

And turn my thought

To Worlds of Life !

Farewell—Farewell—

To good and ill—

In peace I dwell—

Resigned and still !

LIFE'S BLESSINGS.

WHAT are Life's Blessing's?—what its best?
Oh! *not* the sunshine of the breast!
Not hollow pleasures—vain delights,
But sufferings, sorrows, scorns, and slights!—
Life's trials all—its pangs and pains,
Its crosses, chastisements, and chains,
These are its best of Blessings still—
These, that beat down the struggling will!
That teach the haughty soul to be
Girt round with sweet Humility!
And Sorrows deep, and cankering Cares,
That turn our thoughtless words to prayers—
Frustrated aims and foundered hopes,
The mind that grieves—the heart that droops—
And disappointments—wrongs—and woes,
When these bid the awful chasm to close,

That yawns Destruction darkly round
 To those that tread Temptation's ground,
 Just tottering o'er the abyss profound!—
 The Chasm of ruin and despair,
 Which wide awaits the Wanderer there,
 (If rightly met and meekly borne
 Those trials—of their terrors shorn!)
 Better these Evils thus should fill
 The dark abyss of ruin still,
 Than that our Selves—our Souls should lie
 Within its dread Profundity!
 These sorrows and these pains—even these
 May Heaven's stern wrath avert—appease.
 Wiser we may, and better grow,
 Beneath the infliction and the woe!—
 A mighty Master—Grief! thou art,
 And thou canst cleanse the blackened heart,
 And purify the mind, and win
 The Soul from its own darling sin.
 A mighty Master—Grief! thou art,
 And vast thy School—the Human Heart—

And if thou canst do thus, indeed—
And if through thee the Soul is freed
From falsehood and from foolishness,
And worldly Vanity's excess,
Surely then—surely, thou must be
(Oh ! grant us this deep truth to see)
Life's best of blessings—though at first
Thou seemst its deadliest doom and worst !
By thee, to Death we are reconciled,
For, oh ! if Life for ever smiled
Around us, lovely and serene,
How could we bear to leave its scene ?
How would the Heart impassioned cling
To every earthly, worldly thing !
Oh ! what fierce pangs should rack that Heart,
When from its treasures doomed to part !
But, Grief ! by thee we are early sought—
Thy lessons are the first we are taught ;
Even the twelvemonths' child, whose brow
Is smooth as white unprinted snow,

Knows something of thy painful touch,
Though gently dost thou deal with such !
And as we wend upon our way,
We bow yet more unto thy sway,
Stronger and stronger grows thy grasp,
More dark each tear—more deep each gasp,
Until we sink by thy dim shrine,
And all *our* Soul's great powers are *thine* !
Then do we turn our saddened eyes
From this cold World unto the Skies,
And cease to fix our foolish trust
On Earth—and Earth's frail things of dust,
To Heaven with chastened hearts we turn—
With nobler, purer zeal we burn,
And leave the paths of Folly's choice,
Called by a still—but mighty voice.

MUSINGS.

It is a lovely, lonely, peaceful place,
 A feature fair on Nature's fairest face ;
 And, oh ! how lonely, and how lovely now,
 Since Evening's shadows, in procession slow,
 Come dimly on—and Stillness calm and deep,
 Lies soft in all things, like the dew of sleep.
 Erewhile—and but a little while ago,
 So swiftly hours into each other flow,
 The mirthful song-birds filled the dreamy gloom—
 With music that might pierce the impassive tomb ;
 Now not a sound is heard—save to and fro
 These green leaves move—though sure no breeze doth blow,
 Soft as some flowery-margined Fountain's flow ;
 As Heaven and Earth breathed faint the breath of life
 On her—unlike *our* Being's restless strife !
 And nature's beauty is around us here,
 To thoughtful bosoms ever deeply dear.

