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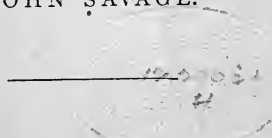
Thomas Moore

THE
IRISH MELODIES,
NATIONAL AIRS,
SACRED SONGS, ETC.,

OF
THOMAS MOORE
"

WITH A MEMOIR AND NOTES
BY
JOHN SAVAGE.

33



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native land and contemporaneous events on the continent. The Penal Laws were in force, and, born of Catholic parents, Moore came into the world, as he says himself, with "the slave's yoke around his neck." As a child he was taught to feel this wrong, and he tells us how his father took him, in 1792, to one of the banquets in honor of the French Revolution, where the chairman fondled him on his knee, and the toast, "May the breezes from France fan our Irish Oak into verdure," caused great enthusiasm.

Some of the most outrageous penal enactments having been removed in 1793, and the Universities thereby opened to Catholics, Thomas Moore was "one of the first of the young Helots of the land" who availed themselves of the privilege, and entered Trinity College, Dublin. Although still excluded from college honors and emoluments, on account of his religion, he was determined on showing he deserved them. His college career was distinguished; and in his nineteenth year he went to London to study law and publish some translations from the Greek. Fortunately poetry took precedence of law, and in the following year his "Odes from Anacreon" appeared. Exceptions have been taken to the freedom of the translations, but even Professor Wilson admits the version to be as "charming as can be, though not the Teian Sage;" and the Hon. Henry Erskine got off this happy epigram on its appearance:—

"Ah, mourn not for Anacreon dead;
Ah, weep not for Anacreon fled:
The lyre still breathes he touched before,
For we have one Anacreon Moore."

In 1801 appeared "The Poetical Works of the late Thomas Little, Esq.," in which were some pieces offensive to that taste and morality which true poetry should ever teach and exalt. The author lived to regret their publication, and to expunge them from his works. In 1803 Mr. Moore was appointed to the Registrarship of Bermuda. Leaving a deputy to discharge its duties, the poet proceeded on a tour through the United States and Canada. The deputy defaulted, and involved the official in serious financial losses; while the American tour developed some of the strongest characteristics of the poet. Observation of and communion with nature in a variety of grand, romantic and picturesque localities on sea and land strengthened his mind, and greatly enriched his poetical resources. Several localities have derived fame from his presence or his pen, or both, on this Western tour. The "Calabash-Tree" has become historic in Bermuda, while his name is poetically associated with the St. Lawrence, where he sung his "Row, brothers, row," or saw

"All its store of inland waters hurled

In one vast volume down Niagara's steep"—

with "Delaware's green banks," with the Schuylkill, where he "a wanderer roved;" with the lake of the Dismal Swamp in Virginia, and with the Cohoes Falls, where, on a visit many years ago, I was enthusiastically led down a precipitous pathway to a point below, to stand "where Tom Moore stood," and see the cataract as he saw it when he wrote—

"From rise of morn till set of sun,
I've seen the mighty Mohawk run."

Passing some days in Washington as the guest of the British Minister, the poet was presented to President Jefferson. He describes the horror of the formal ambassador waiting in full dress to present his credentials to Jefferson, who, in "a homely costume, comprising slippers and Connemarra stockings," was seated with some general officers similarly attired. To the poet, however, "to have seen and spoken with the man who drew up the Declaration of Independence was," he records, "an event not to be forgotten."

After an absence of fourteen months, Moore returned to England and published (1806) his "Epistles, Odes, and other Poems." Amid much that is unpleasant and too keenly satirical in his political allusions to the Republic of that day, there is also not a little that was based on truth, even if unpalatable; while his descriptions of natural scenery have been widely applauded for accuracy of delineation and striking beauty of poetical treatment. In this year also occurred a rencontre that, growing out of critical severity, resulted in some sincere friendships. Moore's amatory verses had drawn the indignant ire of Jeffrey in the *Edinburgh Review* (vol. viii.), who condemned them as a public nuisance, which should be consigned to universal reprobation. The poet challenged the critic, and a meeting took place at Chalk Farm, near London, where the duel was prevented by the arrival of the Bow-street officers. Jeffrey, in a few days, was led to acknowledge that much of his review was exceptionable, and expressing sincere sorrow for having written it, he and

Moore became earnest friends. This was not the end of the matter, however. It having been stated that, on examination, the duellists' weapons contained powder only, Lord Byron took up the suggestion, and spiced his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" with it thus :

"Can none remember that eventful day,
That ever-glorious, almost fatal fray,
When Little's leadless pistol met his eye,
And Bow-street myrmidons stood laughing by."

Moore's indignation rose commensurately. He denied the statement in the press, and called Byron to account. The latter, starting for the Continent, did not receive the missive, but when he returned Moore renewed his demand. A meeting, not at "ten or fifteen paces," but at Samuel Roger's table, took place, Thomas Campbell being also present, and a friendship was there initiated which has linked the names of the great poets forever.

From the picturesque and the amatory Moore glided into the didactic and satiric. Indeed he had already given some indication of this spirit in his poems on America. His new efforts, "Corruption" and "Intolerance"—issued anonymously, in 1808, and "The Skeptic" in 1809—were not successful. Indeed they were but poetical pegs upon which to hang a goodly clothing of politics and polemics in the shape of notes. There were, however, many telling hits in them—not out of date yet. Describing the "Liberal" opposition, who thwart the Government "to raise their own fortunes," and forget their promises when in power, he says :—

“But bees, on flowers alighting, cease their hum,
So, settling upon places, Whigs grow dumb.”

“Intolerance” affords the satirist a chance to whip with scorn:—

—————“The canting crew,
So smooth, so godly,—yet so devilish too;
Who, arm’d at once with prayer-books and with whips,
Blood on their hands, and Scripture on their lips,
Tyrants by creed and torturers by text,
Make this life hell, in honor of the next!”

And the persecuting faith of the bigots:—

“Which builds on heavenly cant its earthly sway,
And in a convert mourns to lose a prey;
Which grasping human hearts with double hold,—
Like Danaë’s lover mixing god and gold,—
Corrupts both State and Church, and makes an oath
The knave and atheists passport into both;
Which, while it dooms dissenting souls to know
Nor bliss above nor liberty below,
Adds the slave’s suffering to the sinner’s fear,
And, lest he ’scape hereafter, racks him here!”

The successful hypocrisy by which English politicians sought to hide their denial of liberty to Ireland by sympathizing with the patriots of continental nations is applicable to our day:—

“Thus, self-pleas’d still, the same dishonoring chain
She binds in Ireland, she would break in Spain;
While praised at distance, but at home forbid,
Rebels in Cork are patriots at Madrid.”

“M. P., or the Blue Stocking,” a comic opera, was performed at the Lyceum, London, in 1811. It is off the stage long since, and would be unmentioned save for the songs: “Young Love lived once in an humble Shed,” “To sigh and feel no Pain,” and others which

survive. If the poet failed in Juvenalian satire, his "Intercepted Letters, or Two-Penny Post-Bag," by Thomas Brown the Younger, issued in 1812, led him to a pinnacle of popularity as a writer of light and brilliant satirical verse in which the arrows used in political warfare were feathered with sparkling wit and fun-provoking humor. In a majority of cases they were so polished as not to hurt, and the wound was easily healed. In others, however—in relation to the Prince Regent and his Ministers—the effect was not so transient, although the prince on one occasion quoted, in a tone of pleasantry to Scott, one of Moore's couplets on himself. The poet was charged with ingratitude for his attacks on the Regent, but he dispels the idea of "many kind and substantial" benefits by showing the favors for which he was indebted. They were, permission to dedicate his *Anacreon* to the Prince, two invitations to dinner at Carlton House, and an invitation to the great fête given by the Prince when assuming the Regency in 1811. "The Two-Penny Post-Bag" became so popular that it ran through fourteen editions in a year.

Moore had commenced the "Irish Melodies" in 1807, and they were issued at intervals from that date to 1834, when the tenth and last number was published. In Bunting's collection of old Irish music, made known to him by a patriotic young friend, Edward Hudson,* he first discovered the rich mine of his country's melodies. The desire, if not the design, of

* Subsequently one of the United Irish State prisoners with T. Addis Emmet, W. J. MacNevin, Thos. Russell, and others, at Fort George, Scotland.

interpreting in words the touching language of this music seized him at an early period; and he seems to have achieved a special education, in the variety of experiences and culture his talents and feelings underwent, to fit him for the great task. Almost every phase of poetic expression illustrating the patriotism, friendship, love, conviviality, gaiety, wit, sorrows, historic glory, prehistoric legend, and touching or admonitory superstitions of his race, may be found in these wonderfully beautiful and glorious productions. They rival each other in pathos, wit, force and application of imagery, and a diction at once antithetically dramatic, picturesque, powerful, musical, and pure. While breathing the very soul of Irish music, and echoing the pangs and hopes of Irish nationality, the sentiments are conveyed with such magnetic boldness and beauty as to place them in accord with the universal sense of justice and truth, and to awaken that sympathy Song commands from the universal heart. From the first the "Irish Melodies" enjoyed the appreciation of the gifted, as well as extensive popularity. They have gone through numerous editions with and without the music, and have been translated into French, Italian, Russian, Polish, Latin, and Irish. The great success of the songs to the melodies of Ireland, as they appeared in numbers, led him to undertake a series of songs to "National Airs" of various countries (1815), and "Sacred Songs" to music composed or selected by Stevenson and himself (1816). These, with some songs in his longer poems, and songs connected by a strand of narrative for the purposes of recitation,

as the "Evenings in Greece" and "Summer Fête" (1831), contain the evidence upon which the critics and the people base their ever-extending recognition of Moore as a Master of Song. Byron thought some of the "Irish Melodies"—"As a beam o'er the face of the Waters," "When he who adores Thee," "Oh, Blame not the Bard," and "Oh, Breathe not his Name"—as "Worth all the epics that ever were composed." "Moore," says he, "is one of the few writers who will survive the age in which he so deservedly flourishes. He will live in his Melodies. They will go down to posterity with the music: both will last as long as Ireland, or as music and poetry." Alison, in his "History of Europe" (chap. v.), says: "His Irish and National Melodies will be immortal; and they will be so for this reason—that they express the feelings which spring to the breast of every successive generation at the most important and imaginative period of life. They have the delicacy of refined life without its fastidiousness, the warmth of natural feeling without its rudeness." Professor Wilson, the great admirer and analyst of the genius of Burns, says ("Recreations of Christopher North"): "Now, of all the Song Writers that ever warbled, or chanted, or sung, the best in our estimation is verily none other than Thomas Moore." And the "Edinburgh Review," speaking of the lyrical necessity of conveying in language the emotion of musical sounds, says: "This is a peculiar faculty, and extremely rare indeed. Burns had something of it, Béranger perhaps more, but Moore stands absolutely pre-eminent in it."

Moore attributes "the sole lustre and value" of his

labors to his having worked in the mine of Irish music; and the venerable and illustrious Archbishop of Tuam, who translated the Melodies into the Irish language, indicates the debt due by Ireland to the poet. "It was only," he writes, "when our music was forcibly united with the coarse and barbarous pedantry of ignorant English songsters, that it suffered from the connection. Under this yoke it continued to sink, and would probably have sunk still more, until taste should have at last shrunk from the contact of its acquaintance, had not a fond and master spirit seasonably interposed to save it from the degrading association. To Moore our native music shall ever be indebted for clothing it in a manner befitting its dignity and lineage."

Before commencing this work Moore said if Burns had been an Irishman his heart would have been proud of his country's music, and his genius would have made it immortal. Happily, approaching the subject in such a spirit of appreciation and desire, his own heart and genius proved equal to the achievement of that lasting glory which his pride of song and country led him to regard as the befitting result of such an undertaking. To use a metaphor suggested by himself, it may be said that as Reaumer, the naturalist, found out the art of making the Cicada sing after it was dead, so Moore tried a similar experiment with success on the buried minstrelsy of his native land.*

* The following financial calculation is interesting in connection with notes poetical and figurative: "Moore was employed by Power from 1806 to 1836 to write the

Moore achieved so firm a position by his songs that the Longmans agreed to give him £3000 for a poem, "as a tribute to reputation already acquired, without any condition for a previous perusal of the new work." He retired into Derbyshire, immersed himself in Oriental literature, and sketched or partly wrote several stories; but somehow he felt his subjects slow to kindle his sympathies, and began to despair of touching the heart of others. At last, he writes, "the thought occurred to me of founding a story on the fierce struggle so long maintained between the Ghebers, or ancient Fire-Worshippers of Persia, and their haughty Moslem masters. From that moment a new and deep interest in my whole task took possession of me. The cause of tolerance was again my inspiring theme; and the spirit that had spoken in the Melodies of Ireland soon found itself at home in the East." The result of this Oriental study and Irish motive was "Lalla Rookh," which was published in 1817. The mystery, beauty, romance, and brilliancy of the stories composing this work, arrayed in all the dazzling resources of Eastern customs, scenery, religion, and manners, and told with an apparently inexhaustible richness of descriptive power, carried away the senses of the reading

Irish Melodies and other songs for him. For the Melodies alone he paid him £500 a year during those thirty years. Amount received by Moore, £15,000. There are 124 melodies, which is £121 a song. Their average length is 20 lines, which would make the payment £6 sterling a line."

—Dr. R. S. MACKENZIE'S ed. "Noctes Ambrosianæ," vol. i., p. 392.

public. The poem was an immediate and brilliant success. How erroneous Hazlett's opinion was that Moore should not have written it even for £3000, as it was a disappointment to public expectation, time has proved. Allan Cunningham, who did not fully appreciate the "Melodies," has but justly indicated public expectation by recording its satisfaction when he says, "'Lalla Rookh' carried Moore's name to the uttermost ends of the earth," The local coloring and Eastern imagery astounded the critics at the time, and the topographical correctness of the descriptions have been verified by travelers since. It even captivated the people of the region depicted, and portions of the poem were translated into Persian, in reference to which Luttrell wrote :

"I'm told, dear Moore, your lays are sung,
 (Can it be true, you lucky man?)
 By moonlight, in the Persian tongue,
 Along the streets of Ispahan."

Allibone* declares he could not find space for one-tenth of the praise that has been lavished on "Lalla Rookh."

In the holiday mood of his success Moore paid a visit to Paris for the first time, in company with Rogers; and in the "groups of ridiculous English who were at that time swarming in all directions" throughout the gay city, the former found material for his "Fudge Family in Paris" (published 1818). Full of wit, drollery, and political hits, its reception was so great that in the race of successive editions,

* "Critical Dictionary of Authors," etc.

“Miss Biddy Fudge” for some time kept pace with “Lalla Rookh.”

In 1818 (June 8) Moore was publicly entertained in Dublin. Lord Charlemont presided, and among those present were O’Connell, Shiel, Maturin, Charles Phillips, Peter Burrowes, and Lord Cloncurry. On this occasion Sam Lover, then quite a youth, made his *début* in a lively song, written by himself, describing a poet’s election in Olympus, at which Moore, of course, carried off a great majority of votes against the other well-known poets of the day.

In the autumn of 1819 Moore again visited Paris, in company with Lord John Russell. They proceeded to Italy by the Simplon, and parted at Milan, the poet going to visit Byron at Venice. While thus associated Moore strongly advised Byron to abandon “Don Juan;” and in expressing his regret that his great friend had written “Cain,” said: “I would not give up the poetry of religion for all that philosophy will ever arrive at. Faith is a treasure not lightly to be parted with. Boldness in politics does good, but in religion it profits neither here nor hereafter.”

Leaving Byron, he went to Rome, and had the advantage of viewing all that was grand and beautiful in the Eternal City in the companionship of the great artists Canova, Chantrey, Lawrence, Jackson, Turner, and Eastlake. With Chantrey and Jackson he also visited the various collections at Florence, Bologna, Modena, Parma, Milan, and Turin. This trip produced his “Rhymes on the Road.” Returning to Paris, he was joined by his family, and continued to reside near that city till the close of 1822, a course

compelled pending the settlement of the financial difficulties growing out of his former position in Bermuda. Here Washington Irving was a visitor, and James Kenney, the Irish dramatist, a near neighbor. When Moore told the latter the story of his trouble, Kenney, after a pause of real feeling, said, "Well,—it's lucky you're a poet; a philosopher never could have borne it." Although pressed by friends to accept aid, Moore determined "to work out his deliverance by his own efforts." In Paris he wrote the eighth number of the "Irish Melodies," a number of the "National Airs," the poem of the "Loves of the Angels," and completed "The Fables for the Holy Alliance," which he had commenced at Venice. He frequently passed the mornings in rambling alone through the noble park of St. Cloud, with no apparatus for the work of authorship but memorandum-book and pencils, "forming sentences to run smooth and moulding verses into shape." In September, 1822, he was informed he might return with safety to England. The claims of the American merchants had been reduced to the sum of one thousand guineas; and towards this, the uncle of his deputy, a rich London merchant, had been with difficulty brought to contribute £300. The Marquis of Lansdowne immediately deposited in the hands of a banker the remaining portion (£750), which was repaid in the June following by the poet, who, on receiving his publisher's account, found £1000 placed to his credit from the sale of the "Loves of the Angels," and £500 from the "Fables of the Holy Alliance," both published in 1823. The former was founded on Eastern fictions,

which presented an allegorical medium through which to shadow out the fall of the soul from its original purity, the loss of light and happiness which it suffers in the pursuit of worldly pleasures, and the punishments conscience and Divine justice are sure to visit on impurity, pride, and presumptuous inquiry into the secrets of Heaven. It is written with Moore's felicity of diction and rapturous fancy. Jeffrey said "there was nothing equivocal in it but the title."

In 1824 "Miscellaneous Poems by Members of the Poco-Curante Society" appeared, and was followed by the "Memoirs of Captain Rock," a celebrated Irish chieftain, by himself. This volume, in which humor and pathos unite to illustrate the sufferings of the Irish Catholics for ages, proved Moore a vigorous prose writer as well as poet. While the *Tory Dublin University Magazine* condemned the work as a vindictive defence of agrarianism, the *London Magazine* characterized it as "a complete history of Ireland, and ought to be a manual of every one wishing for information on that country. It is full of instruction and amusement—an entertaining and melancholy volume which Englishmen should be ashamed and Irishmen afraid to read." The "Memoirs of Richard Brinsley Sheridan," commenced in Paris, but laid aside for want of material, was issued in 1825, which, however charming and appreciative, was thought too figurative and brilliant for a biography.

Towards the end of this year Moore visited Scott at Abbotsford; and the reminiscences of the event to be found in the memoirs of both show that, while entirely opposite in form, politics, acquirements, and

tastes, they won the respect of each other, and cemented a strong friendship by the manly dignity, happy sense of enjoyment, and absolute absence of literary assumption or pedantic snobbery characteristic of both. They went to the theatre, where Moore was received with rapture. "I could have hugged them," writes Scott, "for it paid back the debt of the kind reception I met with in Ireland."

In 1827 "The Epicurean: a Tale," in prose, and "Alciphron," a poem, appeared in one volume. The former is presented as a translation of an old Greek manuscript of the third century, relating the love of a follower of Epicurus for a Christian maiden, his conversion by her, and his retirement to the desert on her martyrdom, and his sufferings under the persecution of Dioclesian. It was the original intention of the author to have written it in verse, and so commenced it in Paris in 1820. "Alciphron" is a fragment of the original conception and execution. This work bore witness to the undiminished vigor of the poetical faculties of the writer, while for sustained dignity in the purer regions of romance it is esteemed among the greatest efforts. Turner's pencil furnished some illustrations for it, and translations have appeared in the French, Italian, German, and Dutch languages.

"Odes on Cash, Corn and Catholics, and other Matters" (1828), was followed in 1830 by the "Letters and Journals of Lord Byron, with Notices of his Life," a work which was executed with great judgment and feeling, and indicates a just as well as friendly analysis and estimate of that "unexampled

complication of qualities." The same year Moore, at a public dinner in Dublin, spoke congratulating France on the revolution that overthrew Charles X. His patriotic fervor, which never needed power of expression, might easily have been fanned into enthusiasm by the work upon which he was then engaged — "The Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald" (1831), the noblest of modern cavaliers, who sacrificed all the honors which the two ducal houses he sprung from could confer to espouse the cause of his country, and died in prison of wounds received while being captured.

The year 1833 gave to polemics his noted "Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion." This is the story of a Catholic student of Trinity College, who, seeking for some reason to change his religion, finds it in the Catholic Emancipation Act, as that removed the suspicion that he would become a Protestant for gain. Proceeding to study the early authorities and coming down through the centuries, and into Germany in the sixteenth century, and thence into England, he meets with disappointment everywhere. He found the Catholic Church unchanged; and seeing no benefit or hope in the uncertainty of the sects, determines to hold on to the certain doctrines of the faith of his fathers. The work was denounced by the *Dublin University Magazine* as the most impudent production that was ever intruded on the public. The *British Critic* held it as "a grave theological defence of the Church of Rome," but considered Moore "out of his element and out of his depth." But Moore never was more in his element than in ex-

posing the errors of intolerance and proclaiming the strength of his faith; and that he was not so far "out of his depth," but vigorously on top of the controversial waves, is shown by the fact, recorded by Allibone, that his book elicited at least five responses.

Moore undertook to write a "History of Ireland" for Lardner's "Cabinet Cyclopaedia." It dragged on his hands. The first volume appeared in 1835, and the fourth—largely written by another hand, it is said—in 1846. The late great Irish archæologist, Eugene O'Curry, says, "The account he gives of ancient Erin is nowhere to be relied on."

Besides the works enumerated above, Moore wrote a pamphlet in 1803 on "the actual and imaginary dangers of the present crisis;" finished the "Sallust," left undone by Arthur Murphy (1807:); issued a letter to the Roman Catholics of Dublin (1810) on the "veto," sustaining Grattan, from whom O'Connell seceded on this question; and contributed to the *Edinburgh Review*, of which he was offered the editorship, the *Dublin University Magazine*, and to the *Times* and *Chronicle*, many political and satirical effusions, which were collected in volumes.

On his return from Paris in 1822 Moore took up his permanent residence at Sloperton Cottage, near the Marquis of Lansdowne's seat of Bowood, in Wiltshire. In 1832 Gerald Griffin was the bearer of an address from the electors of Limerick city requesting the poet to become their candidate for Parliament. O'Connell thought Moore would have shone in the Senate, but, as Béranger did at a later day, the Irish bard preferred to abide by his literature than to seek

the halls of legislative conflict. In 1835 the Melbourne administration conferred on him a pension of £300 a year. In that year he attended the meetings of the British Association in Dublin, and again in 1838 visited his native city, when he had a splendid reception at the theatre, to which, as a delighted participant, my memory goes back with boyish enthusiasm. His children all died before him, and he was left alone with his wife Bessy, for whom he had through life a devoted attachment. Responding to a toast to her health, he happily and gallantly said: "I shall leave those amongst you who have perfect happiness at home to imagine mine."

Of late years the poet's mind weakened and went, and finally, at Sloperton, on the 26th of February, 1852, the Bard of Erin faded—through the same death in life gloaming through which other gifted minds, Swift, Scott, Southey, O'Connell, and lately Horace Greeley, passed into eternity.

Moore was one of the most fortunate of men in his celebrity, his success and freedom from those cares which too often beset the life devoted to literature. He deserved his good fortune, for besides being eminent as a poet, he is equally entitled to respect as a man, irreproachable in his domestic relations (as son, husband, and father), of amazing industry, manly integrity, and chivalric devotion to principle, honor, and friendship.

FORDHAM, June 12, 1874.

NOTES

ON INCOMPLETE EDITIONS OF MOORE.

The present volume contains the "Irish Melodies," the collection of songs written to airs of other nationalities and to original airs, known as "National Airs," the "Melologue upon National Music," and the "Sacred Songs." It is a noteworthy fact that many editions of the Melodies, and collections purporting to be "Moore's Complete Works," are incomplete to an extent almost beyond belief. For example, in the Dublin edition, issued by Duffy (1852), there are thirty-nine of the Melodies wanting, including such as "Drink of this Cup," "Oh, ye Dead," "Shall the Harp, then, be Silent," "Oh, the Sight Entrancing," "And doth not a Meeting like this," "As Vanquished Erin," "Desmond's Song," "Sing, Sing—Music was Given," "The Song of Innis Fail," and several others equally popular and national. In "Moore's Works," issued by Nimmo, Edinburgh, the same Melodies are omitted, and it is incomplete in other respects. The edition of "Irish Melodies and Songs" issued by Routledge, London and New York, lacks fifty-two of the former, including all of those noted above, and "My Gentle Harp," "As Slow our Ship," "Wreath the Bowl," "To Ladies' Eyes Around, Boys," "Forget not the Field," and several of similar beauty. The poetical works

announced as "complete," issued in cheap popular form by Dick, London, and introduced into the American market, has fifty-two of the Melodies missing, sixteen of the "Sacred Songs," and omits the "National Airs" altogether, and fully one-half of the poet's other poems and songs.

The 8vo edition of "Moore's Works," with the imprint of Swayne of this city, omits sixteen of the "Irish Melodies" and thirty-two of the "National Airs." Another edition, 12mo, bearing the same imprint, omits fifty-three of the Melodies, sixteen of the "Sacred Songs," and all of the "National Airs."

In the edition of Moore issued by Cressy and Markley, Philadelphia, more than half of the "National Airs" are wanting, also sixteen of the Melodies and eighteen of the "Sacred Songs." And even in the quarto edition of the Melodies, with the music, published by Ditson, Boston, eighteen are not to be found. The Memoir prefixed to the same volume is wonderfully erroneous, the birth and death of the poet, and nearly every date between, being incorrect.

In other respects the above editions exhibit exceedingly carelessness. A careful collation of their texts brought to light over one thousand verbal errors and liberties in punctuation in such of the "Melodies" and "Sacred Songs" as they embraced, and the "Meclogue." The reading of the volume now presented has been made to conform to the Poet's final decisions; the contents are, in fact, given to the public as Moore desired they should represent him to the future, and embrace his latest revisions as made in the ten-volume London edition of 1841-'42.

To all cultivated readers this volume should be welcome as a convenient remembrancer of some of the most exquisite songs ever written; while in possessing themselves of a perfect edition of the thoughts which have shed such lustre on the home of their race those of Irish birth or extraction in this country may echo the poet's own sentiment that "absence, however fatal to some affections of the heart, rather strengthens our love for the land where we were born; and Ireland is the country of all others which an exile must remember with enthusiasm."

INTRODUCTION

TO THE IRISH MELODIES.

In a pocket edition of the beautiful themes upon which the fame of the great lyric poet rests it is impossible, and indeed unnecessary, to indulge in any very extended critical or explanatory remarks. It is becoming, however, in view of the character of the music which inspired the "Irish Melodies," the achievement of rescuing so many splendid specimens from obscurity, and their universal recognition as among the eternal beauties of Song, to give the reader some idea of the motives which guided and the materials which sustained the genius, nationality, and wit of the poet. Expressing to Sir John Stevenson, the composer, his anxious desire to see them brought to light, Moore says, "We have too long neglected the only talent for which our English neighbors ever deigned to allow us any credit."* While conti-

* Oliver Goldsmith, elucidating some points on schools of music to a correspondent of the *British Magazine*, in 1760, says: "It is the opinion of the melodious Germanians that we have in the dominions of Great Britain no original music except the Irish; the Scotch and English being originally borrowed from the Italians. And that his opinion in this respect is just (for I would not be swayed merely by authorities) it is very reasonable to suppose, first from the conformity between the Scotch and ancient

“It has often been remarked,” says Moore, “and oftener felt, that our music is the truest of all comments upon our history.” It was difficult for him to listen to certain airs without being recalled to some period or event to which their expression seemed peculiarly applicable. “The plaintive melodies of Carolan,” he writes, “take us back to the times in which he lived, when our poor countrymen were driven to worship their God in caves, or to quit forever the land of their birth (like the bird that abandons the nest which human touch has violated); and in many a song do we hear the last farewell of the exile, mingling regret for the ties he leaves at home with sanguine expectations of the honors that await him abroad—such honors as were won on the field of Fontenoy, where the valor of Irish Catholics turned the fortune of the day in favor of the French, and extorted from George the Second that memorable exclamation, ‘Cursed be the laws which deprive me of such subjects.’”

While aware that musical antiquaries refer us for some of the Irish Melodies to as early a period as the fifth century, Moore is certain that the finest and most popular are comparatively modern. “Perhaps we may look no farther than the last disgraceful century for the origin of most of those wild and melancholy strains which were at once the offspring and solace of grief.”

Alluding to the arguments of archæologists in support of the belief that the Irish were early acquainted with counterpoint, he refers to the many expressions in Greek and Latin writers which might be quoted, even with more plausibility, to prove a knowledge of

the arrangement of music in parts, but believes it "is conceded in general by the learned, that, however grand and pathetic the melody of the ancients may have been, it was reserved for the ingenuity of modern science to transmit the 'light song' through the variegating prism of harmony."

"I must again observe that, in doubting the antiquity of our music, my skepticism extends but to those polished specimens of the art which it is difficult to conceive anterior to the dawn of modern improvement; and that I would by no means invalidate the claims of Ireland to as early a rank in the annals of minstrelsy as the most zealous antiquary may be inclined to allow her. In addition, indeed, to the power which music must always have possessed over the minds of a people so ardent and susceptible, the stimulus of persecution was not wanting to quicken our taste into enthusiasm; the charms of song were ennobled with the glories of martyrdom, and the acts against the minstrels, in the reigns of Henry the Eighth and Elizabeth, were as successful, I doubt not, in making my countrymen musicians, as the Penal Laws have been in keeping them Catholics."

The touches of political feeling and sympathetic tones of national complaint, in which the poetry expressed the melody, having called forth a censure of the former as tending to mischief, and of the latter as a chosen vehicle for dangerous politics, Moore indignantly and defiantly replied:

"To those who identify nationality with treason, and who see, in every effort for Ireland, a system of hostility towards England—to those, too, who, nursed

in the gloom of prejudice, are alarmed by the faintest gleam of liberality, that threatens to disturb their darkness; like that Demophon of old, who, when the sun shone upon him, shivered!—to such men I shall not deign to apologize for the warmth of any political sentiment which may occur in the course of these pages.”

The foregoing is condensed from Moore, and, when not otherwise indicated, from his letter to the Marchioness Dowager of Donegal.

J. S.

IRISH MELODIES.

27th Nov 1914

TO

THE MARCHIONESS DOWAGER OF DONEGAL.

It is now many years since, in a Letter prefixed to the Third Number of the Irish Melodies, I had the pleasure of inscribing the Poems of that work to your Ladyship, as to one whose character reflected honor on the country to which they relate, and whose friendship had long been the pride and happiness of their Author. With the same feelings of affection and respect, confirmed if not increased by the experience of every succeeding year, I now place those Poems in their present new form under your protection, and am,

With perfect sincerity,

Your Ladyship's ever attached Friend,

THOMAS MOORE.

DEDICATION
TO
THE MARCHIONESS OF HEADFORT,
PREFIXED
TO THE TENTH NUMBER.

It is with a pleasure, not unmixed with melancholy, that I dedicate the last Number of the Irish Melodies to your Ladyship; nor can I have any doubt that the feelings with which you receive the tribute will be of the same mingled and saddened tone. To you,—who, though but little beyond the season of childhood when the earlier numbers of this work appeared,—lent the aid of your beautiful voice, and, even then, exquisite feeling for music, to the happy circle who met, to sing them together, under your father's roof, the gratification, whatever it may be, which this humble offering brings, cannot be otherwise than darkened by the mournful reflection, how many of the voices, which then joined with ours, are now silent in death!

I am not without hope that, as far as regards the grace and spirit of the Melodies, you will find this

closing portion of the work not unworthy of what has preceded it. The Sixteen Airs, of which the Number and the Supplement consists, have been selected from the immense mass of Irish music which has been for years past accumulating in my hands; and it was from a desire to include all that appeared most worthy of preservation that the four supplementary songs, which follow this Tenth Number, have been added.

Trusting that I may yet again, in remembrance of old times, hear our voices together in some of the harmonized airs of this Volume, I have the honor to subscribe myself,

Your Ladyship's

Faithful Friend and Servant,

THOMAS MOORE.

Sloperton Cottage,

May, 1834.

Handwritten text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is extremely faint and illegible due to the low contrast and blurriness of the scan. It appears to be organized into several paragraphs or sections, but the specific words and numbers cannot be discerned.

IRISH MELODIES.



GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

Go where glory waits thee,
But, while fame elates thee,
 Oh! still remember me.
When the praise thou meetest
To thine ear is sweetest,
 Oh! then remember me.
Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee,
All the joys that bless thee,
 Sweeter far may be;
But when friends are nearest,
And when joys are dearest,
 Oh! then remember me!

When, at eve, thou rovest
By the star thou lovest,
 Oh! then remember me.
Think, when home returning,
Bright we've seen it burning,
 Oh! thus remember me.

Oft as summer closes,
 When thine eye reposes
 On its ling'ring roses,
 Once so loved by thee,
 Think of her who wove them,
 Her who made thee love them,
 Oh ! then remember me.

When, around thee dying,
 Autumn leaves are lying,
 Oh ! then remember me.
 And, at night, when gazing,
 On the gay hearth blazing,
 Oh ! still remember me.
 Then should music, stealing
 All the soul of feeling,
 To thy heart appealing,
 Draw one tear from thee ;
 Then let memory bring thee
 Strains I used to sing thee,—
 Oh ! then remember me.

REMEMBER THE GLORIES OF BRIEN THE
 BRAVE. †

REMEMBER the glories of Brien the brave,
 Tho' the days of the hero are o'er ;

* Brien Boroihme, killed at Clontarf, A.D. 1014, defeated the Danes in twenty-five engagements.

Tho' lost to Mononia,* and cold in the grave,
 He returns to Kinkora † no more.
 That star of the field, which so often hath pour'd
 Its beam on the battle, is set ;
 But enough of its glory remains on each sword,
 To light us to victory yet.

Mononia ! when Nature embellish'd the tint
 Of thy fields, and thy mountains so fair,
 Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print
 The footstep of slavery there ?
 No ! Freedom, whose smile we shall never resign,
 Go, tell our invaders, the Danes,
 That 'tis sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine,
 Than to sleep but a moment in chains.

Forget not our wounded companions, who stood ‡
 In the day of distress by our side ;
 While the moss of the valley grew red with their
 blood,
 They stirred not, but conquer'd and died.
 That sun which now blesses our arms with his light,
 Saw them fall upon Ossory's plain ;—
 Oh ! let him not blush, when he leaves us to-night,
 To find that they fell there in vain.

* Munster.

† The palace of Brien.

‡ This alludes to an interesting circumstance related of the Dalgais, the favorite troops of Brien, when they were interrupted in their return from the battle of Clontarf, by Fitzpatrick, prince of Ossory. The wounded men entreated

ERIN ! THE TEAR AND THE SMILE IN
THINE EYES.

ERIN, the tear and the smile in thine eyes,
Blend like the rainbow that hangs in thy skies !
Shining through sorrow's stream,
Saddening through pleasure's beam,
Thy suns with doubtful gleam,
Weep while they rise.

Erin, thy silent tear never shall cease,
Erin, thy languid smile ne'er shall increase,
Till, like the rainbow's light,
Thy various tints unite,
And form in Heaven's sight
One arch of peace !

OH ! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

OH ! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonor'd his relics are laid ;

that they might be allowed to fight with the rest. "Let stakes," they said, "be stuck in the ground, and suffer each of us, tied to and supported by one of these stakes, to be placed in his rank by the side of a sound man." "Between seven and eight hundred wounded men (adds O'Halloran), pale, emaciated, and supported in this manner, appeared mixed with the foremost of the troops ; never was such another sight exhibited."—*History of Ireland*, book xii, chap. 1.

Sad, silent, and dark, be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his
head.

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it
weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he
sleeps ;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.*

WHEN HE, WHO ADORES THEE.

WHEN he, who adores thee, has left but the name
Of his fault and his sorrows behind,
Oh ! say, wilt thou weep, when they darken the
fame
Of a life that for thee was resign'd ?
Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,
Thy tears shall efface their decree ;
For Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee.

* It has been sometimes supposed that "Oh ! Breathe not his Name" was meant to allude to Lord Edward Fitzgerald ; but this is a mistake ; the song having been suggested by the well-known passage in Robert Emmet's dying speech, "Let no man write my epitaph . . . let my tomb remain uninscribed, till other times and other men shall learn to do justice to my memory."—*Preface to Fourth Volume.*

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love ;
Every thought of my reason was thine ;
In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above,
Thy name shall be mingled with mine.
Oh ! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
The days of thy glory to see ;
But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give
Is the pride of thus dying for thee.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S
HALLS.

THE harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
As if that soul were fled.—
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts, that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells ;
The chord alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives.

FLY NOT YET.

FLY not yet, 'tis just the hour,
 When pleasure, like the midnight flower
 That scorns the eye of vulgar light,
 Begins to bloom for sons of night,
 And maids who love the moon.

'Twas but to bless these hours of shade
 That beauty and the moon were made :
 'Tis then their soft attractions glowing
 Set the tides and goblets flowing.

Oh! stay,—oh! stay,—
 Joy so seldom weaves a chain
 Like this to-night, that, oh! 'tis pain
 To break its links so soon.

Fly not yet, the fount that play'd
 In times of old through Ammon's shade,*
 Though icy cold by day it ran,
 Yet still, like souls of mirth, began
 To burn when night was near.

And thus, should woman's heart and looks
 At noon be cold as winter brooks,
 Nor kindle till the night, returning,
 Brings their genial hour for burning.

Oh! stay,—oh! stay,—
 When did morning ever break,
 And find such beaming eyes awake
 As those that sparkle here?

* Solis Fons, near the Temple of Ammon.

OH! THINK NOT MY SPIRITS ARE ALWAYS
AS LIGHT.

OH! think not my spirits are always as light,
And as free from a pang, as they seem to you now :
Nor expect that the heart-beaming smile of to-
night

Will return with to-morrow to brighten my brow.
No ;—life is a waste of wearisome hours,

Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns ;
And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers,
Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns.

But send round the bowl, and be happy awhile—
May we never meet worse, in our pilgrimage
here,

Than the tear that enjoyment may gild with a
smile,

And the smile that compassion can turn to a
tear.

The thread of our life would be dark, Heaven
knows !

If it were not with friendship and love inter-
twined ;

And I care not how soon I may sink to repose,
When these blessings shall cease to be dear to
my mind.

But they who have loved the fondest, the purest,
Too often have wept o'er the dream they be-
lieved ;

And the heart that has slumber'd in friendship
securest,
Is happy indeed if 'twas never deceived.
But send round the bowl; while a relic of truth
Is in man or in woman, this prayer shall be
mine,—
That the sunshine of love may illumine our youth,
And the moonlight of friendship console our
decline.

THO' THE LAST GLIMPSE OF ERIN WITH
SORROW I SEE.

Tho' the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see,
Yet wherever thou art shall seem Erin to me;
In exile thy bosom shall still be my home,
And thine eyes make my climate wherever we
roam.
To the gloom of some desert or cold rocky
shore,
Where the eye of the stranger can haunt us no
more,
I will fly with my Coulin, and think the rough
wind
Less rude than the foes we leave frowning behind.
And I'll gaze on thy gold hair as graceful it
wreaths,
And hang o'er thy soft harp, as wildly it breathes;

Nor dread that the cold-hearted Saxon will tear
 One chord from that harp, or one lock from that
 hair.*

RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE
 WORE.†

RICH and rare were the gems she wore,
 And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore ;

* “In the twenty-eighth year of the reign of Henry VIII., an Act was made respecting the habits, and dress in general, of the Irish, whereby all persons were restrained from being shorn or shaven above the ears, or from wearing Glibbes, or *Coulines*, (long locks), on their heads, or hair on their upper lip, called Crommeal. On this occasion a song was written by one of our bards, in which an Irish virgin is made to give the preference to her dear *Coulin* (or the youth with the flowing locks) to all strangers, (by which the English were meant,) or those who wore their habits. Of this song, the air alone has reached us, and is universally admired.”—*Walker's Historical Memoirs of Irish Bards*, p. 134. Mr. Walker informs us also, that, about the same period, there were some harsh measures taken against the Irish Minstrels

† This ballad is founded upon the following anecdote :—
 “The people were inspired with such a spirit of honor, virtue, and religion, by the great example of Brien, and by his excellent administration, that, as a proof of it, we are informed that a young lady of great beauty, adorned with jewels and a costly dress, undertook a journey alone, from one end of the kingdom to the other, with a wand only in her hand, at the top of which was a ring of exceeding great

But oh ! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems or snow-white wand.

“ Lady, dost thou not fear to stray,
“ So lone and lovely through this bleak way ?
“ Are Erin’s sons so good or so cold,
“ As not to be tempted by woman or gold ? ”

“ Sir Knight ! I feel not the least alarm,
“ No son of Erin will offer me harm :—
“ For though they love woman and golden store,
“ Sir Knight ! they love honor and virtue more. ”

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the Green Isle ;
And blest forever is she who relied
Upon Erin’s honor and Erin’s pride.

AS A BEAM O’ER THE FACE OF THE WATERS
MAY GLOW.

As a beam o’er the face of the waters may glow
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,
So the cheek may be tinged with a warm sunny
smile,
Tho’ the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while.

value ; and such an impression had the laws and govern-
ment of this Monarch made on the minds of all the people,
that no attempt was made upon her honor, nor was she
robbed of her clothes or jewels.”—*Warner’s History of Ire-
land*, vol. i., book x.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws
 Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes,
 To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,
 For which joy has no balm and affliction no sting—
 Oh! this thought in the midst of enjoyment will
 stay,
 Like a dead, leafless branch in the summer's bright
 ray;
 The beams of the warm sun play round it in vain,
 It may smile in his light, but it blooms not again.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.*

THERE is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
 As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters
 meet; †
 Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
 Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my
 heart.

Yet it *was* not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
 Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
 'Twas *not* her soft magic of streamlet or hill,
 Oh! no,—it was something more exquisite still.

* "The Meeting of the Waters" forms a part of that beautiful scenery which lies between Rathdrum and Arklow, in the county of Wicklow, and these lines were suggested by a visit to this romantic spot, in the summer of the year 1807.

† The rivers Avon and Avoca.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were
near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more
dear,
And who felt how the best charms of nature im-
prove,
When we see them reflected from looks that we
love.

Sweet vale of Avoca ! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love
best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world
should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in
peace.

HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR.

How dear to me the hour when daylight dies,
And sunbeams melt along the silent sea ;
For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
And memory breathes her vesper sigh to thee.

And, as I watch the line of light, that plays
Along the smooth wave tow'rd the burning
west,
I long to tread that golden path of rays,
And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of
rest.

TAKE BACK THE VIRGIN PAGE.

WRITTEN ON RETURNING A BLANK BOOK.

TAKE back the virgin page,
White and unwritten still ;
Some hand, more calm and sage,
The leaf must fill.
Thoughts come, as pure as light,
Pure as even *you* require ;
But, oh ! each word I write
Love turns to fire.

Yet let me keep the book :
Oft shall my heart renew,
When on its leaves I look,
Dear thoughts of you.
Like you, 'tis fair and bright ;
Like you, too bright and fair
To let wild passion write
One wrong wish there.

Haply, when from those eyes
Far, far away I roam,
Should calmer thoughts arise
Tow'rd's you and home ;
Fancy may trace some line,
Worthy those eyes to meet,
Thoughts that not burn, but shine,
Pure, calm, and sweet.

And as, o'er ocean far,
 Seamen their records keep,
 Led by some hidden star
 Through the cold deep ;
 So may the words I write
 Tell through what storms I stray—
 You still the unseen light,
 Guiding my way.

THE LEGACY.

WHEN in death I shall calmly recline,
 Oh ! bear my heart to my mistress dear ;
 Tell her it lived upon smiles and wine
 Of the brightest hue, while it linger'd here.
 Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow,
 To sully a heart so brilliant and light ;
 But balmy drops of the red grape borrow,
 To bathe the relic from morn till night.

When the light of my song is o'er,
 Then take my harp to your ancient hall ;
 Hang it up at that friendly door,
 Where weary travelers love to call.*
 Then if some bard, who roams forsaken,
 Revive its soft note in passing along,

* In every house was one or two harps, free to all travelers, who were the more caressed the more they excelled in music.—*O'Halloran.*

Oh ! let one thought of its master waken
 Your warmest smile for the child of song.
 Keep this cup, which is now o'erflowing,
 To grace your revel, when I'm at rest ;
 Never, oh ! never its balm bestowing
 On lips that beauty hath seldom bless'd.
 But when some warm devoted lover
 To her he adores shall bathe its brim,
 Then, then my spirit around shall hover,
 And hallow each drop that foams for him.

HOW OFT HAS THE BENSHEE CRIED.

How oft has the Benshee cried !
 How oft has death untied
 Bright links that Glory wove,
 Sweet bonds entwined by Love !
 Peace to each manly soul that sleepeth ;
 Rest to each faithful eye that weepeth ;
 Long may the fair and brave
 Sigh o'er the hero's grave !
 We've fall'n upon gloomy days ! *
 Star after star decays,

* I have endeavored here, without losing that Irish character which it is my object to preserve throughout this work, to allude to the sad and ominous fatality by which England has been deprived of so many great and good men at a moment when she most requires all the aids of talent and integrity.

Every bright name, that shed
 Light o'er the land is fled.
 Dark falls the tear of him who mourneth
 Lost joy, or hope that ne'er returneth :
 But brightly flows the tear,
 Wept o'er a hero's bier.

Quench'd are our beacon lights—
 Thou, of the Hundred Fights! *
 Thou, on whose burning tongue
 Truth, peace, and freedom hung! †
 Both mute,—but long as valor shineth,
 Or mercy's soul at war repineth,
 So long shall Erin's pride
 Tell how they lived and died.

WE MAY ROAM THROUGH THIS WORLD.

WE may roam through this world, like a child at
 a feast,
 Who but sips of a sweet, and then flies to the
 rest ;

* This designation, which has been applied to Lord Nelson before, is the title given to a celebrated Irish hero in a poem by O'Gnive, the bard of O'Neill, which is quoted in the "Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland," page 433 :—"Con, of the hundred fights, sleep in thy grass-grown tomb, and upbraid not our defeats with thy victories!"

† Fox, "ultimus Romanorum."

And, when pleasure begins to grow dull in the east,
We may order our wings, and be off to the west;
But if hearts that feel, and eyes that smile,
Are the dearest gifts that Heaven supplies,
We never need leave our own green isle,
For sensitive hearts, and for sun-bright eyes.
Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
Through this world, whether eastward or west-
ward you roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes
round,
Oh! remember the smile that adorns her at
home.

In England, the garden of Beauty is kept
By a dragon of prudery placed within call;
But so soft this unamiable dragon has slept,
That the garden's but carelessly watch'd after
all.

Oh! they want the wild sweet-briery fence,
Which round the flowers of Erin dwells,
Which warms the touch, while winning the sense,
Nor charms us least when it most repels.
Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
Through this world, whether eastward or west-
ward you roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes
round,
Oh! remember the smile that adorns her at
home.

In France, when the heart of a woman sets sail,
 On the ocean of wedlock its fortune to try,
 Love seldom goes far in a vessel so frail,
 But just pilots her off, and then bids her good-by.
 While the daughters of Erin keep the boy,
 Ever smiling beside his faithful oar,
 Through billows of wo, and beams of joy,
 The same as he look'd when he left the shore.
 Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
 Thro' this world, whether eastward or westward
 you roam,
 When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
 Oh! remember the smile that adorns her at home.

 EVELEEN'S BOWER.

ÓH! weep for the hour,
 When to Eveleen's bower
 The Lord of the Valley with false vows came ;
 The moon hid her light
 From the heavens that night,
 And wept behind her clouds o'er the maiden's
 shame.

The clouds pass'd soon
 From the chaste cold moon,
 And heaven smiled again with her vestal flame ;
 But none will see the day,
 When the clouds shall pass away,
 Which that dark hour left upon Eveleen's fame.

The white snow lay
 On the narrow path-way,
 When the Lord of the Valley cross'd over the
 moor ;
 And many a deep print
 On the white snow's tint
 Show'd the track of his footstep to Eveleen's
 door.

The next sun's ray
 Soon melted away
 Every trace on the path where the false Lord
 came ;
 But there's a light above
 Which alone can remove
 That stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame.

LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.*

LET Erin remember the days of old,
 Ere her faithless sons betray'd her ;
 When Malachi wore the collar of gold,†
 Which he won from her proud invader,

* "Robert Emmet used sometimes to sit by me, when I was thus engaged (playing the piano-forte) ; and I remember one day his starting up as from a reverie, when I had just finished playing that spirited tune called the Red Fox, and exclaiming, 'Oh that I were at the head of twenty thousand men marching to that air.'"

† This brought on an encounter between Malachi (the

When her kings, with standard of green unfurl'd,
 Led the Red-Branch Knights to danger ;*
 Ere the emerald gem of the western world
 Was set in the crown of a stranger.

On Lough Neagh's bank, as the fisherman strays,
 When the clear cold eve's declining,
 He sees the round towers of other days
 In the wave beneath him shining ;
 Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,
 Catch a glimpse of the days that are over ;
 Thus, sighing, look through the waves of time
 For the long faded glories they cover.†

Monarch of Ireland in the tenth century) and the Danes, in which Malachi defeated two of their champions, whom he encountered successively, hand to hand, taking a collar of gold from the neck of one, and carrying off the sword of the other, as trophies of his victory."—*Warner's History of Ireland*, vol. i., book ix.

* "Military orders of knights were very early established in Ireland ; long before the birth of Christ, we find an hereditary order of chivalry in Ulster, called *Curaidhe na Craiobhe ruadh*, or the Knights of the Red Branch, from their chief seat in Emania, adjoining to the palace of the Ulster kings, called *Teagh na Craiobhe ruadh*, or the Academy of the Red Branch ; and contiguous to which was a large hospital, founded for the sick knights and soldiers, called *Bron-bhearg*, or the House of the Sorrowful Soldier."—*O'Halloran's Introduction*, &c., part i., chap. 5.

† It was an old tradition, in the time of Giraldus, that Lough Neagh had been originally a fountain, by whose sudden overflowing the country was inundated, and a

THE SONG OF FIONNUALA.*

SILENT, O Moyle, be the roar of thy water,
 Break not, ye breezes, your chain of repose,
 While, murmuring mournfully, Lir's lonely daughter
 Tells to the night-star her tale of woes.
 When shall the swan, her death-note singing,
 Sleep with wings in darkness furl'd?
 When will heaven, its sweet bell ringing,
 Call my spirit from this stormy world?

whole region, like the Atlantis of Plato, overwhelmed. He says that the fishermen, in clear weather, used to point out to strangers the tall ecclesiastical towers under the water. "Piscatores aquæ illius turres ecclesiasticas, quæ more patriæ arctæ sunt et altæ, necnon et rotundæ, sub undis manifeste sereno tempore conspiciunt, et extraneis transeuntibus, reique causas admirantibus, frequenter ostendunt"—*Topogr. Hib.* dist. 2, c. 9.

* To make this story intelligible in a song would require a much greater number of verses than any one is authorized to inflict upon an audience at once; the reader must therefore be content to learn, in a note, that Fionnuala, the daughter of Lir, was, by some supernatural power, transformed into a swan, and condemned to wander, for many hundred years, over certain lakes and rivers in Ireland, till the coming of Christianity, when the first sound of the mass-bell was to be the signal of her release.—I found this fanciful fiction among some manuscript translations from the Irish, which were begun under the direction of that enlightened friend of Ireland, the late Countess of Moira.

Sadly, O Moyle, to thy winter-wave weeping,
Fate bids me languish long ages away ;
Yet still in her darkness doth Erin lie sleeping,
Still doth the pure light its dawning delay.
When will that day-star, mildly springing,
Warm our isle with peace and love ?
When will heaven, its sweet bell ringing,
Call my spirit to the fields above ?

COME, SEND ROUND THE WINE.

COME, send round the wine, and leave points of
belief
To simpleton sages, and reasoning fools ;
This moment's a flower too fair and brief,
To be wither'd and stain'd by the dust of the
schools.
Your glass may be purple, and mine may be blue,
But while they are fill'd from the same bright
bowl,
The fool who would quarrel for diff'rence of hue,
Deserves not the comfort they shed o'er the
soul.

Shall I ask the brave soldier, who fights by my side
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree ?
Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
If he kneel not before the same altar with me ?

From the heretic girl of my soul should I fly,
 To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?
 No; perish the hearts, and the laws that try
 Truth, valor, or love, by a standard like this!

SUBLIME WAS THE WARNING.

SUBLIME was the warning that Liberty spoke,
 And grand was the moment when Spaniards awoke
 Into life and revenge from the conqueror's chain.
 O Liberty! let not this spirit have rest,
 Till it move, like a breeze, o'er the waves of the
 west—
 Give the light of your look to each sorrowing spot,
 Nor, oh! be the Shamrock of Erin forgot
 While you add to your garland the Olive of
 Spain!

If the fame of our fathers, bequeath'd with their
 rights,
 Give to country its charm, and to home its de-
 lights,
 If deceit be a wound, and suspicion a stain,
 Then, ye men of Iberia, our cause is the same!
 And, oh! may his tomb want a tear and a name,
 Who would ask for a nobler, holier death,
 Than to turn his last sigh into victory's breath,
 For the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain?

Ye Blakes and O'Donnels, whose fathers resign'd
 The green hills of their youth, among strangers to
 find

That repose which, at home, they had sigh'd
 for in vain,

Join, join in our hope that the flame, which you
 light,

May be felt yet in Erin, as calm, and as bright,
 And forgive even Albion while blushing she draws,
 Like a truant, her sword, in the long-slighted
 cause

Of the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain?

God prosper the cause!—oh, it cannot but thrive,
 While the pulse of one patriot heart is alive,

Its devotion to feel, and its rights to maintain;
 Then, how sainted by sorrow, its martyrs will die!
 The finger of glory shall point where they lie;
 While, far from the footstep of coward or slave,
 The young spirit of Freedom shall shelter their
 grave

Beneath Shamrocks of Erin and Olives of Spain!

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING
 YOUNG CHARMS.

BELIEVE me, if all those endearing young charms,
 Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,

Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my
arms,

Like fairy-gifts fading away,
Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou
art,

Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear ;
No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose.

ERIN, OH ERIN.

LIKE the bright lamp, that shone in Kildare's holy
fane,*

And burn'd thro' long ages of darkness and
storm,

* The inextinguishable fire of St. Bridget, at Kildare, which Giraldus mentions :—"Apud Kildariam occurrit ignis Sanctæ Brigidæ, quem inextinguibilem vocant ; non quod extingui non possit, sed quod tam solícite moniales et sanctæ mulieres ignem, suppetente materia, fovent et

Is the heart that sorrows have frown'd on in
vain,

Whose spirit outlives them, unfading and warm.
Erin, oh Erin, thus bright thro' the tears
Of a long night of bondage, thy spirit appears.

The nations have fallen, and thou still art young,
Thy sun is but rising, when others are set ;
And tho' slavery's cloud o'er thy morning hath
hung,

The full noon of freedom shall beam round thee
yet.

Erin, oh Erin, tho' long in the shade,
Thy star shall shine out when the proudest shall
fade.

Unchill'd by the rain, and unwaked by the wind,
The lily lies sleeping thro' winter's cold hour,
Till Spring's light touch her fetters unbind,

And daylight and liberty bless the young flower. *
Thus Erin, oh Erin, *thy* winter is past,
And the hope that lived thro' it shall blossom at
last.

nutriunt, ut a tempore virginis per tot annorum curricula
semper mansit inextinctus."—*Girald. Camb. de Mirabil.
Hibern. dist. ii. c. 34.*

* Mrs. H. Tighe, in her exquisite lines on the Lily, has
applied this image to a still more important object.