Nature—whose glorious Majesty might well
 Smite the struck heart with *more* than magic spell ;
 For her triumphant greatness and her power,
 Beyond Imagination's soarings tower !
 Her secrets they are countless—yet behold
 How much doth knowledge to our ken unfold !
 Her mysteries they are manifold—but still
 These have been vanquished by victorious will !
 Man hath pierced through the cloud—and raised the veil—
 And feareth not her bulwarks to assail ;
 His eye hath looked upon her—where her throne
 Is placed 'mongst worlds more glorious than his own !
 Oh ! Man ! thou—thou hast followed—thou'st pursued
 Even to her shadowy courts of solitude—
 Majestic nature, by her Lord reviewed !
 The mighty Mother's secrets thou canst sound—
 And plunge into her sea like depths profound ;
 But what—save Heaven's stupendous Majesty—
 Shall e'er sound *thy* deep thoughts' all chainless sea?—
 The Universe it may be thine to scan—
 Thyself—thou'rt the unpierced Universe—Oh ! Man !

Not all the Sages that have ever sought
 To extend the Empire of the mind and thought—
 Nor deep Philosophers—nor Schoolsmen shrewd—
 Have compassed yet—howe'er with skill endued—
 That mightiest mystery of themselves—or shown
 Whate'er of power or knowledge was their own—
 The deep dark history of *one* human heart—
 A Universe within itself—apart !

This world—Oh ! Death ! stern Shadowy King ! is thine—
 To light thy way the glowing sun doth shine ;
 To uphold thy foot, this beauteous Earth doth spread—
 All things are thine—Oh ! dreary one and dread !
 Thou hast still mingled with sweet roseate primes,
 And verdant spring-tides—all times are thy times ;
 Thou hast still come unbidden to the feast,
 For every where art thou the silent guest ;
 Where'er man dwells, there hast thou thy abode—
 For thee the Tide of all past Life hath flowed !
 Yet we must praise thee—thou art strong to draw
 Our thought towards thee—with interest and with awe !

Thou'rt ever strong to interest and to excite,
 Thy dim perspective points towards boundless light !
 The Future through the Spirit thou dost press—
 The Future—mightiest still to curse—or bless !
 And thou the fountains of our thoughts canst chain
 To the great mysteries of thy secret reign—
 When all we love goes hence—(our soul's blest care—
 Its trust and hope—bequeathing us despair ;
 For all the communings with rapture fraught—
 The gentle joys—the luxuries pure—unbought—
 Of hallowed love—to which Earth's wealth is naught)—
 How do we turn our longing thoughts to thee—
 And seek to dwell in thy stern company !
 But, Oh ! is't not our folly and our fault,
 If under thy dull shades we choose to halt,
 To shield us from thy sorrows and thy stings—
 The Almightyest Dove spreads wide His sheltering wings ?
 The Eternity its guiding rays emits—
 The Godhead breathes through thick starred Infinites—
 And our own conscious spirits ceaseless say,
 “ We yet shall soar—yet break those bonds of clay ! ”

Shall not the Heavenly and the Almightyest Dove
 Fill us with rapturous faith and trustful love?
 Shall not the Eternity—with light Sublime—
 Illume even the intervening wastes of Time?
 Shall not the glorious Godhead o'er our Souls
 Shine bright—as where through gladden'd suns it rolls?
 Shall not our Spirits still reflect its ray,
 And seek the Life that passeth not away?
 This world—stern ruthless Death—*it is not thine!*
 The Rule thou hast—ere long must thou resign!

A WISH.

WHERE the wonderous and glorious cloud-tracts be,
 Burning with many a dazzling streak,
 Would I walk through mists of light with thee,
 Leaving this Old World—blank and bleak.

Yet from this dimmest of dim spheres

 Would I bear some few most precious things,
Beloved midst Childhood's smiles and tears,
 Though tainted now with Life's dark springs.

A colour from the empurpled flower—

 A music from the whispering shell—

A sparkle from the rainbowed shower—

 A perfume from the blossomed dell—

A verdure from the embowering trees—

 A gladness from the glittering wave—

A freshness from the wandering breeze—

 A coolness from the o'ershadowing cave !

And art thou so beloved then—Earth ?

 Can links of Life's long chain be dear ?—

I *will* not leave thee—Place of birth—

 Even for the loveliest Stranger-sphere !

WOMAN AND WOMAN'S LOVE.

OH! Man, through whose imperious, restless soul
Stern dreams of grandeur and of empire roll,
Still pant ye for Earth's glorious crowns and thrones,
Nor heed though thousands' agonizing groans,
Distracted curses, and discordant cries,
To Heaven in dread appeal tumultuous rise,
If proud Ambition prompt, and Fortune grant
The fatal aid, 'twere well that you should want!—
For this, disfigured is the Earth's fair face,
O'erclouded Nature's glory and her grace—
Victory's Volcano shakes the shuddering world,
While banners steeped in blood float wide unfurled,
Till, haply, sated, sickened at the last
With all the gory triumphs of the past,
The stormy luxury and fierce joy of War,
Ye quit at once th' Earth-desolating Car,

And wreak your energies on finer aims,
(But still for Earth's vain plaudits and acclaims)
And bid Creation once more reassume
Its banished brightness and its blighted bloom ;
Nay, at your word another aspect wear,
And shine yet more majestic and more fair !
Here peak-y-fronting Pyramids arise,
Attesting columns spurn the invaded skies—
There lift with pride their brazen gates and walls,
League-covering—nation-sheltering Capitals !—
The laboured Wilderness tamed, vanquished yields,
The increase confined before to favoured fields—
The stony rock, the rugged and the rude,
Smiles with sweet promise, softened and subdued—
Old mountains are deposed, or lower'd, or pierced—
Floods for their bold wild liberties amerced,
Pent in and prisoned, and enslaved, and schooled,
And by a hand of glorious mastery ruled—
The mighty seas, that thundering shake the shore,
Are curbed and straitened in their headlong roar,

Where massive breakwaters upreared divide
The impatient foaming of the indignant tide !
Earth's depths are ransacked for her gems and ores,
Her radiant spoils, and her resplendent stores—
Where gloomy forests spread their shadows round,
Gay harvests gild the open smiling ground—
The produce of far climes is wafted o'er
Unto some alien, uncongenial shore—
And yet ye do more wond'rous deeds than these,
With patient energy and peaceful ease !
Lo ! mark where Science at her will lays bare
The secrets of the Earth and of the Air,
The workings of great Nature's mighty heart
Detected, pierced, and probed in every part,
Even where 'mongst worlds of great and glorious scope
She seems to mock his efforts and his hope !
Yes ! there his triumph and success behold—
The curtain shrinks uplifted and uprolled—
The cloud is softened and dissolved away,
Where Night frowned dark, shine gleams of living Day—

The mighty Master seems unchecked to move,
Obeyed by all around, and all above—
World after world, with chrystal walls and gates,
At that dread Conqueror's call capitulates!—
Lo! how he speeds upon his path of power,
Though deepest mysteries o'er his progress lower—
How doth he toil upon his task of Pride,
Nor pause till light is thrown on ev'ry side!
Those orbs that through the Heavens majestic roll,
Like the great thoughts of an Eternal Soul,
Are taught their splendid secrets to reveal—
The spell is spoken—shattered is the seal!
Upon their radiant and immortal way
They are questioned by the ambitious Child of clay—
Their mighty futures and mysterious fates,
With fine precision he unerring states;
Upon their march of majesty and might,
Are they—the Thrones of Time and Lords of Light—
Forestalled—almost it might appear, foredoomed
(Such high authority hath he assumed)

By him who walketh for a little while
 Before their presence, and beneath their smile,
 Then sinks into his Earth, and all forgets,
 The Sun that rises, and the Sun that sets ;
 And to his children leaves it to observe
 If from the paths he prophesied they swerve ;
 But, lo ! they swerve not—steadfast and serene,
 Mark them fulfil the course he had foreseen !
 As though these dared not disappoint his dream,
 Nor mar the glory of his noble scheme ;
 As these dared not dispute and disobey
 His stern authority—his Soul's strong sway ;
 Aye ! as they dared not falsify and foil
 His proud assertion, and defeat his toil !
 While thus, though far in space' clear depths enshrined,
 Their destinies are fathomed and devined,
 And to the gaze of wond'ring eyes exposed,
 Imperiously devined, and fearlessly disclosed.