DRINK TO HER.

DRINK to her, who long
 Hath waked the poet's sigh,
 The girl, who gave to song
 What gold could never buy.
 Oh! woman's heart was made
 For minstrel hands alone;
 By other fingers play'd,
 It yields not half the tone.
 Then here's to her, who long
 Hath waked the poet's sigh,
 The girl, who gave to song
 What gold could never buy.

At Beauty's door of glass,
 When Wealth and Wit once stood,
 They ask'd her, "*which* might pass?"
 She answer'd, "he, who could."
 With golden key Wealth thought
 To pass—but 'twould not do:
 While Wit a diamond brought,
 Which cut his bright way through.
 So here's to her, who long
 Hath waked the poet's sigh,
 The girl, who gave to song
 What gold could never buy.

The love that seeks a home
 Where wealth or grandeur shines,

Is like the gloomy gnome,
 That dwells in dark gold mines.
 But oh! the poet's love
 Can boast a brighter sphere;
 Its native home's above,
 Tho' woman keeps it here.
 Then drink to her, who long
 Hath waked the poet's sigh,
 The girl, who gave to song
 What gold could never buy.

OH! BLAME NOT THE BARD.*

OH! blame not the bard, if he fly to the bowers,
 Where Pleasure lies, carelessly smiling at Fame;
 He was born for much more, and in happier hours
 His soul might have burn'd with a holier flame.
 The string, that now languishes loose o'er the lyre,
 Might have bent a proud bow to the warrior's
 dart; †

* We may suppose this apology to have been uttered by one of those wandering bards, whom Spenser so severely, and, perhaps, truly, describes in his *State of Ireland*, and whose poems, he tells us, "were sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their natural device, which have good grace and comeliness unto them, the which it is great pity to see abused to the gracing of wickedness and vice, which, with good usage, would serve to adorn and beautify virtue."

† It is conjectured by Wormius, that the name of Ireland

And the lip, which now breathes but the song of
 desire.

Might have pour'd the full tide of a patriot's
 heart.

But alas for his country!—her pride is gone by,
 And that spirit is broken, which never would
 bend ;

O'er the ruin her children in secret must sigh,
 For 'tis treason to love her, and death to defend.
 Unprized are her sons, till they've learn'd to betray ;
 Undistinguish'd they live, if they shame not
 their sires ;

And the torch, that would light them thro' digni-
 ty's way,
 Must be caught from the pile, where their coun-
 try expires.

Then blame not the bard, if in pleasure's soft
 dream,

He should try to forget what he never can heal :
 Oh ! give but a hope—let a vista but gleam
 Thro' the gloom of his country, and mark how
 he'll feel !

is derived from *Yr*, the Runic for a *bow*, in the use of which weapon the Irish were once very expert. This derivation is certainly more creditable to us than the following :—"So that Ireland (called the land of *Ire*, for the constant broils therein for 400 years) was now become the land of concord."—*Lloyd's State Worthies*, art. "The Lord Grandison."

That instant, his heart at her shrine would lay
down

Every passion it nursed, every bliss it adored ;
While the myrtle, now idly entwined with his
crown,

Like the wreath of Harmodius, should cover his
sword.*

But tho' glory be gone, and tho' hope fade away,
Thy name, loved Erin, shall live in his songs ;
Not ev'n in the hour, when his heart is most gay,
Will he lose the remembrance of thee and thy
wrongs.

The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains ;
The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,
Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy
chains,
Shall pause at the song of their captive, and
weep.

WHILE GAZING ON THE MOON'S LIGHT.

WHILE gazing on the moon's light,
A moment from her smile I turn'd,
To look at orbs, that, more bright,
In lone and distant glory burn'd.

* See the Hymn, attributed to Alcæus, *Εν μυρτου κλαδι
τα ξιφος φορησω*—"I will carry my sword, hidden in
myrtles, like Harmodius, and Aristogiton, &c.

But *too* far
 Each proud star,
 For me to feel its warming flame ;
 Much more dear
 That mild sphere,
 Which near our planet smiling came ;*
 Thus, Mary, be but thou my own ;
 While brighter eyes unheeded play,
 I'll love those moonlight looks alone,
 That bless my home and guide my way.

The day had sunk in dim showers,
 But midnight now, with lustre meet,
 Illumined all the pale flowers,
 Like hope upon a mourner's cheek.

I said (while
 The moon's smile
 Play'd o'er a stream, in dimpling bliss,)
 "The moon looks
 "On many brooks
 "The brook can see no moon but this;" †

* "Of such celestial bodies as are visible, the sun excepted, the single moon, as despicable as it is in comparison to most of the others, is much more beneficial than they all put together."—*Whiston's Theory*, &c.

In the *Entretiens d'Ariste*, among other ingenious emblems, we find a starry sky without a moon, with these words, *Non mille, quod absens*.

† This image was suggested by the following thought, which occurs somewhere in Sir William Jones's works :

And thus, I thought, our fortunes run,
 For many a lover looks to thee,
 While, oh ! I feel there is but *one*,
One Mary in the world for me.

ILL OMENS.

WHEN daylight was yet sleeping under the billow,
 And stars in the heavens still lingering shone,
 Young Kitty, all blushing, rose up from her pillow,
 The last time she e'er was to press it alone.
 For the youth whom she treasured her heart and
 her soul in,
 Had promised to link the last tie before noon ;
 And, when once the young heart of a maiden is
 stolen,
 The maiden herself will steal after it soon.
 As she look'd in the glass, which a woman ne'er
 misses,
 Nor ever wants time for a sly glance or two,
 A butterfly, * fresh from the night-flower's kisses,
 Flew over the mirror, and shaded her view.
 Enraged with the insect for hiding her graces,
 She brush'd him—he fell, alas ! never to rise :
 “ Ah ! such,” said the girl, “ is the pride of our
 faces,
 “ For which the soul's innocence too often dies.”
 “ The moon looks upon many night-flowers, the night-
 flower sees but one moon.” * An emblem of the soul.

While she stole thro' the garden, where heart's-case
was growing,

She cull'd some, and kiss'd off its night-fall'n
dew :

And a rose, farther on, look'd so tempting and
glowing,

That, spite of her haste, she must gather it too :
But while o'er the roses too carelessly leaning,

Her zone flew in two, and the heart's-case was
lost :

“Ah! this means,” said the girl, (and she sigh'd
at its meaning,)

“That love is scarce worth the repose it will
cost !”

BEFORE THE BATTLE.

By the hope within us springing,

Herald of to-morrow's strife ;

By that sun, whose light is bringing

Chains or freedom, death or life—

Oh! remember life can be

No charm for him, who lives not free !

Like the day-star in the wave,

Sinks a hero in his grave,

Midst the dew-fall of a nation's tears.

Happy is he o'er whose decline

The smiles of home may soothing shine,

And light him down the steep of years :—
But, oh, how blest they sink to rest,
Who close their eyes on Victory's breast !
O'er his watch-fire's fading embers
Now the foeman's cheek turns white,
When his heart that field remembers,
Where we tamed his tyrant might.
Never let him bind again
A chain, like that we broke from then.
Hark ! the horn of combat calls—
Ere the golden evening falls,
May we pledge that horn in triumph round ?*
Many a heart that now beats high,
In slumber cold at night shall lie,
Nor waken even at victory's sound :—
But, oh, how blest that hero's sleep,
O'er whom a wond'ring world shall weep.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

NIGHT closed around the conqueror's way,
And lightnings show'd the distant hill,
Where those who lost that dreadful day,
Stood few and faint, but fearless still.

* "The Irish Corna was not entirely devoted to martial purposes. In the heroic ages, our ancestors quaffed Meadh out of them, as the Danish hunters do their beverage at this day."—*Walker*.

The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,
 Forever dimm'd, forever cross'd—
 Oh! who shall say what heroes feel,
 When all but life and honor's lost?

The last sad hour of freedom's dream,
 And valor's task, moved slowly by,
 While mute they watch'd, till morning's beam
 Should rise and give them light to die.
 There's yet a world, where souls are free,
 Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss;—
 If death that world's bright opening be,
 Oh! who would live a slave in this?

'TIS SWEET TO THINK.

'Tis sweet to think, that, where'er we rove,
 We are sure to find something blissful and dear,
 And that, when we're far from the lips we love,
 We've but to make love to the lips we are near.*

† I believe it is Marmontel who says, "Quand on n'a pas ce que l'on aime, il faut aimer ce que l'on a."—There are so many matter-of-fact people, who take such *jeux d'esprit* as this defence of inconstancy, to be the actual and genuine sentiments of him who writes them, that they compel one, in self-defence, to be as matter-of-fact as themselves, and to remind them, that Democritus was not the worse physiologist, for having playfully contended that snow was black; nor Erasmus, in any degree, the less wise, for having written an ingehious encomium of folly.

The heart, like a tendril, accustom'd to cling,
 Let it grow where it will, cannot flourish alone,
 But will lean to the nearest, and loveliest thing,
 It can twine with itself, and make closely its own.
 Then, oh! what pleasure, where'er we rove,
 To be sure to find something, still, that is dear,
 And to know, when far from the lips we love,
 We've but to make love to the lips we are near.

'Twere a shame, when flowers around us rise,
 To make light of the rest, if the rose isn't there;
 And the world's so rich in resplendent eyes,
 'Twere a pity to limit one's love to a pair.
 Love's wing and the peacock's are nearly alike,
 They are both of them bright, but they're change-
 able too,
 And, wherever a new beam of beauty can strike,
 It will tincture Love's plume with a different hue.
 Then, oh! what pleasure, where'er we rove,
 To be sure to find something, still, that is dear,
 And to know, when far from the lips we love,
 We've but to make love to the lips we are near.

THE IRISH PEASANT TO HIS MISTRESS.*

THROUGH grief and through danger thy smile hath
 cheer'd my way,
 Till hope seem'd to bud from each thorn that round
 me lay;

* Meaning, allegorically, the ancient Church of Ireland.

The darker our fortune, the brighter our pure love
burn'd,
Till shame into glory, till fear into zeal was
turn'd;
Yes, slave as I was, in thy arms my spirit felt
free,
And bless'd even the sorrows that made me more
dear to thee.

Thy rival was honor'd, while thou wert wrong'd
and scorn'd,
Thy crown was of briers, while gold her brows
adorn'd;
She woo'd me to temples, while thou lay'st hid in
caves,
Her friends were all masters, while thine, alas!
were slaves;
Yet cold in the earth, at thy feet, I would rather
be,
Than wed what I loved not, or turn one thought
from thee.

They slander thee sorely, who say thy vows are
frail—
Hadst thou been a false one, thy cheek had look'd
less pale.
They say, too, so long thou hast worn those linger-
ing chains,
That deep in thy heart they have printed their ser-
vile stains—

Oh! foul is the slander,—no chain could that soul
subdue—

Where shineth *thy* spirit, there liberty shineth too!*

ON MUSIC.

WHEN thro' life unblest we rove,
Losing all that made life dear,
Should some notes we used to love,
In days of boyhood, meet our ear,
Oh! how welcome breathes the strain!
Wakening thoughts that long have slept;
Kindling former smiles again
In faded eyes that long have wept.

Like the gale, that sighs along
Beds of oriental flowers,
Is the grateful breath of song,
That once was heard in happier hours;
Fill'd with balm, the gale sighs on,
Though the flowers have sunk in death;
So, when pleasure's dream is gone,
Its memory lives in Music's breath.

Music, oh how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell!
Why should Feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well?

* "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty."—
St. Paul, 2 Cor. iii. 17.

Friendship's balmy words may feign,
 Love's are ev'n more false than they ;
 Oh ! 'tis only music's strain
 Can sweetly sooth and not betray.

IT IS NOT THE TEAR AT THIS MOMENT
 SHED.*

It is not the tear at this moment shed,
 When the cold turf has just been laid o'er him,
 That can tell how beloved was the friend that's fled,
 Or how deep in our hearts we deplore him.
 'Tis the tear, thro' many a long day wept,
 'Tis life's whole path o'ershaded ;
 'Tis the one remembrance, fondly kept,
 When all lighter griefs have faded.

Thus his memory, like some holy light,
 Kept alive in our hearts, will improve them,
 For worth shall look fairer, and truth more bright,
 When we think how he lived but to love them.
 And, as fresher flowers the sod perfume
 Where buried saints are lying,
 So our hearts shall borrow a sweet'ning bloom
 From the image he left there in dying !

* These lines were occasioned by the loss of a very near and dear relative, who had died lately at Madeira.

THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP.

'Tis believed that this Harp, which I wake now for
thee,

Was a Syren of old, who sung under the sea ;
And who often, at eve, through the bright waters
roved,

To meet, on the green shore, a youth whom she
loved.

But she loved him in vain, for he left her to weep,
And in tears, all the night, her gold tresses to steep ;
Till heav'n look'd with pity on true love so warm,
And changed to this soft Harp the sea-maiden's
form.

Still her bosom rose fair—still her cheeks smiled
the same—

While her sea-beauties gracefully form'd the light
frame ;

And her hair, as, let loose, o'er her white arm it
fell,

Was changed to bright chords utt'ring melody's
spell.

Hence it came, that this soft Harp so long hath
been known

To mingle love's language with sorrow's sad tone ;
Till *thou* didst divide them, and teach the fond lay
To speak love when I'm near thee, and grief when
away.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

OH! the days are gone, when Beauty bright
My heart's chain wove ;
When my dream of life, from morn till night,
Was love, still love.
New hope may bloom,
And days may come,
Of milder, calmer beam,
But there's nothing half so sweet in life,
As love's young dream :
No, there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream.

Though the bard to purer fame may soar,
When wild youth's past ;
Though he win the wise, who frown'd before,
To smile at last ;
He'll never meet
A joy so sweet,
In all his noon of fame,
As when first he sung to woman's ear
His soul-felt flame,
And at every close, she blush'd to hear
The one loved name.

No,—that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot
Which first love traced ;
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On memory's waste.

'Twas odor fled
 As soon as shed ;
 'Twas morning's winged dream ;
 'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again
 On life's dull stream ;
 Oh ! 'twas light that ne'er can shine again
 On life's dull stream.

THE PRINCE'S DAY.*

THOUGH dark are our sorrows, to-day we'll forget
 them,
 And smile through our tears, like a sunbeam in
 showers :
 There never were hearts, if our rulers would let
 them,
 More form'd to be grateful and blest than ours.
 But just when the chain
 Has ceased to pain,
 And hope has enwreath'd it round with flowers,
 There comes a new link
 Our spirits to sink—
 Oh ! the joy that we taste, like the light of the
 poles,
 Is a flash amid darkness, too brilliant to stay ;

* This song was written for a fête in honor of the Prince of Wales's birthday, given by my friend, Major Bryan, at his seat in the county of Kilkenny.

But, though 'twere the last little spark in our
souls,

We must light it up now, on our Prince's Day.

Contempt on the minion, who calls you disloyal!

Though fierce to your foe, to your friends you
are true ;

And the tribute most high to a head that is royal,
Is love from a heart that loves liberty too.

While cowards, who blight

Your fame, your right,

Would shrink from the blaze of the battle array,

The Standard of Green

In front would be seen,—

Oh, my life on your faith ! were you summon'd this
minute,

You'd cast every bitter remembrance away,

And show what the arm of old Erin has in it,

When roused by the foe, on her Prince's Day.

He loves the Green Isle, and his love is recorded

In hearts which have suffer'd too much to forget ;

And hope shall be crown'd, and attachment re-
warded,

And Erin's gay jubilee shine out yet.

The gem may be broke

By many a stroke,

But nothing can cloud its native ray ;

Each fragment will cast

A light to the last,—

And thus, Erin, my country, though broken thou
art,
There's a lustre within thee, that ne'er will decay;
A spirit, which beams through each suffering part,
And now smiles at all pain on the Prince's Day.

WEEP ON, WEEP ON.

WEEP on, weep on, your hour is past;
Your dreams of pride are o'er;
The fatal chain is round you cast,
And you are men no more.
In vain the hero's heart hath bled;
The sage's tongue hath warn'd in vain;
O Freedom! once thy flame hath fled,
It never lights again.

Weep on—perhaps in after days,
They'll learn to love your name;
When many a deed may wake in praise
That long hath slept in blame.
And when they tread the ruin'd Isle,
Where rest, at length, the lord and slave,
They'll wond'ring ask, how hands so vile
Could conquer hearts so brave?

“'Twas fate,” they'll say, “a wayward fate
“Your web of discord wove;
“And while your tyrants join'd in hate,
“You never join'd in love.

“ But hearts fell off, that ought to twine,
 “ And man profaned what God had given ;
 “ Till some were heard to curse the shrine,
 “ Where others knelt to Heaven !”

LESBIA HATH A BEAMING EYE.

LESBIA hath a beaming eye,
 But no one knows for whom it beameth ;
 Right and left its arrows fly,
 But what they aim at no one dreameth.
 Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon
 My Nora's lid that seldom rises ;
 Few its looks, but every one,
 Like unexpected light, surprises !
 Oh, my Nora Creina, dear,
 My gentle, bashful Nora Creina,
 Beauty lies
 In many eyes,
 But Love in yours, my Nora Creina.

Lesbia wears a robe of gold,
 But all so close the nymph hath laced it,
 Not a charm of beauty's mould
 Presumes to stay where nature placed it.
 Oh ! my Nora's gown for me,
 That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
 Leaving every beauty free
 To sink or swell as Heaven pleases.

Yes, my Nora Creina, dear,
 My simple, graceful Nora Creina,
 Nature's dress
 Is loveliness—
 The dress *you* wear, my Nora Creina.

Lesbia hath a wit refined,
 But, when its points are gleaming round us,
 Who can tell if they're design'd
 To dazzle merely, or to wound us?
 Pillow'd on my Nora's heart,
 In safer slumber Love reposes—
 Bed of peace! whose roughest part
 Is but the crumpling of the roses.
 Oh! my Nora Creina, dear,
 My mild, my artless Nora Creina!
 Wit, though bright,
 Hath no such light,
 As warms your eyes, my Nora Creina.

I SAW THY FORM IN YOUTHFUL PRIME.

I SAW thy form in youthful prime,
 Nor thought that pale decay
 Would steal before the steps of Time,
 And waste its bloom away, Mary!
 Yet still thy features wore that light,
 Which fleets not with the breath;
 And life ne'er look'd more truly bright
 Than in thy smile of death, Mary!

As streams that run o'er golden mines,
 Yet humbly, calmly glide,
 Nor seem to know the wealth that shines
 Within their gentle tide, Mary!
 So veil'd beneath the simplest guise,
 Thy radiant genius shone,
 And that, which charm'd all other eyes,
 Seem'd worthless in thy own, Mary!

If souls could always dwell above,
 Thou ne'er hadst left that sphere;
 Or could we keep the souls we love,
 Wo ne'er had lost thee here, Mary!
 Though many a gifted mind we meet,
 Though fairest forms we see,
 To live with them is far less sweet,
 Than to remember thee, Mary! *

BY THAT LAKE, WHOSE GLOOMY SHORE. †

By that Lake, whose gloomy shore
 Sky-lark never warbles o'er, ‡

* I have here made a feeble effort to imitate that exquisite inscription of Shenstone's, "Heu! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam meminisse!"

† This ballad is founded upon one of the many stories related of St. Kevin, whose bed in the rock is to be seen at Glendalough, a most gloomy and romantic spot in the county of Wicklow.

‡ There are many other curious traditions concerning this Lake, which may be found in Giraldus, Colgan, &c.

Where the cliff hangs high and steep
Young Saint Kevin stole to sleep.

“Here, at least,” he calmly said,
“Woman ne'er shall find my bed.”
Ah! the good Saint little knew
What that wily sex can do.

'Twas from Kathleen's eyes he flew,—
Eyes of most unholy blue!
She had loved him well and long,
Wish'd him hers, nor thought it wrong.
Wheresoe'er the Saint would fly,
Still he heard her light foot nigh;
East or west, where'er he turn'd,
Still her eyes before him burn'd.

On the bold cliff's bosom cast,
Tranquil now he sleeps at last;
Dreams of heav'n, nor thinks that e'er
Woman's smile can haunt him there.
But nor earth nor heaven is free
From her power, if fond she be:
Even now, while calm he sleeps,
Kathleen o'er him leans and weeps.

Fearless she had track'd his feet
To this rocky, wild retreat;
And when morning met his view,
Her mild glances met it too.
Ah, your Saints have cruel hearts!
Sternly from his bed he starts,

And with rude repulsive shock,
Hurls her from the beetling rock.

Glendalough, thy gloomy wave
Soon was gentle Kathleen's grave!
Soon the Saint, (yet, ah! too late,)
Felt her love, and mourn'd her fate.
When he said, "Heaven rest her soul!"
Round the Lake light music stole;
And her ghost was seen to glide,
Smiling o'er the fatal tide.

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.*

SHE is far from the land where her young hero
sleeps,

And lovers are round her, sighing:
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,
Every note which he loved awaking;—
Ah! little they think who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking.

* "How little did I then think that in one of the most touching of the sweet airs I used to play to him (Robert Emmet) his own dying words would find an interpreter so worthy of their sad but proud feeling ('Oh, Breathe not his Name,' p. 50), or that another of these mournful strains ('She is Far from the Land') would long be associated in

He had lived for his love, for his country he died,
 They were all that to life had entwined him ;
 Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
 Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh ! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
 When they promise a glorious morrow ;
 They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the
 West,
 From her own loved island of sorrow.

NAY, TELL ME NOT, DEAR.

NAY, tell me not, dear, that the goblet drowns
 One charm of feeling, one fond regret ;
 Believe me, a few of thy angry frowns
 Are all I've sunk in its bright wave yet.
 Ne'er hath a beam
 Been lost in the stream
 That ever was shed from thy form or soul ;
 The spell of those eyes,
 The balm of thy sighs,
 Still float on the surface, and hallow my bowl.
 Then fancy not, dearest, that wine can steal
 One blissful dream of the heart from me ;
 Like founts that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,
 The bowl but brightens my love for thee.

the hearts of his countrymen with the memory of her
 (Miss Sarah Curran) who shared with Ireland his last
 blessing and his prayer."—*Preface to Vol.*

They tell us that Love in his fairy bower
 Had two blush-roses, of birth divine ;
 He sprinkled the one with a rainbow's shower,
 But bathed the other with mantling wine.

Soon did the buds

That drank of the floods

Distill'd by the rainbow, decline and fade ;

While those which the tide

Of ruby had dyed

All blush'd into beauty, like thee, sweet maid !

Then fancy not, dearest, that wine can steal

One blissful dream of the heart from me ;

Like founts that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,

The bowl but brightens my love for thee.

AVENGING AND BRIGHT.

AVENGING and bright fall the swift sword of Erin *

On him who the brave sons of Usna betray'd !—

For every fond eye he hath waken'd a tear in,

A drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er her
 blade.

* The words of this song were suggested by the very ancient Irish story called "Deirdri, or the Lamentable Fate of the Sons of Usnach," which has been translated literally from the Gaelic, by Mr. O'Flanagan, (see vol. i. of "Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin,) and upon which it appears that the "Darthula of Macpherson" is founded. The treachery of Conor, King of Ulster, in putting to death the three sons of Usna, was the cause of a desolating war

By the red cloud that hung over Conor's dark
dwelling, *

When Ulad's † three champions lay sleeping in
gore—

By the billows of war, which so often, high swell-
ing,

Have wafted these heroes to victory's shore—

We swear to revenge them!—no joy shall be tasted,

The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed,

Our halls shall be mute, and our fields shall lie
wasted,

Till vengeance is wreak'd on the murderer's head.

against Ulster, which terminated in the destruction of Eman. “This story (says Mr. O’Flanagan) has been, from time immemorial, held in high repute as one of the three tragic stories of the Irish. These are, ‘The death of the children of Touran;’ ‘The death of the children of Lear,’ (both regarding Tuatha de Danans,) and this, ‘The death of the children of Usnach,’ which is a Milesian story.’ It will be recollected, that, in the Second Number of these Melodies, there is a ballad upon the story of the children of Lear or Lir: “Silent, O Moyle!” &c.

Whatever may be thought of those sanguine claims to antiquity, which Mr. O’Flanagan and others advance for the literature of Ireland, it would be a lasting reproach upon our nationality, if the Gaelic researches of this gentleman did not meet with all the liberal encouragement they so well merit.

* “Oh Nasi! view that cloud that I here see in the sky! I see over Eman-green a chilling cloud of blood-tinged red.”—*Deirdri's Song*.

† Ulster.

Yes, monarch! though sweet are our home recol-
lections,
Though sweet are the tears that from tenderness
fall ;
Though sweet are our friendships, our hopes, our
affections,
Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all !

WHAT THE BEE IS TO THE FLOWERET.

- He.* WHAT the bee is to the flow'ret,
When he looks for honey-dew,
Through the leaves that close embower it,
That, my love, I'll be to you.
- She.* What the bank, with verdure glowing,
Is to waves that wander near
Whisp'ring kisses, while they're going,
That I'll be to you, my dear.
- She.* But they say, the bee's a rover,
Who will fly, when sweets are gone ;
And, when once the kiss is over,
Faithless brooks will wander on.
- He.* Nay, if flowers *will* lose their looks,
If sunny banks *will* wear away,
'Tis but right, that bees and brooks
Should sip and kiss them while they may.

LOVE AND THE NOVICE.

"HERE we dwell, in holiest bowers,
 "Where angels of light o'er our orisons bend ;
 "Where sighs of devotion and breathings of flowers
 "To heaven in mingled odor ascend.
 "Do not disturb our calm, oh Love !
 "So like is thy form to the cherubs above,
 "It well might deceive such hearts as ours."

Love stood near the Novice and listen'd,
 And Love is no novice in taking a hint ;
 His laughing blue eyes soon with piety glisten'd ;
 His rosy wing turn'd to heaven's own tint.
 "Who would have thought," the urchin cries,
 "That Love could so well, so gravely disguise
 "His wandering wings and wounding eyes?"

Love now warms thee, waking and sleeping,
 Young Novice, to him all thy orisons rise.
He tinges the heavenly fount with his weeping,
He brightens the censer's flame with his sighs.
 Love is the Saint enshrined in thy breast,
 And angels themselves would admit such a guest,
 If he came to them clothed in Piety's vest.

THIS LIFE IS ALL CHECKER'D WITH
PLEASURES AND WOES.

THIS life is all checker'd with pleasures and woes,
 That chase one another like waves of the deep,—

Each brightly or darkly, as onward it flows,
 Reflecting our eyes, as they sparkle or weep.
 So closely our whims on our miseries tread,
 That the laugh is awaked ere the tear can be
 dried ;

And, as fast as the rain-drop of Pity is shed,
 The goose-plumage of Folly can turn it aside.
 But pledge me the cup—if existence would cloy,
 With hearts ever happy, and heads ever wise,
 Be ours the light Sorrow, half-sister to Joy,
 And the light, brilliant Folly that flashes and dies.

When Hylas was sent with his urn to the fount,
 Through fields full of light, and with heart full
 of play,
 Light rambled the boy over meadow and mount,
 And neglected his task for the flowers on the
 way.*

Thus many, like me, who in youth should have
 tasted

The fountain that runs by Philosophy's shrine,
 Their time with the flowers on the margin have
 wasted,

And left their light urns all as empty as mine.
 But pledge me the goblet ;—while Idleness weaves
 These flow'rets together, should Wisdom but see
 One bright drop or two that has fall'n on the leaves,
 From her fountain divine, 'tis sufficient for me.

* "Proposito florem prætulit officio."

PROPERT. lib. i. eleg. 20.

OH THE SHAMROCK.

THROUGH Erin's Isle,
 To sport awhile,
 As Love and Valor wander'd,
 With Wit, the sprite,
 Whose quiver bright
 A thousand arrows squander'd.
 Where'er they pass,
 A triple grass*
 Shoots up, with dew-drops streaming,
 As softly green
 As emeralds seen
 Through purest crystal gleaming.
 Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock !
 Chosen leaf,
 Of Bard and Chief,
 Old Erin's native Shamrock !