Yes ! Man hath made his empire to extend
 Proudly and nobly, without bound or end ;

Still, without faltering, doth he onwards press,
 To Nature's farthest shrine and last excess.
 Such are the Victories—such the works of Mind!
 Till Thought o'ertasked—o'erwrought, reels black and blind,
 Dazzled with too much light (while th' ardent will
 Would gather Knowledge upon Knowledge still
 And Might combine with Might, and Skill with Skill,)
 Till Haughty with that Knowledge and that power,
 Man's lofty Spirit doth unbending tower,
 And his high heart elate with triumph grows,
 As though he gave the laws he dares expose!
 As though 'twas his to arrange that perfect plan:
 Tis only his to follow and to scan—
 His to establish the Order he evolves,
 To originate the Scheme he Sounds and solves!

Man! still the mastery and the rule maintain,
 And triumph in your undisputed reign,
 And still the monarchs and the masters be—
 Exult ye in your sway and sovereignty!

Be still of this Majestic World the Kings !
 Extend your rule o'er all terrestrial things
 Still claim, and keep as your own right from birth,
 This Empire proud of the Universal Earth !
 Claim Science, Knowledge, Glory for your own,
 And hold the Sceptre still, and fill the throne ;
 Receive transcendant Nature's richest fees—
 Keep the great Universe's glorious Keys—
 The strong Keys of its vast unnumbered wards !—
 And of Creation reign the undoubted Lords !
 Weave round your brows the laurel's shining wreath,
 And sound your Victories with the trumpet's breath ;
 Strict laws on all around ye, still impose—
 While spreads your lofty fame—your triumph grows !—
 Unfold majestic mysteries and august,
 And soar beyond this darkness and this dust !
 Oh ! man—the ruler and the chief remain,
 Nor find a rival to your splendid reign ;
 Aye ! keep your proud dominion and renown,
 Preserve the charter and possess the crown !

Retain your trophies, and repeat your toils,
 Grasp your deserved success, and glean your spoils !
 Keep ye the insignia of your sovereign state—
 The emblems of your great and lofty fate,
 And all the bold inventions that bestow
 Your high and dread supremacy below ;
 Still make your own the Sciences and the Arts,
 Keep, keep your optic tubes—retorts and charts,
 Your sun-dipped pencils and your flame-tipped pens,
 The loadstone, and the lever, and the lens ;
 And keep your proud distinctions still your own,
 Each badge and sign that makes your mastery known—
 Your sceptres, helms, your mitres, palms, and globes,
 Your truncheons, laurels, scutcheons, crowns, and robes ;
 Your chariots, and your banners, and your swords,
 Your mighty revenues and dazzling hoards !—
 Of subjugated Earth remain the lords,
 And of the conquered elements—and still
 Advance from state to state, from skill to skill ;
 Add greatness, unto greatness evermore,
 And spread your wide command, from shore to shore.

Lo! there is one—a meek one, at your side,
 To sway, superior—and too pure for pride;
 Yet she too claims an empire for her own,
 A blameless sceptre, and a peaceful throne—
 She hath a province and a place apart—
 Proud Ruler of the World!—it is *thy heart!*
 Ah! doth she envy thee—thy strength—thy state—
 And strive to be as powerful and as great—
 Thy might—thy glory—doth she seek to share?
 No!—all she hopes—and all she asks—is *there!*
 And let her mourn not o'er a broken Hope,
 Nor bid her crownless head, dejected droop;
 But let her wear her own sweet smiles in peace,
 So shall her gentle joy nor fade nor cease—
 Leave, leave to Woman her fair myrtle-wreath,
 Unshadowed by Despair, unscathed by Death;
 Let every leaf be green, and pure, and bright,
 Love is the crown that gilds her Soul of Light!
 She smiles away from her the gauds of power,
 Nor heeds though dark her changed horizon lower,

Though the atmosphere around be fraught with gloom,
 Though at her feet should yawn the frowning tomb,
 If Love's dear voice but whisper to her soul,
 And in her sight he spreads his starry scroll—
 Then all is well!—though suffering, gloom, and care,
 And all the ills and griefs of life be there.
 And, oh! the sway, the splendour, and the state,
 To her can be but as a grief and weight,
 A sorrow, and a suffering, and a sting,
 Pain's certain source, and Misery's fertile spring,
 If unaccompanied, oh! Love, by thee,
 That still the Angel of her Life must be!—
 And all is wrong!—and bitterness and care
 Attend her and become her mournful share—
 'Twas thus of old the fair Egyptians mourned,
 Torn from that Land to which they ne'er returned,
 To be indeed advanced to high estate,
 To them how dark a woe—how dire a weight;
 Bound by their sad alliance, they deplored
 And languished for the Land so much adored,

Desiring but one draught of its sweet stream,
Till past their life in that distracted dream—
Perchance the chosen of their souls remained
In that far Home, by Fate's caprice detained,
Then all that was in Egypt was beloved,
And all abhorred, from its dear soil removed !
By the deep Voice of buried feelings called,
Till every pulse was thrilled, each power was thrall'd,
They wandered weary on their darkened way,
Wailed through the night, and then wept down the day !
Around their brows the royal diadem blazed,
But, oh ! how gladly would they then have raised
That cumbrous diadem from the aching brows,
Cold, colourless, and cold as wintery snows !—
The jewelled mantles round their forms were thrown,
How gladly too would they have laid these down,
And from their dazzling shoulders have unbound
The gorgeous folds that swept resplendent round,
Could they have been from those strange shores removed,
Once more restored unto the Land they loved !

Could they have been by pitying hand set free,
And borne back to their Home of Infancy.
But this might not be!—and they pined away,
And fainter waxed with each succeeding day;
They pined on their proud thrones with fevered thoughts,
And vainly yearned for the forbidden draughts
Of their own distant and divided stream,
In that distracted and delirious dream;
Full many a strange caprice hath restless grief,
And still she seeks on all sides for relief,
And dreams, and doubts, and wishes, and believes,
And every chance impression still receives;
And still retains with fond tenacious hold,
And to her will, the stubborn truth would mould;
With wild delirious desperation still
She grasps those things which ne'er her hopes fulfil!
Those things which caused not, nor can cure the ill.
Thus did those martyrs of a love-born grief
Cling wildly to the fond and vain belief
That those sweet draughts could make their anguish less,
And soothe their suffering, and console and bless!—

Draughts from the old Royal Stream, of whose clear tide
 They whilom drank—ere hope within them died!—
 That stream they quaffed of yore, when all looked bright,
 And Earth and Heaven seemed one to their glad sight!
 In their Heart's sunny times and cloudless years—
 Their Life's fair rosy seasons—while fond tears
 Channelled their pallid cheeks—(by the alien air—
 Into no healthful glow, warmed brightly there,
 But tinted with the hectic flush of care);
 And burning sighs their gentle bosoms heaved—
 By sighs, nor tears, or lightened, or relieved;
 Even so pined vainly on a foreign strand,
 The Royal lilies of old Egypt's land—
 Captives and victims they—though all around
 Was glad and lovely—but no joy *they* found—
 Whose hearts, not hands, were fettered and were bound;
 Mocked vainly with the show of Liberty—
 They could not seek their dear ones—could not die!
 Their gorgeous palaces and cities fair,
 Might not distract them from their one despair—

Dearer than all to them their cherished chain,
 And their sole pleasure centred in their pain !
 And, Oh ! how closely were they fettered down—
 These weary wearers of the o'erwhelming crown ;
 The winds swept freely through the skies above—
 The streams did in the joy of freedom move—
 The birds spread joyously their fluttering wings—
 The smile of Freedom lightened o'er all things ;
 But they were bowed beneath an iron reign,
 And their heart's wreathen fibres wrought their chain ;
 For, Oh ! the heart too fondly wooed its care,
 By one o'erpowering dream still haunted there
 One dream of love, and passion, and despair—
 Its fibres and its pulses evermore,
 Thrilled to the thoughts, which pierced it to the core :
 Haunted, o'erwearied, and nor soothed, nor quelled,
 Till from the seat of Life the fount of Life had welled.