 Says Valor, " See, '
 " They spring for me,
 " Those leafy gems of morning !"—

* It is said that St. Patrick, when preaching the Trinity to the Pagan Irish, used to illustrate his subject by reference to that species of trefoil called in Ireland by the name of the Shamrock ; and hence, perhaps, the Island of Saints adopted this plant as her national emblem. Hope, among the ancients, was sometimes represented as a beautiful child, standing upon tiptoes, and a trefoil of three-colored grass in her hand.

Says Love, "No, no,
 "For *me* they grow,
 "My fragrant path adorning."
 But Wit perceives
 The triple leaves,
 And cries, "Oh! do not sever
 "A type, that blends
 "Three godlike friends,
 "Love, Valor, Wit, forever!"

Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
 Chosen leaf
 Of Bard and Chief,
 Old Erin's native Shamrock!

So firmly fond
 May last the bond
 They wove that morn together,
 And ne'er may fall
 One drop of gall
 On Wit's celestial feather.
 May Love, as twine
 His flowers divine,
 Of thorny falsehood weed 'em;
 May Valor ne'er
 His standard rear
 Against the cause of Freedom!

Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
 Chosen leaf
 Of Bard and Chief,
 Old Erin's native Shamrock!

AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT.

At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping,
I fly
To the lone vale we loved, when life shone warm
in thine eye ;
And I think oft, if spirits can steal from the
regions of air,
To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come
to me there,
And tell me our love is remember'd, even in the
sky.

Then I sing the wild song 'twas once such pleasure
to hear !
When our voices commingling, breathed, like one,
on the ear ;
And, as Echo far off through the vale my sad
orison rolls,
I think, oh my love ! 'tis thy voice from the
Kingdom of Souls,*
Faintly answering still the notes that once were so
dear.

* "There are countries," says Montaigne, "where they believe the souls of the happy live in all manner of liberty, in delightful fields ; and that it is those souls, repeating the words we utter, which we call Echo."

ONE BUMPER AT PARTING.

ONE bumper at parting!—though many
 Have circled the board since we met,
 The fullest, the saddest of any,
 Remains to be crown'd by us yet.
 The sweetness that pleasure hath in it,
 Is always so slow to come forth,
 That seldom, alas, till the minute
 It dies, do we know half its worth.
 But come,—may our life's happy measure
 Be all of such moments made up ;
 They're born on the bosom of Pleasure,
 They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

As onward we journey, how pleasant
 To pause and inhabit awhile
 Those few sunny spots, like the present,
 That 'mid the dull wilderness smile !
 But Time, like a pitiless master,
 Cries "Onward!" and spurs the gay hours—
 Ah, never doth Time travel faster,
 Than when his way lies among flowers.
 But come,—may our life's happy measure
 Be all of such moments made up ;
 They're born on the bosom of Pleasure,
 They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

We saw how the sun look'd in sinking,
 The waters beneath him how bright,

And now, let our farewell of drinking
 Resemble that farewell of light.
You saw how he finish'd, by darting
 His beam o'er a deep billow's brim—
So, fill up, let's shine at our parting,
 In full liquid glory, like him.
And, oh ! may our life's happy measure
 Of moments like this be made up,
'Twas born on the bosom of Pleasure,
 It dies 'mid the tears of the cup.

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last rose of summer
 Left blooming alone ;
All her lovely companions
 Are faded and gone ;
No flower of her kindred,
 No rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
 Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
 To pine on the stem ;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
 Go, sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
 Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
 Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may *I* follow,
 When friendships decay,
 And from Love's shining circle
 The gems drop away.
 When true hearts lie wither'd,
 And fond ones are flown,
 Oh! who would inhabit
 This bleak world alone?

THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

THE young May moon is beaming, love,
 The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, love,
 How sweet to rove
 Through Morna's grove,*
 When the drowsy world is dreaming, love!
 Then awake!—the heavens look bright, my dear,
 'Tis never too late for delight, my dear,
 And the best of all ways
 To lengthen our days,
 Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!
 Now all the world is sleeping, love,
 But the Sage, his star-watch keeping, love,

* "Steals silently to Morna's grove."—See, in Mr. Bunting's collection, a poem translated from the Irish, by the late John Brown, one of my earliest college companions and friends, whose death was as singularly melancholy and unfortunate as his life had been amiable, honorable, and exemplary.

And I, whose star,
More glorious far,

Is the eye from that casement peeping, love.

Then awake!—till rise of sun, my dear,

The Sage's glass we'll shun, my dear,

Or, in watching the flight

Of bodies of light,

He might happen to take thee for one, my dear.

THE MINSTREL BOY.

THE Minstrel Boy to the war is gone,

In the ranks of death you'll find him ;

His father's sword he has girded on,

And his wild harp swung behind him.—

“Land of song !” said the warrior-bard,

“Though all the world betrays thee,

“*One* sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,

“*One* faithful harp shall praise thee !”

The Minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain

Could not bring his proud soul under ;

The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,

For he tore its chords asunder ;

And said, “No chains shall sully thee,

“Thou soul of love and bravery !

“Thy songs were made for the pure and free,

“They shall never sound in slavery.”

THE SONG OF O'RUARK,
PRINCE OF BREFFNI.*

THE valley lay smiling before me,
Where lately I left her behind ;
Yet I trembled, and something hung o'er me,
That sadden'd the joy of my mind.
I look'd for the lamp which, she told me,
Should shine, when her Pilgrim return'd ;

* These stanzas are founded upon an event of most melancholy importance to Ireland ; if, as we are told by our Irish historians, it gave England the first opportunity of profiting by our divisions and subduing us. The following are the circumstances as related by O'Halloran :—
“The king of Leinster had long conceived a violent affection for Dearbhorgil, daughter to the king of Meath, and though she had been for some time married to O'Ruark, prince of Breffni, yet it could not restrain his passion. They carried on a private correspondence, and she informed him that O'Ruark intended soon to go on a pilgrimage, (an act of piety frequent in those days,) and conjured him to embrace that opportunity of conveying her from a husband she detested to a lover she adored. Mac Murchad too punctually obeyed the summons, and had the lady conveyed to his capital of Ferns.” The monarch Roderick espoused the cause of O'Ruark, while Mac Murchad fled to England, and obtained the assistance of Henry II.

“Such,” adds Giraldus Cambrensis, (as I find him in an old translation,) “is the variable and fickle nature of woman, by whom all mischief in the world (for the most part) do happen and come, as may appear by Marcus Antonius, and by the destruction of Troy.”

But, though darkness began to infold me,
No lamp from the battlements burn'd!

I flew to her chamber—'twas lonely,
As if the loved tenant lay dead ;—
Ah, would it were death, and death only !
But no, the young false one had fled.
And there hung the lute that could soften
My very worst pains into bliss ;
While the hand, that had waked it so often,
Now throbb'd to a proud rival's kiss.

There *was* a time, falsest of women,
When Breffni's good sword would have sought
That man, thro' a million of foemen,
Who dared but to wrong thee *in thought* !
While now—oh degenerate daughter
Of Erin, how fall'n is thy fame !
And through ages of bondage and slaughter,
Our country shall bleed for thy shame.

Already, the curse is upon her,
And strangers her valleys profane ;
They come to divide, to dishonor,
And tyrants they long will remain.
But onward!—the green banner rearing,
Go, flesh every sword to the hilt,
On *our* side is Virtue and Erin,
On *theirs* is the Saxon and guilt.

OH! HAD WE SOME BRIGHT LITTLE ISLE
OF OUR OWN.

OH! had we some bright little isle of our own,
In a blue summer ocean, far off and alone,
Where a leaf never dies in the still blooming
 bowers,
And the bee banquets on through a whole year of
 flowers ;

 Where the sun loves to pause
 With so fond a delay,
 That the night only draws
 A thin veil o'er the day ;

Where simply to feel that we breathe, that we live,
Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can give.

There, with souls ever ardent and pure as the clime,
We should love, as they loved in the first golden
 time ;

The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air,
Would steal to our hearts, and make all summer
 there:

 With affection as free
 From decline as the bowers,
 And, with hope, like the bee,
 Living always on flowers,

Our life should resemble a long day of light,
And our death come on, holy and calm as the night.

FAREWELL!—BUT WHENEVER YOU
WELCOME THE HOUR.

FAREWELL!—but whenever you welcome the hour,
That awakens the night-song of mirth in your
bower,

Then think of the friend who once welcomed it too,
And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.

His griefs may return, not a hope may remain
Of the few that have brighten'd his pathway of
pain,

But he ne'er will forget the short vision, that threw
Its enchantment around him, while ling'ring with
you.

And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up
To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup,
Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
My soul, happy friends, shall be with you that
night;

Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your
wiles,

And return to me, beaming all o'er with your
smiles—

Too blest, if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer,
Some kind voice had murmur'd, "I wish he were
here!"

Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot de-
stroy;

Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
 And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
 Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd!
 Like the vase, in which roses have once been dis-
 till'd—

You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you
 will,
 But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

OH! DOUBT ME NOT.

OH! doubt me not—the season
 Is o'er, when Folly made me rove,
 And now the vestal, Reason,
 Shall watch the fire awaked by Love.
 Although this heart was early blown,
 And fairest hands disturb'd the tree,
 They only shook some blossoms down,
 Its fruit has all been kept for thee.

Then doubt me not—the season
 Is o'er, when Folly made me rove,
 And now the vestal, Reason,
 Shall watch the fire awaked by Love.

And though my lute no longer
 May sing of Passion's ardent spell,
 Yet, trust me, all the stronger
 I feel the bliss I do not tell.

The bee through many a garden roves,
 And hums his lay of courtship o'er,
 But when he finds the flower he loves,
 He settles there, and hums no more.
 Then doubt me not—the season
 Is o'er, when Folly kept me free,
 And now the vestal, Reason,
 Shall guard the flame awaked by thee.

YOU REMEMBER ELLEN.*

You remember Ellen, our hamlet's pride,
 How meekly she bless'd her humble lot,
 When the stranger, William, had made her his
 bride,
 And love was the light of their lowly cot.
 Together they toil'd through winds and rains,
 Till William, at length, in sadness said,
 "We must seek our fortune on other plains;"
 Then, sighing, she left her lowly shed.
 They roam'd a long and a weary way,
 Nor much was the maiden's heart at ease,
 When now, at close of one stormy day,
 They see a proud castle among the trees.
 "To-night," said the youth, "we'll shelter there;
 "The wind blows cold, the hour is late:"

* This ballad was suggested by a well-known and interesting story told of a certain noble family in England.

So he blew the horn with a chieftain's air,
 And the Porter bow'd, as they pass'd the gate.

“Now, welcome, Lady,” exclaim'd the youth,—
 “This castle is thine, and these dark woods all!”
 She believed him crazed, but his words were truth,
 For Ellen is Lady of Rosna Hall!
 And dearly the Lord of Rosna loves
 What William, the stranger, woo'd and wed;
 And the light of bliss, in these lordly groves,
 Shines pure as it did in the lowly shed.

I'D MOURN THE HOPES.

I'd mourn the hopes that leave me,
 If thy smiles had left me too;
 I'd weep when friends deceive me,
 If thou wert, like them, untrue.
 But while I've thee before me,
 With heart so warm and eyes so bright,
 No clouds can linger o'er me,
 That smile turns them all to light.

'Tis not in fate to harm me,
 While fate leaves thy love to me;
 'Tis not in joy to charm me,
 Unless joy be shared with thee.
 One minute's dream about thee
 Were worth a long, an endless year

Of waking bliss without thee,
My own love, my only dear!

And though the hope be gone, love,
That long sparkled o'er our way,
Oh! we shall journey on, love,
More safely, without its ray.
Far better lights shall win me
Along the path I've yet to roam:—
The mind that burns within me,
And pure smiles from thee at home.

Thus when the lamp that lighted
The traveller at first goes out,
He feels awhile benighted,
And looks around in fear and doubt.
But soon, the prospect clearing,
By cloudless starlight on he treads,
And thinks no lamp so cheering
As that light which Heaven sheds.

COME O'ER THE SEA.

COME o'er the sea,
Maiden, with me,
Mine through sunshine, storm, and snows;
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same, where'er it goes.

Let fate frown on, so we love and part not ;
 'Tis life where *thou* art, 'tis death where thou art not.

Then come o'er the sea,
 Maiden, with me,
 Come wherever the wild wind blows ;
 Seasons may roll,
 But the true soul
 Burns the same, where'er it goes.

Was not the sea
 Made for the Free,
 Land for courts and chains alone ?
 Here we are slaves,
 But, on the waves,
 Love and Liberty's all our own.

No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us,
 All earth forgot, and all heaven around us—

Then come o'er the sea,
 Maiden, with me,
 Mine through sunshine, storm, and snows ;
 Seasons may roll,
 But the true soul
 Burns the same, where'er it goes.

HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED.

Has sorrow thy young days shaded,
 As clouds o'er the morning fleet ?
 Too fast have those young days faded,
 That, ev'n in sorrow, were sweet !

Does Time with his cold wing wither
Each feeling that once was dear?—
Then, child of misfortune, come hither,
I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

Has love to that soul, so tender,
Been like our Lagenian mine,*
Where sparkles of golden splendor
All over the surface shine—
But, if in pursuit we go deeper,
Allured by the gleam that shone,
Ah! false as the dream of the sleeper,
Like Love, the bright ore is gone.

Has Hope, like the bird in the story,†
That flitted from tree to tree
With the talisman's glitt'ring glory—
Has Hope been that bird to thee?
On branch after branch alighting,
The gem did she still display,
And, when nearest and most inviting,
Then waft the fair gem away?

If thus the young hours have fled,
When sorrow itself look'd bright;

* Our Wicklow Gold Mines, to which this verse alludes, deserve, I fear, but too well the character here given of them.

† "The bird, having got its prize, settled not far off, with the talisman in his mouth. The prince drew near it, hoping it would drop it; but, as he approached, the bird took wing, and settled again," &c.—*Arabian Nights*.

If thus the fair hope hath cheated,
 That led thee along so light ;
 If thus the cold world now wither
 Each feeling that once was dear :—
 Come, child of misfortune, come hither,
 I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

NO, NOT MORE WELCOME.

No, not more welcome the fairy numbers
 Of music fall on the sleeper's ear,
 When half-awaking from fearful slumbers,
 He thinks the full quire of heaven is near,—
 Then came that voice, when, all forsaken,
 This heart long had sleeping lain,
 Nor thought its cold pulse would ever waken
 To such benign, blessed sounds again.

Sweet voice of comfort ! 'twas like the stealing
 Of summer wind thro' some wreathed shell—
 Each secret winding, each inmost feeling
 Of all my soul echoed to its spell.
 'Twas whisper'd balm—'twas sunshine spoken !—
 I'd live years of grief and pain
 To have my long sleep of sorrow broken
 By such benign, blessed sounds again.

WHEN FIRST I MET THEE.*

WHEN first I met thee, warm and young,
 There shone such truth about thee,
 And on thy lip such promise hung,
 I did not dare to doubt thee.

I saw thee change, yet still relied,
 Still clung with hope the fonder,
 And thought, though false to all beside,
 From me thou couldst not wander.

But go, deceiver! go,
 The heart, whose hopes could make it
 Trust one so false, so low,
 Deserves that thou shouldst break it.

When every tongue thy follies named,
 I fled the unwelcome story;
 Or found, in even the faults they blamed,
 Some gleams of future glory.

I still was true, when nearer friends
 Conspired to wrong, to slight thee;
 The heart that now thy falsehood rends
 Would then have bled to right thee.

But go, deceiver! go,—
 Some day, perhaps, thou'lt waken
 From pleasure's dream, to know
 The grief of hearts forsaken.

* One of the few songs with a concealed political feeling. It was most successful in its day, and "alluded in its hidden sense to the Prince Regent's desertion of his political friends."—*Preface to Vol. IV.*

Even now, though youth its bloom has shed,
 No lights of age adorn thee :
 The few, who loved thee once, have fled,
 And they, who flatter, scorn thee.
 Thy midnight cup is pledged to slaves,
 No genial ties enwreath it ;
 The smiling there, like light on graves,
 Has rank cold hearts beneath it.
 Go—go—though worlds were thine,
 I would not now surrender
 One taintless tear of mine
 For all thy guilty splendor !

And days may come, thou false one ! yet,
 When even those ties shall sever ;
 When thou wilt call, with vain regret,
 On her thou' st lost forever ;
 On her who, in thy fortune's fall,
 With smiles had still received thee,
 And gladly died to prove thee all
 Her fancy first believed thee.
 Go—go—'tis vain to curse,
 'Tis weakness to upbraid thee ,
 Hate cannot wish thee worse
 Than guilt and shame have made thee.

WHILE HISTORY'S MUSE.

WHILE History's Muse the memorial was keeping
 Of all that the dark hand of Destiny weaves,

Beside her the Genius of Erin stood weeping,
For her's was the story that blotted the leaves.
But, oh! how the tear in her eyelids'grew bright,
When, after whole pages of sorrow and shame,
 She saw History write,
 With a pencil of light
That illumed the whole volume, her Wellington's
 name.

“Hail, Star of my Isle!” said the Spirit, all spark-
 ling
With beams, such as break from her own dewy
 skies—

“Through ages of sorrow, deserted and darkling,
 “I've watch'd for some glory like thine to arise.
“For, though Heroes I've number'd, unblest was
 their lot,

“And unhallow'd they sleep in the crossways of
 Fame;—

 “But, oh! there is not

 “One dishonoring blot

“On the wreath that encircles my Wellington's
 name.

“Yet still the last crown of thy toils is remaining,
 “The grandest, the purest, ev'n *thou* hast yet
 known;

“Though proud was thy task, other nations un-
 chaining,

 “Far prouder to heal the deep wounds of thy own.

"At the foot of that throne for whose weal thou
 hast stood,
 "Go, plead for the land that first cradled thy fame,*
 " And bright o'er the flood
 " Of her tears and her blood,
 "Let the rainbow of Hope be her Wellington's
 name!"

THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING.

THE time I've lost in wooing,
 In watching and pursuing
 The light, that lies
 In woman's eyes,
 Has been my heart's undoing.
 Though Wisdom oft has sought me,
 I scorn'd the lore she brought me,
 My only books
 Were woman's looks,
 And folly's all they've taught me.

 Her smile when Beauty granted,
 I hung with gaze enchanted,
 Like him the sprite, †
 Whom maids by night

* Referring to the spirit of prophecy expressed in these lines, Moore says: "About fourteen years after these lines were written, the Duke of Wellington recommended to the throne the great measure of Catholic Emancipation."

† This alludes to a kind of Irish fairy, which is to be met with, they say, in the fields at dusk. As long as you keep

Oft meet in glen that's haunted.
Like him, too, Beauty won me,
But while her eyes were on me,
 If once their ray
 Was turn'd away,
Oh! winds could not outrun me.

And are those follies going?
And is my proud heart growing
 Too cold or wise
 For brilliant eyes
Again to set it glowing?
No, vain, alas! th' endeavor
From bonds so sweet to sever;
 Poor Wisdom's chance
 Against a glance
Is now as weak as ever.

OH, WHERE'S THE SLAVE.

Oh, where's the slave so lowly,
Condemn'd to chains unholy,

your eyes upon him, he is fixed, and in your power;—but the moment you look away (and he is ingenious in furnishing some inducement) he vanishes. I had thought that this was the sprite which we call the Leprechaun; but a high authority upon such subjects, Lady Morgan, (in a note upon her national and interesting novel, O'Donnel,) has given a very different account of that goblin.

Who, could he burst
His bonds at first,
Would pine beneath them slowly?
What soul, whose wrongs degrade it,
Would wait till time decay'd it,
When thus its wing
At once may spring
To the throne of Him who made it?

Farewell, Erin,—farewell, all,
Who live to weep our fall!

Less dear the laurel growing,
Alive, untouch'd and blowing,
Than that, whose braid
Is pluck'd to shade
The brows with victory glowing.
We tread the land that bore us,
Her green flag glitters o'er us,
The friends we've tried
Are by our side,
And the foe we hate before us.

Farewell, Erin,—farewell, all,
Who live to weep our fall!

COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.

COME, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer,
Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home is
still here ;

Here still is the smile, that no cloud can o'er cast,
And a heart and a hand all thy own to the last.

Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
Through joy and through torment, through glory
and shame?

I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.

Thou hast call'd me thy Angel in moments of bliss,
And thy Angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors of this,—
Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to
pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee,—or perish there
too!

'TIS GONE, AND FOREVER.

'Tis gone, and forever, the light we saw breaking,
Like Heaven's first dawn o'er the sleep of the
dead—

When Man, from the slumber of ages awaking,
Look'd upward, and bless'd the pure ray, ere it
fled.

'Tis gone, and the gleams it has left of its burning
But deepen the long night of bondage and mourn-
ing,
That dark o'er the kingdoms of earth is returning,
And darkest of all, hapless Erin, o'er thee.

For high was thy hope, when those glories were
darting

Around thee, through all the gross clouds of the
world ;

When Truth, from her fetters indignantly starting,

At once, like a Sun-burst, her banner unfurl'd.*

Oh ! never shall earth see a moment so splendid !

Then, then—had one Hymn of Deliverance blended
The tongues of all nations—how sweet had as-
cended

The first note of Liberty, Erin; from thee !

But, shame on those tyrants, who envied the bless-
ing !

And shame on the light race, unworthy its good,
Who, at Death's reeking altar, like furies, caressing

The young hope of Freedom, baptized it in blood.

Then vanish'd forever that fair, sunny vision,

Which, spite of the slavish, the cold heart's derision,

Shall long be remember'd, pure, bright, and elysian,

As first it arose, my lost Erin, on thee.

I SAW FROM THE BEACH.

I SAW from the beach, when the morning was
shining,

A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on ;

* "The Sun-burst" was the fanciful name given by the
ancient Irish to the Royal Banner.

I came when the sun o'er that beach was declining,
The bark was still there, but the waters were gone.

And such is the fate of our life's early promise,
So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known;
Each wave, that we danced on at morning, ebbs
from us,
And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone.

Ne'er tell me of glories, serenely adorning
The close of our day, the calm eve of our night;—
Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of
Morning,
Her clouds and her tears are worth Evening's
best light.

, who would not welcome that moment's return-
ing,
When passion first waked a new life through his
frame,
And his soul, like the wood, that grows precious
in burning,
Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite flame.

FILL THE BUMPER FAIR.

FILL the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care
Smooths away a wrinkle.

Wit's electric flame
 Ne'er so swiftly passes,
 As when through the frame
 It shoots from brimming glasses.
 Fill the bumper fair!
 Every drop we sprinkle
 O'er the brow of Care
 Smooths away a wrinkle.

Sages can, they say,
 Grasp the lightning's pinions,
 And bring down its ray
 From the starr'd dominions :—
 So we, Sages, sit,
 And, 'mid bumpers bright'ning,
 From the Heaven of Wit
 Draw down all its lightning.

Wouldst thou know what first
 Made our souls inherit
 This ennobling thirst
 For wine's celestial spirit?
 It chanced upon that day,
 When, as bards inform us,
 Prometheus stole away
 The living fires that warm us :
 The careless Youth, when up
 To Glory's fount aspiring,
 Took nor urn nor cup
 To hide the pilfer'd fire in.—

But, oh, his joy, when, round
 The halls of Heaven spying,
 Among the stars he found
 A bowl of Bacchus lying!

Some drops were in that bowl,
 Remains of last night's pleasure,
 With which the Sparks of Soul
 Mix'd their burning treasure.
 Hence the goblet's shower
 Hath such spells to win us ;
 Hence its mighty power
 O'er that flame within us.
 Fill the bumper fair !
 Every drop we sprinkle
 O'er the brow of Care
 Smooths away a wrinkle.

DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY.

DEAR Harp of my Country ! in darkness I found
 thee,
 The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee
 long, *

* In that rebellious but beautiful song, "When Erin first
 rose," there is, if I recollect right, the following line :—

"The dark chain of Silence was thrown o'er the deep."

The chain of Silence was a sort of practical figure of
 rhetoric among the ancient Irish. Walker tells us of "a

When proudly, my own Island Harp, I unbound
thee,

And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and
song!

The warm lay of love and the light note of glad-
ness

Have waken'd thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill ;
But, so oft hast thou echo'd the deep sigh of sad-
ness,

That ev'n in thy mirth it will steal from thee
still.

Dear Harp of my Country ! farewell to thy num-
bers,

This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall
twine !

Go, sleep with the sunshine of Fame on thy slum-
bers,

Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than
mine ;

If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,

Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone ;

I was *but* as the wind, passing heedlessly over,

And all the wild sweetness I waked was thy own.

celebrated contention for precedence between Finn and Gaul, near Finn's palace at Almhaim, where the attending Bards, anxious, if possible, to produce a cessation of hostilities, shook the chain of Silence, and flung themselves among the ranks." See also the "Ode to Gaul, the Son of Morni," in Miss Brooke's "Reliques of Irish Poetry."

MY GENTLE HARP.

My gentle Harp, once more I waken
The sweetness of thy slumb'ring strain ;
In tears our last farewell was taken,
And now in tears we meet again.
No light of joy hath o'er thee broken,
But, like those Harps whose heav'nly skill
Of slavery, dark as thine, hath spoken,
Thou hang'st upon the willows still.

And yet, since last thy cherd resounded,
An hour of peace and triumph came,
And many an ardent bosom bounded
With hopes—that now are turn'd to shame.
Yet even then, while Peace was singing
Her halcyon song o'er land and sea,
Though joy and hope to others bringing,
She only brought new tears to thee.

Then, who can ask for notes of pleasure,
My drooping Harp, from chords like thine ?
Alas, the lark's gay morning measure
As ill would suit the swan's decline !
Or how shall I, who love, who bless thee,
Invoke thy breath for Freedom's strains,
When ev'n the wreaths in which I dress thee,
Are sadly mix'd—half flow'rs, half chains ?

But come—if yet thy frame can borrow
One breath of joy, oh, breathe for me,

And show the world, in chains and sorrow,
 How sweet thy music still can be ;
 How gayly, ev'n 'mid gloom surrounding,
 Thou yet canst wake at pleasure's thrill—
 Like Memnon's broken image sounding,
 'Mid desolation tuneful still ! *

IN THE MORNING OF LIFE.

In the morning of life, when its cares are unknown,
 And its pleasures in all their new lustre begin,
 When we live in a bright-beaming world of our
 own,
 And the light that surrounds us is all from
 within ;
 Oh, 'tis not, believe me, in that happy time
 We can love, as in hours of less transport we
 may ;—
 Of our smiles, of our hopes, 'tis the gay sunny
 prime,
 But affection is truest when these fade away.
 When we see the first glory of youth pass us by,
 Like a leaf on the stream that will never return ;
 When our cup, which had sparkled with pleasure
 so high,
 First tastes of the *other*, the dark-flowing urn ;

* Dimidio magicæ resonant ubi Memnone chordæ.

Then, then is the time when affection holds sway
With a depth and a tenderness joy never knew ;
Love, nursed among pleasures, is faithless as they,
But the Love born of Sorrow, like Sorrow, is true.

In climes full of sunshine, though splendid the
flowers,

Their sighs have no freshness, their odor no
worth ;

'Tis the cloud and the mist of our own Isle of
showers,

That call the rich spirit of fragrancy forth

So it is not 'mid splendor, prosperity, mirth,

That the depth of Love's generous spirit ap-
pears ;

To the sunshine of smiles it may first owe its birth,

But the soul of its sweetness is drawn out by
tears.

AS SLOW OUR SHIP.

As slow our ship her foamy track

Against the wind was cleaving,

Her trembling pennant still look'd back

To that dear Isle 'twas leaving.

So loath we part from all we love,

From all the links that bind us

So turn our hearts as on we rove,

To those we've left behind us.

When, round the bowl, of vanish'd years
We talk, with joyous seeming,—
With smiles that might as well be tears,
So faint, so sad their beaming ;
While mem'ry brings us back again
Each early tie that twined us,
Oh, sweet's the cup that circles then
To these we've left behind us.