Woman must live to love—or live to mourn
 For one dear destiny designed and born !

The thousand interests and the unnumbered aims,
Which each in turn Man's fond attention claims,
For her are nothing—raised above them all,
She never heeds their claim, nor hears their call
For her—Life's noisy changes come and part,
And leave a hopeless silence of the heart;
Unless *Love's voice* pierce through them sweet and clear,
And then *Love's VOICE alone* 'tis hers to hear!
Then is she roused—and all her soul returns—
A deep, deep answer, and responsive burns!
Still let her gladly through Life's wild scenes move,
And crown her with that angel crown of Love—
That precious diadem of starry light,
Yea! let it wreath her brow for ever bright!
Still let it shine unshattered and unstained,
From Heaven received—for Heaven be it retained!

THE GREEK GIRL'S LAMENT.

'Twas a Greek girl—far, far from her own land,
And like a statue did she speechless stand,
Beneath the alien—the unfamiliar skies
Dull to her heart, though beauteous to her eyes.

She thought upon her country's plains and hills—
(Oh ! how that thought the exiled Spirit thrills)—
She thought upon its glories—its disgrace—
Its lofty sires—and its degenerate race !

Its beauty—and its brightness—and its woe—
And the checked tears of grief refused to flow !
But thus, at length, from that o'erwearied heart,
Gushingly did the deep complainings part !

“ My Land—my beauteous Land—my loved and lost !

Oh radiant clime of battle and of story !

Land of the immortal choir—the unconquered host !

Oh ! Land of Love, and Poesy, and Glory !

“ Still doth the Sun, with soft and sacred beams,

Shine with a pure and holy lustre o’er thee—

Kindling thy woods, and kissing thy fair streams,

As though ’twere moved to pity and to adore thee !

“ Though Earth forget thee—thou ! her pride and boast !

The Sun amidst the Heavens still stamps thee fairest !

O’er thee his looks of Love are lavished most—

His glory still in thy decline thou wearest !

“ Still roll thy rivers, beautiful and bright—

Unchoked by tears, and yet unstained by slaughters !

While still the stars of Night’s sweet hour weep light

O’er these blue breathless tides and burnished waters !

“ But I,—thy daughter,—mourn alas, afar—

Nor share thy sorrows now—nor bless thy beauty—

Yet, Oh ! mine own sweet Land ! nor Sun nor Star

Is bound to thee by such dear ties of duty !

“ Bear, bear me hence ! here Peace and Freedom
reign—

But Peace and Freedom bring to me no pleasure ;

Oh ! Greece ! the effort to forget is vain—

Within thy breast is shrined my soul’s deep trea-
sure !

“ Bear, bear me hence ! a happier lot ’twill be,

With thee enduring—and with thee despairing—

Than in strange lands to dwell amongst the free—

No ! let me wear the chain that thou art wearing !”

Then died the passion of that strain away—

And heavy silence on the still air lay !

But, Oh! it was the soul's own fervent sigh—
Its deep and mournful echoes shall not die!
The immortal accents shall be heard above—
Truth shall respond to Truth—Love answer Love!

ERRATA.

- Page 24, line 7, *for state read stole.*
57, line 2, *for moon read noon.*
57, line 7, *for daily read gaily.*
58, line 8, *for then read there.*
59, line 8, *for when read where.*
60, line 8, *omit on before mist.*
106, line 8, *for than read thou.*
118, line 15, *for On her read Oh!—how.*
129, line 2, *for excess read recess.*

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