And when, in other climes, we meet
Some isle, or vale enchanting,
Where all looks flow'ry, wild, and sweet,
And naught but love is wanting ;
We think how great had been our bliss,
If Heav'n had but assign'd us
To live and die in scenes like this,
With some we've left behind us !

As trav'lers oft look back at eve,
When eastward darkly going,
To gaze upon that light they leave
Still faint behind them glowing,—
So, when the close of pleasure's day
To gloom hath near consign'd us,
We turn to catch one fading ray
Of joy that's left behind us.

WHEN COLD IN THE EARTH.

WHEN cold in the earth lies the friend thou hast
loved,

Be his faults and his follies forgot by thee then ;
Or, if from their slumber the veil be removed,

Weep o'er them in silence, and close it again.

And, oh ! if 'tis pain to remember how far

From the pathways of light he was tempted to
roam,

Be it bliss to remember that thou wert the star

That arose on his darkness, and guided him
home.

From thee and thy innocent beauty first came

The revealings, that taught him true love to
adore,

To feel the bright presence, and turn him with
shame

From the idols he blindly had knelt to before.

O'er the waves of a life, long benighted and wild,

Thou cam'st, like a soft golden calm o'er the
sea ;

And if happiness purely and glowingly smiled

On his ev'ning horizon, the light was from thee.

And though, sometimes, the shades of past folly
might rise,

And though falsehood again would allure him to
stray,

He but turn'd to the glory that dwelt in those eyes,
 And the folly, the falsehood, soon vanish'd away.
 As the Priests of the Sun, when their altar grew
 dim,
 At the day-beam alone could its lustre repair,
 So, if virtue a moment grew languid in him,
 He but flew to that smile, and rekindled it there.

REMEMBER THEE ?

REMEMBER thee ? yes, while there's life in this heart,
 It shall never forget thee, all lorn as thou art ;
 More dear in thy sorrow, thy gloom, and thy
 showers,
 Than the rest of the world in their sunniest hours.
 Wert thou all that I wish thee, great, glorious, and
 free,
 First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea,
 I might hail thee with prouder, with happier brow,
 But, oh ! could I love thee more deeply than now ?
 No, thy chains as they rankle, thy blood as it runs,
 But make thee more painfully dear to thy sons—
 Whose hearts, like the young of the desert-bird's
 nest,
 Drink love in each life-drop that flows from my
 breast.

WREATH THE BOWL.

WREATH the bowl
 With flowers of soul,
 The brightest Wit can find us ;
 We'll take a flight
 Tow'rds heaven to-night,
 And leave dull earth behind us.
 Should Love amid
 The wreaths be hid,
 That Joy, th' enchanter, brings us,
 No danger fear,
 While wine is near,
 We'll drown him if he stings us !
 Then, wreath the bowl
 With flowers of soul,
 The brightest Wit can find us ;
 We'll take a flight
 Tow'rds heaven to-night,
 And leave dull earth behind us.

'Twas nectar fed
 Of old, 'tis said,
 Their Junos, Joves, Apollos ;
 And man may brew
 His nectar too,
 The rich receipt's as follows—
 Take wine like this,
 Let looks of bliss
 Around it well be blended,

Then bring Wit's beam
To warm the stream,
And there's your nectar, splendid!
So wreath the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us ;
We'll take a flight
Tow'rds heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us.

Say, why did Time,
His glass sublime,
Fill up with sands unsightly,
When wine, he knew,
Runs brisker through,
And sparkles far more brightly?
Oh, lend it us,
And, smiling thus,
The glass in two we'll sever,
Make pleasure glide
In double tide,
And fill both ends forever !
Then wreath the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us ;
We'll take a flight
Tow'rds heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us.

WHENE'ER I SEE THOSE SMILING EYES.

WHENE'ER I see those smiling eyes,
So full of hope, and joy, and light,
As if no cloud could ever rise,
To dim a heav'n so purely bright—
I sigh to think how soon that brow
In grief may lose its every ray,
And that light heart, so joyous now,
Almost forget it once was gay.

For time will come with all its blights,
The ruin'd hope, the friend unkind,
And love, that leaves, where'er it lights,
A chill'd or burning heart behind :—
While youth, that now like snow appears,
Ere sullied by the dark'ning rain,
When once 'tis touch'd by sorrow's tears
Can never shine so bright again.

IF THOU'LT BE MINE.

IF thou'lt be mine, the treasures of air,
Of earth, and sea, shall lie at thy feet ;
Whatever in Fancy's eye looks fair,
Or in Hope's sweet music sounds *most* sweet,
Shall be ours—if thou wilt be mine, love !
Bright flowers shall bloom wherever we rove,
A voice divine shall talk in each stream ;

The stars shall look like worlds of love,
And this earth be all one beautiful dream
In our eyes—if thou wilt be mine, love!

And thoughts, whose source is hidden and high,
Like streams, that come from heaven-ward hills,
Shall keep our hearts, like meads, that lie
To be bathed by those eternal rills,
Ever green, if thou wilt be mine, love!

All this and more the Spirit of Love
Can breathe o'er them, who feel his spells;
That heaven, which forms his home above,
He can make on earth, wherever he dwells,
As thou'lt own—if thou wilt be mine, love!

TO LADIES' EYES.

To Ladies' eyes around, boy,
We can't refuse, we can't refuse,
Though bright eyes so abound, boy,
'Tis hard to choose, 'tis hard to choose.
For thick as stars that lighten
Yon airy bow'rs, yon airy bow'rs,
The countless eyes that brighten
This earth of ours, this earth of ours.
But fill the cup—where'er, boy,
Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
We're sure to find Love there, boy,
So drink them all! so drink them all!

Some looks there are so holy,
 They seem but giv'n, they seem but giv'n,
 As shining beacons, solely,
 To light to heav'n, to light to heav'n.
 While some—oh ! ne'er believe them—
 With tempting ray, with tempting ray,
 Would lead us (God forgive them !)
 The other way, the other way.
 But fill the cup—where'er, boy,
 Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
 We're sure to find Love there, boy,
 So drink them all ! so drink them all !

In some, as in a mirror,
 Love seems portray'd, Love seems portray'd,
 But shun the flatt'ring error,
 'Tis but his shade, 'tis but his shade.
 Himself has fix'd his dwelling
 In eyes we know, in eyes we know,
 And lips—but this is telling—
 So here they go ! so here they go !
 Fill up, fill up—where'er, boy,
 Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
 We're sure to find Love there, boy,
 So drink them all ! so drink them all !

FORGET NOT THE FIELD.

FORGET not the field where they perish'd,
 The truest, the last of the brave,

All gone—and the bright hope we cherish'd
Gone with them, and quench'd in their grave!

Oh! could we from death but recover
Those hearts as they bounded before,
In the face of high heav'n to fight over
That combat for freedom once more;—

Could the chain for an instant be riven
Which Tyranny flung round us then,
No, 'tis not in Man, nor in Heaven,
To let Tyranny bind it again!

But 'tis past—and, tho' blazon'd in story
The name of our Victor may be,
Accursed is the march of that glory
Which treads o'er the hearts of the free.

Far dearer the grave or the prison,
Illumed by one patriot name,
Than the trophies of all, who have risen
On Liberty's ruins to fame.

THEY MAY RAIL AT THIS LIFE.

THEY may rail at this life—from the hour I began
it,

I found it a life full of kindness and bliss;
And, until they can show me some happier planet,
More social and bright, I'll content me with this.

As long as the world has such lips and such eyes,
 As before me this moment enraptured I see,
 They may say what they will of their orbs in the
 skies,
 But this earth is the planet for you, love, and
 me.

In Mercury's star, where each moment can bring
 them

New sunshine and wit from the fountain on
 high,
 Though the nymphs may have livelier poets to
 sing them,*

They've none, even there, more enamor'd than I.
 And, as long as this harp can be waken'd to love,
 And that eye its divine inspiration shall be,
 They may talk as they will of their Edens above,
 But this earth is the planet for you, love, and
 me.

In that star of the west, by whose shadowy splendor,
 At twilight so often we've roam'd through the
 dew,

There are maidens, perhaps, who have bosoms as
 tender,
 And look, in their twilights, as lovely as you.†

* Tous les habitans de Mercure sont vifs.—*Pluralité des Mondes.*

† La terre pourra être pour Vénus l'étoile du berger et la mère des amours, comme Vénus l'est pour nous.—*Ibid.*

But tho' they were even more bright than the
queen

Of that isle they inhabit in heaven's blue sea,
As I never those fair young celestials have seen,
Why—this earth is the planet for you, love, and
me.

As for those chilly orbs on the verge of creation,
Where sunshine and smiles must be equally rare,
Did^e they want a supply of cold hearts for that
station,

Heav'n knows we have plenty on earth we could
spare.

Oh! think what a world we should have of it here,
If the haters of peace, of affection, and glee,
Were to fly up to Saturn's comfortless sphere,
And leave earth to such spirits as you, love, and
me.

OH FOR THE SWORDS OF FORMER TIME!

OH for the swords of former time!

Oh for the men who bore them,
When arm'd for Right, they stood sublime,
And tyrants crouch'd before them:

When free yet, ere courts began

With honors to enslave him,

The best honors worn by Man

Were those which Virtue gave him.

Oh for the swords, &c., &c.

Oh for the Kings who flourish'd then !
 Oh for the pomp that crown'd them,
 When hearts and hands of freeborn men
 Were all the ramparts round them.
 When, safe built on bosoms true,
 The throne was but the centre,
 Round which Love a circle drew,
 That Treason durst not enter.
 Oh for the Kings who flourish'd then !
 Oh for the pomp that crown'd them,
 When hearts and hands of freeborn men
 Were all the ramparts round them !

ST. SENANUS AND THE LADY.

ST. SENANUS.*

“ Oh ! haste and leave this sacred isle,
 “ Unholy bark, ere morning smile ;
 “ For on thy deck, though dark it be,
 “ A female form I see ;
 “ And I have sworn this sainted sod
 “ Shall ne'er by woman's feet be trod.”

* In a metrical life of St. Senanus, which is taken from an old Kilkenny MS., and may be found among the “ Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ,” we are told of his flight to the island of Scattery, and his resolution not to admit any woman of the party ; and that he refused to receive even a sister saint, St. Cannera, whom an angel had taken to the island for the express purpose of introducing her to him. The

THE LADY.

“Oh! Father, send not hence my bark,
 “Through wintry winds and billows dark :
 “I come with humble heart to share
 “Thy morn and evening prayer ;
 “Nor mine the feet, oh! holy Saint,
 “The brightness of thy sod to taint.”

The Lady's prayer Senanus spurn'd ;
 The winds blew fresh, the bark return'd ;
 But legends hint, that had the maid
 Till morning's light delay'd ;
 And giv'n the saint one rosy smile,
 She ne'er had left his lonely isle.

NE'ER ASK THE HOUR.

NE'ER ask the hour—what is it to us
 How Time deals out his treasures ?
 The golden moments lent us thus,
 Are not *his* coin, but Pleasure's.

following was the ungracious answer of Senanus, according to his poetical biographer:

“Cui Præsul, quid fœminis
 Commune est cum monachis ?
 Nec te nec ullam aliam
 Admittemus in insulam.”

See the “Acta Sanct. Hib.,” page 610.

According to Dr. Ledwich, St. Senanus was no less a personage than the river Shannon ; but O'Connor and other antiquarians deny the metamorphose indignantly.

If counting them o'er could add to their blisses,
I'd number each glorious second:

But moments of joy are, like Lesbia's kisses,
Too quick and sweet to be reckon'd.

Then fill the cup—what is it to us

How Time his circle measures?

The fairy hours we call up thus,

Obeys no wand, but Pleasure's.

Young Joy, ne'er thought of counting hours,

Till Care, one summer's morning,

Set up, among his smiling flowers,

A dial, by way of warning.

But Joy loved better to gaze on the sun,

As long as its light was glowing,

Than to watch with old Care how the shadow stole
on,

And how fast that light was going.

So fill the cup—what is it to us

How Time his circle measures?

The fairy hours we call up thus,

Obeys no wand, but Pleasure's.

SAIL ON, SAIL ON.

SAIL on, sail on, thou fearless bark—

Wherever blows the welcome wind,

It cannot lead to scenes more dark,

More sad than those we leave behind.

Each wave that passes seems to say,
 "Though death beneath our smile may be,
 "Less cold we are, less false than they,
 "Whose smiling wreck'd thy hopes and thee."

Sail on, sail on,—through endless space—
 Through calm—through tempest—stop no more
 The stormiest sea's a resting-place
 To him who leaves such hearts on shore.
 Or—if some desert land we meet,
 Where never yet false-hearted men
 Profaned a world, that else were sweet,—
 Then rest thee, bark, but not till then.

THE PARALLEL.

YES, sad one of Sion,* if closely resembling,
 In shame and in sorrow, thy wither'd-up heart—
 If drinking deep, deep, of the same "cup of trem-
 bling,"
 Could make us thy children, our parent thou art.
 Like thee doth our nation lie conquer'd and broken,
 And fall'n from her head is the once royal crown;
 In her streets, in her halls, Desolation hath spoken,
 And "while it is day yet, her sun hath gone
 down."†

* These verses were written after the perusal of a treatise by Mr. Hamilton, professing to prove that the Irish were originally Jews.

† See *Jeremiah*, xv. 9.

Like thine doth her exile, 'mid dreams of returning,
 Die far from the home it were life to behold ;
 Like thine do her sons, in the days of their mourn-
 ing ;
 Remember the bright things that bless'd them
 of old.

Ah, well may we call her, like thee, "the For-
 saken,"*

Her boldest are vanquish'd, her proudest are
 slaves ;
 And the harps of her minstrels, when gayest they
 waken,
 Have tones 'mid their mirth like the wind over
 graves !

Yet hadst thou thy vengeance—yet came there the
 morrow,
 That shines out, at last, on the longest dark
 night,
 When the sceptre, that smote thee with slavery
 and sorrow,
 Was shiver'd at once, like a reed, in thy sight.

When that cup, which for others the proud Golden
 City †
 Had brimm'd full of bitterness, drenched her
 own lips ;

* "Thou shalt no more be termed Forsaken."—*Isa.* lxxii. 4.

† "How hath the oppressor ceased! the golden city
 ceased!"—*Isa.* xiv. 4.

And the world she had trampled on heard, without
 pity,
 The howl in her halls, and the cry from her ships :
 When the curse Heaven keeps for the haughty
 came over
 Her merchants rapacious, her rulers unjust,
 And, a ruin, at last, for the earthworm to cover,*
 The Lady of Kingdoms † lay low in the dust.

DRINK OF THIS CUP.

DRINK of this cup ; you'll find there's a spell in
 Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality ;
 Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen !
 Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.
 Would you forget the dark world we are in,
 Just taste of the bubble that gleams on the top
 of it ;
 But would you rise above earth, till akin
 To Immortals themselves, you must drain every
 drop of it ;
 Send round the cup—for oh, there's a spell in
 Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality ;
 Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen !
 Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

* "Thy pomp is brought down to the grave and the worms cover thee."—*Isaiah*, xiv. 11.

† "Thou shalt no more be called the Lady of Kingdoms."—*Isaiah*, xlvii. 5.

Never was philter form'd with such power

To charm and bewilder as this we are quaffing ;
Its magic began when, in Autumn's rich hour,

A harvest of gold in the fields it stood laughing,
There having, by Nature's enchantment, been fill'd
With the balm and the bloom of her kindest
weather,

This wonderful juice from its core was distill'd

To enliven such hearts as are here brought to-
gether.

Then drink of the cup—you'll find there's a spell in

Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality ;

Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen !

Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

And though, perhaps—but breathe it to no one—

Like liquor the witch brews at midnight so awful,
This philter in secret was first taught to flow on,

Yet 'tis n't less potent for being unlawful.

And, ev'n though it taste of the smoke of that
flame,

Which in silence extracted its virtue forbidden—

Fill up—there's a fire in some hearts I could name,

Which may work too its charm, though as law-
less and hidden.

So drink of the cup—for, oh, there's a spell in

Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality ;

Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen !

Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

Down in the valley come meet me to-night,
And I'll tell you your fortune truly
As ever was told, by the new-moon's light,
To a young maiden, shining as newly.

But, for the world, let no one be nigh,
Lest haply the stars should deceive me ;
Such secrets between you and me and the sky
Should never go farther, believe me.

If at that hour the heav'ns be not dim,
My science shall call up before you
A male apparition,—the image of him
Whose destiny 'tis to adore you.

And if to that phantom you'll be kind,
So fondly around you he'll hover,
You'll hardly, my dear, any difference find
'Twixt him and a true living lover.

Down at your feet, in the pale moonlight,
He'll kneel, with a warmth of devotion—
An ardor, of which such an innocent sprite
You'd scarcely believe had a notion.

What other thoughts and events may arise,
As in destiny's book I've not seen them,
Must only be left to the stars and your eyes
To settle, ere morning, between them.

OH, YE DEAD!

OH, ye Dead! oh, ye Dead!* whom we know by
the light you give
From your cold gleaming eyes, though you move
like men who live,
Why leave you thus your graves
In far-off fields and wavēs,
Where the worm and the sea-bird only know your
bed,
To haunt this spot where all
Those eyes that wept your fall,
And the hearts that wail'd you, like your own, lie
dead?

It is true, it is true, we are shadows cold and wan;
And the fair and the brave whom we loved on
earth are gone;
But still thus ev'n in death,
So sweet the living breath
Of the fields and the flow'rs in our youth we wan-
der'd o'er,
That ere, condemn'd, we go
To freeze 'mid Hecla's snow,
We would taste it awhile, and think we live once
more!

* Paul Zealand mentions that there is a mountain in some part of Ireland, where the ghosts of persons who have died in foreign lands walk about and converse with those they meet, like living people. If asked why they do

O'DONOHUE'S MISTRESS.

Of all the fair months, that round the sun
 In light-link'd dance their circles run,
 Sweet May, shine thou for me ;
 For still, when thy earliest beams arise,
 That youth, who beneath the blue lake lies,
 Sweet May, returns to me.

Of all the bright haunts, where daylight leaves
 Its lingering smile on golden eves,
 Fair Lake, thou'rt dearest to me ;
 For when the last April sun grows dim,
 Thy Naiads prepare his steed* for him
 Who dwells, bright Lake, in thee.

not return to their homes, they say they are obliged to go to Mount Hecla, and disappear immediately.

* The particulars of the tradition respecting O'Donohue and his White Horse, may be found in Mr. Weld's Account of Killarney, or more fully detailed in Derrick's Letters. For many years after his death, the spirit of this hero is supposed to have been seen on the morning of May-day, gliding over the lake on his favorite white horse, to the sound of sweet unearthly music, and preceded by groups of youths and maidens, who flung wreaths of delicate spring flowers in his path.

Among other stories, connected with this Legend of the Lakes, it is said that there was a young and beautiful girl whose imagination was so impressed with the idea of this visionary chieftain, that she fancied herself in love with him, and at last, in a fit of insanity, on a May-morning threw herself into the lake.

Of all the proud steeds, that ever bore
Young plumed Chiefs on sea or shore,
White Steed, most joy to thee ;
Who still, with the first young glance of spring,
From under that glorious lake dost bring
My love, my chief, to me.

While, white as the sail some bark unfurls,
When newly launch'd, thy long mane * curls,
Fair Steed, as white and free ;
And spirits, from all the lake's deep bowers,
Glide o'er the blue wave scattering flowers,
Around my love and thee.

Of all the sweet deaths that maidens die,
Whose lovers beneath the cold wave lie,
Most sweet that death will be,
Which, under the next May evening's light,
When thou and thy steed are lost to sight,
Dear love, I'll die for thee.

ECHO.

How sweet the answer Echo makes
To music at night,
When, roused by lute or horn, she wakes,
And far away, o'er lawns and lakes,
Goes answering light.

* Boatmen at Killarney call those waves which come on a windy day, crested with foam, "O'Donohue's white horses."

Yet Love hath echoes truer far,
And far more sweet,
Than e'er beneath the moonlight's star,
Of horn, or lute, or soft guitar,
The songs repeat.

'Tis when the sigh, in youth sincere,
And only then,—
The sigh that's breathed for one to hear,
Is by that one, that only dear,
Breathed back again!

OH, BANQUET NOT.

OH, banquet not in those shining bowers,
Where Youth resorts, but come to me :
For mine's a garden of faded flowers,
More fit for sorrow, for age, and thee.
And there we shall have our feasts of tears,
And many a cup in silence pour ;
Our guests, the shades of former years,
Our toasts, to lips that bloom no more.

There, while the myrtle's withering boughs
Their lifeless leaves around us shed,
We'll brim the bowl to broken vows,
To friends long lost, the changed, the dead.
Or, while some blighted laurel waves
Its branches o'er the dreary spot,
We'll drink to those neglected graves,
Where valor sleeps, unnamed, forgot.

THEE, THEE, ONLY THEE.

THE dawning of morn, the daylight's sinking,
The night's long hours still find me thinking
Of thee, thee, only thee.

When friends are met, and goblets crown'd,
And smiles are near, that once enchanted,
Unreach'd by all that sunshine round,
My soul, like some dark spot, is haunted
By thee, thee, only thee.

Whatever in fame's high path could waken
My spirit once, is now forsaken
For thee, thee, only thee.

Like shores, by which some headlong bark
To th' ocean hurries, resting never,
Life's scenes go by me, bright or dark,
I know not, heed not, hastening ever
To thee, thee, only thee.

I have not a joy but of thy bringing,
And pain itself seems sweet when springing
From thee, thee, only thee.

Like spells, that naught on earth can break,
Till lips, that know the charm, have spoken,
This heart, howe'er the world may wake
Its grief, its scorn, can but be broken
By thee, thee, only thee.

SHALL THE HARP, THEN, BE SILENT.

SHALL the Harp, then, be silent, when he who first
gave

To our country a name, is withdrawn from all
eyes?

Shall a Minstrel of Erin stand mute by the grave,
Where the first—where the last of her Patriots
lies?

No—faint tho' the death-song may fall from his lips,
Tho' his Harp, like his soul, may with shadows
be cross'd,

Yet, yet shall it sound, 'mid a nation's eclipse,
And proclaim to the world what a star hath been
lost;—*

What a union of all the affections and powers
By which life is exalted, embellish'd, refined,
Was embraced in that spirit—whose centre was
ours;

While its mighty circumference circled mankind.

Oh, who that loves Erin, or who that can see,
Through the waste of her annals, that epoch
sublime—

Like a pyramid raised in the desert—where he
And his glory stand out to the eyes of all time;

* These lines were written on the death of our great patriot, Grattan, in the year 1820. It is only the two first verses that are either intended or fitted to be sung.

That *one* lucid interval, snatch'd from the gloom
And the madness of ages, when fill'd with his
soul,

A Nation o'erleap'd the dark bounds of her
doom,

And for *one* sacred instant, touch'd Liberty's
goal?

Who, that ever hath heard him—hath drunk at
the source

Of that wonderful eloquence, all Erin's own,
In whose high-thoughted daring, the fire, and the
force,

And the yet untamed spring of her spirit are
shown?

An eloquence rich, wheresoever its wave

Wander'd free and triumphant, with thoughts
that shone through,

As clear as the brook's "stone of lustre," and
gave,

With the flash of the gem, its solidity too.

Who, that ever approach'd him, when free from
the crowd,

In a home full of love, he delighted to tread
'Mong the trees which a nation had given, and
which bow'd,

As if each brought a new civic crown for his
head—

Is there one, who hath thus, through his orbit of
life

But at distance observed him—through glory,
through blame,

In the calm of retreat, in the grandeur of strife.

Whether shining or clouded, still high and the
same,—

Oh no, not a heart, that e'er knew him, but
mourns

Deep, deep o'er the grave, where such glory is
shrined—

O'er a monument Fame will preserve, 'mong the
urns

Of the wisest, the bravest, the best of mankind!

OH, THE SIGHT ENTRANCING.

OH, the sight entrancing,
When morning's beam is glancing
O'er files array'd
With helm and blade,
And plumes, in the gay wind dancing!
When hearts are all high beating,
And the trumpet's voice repeating
That song, whose breath
May lead to death,
But never to retreating.

Oh, the sight entrancing,
When morning's beam is glancing
 O'er files array'd
 With helm and blade,
And plumes, in the gay wind dancing!

Yet, 'tis not helm or feather—
For ask yon despot, whether
 His plumed bands
 Could bring such hands
And hearts as ours together.
Leave pomps to those who need 'em—
Give man but heart and freedom,
 And proud he braves
 The gaudiest slaves
That crawl where monarchs lead 'em.
The sword may pierce the beaver,
Stone walls in time may sever,
 'Tis mind alone,
 Worth steel and stone,
That keeps men free forever.
Oh, that sight entrancing,
When the morning's beam is glancing,
 O'er files array'd
 With helm and blade,
And in Freedom's cause advancing!

SWEET INNISFALLEN.

SWEET Innisfallen, fare thee well,
May calm and sunshine long be thine!
How fair thou art let others tell,—
To *feel* how fair shall long be mine.

Sweet Innisfallen, long shall dwell
In memory's dream that sunny smile,
Which o'er thee on that evening fell,
When first I saw thy fairy isle.

'Twas light, indeed, too blest for one,
Who had to turn to paths of care—
Through crowded haunts again to run,
And leave thee bright and silent there;

No more unto thy shores to come,
But, on the world's rude ocean toss'd,
Dream of thee sometimes, as a home
Of sunshine he had seen and lost.

Far better in thy weeping hours
To part from thee, as I do now,
When mist is o'er thy blooming bowers,
Like sorrow's veil on beauty's brow.

For, though unrivall'ed still thy grace,
Thou dost not look, as then, *too* blest,
But thus in shadow, seem'st a place
Where erring man might hope to rest—

Might hope to rest, and find in thee
 A gloom like Eden's, on the day
 He left its shade, when every tree,
 Like thine, hung weeping o'er his way.

Weeping or smiling, lovely isle!
 And all the lovelier for thy tears—
 For though but rare thy sunny smile,
 'Tis heav'n's own glance when it appears.

Like feeling hearts, whose joys are few,
 But, when *indeed* they come, divine—
 The brightest light the sun e'er threw
 Is lifeless to one gleam of thine!

'T WAS ONE OF THOSE DREAMS.*

'T WAS one of those dreams, that by music are
 brought,
 Like a bright summer haze, o'er the poet's warm
 thought—

When, lost in the future, his soul wanders on,
 And all of this life, but its sweetness, is gone.

The wild notes he heard o'er the water were those
 He had taught to sing Erin's dark bondage and
 woes,

And the breath of the bugle now wafted them o'er
 From Dinis' green isle, to Glenà's wooded shore.

* Written during a visit to Lord Kenmare, at Killarney.

He listen'd—while, high o'er the eagle's rude nest,
 The lingering sounds on their way loved to rest ;
 And the echoes sung back from their full mountain
 quire,
 As if loath to let song so enchanting expire.

It seem'd as if ev'ry sweet note, that died here,
 Was again brought to life in some airier sphere,
 Some heav'n in those hills, where the soul of the
 strain

That had ceased upon earth was awaking again !

Oh, forgive, if, while list'ning to music, whose
 breath

Seem'd to circle his name with a charm against
 death,

He should feel a proud Spirit within him proclaim,
 " Even so shalt thou live in the echoes of Fame :

" Even so, tho' thy mem'ry should now die away,

" 'Twill be caught up again in some happier day,

" And the hearts and the voices of Erin prolong,

" Through the answering Future, thy name and
 thy song."

FAIREST! PUT ON AWHILE.

FAIREST! put on awhile

These pinions of light I bring thee,

And o'er thy own Green Isle

In fancy let me wing thee.

Never did Ariel's plume,
 At golden sunset hover
 O'er scenes so full of bloom,
 As I shall waft thee over.

Fields, where the Spring delays,
 And fearlessly meets the ardor
 Of the warm Summer's gaze,
 With only her tears to guard her.
 Rocks, through myrtle boughs
 In grace majestic frowning ;
 Like some bold warrior's brows
 That Love hath just been crowning.

Islets, so freshly fair,
 That never hath bird come nigh them,
 But from his course through air
 He hath been won down by them ;[‡]
 Types, sweet maid, of thee,
 Whose look, whose blush inviting,
 Never did Love yet see
 From Heav'n, without alighting.

Lakes, where the pearl lies hid,†
 And caves, where the gem is sleeping,

* In describing the Skeligs, (islands of the Barony of Forth,) Dr. Keating says, "There is a certain attractive virtue in the soil which draws down all the birds that attempt to fly over it, and obliges them to light upon the rock."

† "Nennius, a British writer of the ninth century, mentions the abundance of pearls in Ireland. *Their* princes,

Bright as the tears thy lid
 Lets fall in lonely weeping.
 Glens,* where Ocean comes,
 To 'scape the wild wind's rancor,
 And Harbors, worthiest homes,
 Where Freedom's fleet can anchor.

Then, if, while scenes so grand,
 So beautiful, shine before thee,
 Pride for thy own dear land
 Should haply be stealing o'er thee,
 Oh, let grief come first,
 O'er pride itself victorious—
 Thinking how man hath cursed
 What Heaven had made so glorious!

QUICK! WE HAVE BUT A SECOND.

QUICK! we have but a second,
 Fill round the cup, while you may;
 For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd,
 And we must away, away!
 Grasp the pleasure that's flying,
 For, oh, not Orpheus' strain

he says, hung them behind their ears; and this we find confirmed by a present made A.C. 1094, by Gilbert, Bishop of Limerick, to Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, of a considerable quantity of Irish pearls."—*O'Halloran*.

* Glengariff.

Could keep sweet hours from dying,
Or charm them to life again.

Then, quick! we have but a second,
Fill round the cup, while you may;
For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd,
And we must away, away!

See the glass, how it flushes,
Like some young Hebe's lip,
And half meets thine, and blushes
That thou shouldst delay to sip.
Shame, oh, shame unto thee,
If ever thou seest that day,
When a cup or lip shall woo thee,
And turn untouch'd away!

Then, quick! we have but a second,
Fill round, fill round, while you may;
For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd,
And we must away, away!

AND DOTH NOT A MEETING LIKE THIS.

AND doth not a meeting like this make amends,
For all the long years I've been wand'ring away,
To see thus around me my youth's early friends,
As smiling and kind as in that happy day?
Tho' haply o'er some of your brows, as o'er mine,
The snow-fall of time may be stealing—what
then?

Like Alps in the sunset, thus lighted by wine,
 We'll wear the gay tinge of youth's roses again.

What soften'd remembrances come o'er the heart,
 In gazing on those we've been lost to so long !
 The sorrows, the joys, of which once they were
 part,

Still round them, like visions of yesterday, throng,
 As letters some hand hath invisibly traced,
 When held to the flame will steal out on the
 sight,

So many a feeling, that long seem'd effaced,
 The warmth of a moment like this brings to
 light.

And thus, as in memory's bark we shall glide,
 To visit the scenes of our boyhood anew,
 Thought oft we may see, looking down on the tide,
 The wreck of full many a hope shining through ;
 Yet still, as in fancy we point to the flowers,
 That once made a garden of all the gay shore,
 Deceived for a moment, we'll think them still ours,
 And breathe the fresh air of life's morning once
 more.*

So brief our existence, a glimpse, at the most,
 Is all we can have of the few we hold dear ;

* Jours charmans, quand je songe à vos heureux instans,
 Je pense remonter le fleuve de mes ans ;
 Et mon cœur, enchanté sur sa rive fleurie,
 Respire encore l'air pur du matin de la vie.

And oft even joy is unheeded and lost,
For want of some heart, that could echo it, near.
Ah, well may we hope, when this short life is gone,
To meet in some world of more permanent bliss,
For a smile, or a grasp of the hand, hast'ning on,
Is all we enjoy of each other in this.*

But, come, the more rare such delights to the
heart,
The more we should welcome and bless them the
more ;
They're ours, when we meet,—they are lost when
we part,
Like birds that bring summer, and fly when 'tis
o'er.
Thus circling the cup, hand in hand, ere we drink,
Let Sympathy pledge us, thro' pleasure, thro'
pain,
That, fast as a feeling but touches one link,
Her magic shall send it direct thro' the chain.

* The same thought has been happily expressed by my friend Mr. Washington Irving, in his "Bracebridge Hall," vol. i. p. 213.—The sincere pleasure which I feel in calling this gentleman my friend, is much enhanced by the reflection that he is too good an American, to have admitted me so readily to such a distinction, if he had not known that my feelings towards the great and free country that gave him birth, have been long such as every real lover of the liberty and happiness of the human race must entertain.

THE MOUNTAIN SPRITE.

IN yonder valley there dwelt, alone,
A youth, whose moments had calmly flown,
Till spells came o'er him, and, day and night,
He was haunted and watch'd by a Mountain Sprite.

As once, by moonlight, he wander'd o'er
The golden sands of that island shore,
A foot-print sparkled before his sight—
'Twas the fairy foot of the Mountain Sprite!

Beside a fountain, one sunny day,
As bending over the stream he lay,
There peep'd down o'er him two eyes of light,
And he saw in that mirror the Mountain Sprite.

He turn'd, but, lo, like a startled bird,
That spirit fled!—and the youth but heard
Sweet music, such as marks the flight
Of some bird of song, from the Mountain Sprite.

One night, still haunted by that bright look,
The boy, bewilder'd, his pencil took,
And, guided only by memory's light,
Drew the once-seen form of the Mountain Sprite.

“Oh thou, who lovest the shadow,” cried
A voice, low whisp'ring by his side,
“Now turn and see,”—here the youth's delight
Seal'd the rosy lips of the Mountain Sprite.

“Of all the Spirits of land and sea,”
Then rapt he murmur’d, “there’s none like thee,
“And oft, oh oft, may thy foot thus light
“In this lonely bower, sweet Mountain Sprite!”

AS VANQUISH’D ERIN.

As vanquish’d Erin wept beside
The Boyne’s ill-fated river,
She saw where Discord, in the tide,
Had dropp’d his loaded quiver.
“Lie hid,” she cried, “ye venom’d darts,
“Where mortal eye may shun you ;
“Lie hid—the stain of manly hearts,
“That bled for me, is on you.”

But vain her wish, her weeping vain,—
As Time too well hath taught her—
Each year the Fiend returns again,
And dives into that water ;
And brings, triumphant, from beneath
His shafts of desolation,
And sends them, wing’d with worse than death,
Through all her madd’ning nation.

Alas for her who sits and mourns,
Ev’n now, beside that river—
Unwearied still the Fiend returns,
And stored is still his quiver.

“When will this end, ye Powers of Good?”
 She weeping asks forever;
 But only hears, from out that flood,
 The Demon answer, “Never!”

DESMOND'S SONG.*

By the Feal's wave benighted,
 No star in the skies,
 To thy door by Love lighted,
 I first saw those eyes.
 Some voice whisper'd o'er me,
 As the threshold I cross'd,
 There was ruin before me,
 If I loved, I was lost.

Love came, and brought sorrow
 Too soon in his train;
 Yet so sweet, that to-morrow
 'Twere welcome again.

* “Thomas, the heir of the Desmond family, had accidentally been so engaged in the chase, that he was benighted near Tralee, and obliged to take shelter at the Abbey of Feal, in the house of one of his dependents, called Mac Cormac. Catherine, a beautiful daughter of his host, instantly inspired the Earl with a violent passion, which he could not subdue. He married her, and by this inferior alliance alienated his followers, whose brutal pride regarded this indulgence of his love as an unpardonable degradation of his family.—*Leland*, vol. ii.

Though misery's full measure
My portion should be,
I would drain it with pleasure,
If pour'd out by thee.

You, who call it dishonor
To bow to this flame,
If you've eyes, look but on her,
And blush while you blame.
Hath the pearl less whiteness
Because of its birth?
Hath the violet less brightness
For growing near earth?

No—Man for his glory
To ancestry flies;
But Woman's bright story
Is told in her eyes.
While the Monarch but traces
Through mortals his line,
Beauty, born of the Graces,
Ranks next to Divine!

THEY KNOW NOT MY HEART.

THEY know not my heart, who believe there can be
One stain of this earth in its feelings for thee;
Who think, while I see thee in beauty's young hour,
As pure as the morning's first dew on the flow'r,

I could harm what I love,—as the sun's wanton
 ray
 But smiles on the dew-drop to waste it away.

No—beaming with light as those young features are,
 There's a light round thy heart which is lovelier far :
 It is not that cheek—'tis the soul dawning clear
 Thro' its innocent blush makes thy beauty so dear ;
 As the sky we look up to, though glorious and fair,
 Is look'd up to the more, because Heaven lies there !

I WISH I WAS BY THAT DIM LAKE.

I wish I was by that dim Lake,*
 Where sinful souls their farewell take
 Of this vain world, and half-way lie
 In death's cold shadow, ere they die.

* These verses are meant to allude to that ancient haunt of superstition, called Patrick's Purgatory. "In the midst of these gloomy regions of Donegall (says Dr. Campbell) lay a lake, which was to become the mystic theatre of this fabled and intermediate state. In the lake were several islands ; but one of them was dignified with that called the Mouth of Purgatory, which, during the dark ages, attracted the notice of all Christendom, and was the resort of penitents and pilgrims from almost every country in Europe."

"It was," as the same writer tells us, "one of the most dismal and dreary spots in the North, almost inaccessible, through deep glens and rugged mountains, frightful with impending rocks, and the hollow murmurs of the western winds in dark caverns, peopled only with such fantastic

There, there, far from thee,
 Deceitful world, my home should be ;
 Where, come what might of gloom and pain,
 False hope should ne'er deceive again.

The lifeless sky, the mournful sound
 Of unseen waters falling round ;
 The dry leaves, quiv'ring o'er my head,
 Like man, unquiet ev'n when dead !
 These, ay, these shall wean
 My soul from life's deluding scene,
 And turn each thought, o'ercharged with gloom,
 Like willows, downward tow'rds the tomb.

As they, who to their couch at night
 Would win repose, first quench the light,
 So must the hopes, that keep this breast
 Awake, be quench'd, ere it can rest.
 Cold, cold, this heart must grow,
 Unmoved by either joy or wo,
 Like freezing founts, where all that's thrown
 Within their current turns to stone.

SHE SANG OF LOVE.

SHE sung of Love, while o'er her lyre
 The rosy rays of evening fell,

beings as the mind, however gay, is, from strange association, wont to appropriate to such gloomy scenes."—*Strictures on the Ecclesiastical and Literary History of Ireland.*

As if to feed, with their soft fire,
 The soul within that trembling shell.
 The same rich light hung o'er her cheek,
 And play'd around those lips that sung
 And spoke, as flowers would sing and speak,
 If Love could lend their leaves a tongue.

But soon the West no longer burn'd,
 Each rosy ray from heav'n withdrew ;
 And, when to gaze again I turn'd,
 The minstrel's form seem'd fading too.
 As if *her* light and heav'n's were one,
 The glory all had left that frame ;
 And from her glimmering lips the tone,
 As from a parting spirit, came.*

Who ever loved, but had the thought
 That he and all he loved must part ?
 Fill'd with this fear, I flew and caught
 The fading image to my heart—
 And cried, "O Love! is this thy doom ?
 "Oh light of youth's resplendent day !
 'Must ye then lose your golden bloom,
 "And thus, like sunshine, die away?"

* The thought here was suggested by some beautiful lines in Mr. Rogers's Poem of "Human Life," beginning—

"Now in the glimmering, dying light she grows
 Less and less earthly."

I would quote the entire passage, did I not fear to put my own humble imitation of it out of countenance.

SING—SING—MUSIC WAS GIVEN.

SING—sing—Music was given,

To brighten the gay, and kindle the loving ;
Souls here, like planets in Heaven,

By harmony's laws alone are kept moving.

Beauty may boast of her eyes and her checks,

But Love from the lips his true archery wings ;
And she, who but feathers the dart when she
speaks,

At once sends it home to the heart when she
sings.

Then sing—sing—Music was given,

To brighten the gay, and kindle the loving ;
Souls here, like planets in Heaven,

By harmony's laws alone are kept moving.

When Love, rock'd by his mother,

Lay sleeping as calm as slumber could make him,
“Hush, hush,” said Venus, “no other

“Sweet voice but his own is worthy to wake him.”

Dreaming of music he slumber'd the while

Till faint from his lip a soft melody broke,
And Venus, enchanted, look'd on with a smile,
While Love to his own sweet singing awoke.

Then sing—sing—Music was given,

To brighten the gay, and kindle the loving ;
Souls here, like planets in Heaven,

By harmony's laws alone are kept moving.

THOUGH HUMBLE THE BANQUET.

THOUGH humble the banquet to which I invite thee,
Thou'lt find there the best a poor bard can com-
mand :

Eyes, beaming with welcome, shall throng round,
to light thee,

And Love serve the feast with his own willing
hand.

And though Fortune may seem to have turn'd
from the dwelling

Of him thou regardest her favoring ray,
Thou wilt find there a gift, all her treasures excel-
ling,

Which, proudly he feels, hath ennobled his way.

'Tis that freedom of mind, which no vulgar dominion
Can turn from the path a pure conscience ap-
proves ;

Which, with hope in the heart, and no chain on
the pinion,

Holds upwards its course to the light which it
loves.

'Tis this makes the pride of his humble retreat,
And, with this, though of all other treasures be-
reaved,

The breeze of his garden to him is more sweet
Than the costliest incense that Pomp e'er re-
ceived.

Then, come,—if a board so untempting hath power
To win thee from grandeur, its best shall be
thine ;
And there's one, long the light of the bard's happy
bower,
Who, smiling, will blend her bright welcome
with mine.

SING, SWEET HARP.

SING, sweet Harp, oh, sing to me
Some song of ancient days,
Whose sounds, in this sad memory,
Long buried dreams shall raise ;—
Some lay that tells of vanish'd fame,
Whose light once round us shone ;
Of noble pride, now turn'd to shame,
And hopes forever gone.—
Sing, sad Harp, thus sing to me ;
Alike our doom is cast,
Both lost to all but memory,
We live but in the past.

How mournfully the midnight air
Among thy chords doth sigh,
As if it sought some echo there
Of voices long gone by ;—
Of Chieftains, now forgot, who seem'd
The foremost then in fame ;

Of Bards who, once immortal deem'd,
 Now sleep without a name.—
 In vain, sad Harp, the midnight air
 Among thy chords doth sigh ;
 In vain it seeks an echo there
 Of voices long gone by.

Couldst thou but call those spirits round,
 Who once, in bower and hall,
 Sat listening to thy magic sound,
 Now mute and mould'ring all ;—
 But, no ; they would but wake to weep
 Their children's slavery ;
 Then leave them in their dreamless sleep,
 The dead, at least, are free !—
 Hush, hush, sad Harp, that dreary tone,
 That knell of Freedom's day ;
 Or, listening to its death-like moan,
 Let me, too, die away.

SONG OF THE BATTLE EVE.

TIME—THE NINTH CENTURY.

To-morrow, comrade, we
 On the battle-plain must be,
 There to conquer, or both lie low !
 The morning star is up,—
 But there's wine still in the cup,
 And we'll take another quaff, ere we go, boy, go ;
 We'll take another quaff, ere we go.

'Tis true, in manliest eyes

A passing tear will rise,

When we think of the friends we leave lone ;

But what can wailing do ?

See, our goblet's weeping too !

With its tears we'll chase away our own, boy,
our own ;

With its tears we'll chase away our own.

But daylight's stealing on ;—

The last that o'er us shone

Saw our children around us play ;

The next—ah ! where shall we

And those rosy urchins be ?

But—no matter—grasp thy sword and away,
boy, away ;

No matter—grasp thy sword and away !

Let those, who brook the chain

Of Saxon or of Dane,

Ignobly by their firesides stay ;

One sigh to home be given,

One heartfelt prayer to heaven,

Then, for Erin and her cause, boy, hurra !
hurra ! hurra !

Then, for Erin and her cause, hurra !

THE WANDERING BARD.

WHAT life like that of the bard can be,—

The wandering bard, who roams as free

As the mountain lark that o'er him sings,
And, like that lark, a music brings
Within him, where'er he comes or goes,—
A fount that forever flows!
The world's to him like some play-ground,
Where fairies dance their moonlight round;
If dimm'd the turf where late they trod,
The elves but seek some greener sod;
So, when less bright his scene of glee,
To another away flies he!

Oh, what would have been young Beauty's doom,
Without a bard to fix her bloom?
They tell us, in the moon's bright round,
Things lost in this dark world are found
So charms, on earth long pass'd and gone,
In the poet's lay live on.—
Would ye have smiles that ne'er grow dim?
You've only to give them all to him,
Who, with but a touch of Fancy's wand,
Can lend them life, this life beyond,
And fix them high, in Poesy's sky,—
Young stars that never die!

Then, welcome the bard where'er he comes,—
For, though he hath countless airy homes,
To which his wing excursive roves,
Yet still, from time to time, he loves
To light upon earth and find such cheer
As brightens our banquet here.

No matter how far, how fleet he flies,
You've only to light up kind young eyes,
Such signal-fires as here are given,—
And down he'll drop from Fancy's heaven,
The minute such call to love or mirth
Proclaims he's wanting on earth!

ALONE IN CROWDS TO WANDER ON.

ALONE in crowds to wander on,
And feel that all the charm is gone
Which voices dear and eyes beloved
Shed round us once, where'er we roved—
This, this the doom must be
Of all who've loved, and lived to see
The few bright things they thought would stay
Forever near them, die away.

Tho' fairer forms around us throng,
Their smiles to others all belong,
And want that charm which dwells alone
Round those the fond heart calls its own.
Where, where the sunny brow?
The long-known voice—where are they now?
Thus ask I still, nor ask in vain,
The silence answers all too plain.

Oh, what is Fancy's magic worth,
If all her art cannot call forth

One bliss like those we felt of old
 From lips now mute, and eyes now cold?
 No, no,—her spell is vain,—
 As soon could she bring back again
 Those eyes themselves from out the grave,
 As wake again one bliss they gave.

I'VE A SECRET TO TELL THEE.

I'VE a secret to tell thee, but hush! not here,
 Oh! not where the world its vigil keeps:
 I'll seek, to whisper it in thine ear,
 Some shore where the Spirit of Silence sleeps;
 Where summer's wave unmurm'ring dies,
 Nor fay can hear the fountain's gush;
 Where, if but a note her night-bird sighs,
 The rose saith, chidingly, "Hush, sweet, hush!"

There, amid the deep silence of that hour,
 When stars can be heard in ocean dip,
 Thyself shall, under some rosy bower,
 Sit mute, with thy finger on thy lip:
 Like him, the boy,* who born among
 The flowers that on the Nile-stream blush,
 Sits ever thus,—his only song
 To earth and heaven, "Hush, all, hush!"

* The God of Silence, thus pictured by the Egyptians.

SONG OF INNISFAIL.

THEY came from a land beyond the sea,
 And now o'er the western main
 Set sail, in their good ships, gallantly,
 From the sunny land of Spain.
 "Oh, where's the Isle we've seen in dreams,
 "Our destined home or grave?"*
 Thus sung they as, by the morning's beams,
 They swept the Atlantic wave.

And, lo, where afar o'er ocean shines
 A sparkle of radiant green,
 As though in that deep lay emerald mines,
 Whose light through the wave was seen.
 "'Tis Innisfail†—'tis Innisfail!"
 Rings o'er the echoing sea;
 While, bending to heav'n, the warriors hail
 That home of the brave and free.

Then turn'd they unto the Eastern wave,
 Where now their Day-God's eye
 A look of such sunny omen gave
 As lighted up sea and sky.

* "Milesius remembered the remarkable prediction of the principal Druid, who foretold that the posterity of Gadelus should obtain the possession of a Western Island, (which was Ireland,) and there inhabit."—*Keating*.

† The Island of Destiny, one of the ancient names of Ireland.

Nor frown was seen through sky or sea,
 Nor tear o'er leaf or sod,
 When first on their Isle of Destiny
 Our great forefathers trod.

THE NIGHT DANCE.

STRIKE the gay harp! see the moon is on high,
 And, as true to her beam as the tides of the ocean,
 Young hearts, when they feel the soft light of her
 eye,
 Obey the mute call, and heave into motion.
 Then, sound notes—the gayest, the lightest,
 That ever took wing, when heav'n look'd bright-
 est!

Again! Again!

Oh! could such heart-stirring music he heard
 In that City of Statues described by romancers,
 So wak'ning its spell, even stone would be stirr'd,
 And statues themselves all start into dancers!

Why then delay, with such sounds in our ears,
 And the flower of Beauty's own garden before
 us,—

While stars overhead leave the song of their spheres,
 And list'ning to ours, hang wondering o'er us?

Again, that strain! to hear it thus sounding
 Might set even Death's cold pulses bounding—
 Again! Again!

Oh, what delight when the youthful and gay,
Each with eye like a sunbeam and foot like a
feather,
Thus dance, like the Hours to the music of May,
And mingle sweet song and sunshine together!

THERE ARE SOUNDS OF MIRTH.

THERE are sounds of mirth in the night-air ringing,
And lamps from every casement shown ;
While voices blithe within are singing,
That seem to say "Come," in every tone.
Ah! once how light, in Life's young season,
My heart had leap'd at that sweet lay ;
Nor paused to ask of greybeard Reason
Should I the syren call obey.

And, see—the lamps still livelier glitter,
The syren lips more fondly sound ;
No, seek, ye nymphs, some victim fitter
To sink in your rosy bondage bound.
Shall a bard, whom not the world in arms
Could bend to tyranny's rude control,
Thus quail, at sight of woman's charms,
And yield to a smile his freeborn soul ?

Thus sung the sage, while, slyly stealing,
The nymphs their fetters around him cast,
And,—their laughing eyes, the while, concealing,—
Led Freedom's Bard their slave at last.

For the Poet's heart, still prone to loving,
 Was like that rock of the Druid race,*
 Which the gentlest touch at once set moving
 But all earth's power couldn't cast from its base.

OH! ARRANMORE, LOVED ARRANMORE.

OH! Arranmore, loved Arranmore,
 How oft I dream of thee,
 And of those days when, by thy shore,
 I wander'd young and free.
 Full many a path I've tried, since then
 Through pleasure's flowery maze,
 But ne'er could find the bliss again
 I felt in those sweet days.

How blithe upon thy breezy cliffs
 At sunny morn I've stood,
 With heart as bounding as the skiffs
 That danced along thy flood ;
 Or, when the western wave grew bright
 With daylight's parting wing,
 Have sought that Eden in its light
 Which dreaming poets sing, †—

* The Rocking Stones of the Druids, some of which no force is able to dislodge from their stations.

† "The inhabitants of Arranmore are still persuaded that, in a clear day, they can see from this coast Hy Bry-

That Eden where th' immortal brave
 Dwell in a land serene,—
 Whose bow'rs beyond the shining wave,
 At sunset, oft are seen.
 Ah dream too full of sadd'ning truth !
 Those mansions o'er the main
 Are like the hopes I built in youth,—
 As sunny and as vain !

LAY HIS SWORD BY HIS SIDE.

LAY his sword by his side,* it hath served him too
 well

Not to rest near his pillow below ;
 To the last moment true, from his hand ere it fell,
 Its point was still turn'd to a flying foe.
 Fellow-lab'ers in life, let them slumber in death,
 Side by side, as becomes the reposing brave,—
 That sword which he loved still unbroke in its
 sheath,
 And himself unsubdued in his grave.

Yet pause—for, in fancy, a still voice I hear,
 As if breathed from his brave heart's remains ;—

sail, or the Enchanted Island, the Paradise of the Pagan
 Irish, and concerning which they relate a number of ro-
 mantic stories."—*Beaufort's Ancient Topography of Ireland.*

* It was the custom of the ancient Irish, in the manner
 of the Scythians, to bury the favorite swords of their
 heroes along with them.

Faint echo of that which, in Slavery's ear,
 Once sounded the war-word, "Burst your
 chains!"

And it cries, from the grave where the hero lies
 deep,
 "Tho' the day of your Chieftain forever hath
 set,
 "O leave not his sword thus inglorious to sleep,—
 "It hath victory's life in it yet!

"Should some alien, unworthy such weapon to
 wield,
 "Dare to touch thee, my own gallant sword,
 "Then rest in thy sheath, like a talisman seal'd,
 "Or return to the grave of thy chainless lord.
 "But, if grasp'd by a hand that hath learn'd the
 proud use
 "Of a falchion, like thee, on the battle-plain,—
 "Then, at Liberty's summons, like lightning let
 loose,
 "Leap forth from thy dark sheath again!"

OH, COULD WE DO WITH THIS WORLD OF
 OURS.

OH, could we do with this world of ours
 As thou dost with thy garden bowers,
 Reject the weeds and keep the flowers,
 What a heaven on earth we'd make it!

So bright a dwelling should be our own,
 So warranted free from sigh or frown,
 That angels soon would be coming down,
 By the week or month to take it.

Like those gay flies that wing through air,
 And in themselves a lustre bear,
 A stock of light, still ready there,
 Whenever they wish to use it ;
 So, in this world I'd make for thee,
 Our hearts should all like fire-flies be,
 And the flash of wit or poesy
 Break forth whenever we choose it.

While ev'ry joy that glads our sphere
 Hath still some shadow hov'ring near,
 In this new world of ours, my dear,

Such shadows will all be omitted :—
 Unless they're like that graceful one,
 Which, when thou'rt dancing in the sun,
 Still near thee, leaves a charm upon
 Each spot where it hath flitted !

THE WINE-CUP IS CIRCLING.

The wine-cup is circling in Almhin's hall,*
 And its Chief, 'mid his heroes reclining,

* The Palace of Fin Mac-Cumhal (the Fingal of Mac-pherson) in Leinster. It was built on the top of the hill, which has retained from thence the name of the Hill of

Looks up, with a sigh, to the trophied wall,
Where his sword hangs idly shining ;
When, hark ! that shout
From the vale without,—
“ Arm ye quick, the Dane, the Dane is nigh !”
Ev’ry Chief starts up
From his foaming cup,
And “ To battle, to battle !” is the Finian’s cry.

The minstrels have seized their harps of gold,
And they sing such thrilling numbers,—
Tis like the voice of the Brave, of old,
Breaking forth from their place of slumbers !
Spear to buckler rang,
As the minstrels sang,
And the Sun-burst* o’er them floated wide ;
While rememb’ring the yoke
Which their fathers broke,
“ On for liberty, for liberty !” the Finians cried.

Like clouds on the night the Northmen came,
O’er the valley of Almhin lowering ;
While onward moved, in the light of its fame,
That banner of Erin, towering.

Allen, in the county of Kildare. The Finians, or Fenii, were the celebrated National Militia of Ireland, which this Chief commanded. The introduction of the Danes in the above song is an anachronism common to most of the Finian and Ossianic legends.

* The name given to the banner of the Irish.

With the mingling shock
 Rung cliff and rock,
 While, rank on rank, the invaders die :
 And the shout, that last
 O'er the dying pass'd,
 Was "Victory! victory!"—the Finian's cry.

THE DREAM OF THOSE DAYS.

THE dream of those days when first I sung thee is
 o'er,
 Thy triumph hath stain'd the charm thy sorrows
 then wore ;
 And ev'n of the light which Hope once shed o'er
 thy chains,
 Alas, not a gleam to grace thy freedom remains.
 Say, is it that slavery sunk so deep in thy heart,
 That still the dark brand is there, though chainless
 thou art ;
 And Freedom's sweet fruit, for which thy spirit long
 burn'd,
 Now, reaching at last thy lip, to ashes hath turn'd ?
 Up Liberty's steep, by Truth and Eloquence led,
 With eyes on her temple fix'd, how proud was thy
 tread !
 Ah, better thou ne'er hadst lived that summit to
 gain,
 Or died in the porch, than thus dishonor the fane.

FROM THIS HOUR THE PLEDGE IS GIVEN.

FROM this hour the pledge is given,
From this hour my soul is thine :
Come what will, from earth or heaven,
Weal or wo, thy fate be mine.
When the proud and great stood by thee,
None dared thy rights to spurn ;
And if now they're false and fly thee,
Shall I, too, basely turn ?
No ; whate'er the fires that try thee,
In the same this heart shall burn.

Though the sea, where thou embarkest,
Offers now a friendly shore,
Light may come where all looks darkest,
Hope hath life, when life seems o'er.
And, of those past ages dreaming,
When glory deck'd thy brow,
Oft I fondly think, though seeming
So fall'n and clouded now,
Thou'lt again break forth, all beaming,
None so bright, so blest as thou !

SILENCE IS IN OUR FESTAL HALLS.*

SILENCE is in our festal halls,—

Sweet Son of Song! thy course is o'er ;
In vain on thee sad Erin calls,

Her minstrel's voice responds no more ;—
All silent as th' Eolian shell

Sleeps at the close of some bright day,
When the sweet breeze, that waked its swell
At sunny morn, hath died away.

Yet, at our feasts, thy spirit long,
Awaked by music's spell, shall rise ;

For, name so link'd with deathless song
Partakes its charm and never dies :

And ev'n within the holy fane,

When music wafts the soul to heaven,
One thought of him, whose earliest strain
Was echoed there, shall long be given.

But, where is now the cheerful day,

The social light, when, by thy side,
He, who now weaves this parting lay,

His skillless voice with thine allied ;

And sung those songs whose every tone,

When bard and minstrel long have past,
Shall still, in sweetness all their own,
Embalm'd by fame, undying last.

* It is hardly necessary, perhaps, to inform the reader, that these lines are meant as a tribute of sincere friendship to the memory of an old and valued colleague in this work, Sir John Stevenson.

Yes, Erin, thine alone the fame,—
Or, if thy bard have shared the crown,
From thee the borrow'd glory came,
And at thy feet is now laid down.
Enough, if Freedom still inspire
His latest song, and still there be,
As evening closes round his lyre,
One ray upon its chords from thee.

NATIONAL AIRS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

It is Cicero, I believe, who says, "*naturâ ad modos ducimur*;" and the abundance of wild, indigenous airs, which almost every country, except England, possesses, sufficiently proves the truth of his assertion. The lovers of this simple, but interesting kind of music, are here presented with the first number of a collection, which, I trust, their contributions will enable us to continue. A pretty air without words resembles one of those *half* creatures of Plato, which are described as wandering in search of the remainder of themselves through the world. To supply this other half, by uniting with congenial words the many fugitive melodies which have hitherto had none,—or only such as are unintelligible to the generality of their hearers,—is the object and ambition of the present work. Neither is it our intention to confine ourselves to what are strictly called National Melodies, but, wherever we meet with any wandering and beautiful air, to which poetry has not yet assigned a worthy home, we shall venture to claim it as an *estray* swan, and enrich our humble Hippocrene with its song.

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T. M.

THE HISTORY OF THE

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NATIONAL AIRS.



A TEMPLE TO FRIENDSHIP.*

(SPANISH AIR.)

“A TEMPLE to Friendship,” said Laura, enchanted,
“I’ll build in this garden,—the thought is di-
vine!”

Her temple was built, and she now only wanted
An image of Friendship to place on the shrine.
She flew to a sculptor, who set down before her
A Friendship, the fairest his art could invent;
But so cold and so dull, that the youthful adorer
Saw plainly this was not the idol she meant.

“Oh! never,” she cried, “could I think of en-
shrining

“An image, whose looks are so joyless and dim;—
“But yon little god, upon roses reclining,
“We’ll make, if you please, Sir, a Friendship
of him.”

* The thought is taken from a song by Le Prieur, called
“La Statue de l’Amitié.”

So the bargain was struck ; with the little god laden
 She joyfully flew to her shrine in the grove :
 “ Farewell,” said the sculptor, “ you’re not the
 first maiden
 “ Who came but for Friendship, and took away
 Love.”

FLOW ON, THOU SHINING RIVER.

(PORTUGUESE AIR.)

Flow on, thou shining river ;
 But, ere thou reach the sea,
 Seek Ella’s bower, and give her
 The wreaths I fling o’er thee.
 ‘And tell her thus, if she’ll be mine,
 The current of our lives shall be,
 With joys along their course to shine,
 Like those sweet flowers on thee.

But if, in wand’ring thither,
 Thou find’st she mocks my prayer,
 Then leave those wreaths to wither
 Upon the cold bank there ;
 And tell her thus, when youth is o’er,
 Her lone and loveless charms shall be
 Thrown by upon life’s weedy shore,
 Like those sweet flowers from thee.

ALL THAT'S BRIGHT MUST FADE.

(INDIAN AIR.)

ALL that's bright must fade,—
The brightest still the fleetest ;
All that's sweet was made,
But to be lost when sweetest.
Stars that shine and fall ;—
The flower that drops in springing ;—
These, alas ! are types of all
To which our hearts are clinging.
All that's bright must fade,—
The brightest still the fleetest ;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest !

Who would seek or prize
Delights that end in aching ?
Who would trust to ties
That every hour are breaking ?
Better far to be
In utter darkness lying,
Than to be bless'd with light and see
That light forever flying.
All that's bright must fade,—
The brightest still the fleetest ;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest !

SO WARMLY WE MET.

(HUNGARIAN AIR.)

So warmly we met and so fondly we parted,
 That which was the sweeter ev'n I could not tell,—
 That first look of welcome her sunny eyes darted,
 Or that tear of passion, which bless'd our farewell.
 To meet was a heaven, and to part thus another,—
 Our joy and our sorrow seem'd rivals in bliss ;
 Oh ! Cupid's two eyes are not liker each other
 In smiles and in tears, than that moment to this.

The first was like daybreak, new, sudden, delicious,—
 The dawn of a pleasure scarce kindled up yet ;
 The last like the farewell of daylight, more precious,
 More glowing and deep, as 'tis nearer its set.

Our meeting, though happy, was tinged by a sorrow
 To think that such happiness could not remain ;
 While our parting, though sad, gave a hope that
 to-morrow
 Would bring back the bless'd hour of meeting
 again.

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

(AIR—THE BELLS OF ST. PETERSBURGH.)

THOSE evening bells ! those evening bells !
 How many a tale their music tells,
 Of youth, and home, and that sweet time,
 When last I heard their soothing chime.

Those joyous hours are pass'd away ;
 And many a heart, that then was gay,
 Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
 And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone ;
 That tuneful peal will still ring on,
 While other bards shall walk these dells,
 And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

SHOULD THOSE FOND HOPES.

(PORTUGUESE AIR.)

SHOULD those fond hopes e'er forsake thee,*
 Which now so sweetly thy heart employ ;
 Should the cold world come to wake thee
 From all thy visions of youth and joy ;
 Should the gay friends, for whom thou wouldst
 banish
 Him who once thought thy young heart his own,
 All, like spring birds, falsely vanish,
 And leave thy winter unheeded and lone ;—

Oh ! 'tis then that he thou hast slighted
 Would come to cheer thee, when all seem'd o'er ;

* This is one of the many instances among my lyrical poems,—though the above, it must be owned, is an extreme case,—where the metre has been necessarily sacrificed to the structure of the air.

Then the truant, lost and blighted,
 Would to his bosom be taken once more.
 Like that dear bird we both can remember,
 Who left us while summer shone round,
 But, when chill'd by bleak December,
 On our threshold a welcome still found.

REASON, FOLLY, AND BEAUTY.

(ITALIAN AIR.)

REASON, and Folly, and Beauty, they say,
 Went on a party of pleasure one day :
 Folly play'd
 Around the maid,
 The bells of his cap rung merrily out ;
 While Reason took
 To his sermon-book—
 Oh ! which was the pleasanter no one need doubt,
 Which was the pleasanter no one need doubt.

Beauty, who likes to be thought very sage,
 Turn'd for a moment to Reason's dull page,
 Till Folly said,
 “Look here, sweet maid !”—
 The sight of his cap brought her back to herself ;
 While Reason read
 His leaves of lead,
 With no one to mind him, poor sensible elf !
 No,—no one to mind him, poor sensible elf !

Then Reason grew jealous of Folly's gay cap ;
Had he that on, he her heart might entrap—

“ There it is,”

Quoth Folly, “ old quiz !”

(Folly was always good-natured, 'tis said,)

“ Under the sun

“ There's no such fun,

“ As Reason with my cap and bells on his head,

“ Reason with my cap and bells on his head !”

But Reason the head-dress so awkwardly wore,
That Beauty now liked him still less than before ;

While Folly took

Old Reason's book,

And twisted the leaves in a cap of such *ton*,

That Beauty vow'd

(Though not aloud,)

She liked him still better in that than his own,

Yes,—liked him still better in that than his own.

FARE THEE WELL, THOU LOVELY ONE !

(SICILIAN AIR.)

FARE thee well, thou lovely one !

Lovely still, but dear no more ;

Once his soul of truth is gone,

Love's sweet life is o'er.

Thy words, whate'er their flatt'ring spell,

Could scarce have thus deceived ;

But eyes that acted truth so well
 Were sure to be believed.
 Then, fare thee well, thou lovely one!
 Lovely still, but dear no more;
 Once his soul of truth is gone,
 Love's sweet life is o'er.

Yet those eyes look constant still,
 True as stars they keep their light;
 Still those cheeks their pledge fulfil
 Of blushing always bright.

'Tis only on thy changeful heart
 The blame of falsehood lies;
 Love lives in every other part,
 But there, alas! he dies.

Then, fare thee well, thou lovely one!
 Lovely still, but dear no more;
 Once his soul of truth is gone,
 Love's sweet life is o'er.

DOST THOU REMEMBER.

(PORTUGUESE AIR.).

Dost thou remember that place so lonely,
 A place for lovers, and lovers only,
 Where first I told thee all my secret sighs?
 When, as the moonbeam, that trembled o'er
 thee,

Illumed thy blushes, I knelt before thee,

And read my hope's sweet triumph in those eyes?
Then, then, while closely heart was drawn to heart,
Love bound us—never, never more to part!

And when I call'd thee by names the dearest *
That love could fancy, the fondest, nearest,—

“My life, my only life!” among the rest;
In those sweet accents that still enthrall me,
Thou saidst, “Ah! wherefore thy life thus call me?”

“Thy soul, thy soul's the name that I love best;
“For life soon passes,—but how bless'd to be
“That Soul which never, never parts from thee!”

OH, COME TO ME WHEN DAYLIGHT SETS.

(VENETIAN AIR.)

OH, come to me when daylight sets;
Sweet! then come to me,
When smoothly go our gondolets
O'er the moonlight sea.

When Mirth's awake, and Love begins,
Beneath that glancing ray,
With sound of lutes and mandolins,
To steal young hearts away.

Then, come to me when daylight sets;
Sweet! then come to me,

* The thought in this verse is borrowed from the original Portuguese words.

When smoothly go our gondolets
 O'er the moonlight sea.
 Oh, then's the hour for those who love,
 Sweet! like thee and me;
 When all's so calm, below, above,
 In heav'n and o'er the sea.
 When maidens sing sweet barcarolles *
 And Echo sings again
 So sweet, that all with ears and souls
 Should love and listen then.
 So, come to me when daylight sets;
 Sweet! then come to me,
 When smoothly go our gondolets
 O'er the moonlight sea.

OFT, IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

(SCOTCH AIR.)

OFT, in the stilly night,
 Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
 Fond Memory brings the light
 Of other days around me;
 The smiles, the tears,
 Of boyhood's years,
 The words of love then spoken;

* Barcarolles, sorte de chansons en langue Vénitienne, que chantent les gondoliers à Venise.—Rousseau, *Dictionnaire de Musique*.

The eyes that shone,
Now dimm'd and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken !
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain hath bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends, so link'd together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather ;
I feel like one,
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted—
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garland's dead,
And all but he departed !
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

HARK ! THE VESPER HYMN IS STEALING.

(RUSSIAN AIR.)

HARK ! the vesper hymn is stealing,
O'er the waters soft and clear ;

Nearer yet and nearer pealing,
 And now bursts upon the ear :
 Jubilate, Amen.

Farther now, now farther stealing,
 Soft it fades upon the ear :
 Jubilate, Amen.

Now, like moonlight waves retreating
 To the shore, it dies along ;
 Now, like angry surges meeting,
 Breaks the mingled tide of song :
 Jubilate, Amen.

Hush ! again, like waves, retreating
 To the shore, it dies along :
 Jubilate, Amen.

LOVE AND HOPE.

(SWISS AIR.)

At morn, beside yon summer sea,
 Young Hope and Love reclined ;
 But scarce had noontide come, when he
 Into his bark leap'd smilingly,
 And left poor Hope behind.

“ I go,” said Love, “ to sail awhile
 “ Across this sunny main ;”
 And then so sweet his parting smile,
 That Hope, who never dream'd of guile,
 Believed he'd come again.

She linger'd there till evening's beam
 Along the waters lay ;
And o'er the sands, in thoughtful dream,
Oft traced his name, which still the stream
 As often wash'd away.

At length a sail appears in sight,
 And tow'rd the maiden moves !
'Tis Wealth that comes, and gay and bright,
His golden bark reflects the light,
 But ah ! it is not Love's.

Another sail—'twas Friendship show'd
 Her night-lamp o'er the sea ;
And calm the light that lamp bestow'd ;
But Love had lights that warmer glow'd,
 And where, alas ! was he ?

Now fast around the sea and shore
 Night threw her darkling chain ;
The sunny sails were seen no more,
Hope's morning dreams of bliss were o'er,—
 Love never came again.

THERE COMES A TIME.

(GERMAN AIR.)

THERE comes a time, a dreary time,
 To him whose heart hath flown
O'er all the fields of youth's sweet prime,
 And made each flower its own.

Tis when his soul must first renounce
 Those dreams so bright, so fond ;
 Oh ! then's the time to die at once,
 For life has naught beyond.

When sets the sun on Afric's shore,
 That instant all is night ;
 And so should life at once be o'er,
 When Love withdraws his light ;—
 Nor, like our northern day, gleam on
 Through twilight's dim delay,
 The cold remains of lustre gone,
 Of fire long pass'd away.

MY HARP HAS ONE UNCHANGING THEME.

(SWEDISH AIR.)

MY harp has one unchanging theme,
 One strain that still comes o'er
 Its languid chord, as 'twere a dream
 Of joy that's now no more.

In vain I try, with livelier air,
 To wake the breathing string :
 That voice of other times is there,
 And saddens all I sing.

Breathe on, breathe on, thou languid strain,
 Henceforth be all my own ;
 Though thou art oft so full of pain
 Few hearts can bear thy tone.

Yet oft thou'rt sweet, as if the sigh,
 The breath that Pleasure's wings
 Gave out, when last they wanton'd by,
 Were still upon thy strings.

OH, NO—NOT EV'N WHEN FIRST WE
 LOVED.

(CASHIMERIAN AIR.)

OH, no—not ev'n when first we loved,
 Wert thou as dear as now thou art;
 Thy beauty then my senses moved,
 But now thy virtues bind my heart.
 What was but Passion's sigh before,
 Has since been turn'd to Reason's vow;
 And, though I then might love thee *more*,
 Trust me, I love thee *better* now.

Although my heart in earlier youth
 Might kindle with more wild desire,
 Believe me, it has gain'd in truth
 Much more than it has lost in fire.
 The flame now warms my inmost core,
 That then but sparkled o'er my brow,
 And, though I seem'd to love thee more,
 Yet, oh, I love thee better now.

PEACE BE AROUND THEE.

(SCOTCH AIR.)

PEACE be around thee, wherever thou rovest ;
 May life be for thee one summer's day,
 And all that thou wishest, and all that thou lovest,
 Come smiling around thy sunny way !
 If sorrow e'er this calm should break,
 May even thy tears pass off so lightly,
 Like spring-showers, they'll only make
 The smiles that follow shine more brightly.

May Time, who sheds his blight o'er all,
 And daily dooms some joy to death,
 O'er thee let years so gently fall,
 They shall not crush one flower beneath !
 As half in shade and half in sun
 This world along its path advances,
 May that side the sun's upon
 Be all that e'er shall meet thy glances !

COMMON SENSE AND GENIUS.

(FRENCH AIR.)

WHILE I touch the string,
 Wreath my brows with laurel,
 For the tale I sing
 Has, for once, a moral.

Common Sense, one night,
Though not used to gambols,
Went out by moonlight,
With Genius, on his rambles.
While I touch the string, &c.

Common Sense went on,
Many wise things saying;
While the light that shone
Soon set Genius straying.
One his eye ne'er raised
From the path before him ;
T'other idly gazed
On each night-cloud o'er him.
While I touch the string, &c.

So they came, at last,
To a shady river ;
Common Sense soon pass'd,
Safe, as he doth ever ;
While the boy, whose look
Was in Heaven that minute,
Never saw the brook,
But tumbled headlong in it !
While I touch the string, &c.

How the Wise One smiled,
When safe o'er the torrent,
At that youth, so wild,
Dripping from the current!

Sense went home to bed ;
 Genius, left to shiver
 On the bank, 'tis said,
 Died of that cold river !
 While I touch the string, &c.

THEN, FARE THEE WELL.

(OLD ENGLISH AIR.)

THEN, fare the well, my own dear love,
 This world has now for us
 No greater grief, no pain above
 The pain of parting thus,
 Dear love !
 The pain of parting thus.

Had we but known, since first we met,
 Some few short hours of bliss,
 We might, in numb'ring them, forget
 The deep, deep pain of this,
 Dear love !
 The deep, deep pain of this.

But no, alas, we've never seen
 One glimpse of pleasure's ray,
 But still there came some cloud between,
 And chased it all away,
 Dear love !
 And chased it all away.

Yet, ev'n could those sad moments last,
Far dearer to my heart
Were hours of grief, together pass'd,
Than yēars of mirth apart,
Dear love!
Than years of mirth apart.

Farewell! our hope was born in fears,
And nursed 'mid vain regrets;
Like winter suns, it rose in tears,
Like them in tears it sets,
Dear love!
Like them in tears it sets.

GAYLY SOUNDS THE CASTANET.

(MALTESE AIR.)

GAYLY sounds the castanet,
Beating time to bounding feet,
When, after daylight's golden set,
Maids and youths by moonlight meet.
Oh, then, how sweet to move
Through all that maze of mirth;
Led by light from eyes we love
Beyond all eyes on earth.
Then, the joyous banquet spread
On the cool and fragrant ground,
With heav'ns bright sparklers overhead,
And still brighter sparkling round.

Oh, then, how sweet to say
 Into some loved one's ear,
 Thoughts reserved through many a day
 To be thus whisper'd here.

When the dance and feast are done,
 Arm in arm as home we stray,
 How sweet to see the dawning sun
 O'er her cheek's warm blushes play!
 Then, too, the farewell kiss—
 The words, whose parting tone
 Lingers still in dreams of bliss,
 That haunt of young hearts alone.

LOVE IS A HUNTER-BOY.

(LANGUEDOCIAN AIR.)

Love is a hunter-boy,
 Who makes young hearts his prey;
 And, in his nets of joy,
 Ensnares them night and day.
 In vain conceal'd they lie—
 Love tracks them everywhere;
 In vain aloft they fly—
 Love shoots them flying there.

But 'tis his joy most sweet,
 At early dawn to trace
 The print of Beauty's feet,
 And give the trembler chase.

And if, through virgin snow,
 He tracks her footsteps fair,
 How sweet for Love to know
 None went before him there.

COME, CHASE THAT STARTING TEAR
 AWAY.

(FRENCH AIR.)

COME, chase that starting tear away,
 Ere mine to meet it springs ;
 To-night, at least, to-night be gay,
 Whate'er to-morrow brings.
 Like sunset gleams, that linger late
 When all is dark'ning fast,
 Are hours like these we snatch from Fate—
 The brightest, and the last.
 Then, chase that starting tear, &c.

To gild the deep'ning gloom, if Heaven
 But one bright hour allow,
 Oh, think that one bright hour is given
 In all its splendor, now.
 Let's live it out—then sink in night,
 Like waves that from the shore
 One minute swell, are touch'd with light,
 Then lost for evermore !
 Come, chase that starting tear, &c.

JOYS OF YOUTH, HOW FLEETING!

(PORTUGUESE AIR.)

WHISP'RINGS, heard by wakeful maids,
 To whom the night-stars guide us ;
 Stolen walks through moonlight shades,
 With those we love beside us.

Hearts beating,
 At meeting ;
 Tears starting,
 At parting ;

Oh, sweet youth, how soon it fades !
 Sweet joys of youth, how fleeting !

Wand'rings far away from home,
 With life all new before us ;
 Greetings warm, when home we come,
 From hearts whose prayers watch'd o'er us.

Tears starting,
 At parting ;
 Hearts beating,
 At meeting ;

Oh, sweet youth, how lost on some !
 To some, how bright and fleeting !

HEAR ME BUT ONCE.

(FRENCH AIR.)

HEAR me but once, while o'er the grave,
 In which our Love lies cold and dead,

I count each flatt'ring hope he gave
Of joys, now lost, and charms now fled.

Who could have thought the smile he wore,
When first we met, would fade away?
Or that a chill would e'er come o'er
Those eyes so bright through many a day?
Hear me but once, &c.

WHEN LOVE WAS A CHILD.

(SWEDISH AIR.)

WHEN Love was a child, and went idling round,
'Mong flowers, the whole summer's day,
One morn in the valley a bower he found,
So sweet, it allured him to stay.

O'erhead, from the trees, hung a garland fair,
A fountain ran darkly beneath;—
'Twas Pleasure had hung up the flow'rets there;
Love knew it, and jump'd at the wreath.

But Love didn't know—and, at *his* weak years,
What urchin was likely to know?—
That Sorrow had made of her own salt tears
The fountain that murmur'd below.

He caught at the wreath—but with too much haste,
As boys when impatient will do—

It fell in those waters of briny taste,
 And the flowers were all wet through.

This garland he now wears night and day ;
 And, though it all sunny appears
 With Pleasure's own light, each leaf, they say,
 Still tastes of the Fountain of Tears.

SAY, WHAT SHALL BE OUR SPORT TO-DAY ?

(SICILIAN AIR.)

SAY, what shall be our sport to-day ?

There's nothing on earth, in sea, or air,
 Too bright, too high, too wild, too gay,
 For spirits like mine to dare !

'Tis like the returning bloom

Of those days, alas, gone by,
 When I loved, each hour—I scarce knew whom—
 And was bless'd—I scarce knew why.

Ay—those were days when life had wings,

And flew, oh, flew so wild a height,
 That, like the lark which sunward springs,
 'Twas giddy with too much light.

And, though of some plumes bereft,

With that sun, too, nearly set,
 I've enough of light and wing still left
 For a few gay soarings yet.

BRIGHT BE THY DREAMS.

(WELSH AIR.)

BRIGHT be thy dreams—may all thy weeping
Turn into smiles while thou art sleeping.

May those by death or seas removed,
The friends, who in thy spring-time knew thee,
All, thóu hast ever prized or loved,
In dreams come smiling to thee!

There may the child, whose love lay deepest,
Dearest of all, come while thou sleepest;

Still as she was—no charm forgot—
No lustre lost that life had given;

Or, if changed, but changed to what
Thou'lt find her yet in Heaven!

GO, THEN—'TIS VAIN.

(SICILIAN AIR.)

Go, then—'tis vain to hover

Thus round a hope that's dead;
At length my dream is over;

'Twas sweet—'twas false—'tis fled!
Farewell! since naught it moves thee,
Such truth as mine to see—
Some one, who far less loves thee,
Perhaps more bless'd will be.

Farewell, sweet eyes, whose brightness
 New life around me shed ;
 Farewell, false heart, whose lightness
 Now leaves me death instead.
 Go, now, those charms surrender
 To some new lover's sigh—
 One who, though far less tender,
 May be more bless'd than I.

THE CRYSTAL-HUNTERS.

(SWISS AIR.)

O'ER mountains bright
 With snow and light,
 We Crystal-Hunters speed along ;
 While rocks and caves,
 And icy waves,
 Each instant echo to our song ;
 And, when we meet with store of gems,
 We grudge not kings their diadems.
 O'er mountains bright
 With snow and light,
 We Crystal-Hunters speed along ;
 While grotts and caves,
 And icy waves,
 Each instant echo to our song.

Not half so oft the lover dreams
Of sparkles from his lady's eyes,
As we of those refreshing gleams
That tell where deep the crystal lies ;
Though, next to crystal, we too grant,
That ladies' eyes may most enchant.
O'er mountains bright, &c.

Sometimes, when on the Alpine rose
The golden sunset leaves its ray,
So like a gem the flow'ret glows,
We thither bend our headlong way ;
And, though we find no treasure there,
We bless the rose that shines so fair.
O'er mountains bright
With snow and light,
We Crystal-Hunters speed along ;
While rocks and caves,
And icy waves,
Each instant echo to our song.

ROW GENTLY HERE.

(VENETIAN AIR.)

Row gently here,
My gondolier,
So softly wake the tide,
That not an ear,
On earth, may hear,
But hers to whom we glide.

Had Heaven but tongues to speak, as well
 As starry eyes to see,
 Oh, think what tales 'twould have to tell
 Of wandering youths like me!

Now rest thee here,
 My gondolier;
 Hush, hush, for up I go,
 To climb yon light
 Balcony's height,
 While thou keep'st watch below.
 Ah! did we take for Heaven above
 But half such pains as we
 Take, day and night, for woman's love,
 What Angels we should be!

OH, DAYS OF YOUTH.

(FRENCH AIR.)

OH, days of youth and joy, long clouded,
 Why thus forever haunt my view?
 When in the grave your light lay shrouded,
 Why did not Memory die there too?
 Vainly doth Hope her strain now sing me,
 Telling of joys that yet remain—
 No, never more can this life bring me,
 One joy that equals youth's sweet pain.

Dim lies the way to death before me,
 Cold winds of Time blow round my brow;
 Sunshine of youth! that once fell o'er me,
 Where is your warmth, your glory now?
 'Tis not that then no pain could sting me;
 'Tis not that now no joys remain;
 Oh, 'tis that life no more can bring me
 One joy so sweet as that worst pain.

WHEN FIRST THAT SMILE.

(VENETIAN AIR.)

WHEN first that smile, like sunshine, bless'd my
 sight,
 Oh what a vision then came o'er me!
 Long years of love, of calm and pure delight,
 Seem'd in that smile to pass before me.
 Ne'er did the peasant dream of summer skies,
 Of golden fruit, and harvests springing,
 With fonder hope than I of those sweet eyes,
 And of the joy their light was bringing.

Where now are all those fondly promised hours?
 Ah! woman's faith is like her brightness—
 Fading as fast as rainbows, or day-flowers,
 Or aught that's known for grace and lightness.
 Short as the Persian's prayer, at close of day,
 Should be each vow of Love's repeating;
 Quick let him worship Beauty's precious ray—
 Even while he kneels, that ray is fleeting!

PEACE TO THE SLUMB'RERS!

(CATALONIAN AIR.)

PEACE to the slumb'ers!

They lie on the battle-plain,
 With no shroud to cover them;
 The dew and the summer rain
 Are all that weep over them.

Peace to the slumb'ers!

Vain was their brav'ry!—

The fallen oak lies where it lay
 Across the wintry river;
 But brave hearts, once swept away,
 Are gone, alas! forever.

Vain was their brav'ry!

Wo to the conq'ror!

Our limbs shall lie as cold as theirs
 Of whom his sword bereft us,
 Ere we forget the deep arrears
 Of vengeance they have left us!

Wo to the conq'ror!

WHEN THOU SHALT WANDER.

(SICILIAN AIR.)

WHEN thou shalt wander by that sweet light
 We used to gaze on so many an eve,
 When love was new and hope was bright,
 Ere I could doubt or thou deceive—

Oh, then, rememb'ring how swift went by
Those hours of transport, even *thou* mayst sigh.

Yes, proud one! even thy heart may own
That love like ours was far too sweet
To be, like summer garments, thrown
Aside, when pass'd the summer's heat;
And wish in vain to know again
Such days, such nights, as bless'd thee then.

WHO'LL BUY MY LOVE-KNOTS?

(PORTUGUESE AIR.)

HYMEN, late, his love-knots selling,
Call'd at many a maiden's dwelling,
None could doubt, who saw or knew them,
Hymen's call was welcome to them.

“Who'll buy my love-knots?”

“Who'll buy my love-knots?”

Soon as that sweet cry resounded,
How his baskets were surrounded!

Maids, who now first dream'd of trying
These gay knots of Hymen's tying;
Dames, who long had sat to watch him
Passing by, but ne'er could catch him;

“Who'll buy my love knots?”

“Who'll buy my love-knots?”

All at that sweet cry assembled ;
Some laugh'd, some blush'd, and some trembled.

“ Here are knots,” said Hymen, taking
Some loose flowers, “ of Love’s own making ;
“ Here are gold ones—you may trust ’em”
(These, of course, found ready custom,)

“ Come, buy my love-knots !

“ Come, buy my love-knots !

“ Some are labell’d ‘ Knots to tie men—

“ ‘ Love the maker—Bought of Hymen.’ ”

Scarce their bargains were completed,
When the nymphs all cried, “ We’re cheated !

“ See these flowers—they’re drooping sadly ;

“ This gold-knot, too, ties but badly—

“ Who’d buy such love-knots ?

“ Who’d buy such love-knots ?

“ Even this tie, with Love’s name round it—

“ All a sham—He never bound it.”

Love, who saw the whole proceeding,
Would have laugh’d, but for good-breeding ;
While Old Hymen, who was used to
Cries like that these dames gave loose to—

“ Take back our love-knots !

“ Take back our love-knots !”

Coolly said, “ There’s no returning

“ Wares on Hymen’s hands—Good morning !”

SEE, THE DAWN FROM HEAVEN.

(TO AN AIR SUNG AT ROME, ON CHRISTMAS EVE.)

SEE, the dawn from Heaven is breaking
O'er our sight,

And Earth, from sin awaking,
Hails the light!

See those groups of angels, winging
From the realms above,
On their brows, from Eden, bringing
Wreaths of Hope and Love.

Hark, their hymns of glory pealing
Through the air,

To mortal ears revealing
Who lies there!

In that dwelling, dark and lowly,
Sleeps the Heavenly Son,

He, whose home's above—the Holy,
Ever Holy One!

NETS AND CAGES.*

(SWEDISH AIR.)

COME, listen to my story, while
Your needle's task you ply;

* Suggested by the following remark of Swift:—"The reason why so few marriages are happy, is, because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages."

At what I sing some maids will smile,
 While some, perhaps, may sigh.
 Though Love's the theme, and Wisdom blames
 Such florid songs as ours,
 Yet Truth sometimes, like eastern dames,
 Can speak her thoughts by flowers.

Then listen, maids, come listen, while
 Your needle's task you ply ;
 At what I sing there's some may smile,
 While some, perhaps, will sigh.

Young Cloe, bent on catching Loves,
 Such nets had learn'd to frame,
 That none, in all our vales and groves,
 E'er caught so much small game :
 But gentle Sue, less giv'n to roam,
 While Cloe's nets were taking
 Such lots of Loves, sat still at home,
 One little Love-cage making.

Come, listen, maids, &c.

Much Cloe laugh'd at Susan's task ;
 But mark how things went on :
 These light-caught Loves, ere you could ask
 Their name and age, were gone !
 So weak poor Cloe's nets were wove,
 That, though she charm'd into them
 New game each hour, the youngest Love
 Was able to break through them.

Come, listen, maids, &c.

Meanwhile, young Sue, whose cage was wrought
 Of bars too strong to sever,
 One Love with golden pinions caught,
 And caged him there forever ;
 Instructing, thereby, all coquettes,
 Whate'er their looks or ages,
 That, though 'tis pleasant weaving Nets,
 'Tis wiser to make Cages.

Thus, maidens, thus do I beguile
 The task your fingers ply,—
 May all who hear like Susan smile,
 And not, like Cloe, sigh !

WHEN THROUGH THE PIAZETTA.

(VENETIAN AIR.)

WHEN through the Piazzetta
 Night breathes her cool air,
 Then, dearest Ninetta,
 I'll come to thee there.
 Beneath thy mask shrouded,
 I'll know thee afar,
 As Love knows, though clouded,
 His own Evening Star.

In garb, then, resembling
 Some gay gondolier,
 I'll whisper thee, trembling,
 "Our bark, love, is near :

“Now, now, while there hover
 “Those clouds o’er the moon,
 “’Twill waft thee safe over
 “Yon silent Lagoon.”

GO, NOW, AND DREAM.

(SICILIAN AIR.)

Go, now, and dream o’er that joy in thy slumber—

Moments so sweet again ne’er shalt thou number.
 Of Pain’s bitter draught the flavor ne’er flies,
 While Pleasure’s scarce touches the lip ere it dies.

Go, then, and dream, &c.

That moon, which hung o’er your parting, so
 splendid,

Often will shine again, bright as she then did—
 But, never more will the beam she saw burn
 In those happy eyes, at your meeting, return.

Go, then, and dream, &c.

TAKE HENCE THE BOWL.

(NEAPOLITAN AIR.)

TAKE hence the bowl ;—though beaming
 Brightly as bowl e’er shone,
 Oh, it but sets me dreaming
 Of happy days now gone.

There, in its clear reflection,
 As in a wizard's glass,
 Lost hopes and dead affection,
 Like shades, before me pass.

Each cup I drain brings hither
 Some scenes of bliss gone by;—
 Bright lips, too bright to wither,
 Warm hearts, too warm to die.
 Till, as the dream comes o'er me
 Of those long-vanish'd years,
 Alas, the wine before me
 Seems turning all to tears!

FAREWELL, THERESA!

(VENETIAN AIR.)

FAREWELL, Theresa! yon cloud that over
 Heaven's pale night-star gath'ring we see,
 Will scarce from that pure orb have pass'd, ere thy
 lover
 Swift o'er the wide wave shall wander from thee.

Long, like that dim cloud, I've hung around thee,
 Dark'ning thy prospects, sadd'ning thy brow;
 With gay heart, Theresa, and bright cheek I found
 thee;
 Oh, think how changed, love, how changed art
 thou now!

But here I free thee : like one awaking
 From fearful slumber, thou break'st the spell ;
 'Tis over—the moon, too, her bondage is break-
 ing—
 Past are the dark clouds ; Theresa, farewell !

HOW OFT, WHEN WATCHING STARS.

(SAVOYARD AIR.)

OFT, when the watching stars grow pale,
 And round me sleeps the moonlight scene,
 To hear a flute through yonder vale
 I from my casement lean.
 "Come, come, my love !" each note then seems to
 say,
 "Oh, come, my love ! the night wears fast away !"
 Never to mortal ear
 Could words, though warm they be,
 Speak Passion's language half so clear
 As do those notes to me !

Then quick my own light lute I seek,
 And strike the chords with loudest swell ;
 And, though they naught to others speak,
He knows their language well.
 "I come, my love !" each note then seems to say,
 "I come, my love !—thine, thine till break of
 day."

Oh, weak the power of words,
 The hues of painting dim,
 Compared to what those simple chords
 Then say and paint to him !

WHEN THE FIRST SUMMER BEE.

(GERMAN AIR.)

WHEN the first summer bee
 O'er the young rose shall hover,
 Then, like that gay rover,
 I'll come to thee.

He to flowers, I to lips, full of sweets to the
 brim—

What a meeting, what a meeting for me and for
 him !

When the first summer bee, &c.

Then, to every bright tree
 In the garden he'll wander ;
 While I, oh, much fonder,
 Will stay with thee.

In search of new sweetness through thousands he'll
 run,

While I find the sweetness of thousands in one.

Then, to every bright tree, &c.

THOUGH 'TIS ALL BUT A DREAM.

(FRENCH AIR.)

THOUGH 'tis all but a dream at the best,
 And still, when happiest, soonest o'er,
 Yet, even in a dream, to be bless'd
 Is so sweet, that I ask for no more.
 The bosom that opes
 With earliest hopes,
 The soonest finds those hopes untrue;
 As flowers that first
 In spring-time burst
 The earliest wither too!
 Ay—'tis all but a dream, &c.

Though by Friendship we oft are deceived
 And find Love's sunshine soon o'er-cast,
 Yet Friendship will still be believed,
 And Love trusted on to the last.
 The web 'mong the leaves
 The spider weaves
 Is like the charm Hope hangs o'er men;
 Though often she sees
 'Tis broke by the breeze,
 She spins the bright tissue again.
 Ay—'tis all but a dream, &c.

WHEN THE WINE-CUP IS SMILING.

(ITALIAN AIR.)

WHEN the wine-cup is smiling before us,
 And we pledge round to hearts that are true,
 boy, true,
 Then the sky of this life opens o'er us,
 And Heaven gives a glimpse of its blue.
 Talk of Adam in Eden reclining,
 We are better, far better off thus, boy, thus;
 For *him* but *two* bright eyes were shining—
 See, what numbers are sparkling for us.

When on *one* side the grape-juice is dancing,
 While on t'other a blue eye beams, boy, beams,
 'Tis enough, 'twixt the wine and the glancing,
 To disturb ev'n a saint from his dreams.

Yet, though life like a river is flowing,
 I care not how fast it goes on, boy, on.
 So the grape on its bank is still growing,
 And Love lights the waves as they run.

WHERE SHALL WE BURY OUR SHAME?

(NEAPOLITAN AIR.)

WHERE shall we bury our shame?
 Where, in what desolate place,
 Hide the last wreck of a name
 Broken and stain'd by disgrace?

Death may dis sever the chain,
 Oppression will cease when we're gone ;
 But the dishonor, the stain,
 Die as we may, will live on.

Was it for this we sent out
 Liberty's cry from our shore ?
 Was it for this that her shout
 Thrill'd to the world's very core ?
 Thus to live cowards and slaves !—
 Oh, ye free hearts that lie dead,
 Do you not, ev'n in your graves,
 Shudder, as o'er you we tread ?

NE'ER TALK OF WISDOM'S GLOOMY
 SCHOOLS.

(MAHRATTA AIR.)

NE'ER talk of Wisdom's gloomy schools ;
 Give me the sage who's able
 To draw his moral thoughts and rules
 From the study of the table ;—
 Who learns how lightly, fleetly pass
 This world and all that's in it,
 From the bumper that but crowns his glass,
 And is gone again next minute !

The diamond sleeps within the mine,
 The pearl beneath the water ;

While Truth, more precious, dwells in wine,
The grape's own rosy daughter.
And none can prize her charms like him,
Oh, none like him obtain her,
Who thus can, like Leander, swim
Through sparkling floods to gain her!

HERE SLEEPS THE BARD.

(HIGHLAND AIR.)

HERE sleeps the Bard who knew so well
All the sweet windings of Apollo's shell;
Whether its music roll'd like torrents near,
Or died, like distant streamlets, on the ear.
Sleep, sleep, mute bard; alike unheeded now
The storm and zephyr sweep thy lifeless brow;—
That storm, whose rush is like thy martial lay;
That breeze which, like thy love-song, dies away!

DO NOT SAY THAT LIFE IS WANING.

Do not say that life is waning,
Or that Hope's sweet day is set;
While I've thee and love remaining,
Life is in th' horizon yet.

Do not think those charms are flying,
Though thy roses fade and fall;

Beauty hath a grace undying,
Which in thee survives them all.

Not for charms, the newest, brightest,
That on other cheeks may shine,
Would I change the least, the slightest,
That is ling'ring now o'er thine.

THE GAZELLE.

Dost thou not hear the silver bell,
Through yonder lime-trees ringing?
'Tis my lady's light gazelle,
To me her love thoughts bringing,—
All the while that silver bell
Around his dark neck ringing.

See, in his mouth he bears a wreath,
My love hath kiss'd in tying;
Oh, what tender thoughts beneath
Those silent flowers are lying,—
Hid within the mystic wreath,
My love hath kiss'd in tying!

Welcome, dear gazelle, to thee,
And joy to her, the fairest,
Who thus hath breathed her soul to me,
In every leaf thou bearest;
Welcome, dear gazelle, to thee,
And joy to her, the fairest!

Hail ye living, speaking flowers,
That breathe of her who bound ye;
Oh, 'twas not in fields, or bowers,
'Twas on her lips she found ye;—
Yes, ye blushing, speaking flowers,
'Twas on her lips she found ye.

NO—LEAVE MY HEART TO REST.

No—leave my heart to rest, if rest it may,
When youth, and love, and hope, have pass'd
away.

Couldst thou, when summer hours are fled,
To some poor leaf that's fall'n and dead,
Bring back the hue it wore, the scent it shed?
No—leave this heart to rest, if rest it may,
When youth, and love, and hope, have pass'd
away.

Oh, had I met thee then, when life was bright,
Thy smile might still have fed its tranquil light;
But now thou com'st like sunny skies,
Too late to cheer the seaman's eyes,
When wreck'd and lost his bark before him lies!
No—leave this heart to rest, if rest it may,
Since youth, and love, and hope, have pass'd
away.

WHERE ARE THE VISIONS?

"WHERE are the visions that round me once hover'd,
 "Forms that shed grace from their shadows alone;
 "Looks fresh as light from a star just discover'd,
 "And voices that Music might take for her own?"

Time, while I spoke, with his wings resting o'er me,
 Heard me say, "Where are those visions, oh where?"

And pointing his wand to the sunset before me,
 Said, with a voice like the hollow wind, "There."

Fondly I look'd, when the wizard had spoken,
 And there, 'mid the dim shining ruins of day,
 Saw, by their light, like a talisman broken,
 The last golden fragments of hope melt away.

WIND. THY HORN, MY HUNTER BOY.

WIND thy horn, my hunter boy,
 And leave thy lute's inglorious sighs;
 Hunting is the hero's joy,
 Till war his nobler game supplies.

SLUMBER, OH SLUMBER.

“SLUMBER, oh slumber ; if sleeping thou mak’st
 “My heart beat so wildly, I’m lost if thou wak’st.”
 Thus sung I to a maiden,
 Who slept one summer’s day,
 And, like a flower o’erladen
 With too much sunshine, lay.
 Slumber, oh slumber, &c.

“Breathe not, oh breathe not, ye winds, o’er her
 cheeks ;
 “If mute thus she charm me, I’m lost when she
 speaks.”
 Thus sing I, while, awaking,
 She murmurs words that seem
 As if her lips were taking
 Farewell of some sweet dream.
 Breathe not, oh breathe not, &c.

BRING THE BRIGHT GARLANDS HITHER.

BRING the bright garlands hither,
 Ere yet a leaf is dying ;
 If so soon they must wither,
 Ours be their last sweet sighing.
 Hark, that low dismal chime ?
 ’Tis the dreary voice of Time.

Oh, bring beauty, bring roses,
Bring all that yet is ours;
Let life's day, as it closes,
Shine to the last through flowers.

Haste, ere the bowl's declining,
Drink of it now or never;
Now, while Beauty is shining,
Love, or she's lost forever.
Hark! again that dull chime,
'Tis the dreary voice of Time.
Oh, if life be a torrent,
Down to oblivion going,
Like this cup be its current,
Bright to the last drop flowing!

IF IN LOVING, SINGING.

If in loving, singing, night and day
We could trifle merrily life away,
Like atoms dancing in the beam,
Like day-flies skimming o'er the stream,
Or summer blossoms, born to sigh
Their sweetness out, and die—
How brilliant, thoughtless, side by side,
Thou and I could make our minutes glide!
No atoms ever glanced so bright,
No day-flies ever danced so light,
Nor summer blossoms mix'd their sigh,
So close, as thou and I!

THOU LOV'ST NO MORE.

Too plain, alas, my doom is spoken,
 Nor canst thou veil the sad truth o'er ;
 Thy heart is changed, thy vow is broken,
 Thou lov'st no more—thou lov'st no more.

Though kindly still those eyes behold me,
 The smile is gone, which once they wore ;
 Though fondly still those arms enfold me,
 'Tis not the same—thou lov'st no more.

Too long my dream of bliss believing,
 I've thought thee all thou wert before ;
 But now—alas ! there's no deceiving,
 'Tis all too plain, thou lov'st no more.

Oh, thou as soon the dead couldst waken,
 As lost affection's life restore,
 Give peace to her that is forsaken,
 Or bring back him who loves no more.

WHEN ABROAD IN THE WORLD.

WHEN abroad in the world thou appearest,
 And the young and the lovely are there,
 To my heart while of all thou'rt the dearest,
 To my eyes thou'rt of all the most fair.

They pass, one by one,
 Like waves of the sea,

That say to the Sun,
"See, how fair we can be."

But where's the light like thine,
In sun or shade to shine?

No—no, 'mong them all, there is nothing like thee,
Nothing like thee.

Oft, of old, without farewell or warning,
Beauty's self used to steal from the skies;
Fling a mist round her head, some fine morning,
And post down to earth in disguise;
But, no matter what shroud
Around her might be,
Men peep'd through the cloud,
And whisper'd "'Tis She."

So thou, where thousands are,
Shin'st forth the only star—

Yes, yes, 'mong them all, there is nothing like thee,
Nothing like thee.

KEEP THOSE EYES STILL PURELY MINE.

KEEP those eyes still purely mine,
Though far off I be:
When on others most they shine,
Then think they're turn'd on me,
Should those lips as now respond
To sweet minstrelsy,

When their accents seem most fond,
Then think they're breathed for me.

Make what hearts thou wilt thy own,
If when all on thee
Fix their charmed thoughts alone,
Thou think'st the while on me.

HOPE COMES AGAIN.

HOPE comes again, to this heart long a stranger,
Once more she sings her flattering strain ;
But hush, gentle syren—for, ah, there's less danger
In still suff'ring on, than in hoping again.

Long, long, in sorrow, too deep for repining,
Gloomy, but tranquil, this bosom hath lain ;
And joy coming now, like a sudden light shining
O'er eyelids long darken'd, would bring me but
pain.

Fly then, ye visions, that Hope would shed o'er
me ;
Lost to the future, my sole chance of rest
Now lies not in dreaming of bliss that's before
me,
But, ah—in forgetting how once I was blest.

O SAY, THOU BEST AND BRIGHTEST.

O SAY, thou best and brightest,
My first love and my last,
When he, whom now thou slightest,
From life's dark scene hath pass'd,
Will kinder thoughts then move thee?
Will pity wake one thrill
For him who lived to love thee,
And dying, loved thee still?

If when, that hour recalling
From which he dates his woes,
Thou feel'st a tear-drop falling,
Ah, blush not while it flows :
But, all the past forgiving,
Bend gently o'er his shrine,
And say, "This heart, when living
"With all its faults, was mine."

WHEN NIGHT BRINGS THE HOUR.

WHEN night brings the hour
Of starlight and joy,
There comes to my bower
A fairy-wing'd boy ;
With eyes so bright,

So full of wild arts,
Like nets of light,
To tangle young hearts ;
With lips, in whose keeping
Love's secret may dwell,
Like Zephyr asleep in
Some rosy sea-shell.
Guess who he is,
Name but his name,
And his best kiss,
For reward, you may claim.

Where'er o'er the ground
He prints his light feet,
The flow'rs there are found
Most shining and sweet :
His looks, as soft
As lightning in May,
Though dangerous oft,
Ne'er wound but in play :
And oh, when his wings
Have brush'd o'er my lyre,
You'd fancy its strings
Were turning to fire.
Guess who he is,
Name but his name,
And his best kiss,
For reward, you may claim.

LIKE ONE WHO, DOOM'D.

LIKE one who, doom'd o'er distant seas
His weary path to measure,
When home at length, with fav'ring breeze,
He brings the far-sought treasure;

His ship, in sight of shore, goes down,
That shore to which he hasted;
And all the wealth he thought his own
Is o'er the waters wasted.

Like him, this heart, thro' many a track
Of toil and sorrow straying,
One hope alone brought fondly back,
Its toil and grief repaying.

Like him, alas, I see that ray
Of hope before me perish,
And one dark minute sweep away
What years were given to cherish.

FEAR NOT THAT, WHILE AROUND THEE.

FEAR not that, while around thee
Life's varied blessings pour,
One sigh of her's shall wound thee,
Whose smile thou seek'st no more.

No, dead and cold forever
Let our past love remain ;
Once gone, its spirit never
Shall haunt thy rest again.

May the new ties that bind thee
Far sweeter, happier prove,
Nor e'er of me remind thee,
But by their truth and love.
Think how, asleep or waking,
Thy image haunts me yet ;
But, how this heart is breaking
For thy own peace forget.

WHEN LOVE IS KIND.

WHEN Love is kind,
Cheerful and free,
Love's sure to find
Welcome from me.

But when Love brings
Heartache or pang,
Tears, and such things—
Love may go hang !

If Love can sigh
For one alone,
Well pleased am I
To be that one.

But should I see
Love giv'n to rove
To two or three,
Then—good-by, Love!

Love must, in short,
Keep fond and true,
Through good report,
And evil too.

Else, here I swear,
Young Love may go,
For aught I care—
To Jericho.

THE GARLAND I SEND THEE.

THE Garland I send thee was cull'd from those
bowers

Where thou and I wander'd in long vanish'd
hours;

Not a leaf or a blossom its bloom here displays,
But bears some remembrance of those happy days.

The roses were gather'd by that garden gate,
Where our meetings, though early, seem'd always
too late;

Where ling'ring full oft through a summer-night's
moon,

Our partings, though late, appear'd always too soon.

The rest were all cull'd from the banks of that
 glade,
 Where, watching the sunset, so often we've stray'd,
 And mourn'd, as the time went, that Love had no
 power
 To bind in his chain even one happy hour.

HOW SHALL I WOO?

If I speak to thee in Friendship's name,
 Thou think'st I speak too coldly ;
 If I mention Love's devoted flame,
 Thou say'st I speak too boldly.
 Between these two unequal fires,
 Why doom me thus to hover?
 I'm a friend, if such thy heart requires,
 If more thou seek'st, a lover.
 Which shall it be? How shall I woo?
 Fair one, choose between the two.
 Tho' the wings of Love will brightly play,
 When first he comes to woo thee,
 There's a chance that he may fly away
 As fast as he flies *to* thee.
 While Friendship, though on foot she come,
 No flights of fancy trying,
 Will, therefore, oft be found at home,
 When Love abroad is flying.
 Which shall it be? How shall I woo?
 Dear one, choose between the two.

If neither feeling suits thy heart,
Let's see, to please thee, whether
We may not learn some precious art
To mix their charms together ;
One feeling, still more sweet, to form
From two so sweet already—
A friendship that, like love, is warm,
A love, like friendship, steady.
Thus let it be, thus let me woo,
Dearest, thus we'll join the two.

SPRING AND AUTUMN.

Ev'ry season hath its pleasures ;
Spring may boast her flow'ry prime,
Yet the vineyard's ruby treasures
Brighten Autumn's sob'rer time.
So Life's year begins and closes ;
Days, though short'ning, still can shine ;
What though youth gave love and roses,
Age still leaves us friends and wine.

Phyllis, when she might have caught me,
All the Spring look'd coy and shy,
Yet herself in Autumn sought me,
When the flowers were all gone by.
Ah, too late ;—she found her lover
Calm and free beneath his vine,

Drinking to the Spring-time over
 In his best autumnal wine.

Thus may we, as years are flying,
 To their flight our pleasures suit,
 Nor regret the blossoms dying,
 While we still may taste the fruit.
 Oh, while days like this are ours,
 Where's the lip that dares repine?
 Spring may take our loves and flow'rs,
 So Autumn leaves us friends and wine.

LOVE ALONE.

IF thou wouldst have thy charms enchant our eyes,
 First win our hearts, for there thy empire lies :
 Beauty in vain would mount a heartless throne,
 Her Right Divine is given by Love alone.

What would the rose with all her pride be worth,
 Were there no sun to call her brightness forth?
 Maidens, unloved, like flowers in darkness thrown,
 Wait but that light, which comes from Love alone.

Fair as thy charms in yonder glass appear,
 Trust not their bloom—they'll fade from year to
 year :
 Wouldst thou they still should shine as first they
 shone,
 Go, fix thy mirror in Love's eyes alone.

A MELOLOGUE UPON NATIONAL MUSIC.*

A SHORT STRAIN OF MUSIC FROM THE ORCHESTRA.

THERE breathes a language, known and felt
 Far as the pure air spreads its living zone;
 Wherever rage can rouse, or pity melt,
 That language of the soul is felt and known.
 From those meridian plains,
 Where oft, of old, on some high tow'r,
 The soft Peruvian pour'd his midnight strains,
 And call'd his distant love with such sweet pow'r,
 That, when she heard the lonely lay,
 Not worlds could keep her from his arms away—†

* These verses were written in haste for a benefit at the Dublin Theatre. The author invented the title as "an attraction to the multitude," to whom he says, in explanation: "If 'tis not sense, at least 'tis Greek." To some of my readers, however, it may not be superfluous to say, that by 'Melologue,' I mean that mixture of recitation and music, which is frequently adopted in the performance of Collins's Ode on the Passions, and of which the most striking example I can remember is the prophetic speech of Joad, in the *Athalie* of Racine."

† "A certain Spaniard, one night late, met an Indian woman in the streets of Cozco, and would have taken her to his home, but she cried out 'For God's sake, Sir, let me go: for that pipe, which you hear in yonder tower, calls me with great passion, and I cannot refuse the summons: for love constrains me to go, that I may be his wife, and he my husband.'"—*Garcilasso de la Vega*, in Sir Paul Rycaut's translation.

To the bleak climes of polar night,
 Where blithe, beneath a sunless sky,
 The Lapland lover bids his reindeer fly,
 And sings along the length'ning waste of snow,
 Gayly as if the blessed light
 Of vernal Phœbus burn'd upon his brow ;
 Oh Music ! thy celestial claim
 Is still resistless, still the same ;
 And, faithful as the mighty sea
 To the pale star that o'er its realm presides,
 The spell-bound tides
 Of human passion rise and fall for thee !

GREEK AIR.

List ! 'tis a Grecian maid that sings,
 While, from Ilissus' silv'ry springs,
 She draws the cool lymph in her graceful urn ;
 And by her side, in Music's charm dissolving,
 Some patriot youth, the glorious past revolving,
 Dreams of bright days that never can return ;
 When Athens nursed her olive bough,
 With hands by tyrant pow'r unchain'd ;
 And braided for the muse's brow
 A wreath by tyrant touch unstain'd.
 When heroes trod each classic field
 Where coward feet now faintly falter ;
 When ev'ry arm was Freedom's shield,
 And ev'ry heart was Freedom's altar !

FLOURISH OF TRUMPETS.

Hark, 'tis the sound that charms
The war-steed's wak'ning ears!—
Oh! many a mother folds her arms
Round her boy-soldier when that call she hears;
And, though her fond heart sink with fears,
Is proud to feel his young pulse bound
With valor's fever at the sound.
See, from his native hills afar
The rude Helvetian flies to war;
Careless for what, for whom he fights,
For slave or despot, wrongs or rights;
A conqueror oft—a hero never—
Yet lavish of his life-blood still,
As if 'twere like his mountain rill,
And gush'd forever!

Yes, Music, here, even here,
Amid this thoughtless, vague career,
Thy soul-felt charm asserts its wondrous pow'r.—
There's a wild air which oft, among the rocks
Of his own loved land, at evening hour,
Is heard, when shepherds homeward pipe their
flocks,
Whose every note hath power to thrill his mind
With tend'rest thoughts; to bring around his
knees
The rosy children whom he left behind,

And fill each little angel eye
 With speaking tears, that ask him why
 He wander'd from his hut for scenes like these.
 Vain, vain is then the trumpet's brazen roar ;
 Sweet notes of home, of love, are all he hears ;
 And the stern eyes, that look'd for blood before,
 Now melting, mournful, lose themselves in tears.

SWISS AIR.—“RANZ DES VACHES.”

But, wake the trumpet's blast again,
 And rouse the ranks of warrior-men !
 Oh War, when Truth thy arm employs,
 And Freedom's spirit guides the laboring storm,
 'Tis then thy vengeance takes a hallow'd form,
 And, like Heaven's lightning, sacredly destroys.
 Nor, Music, through thy breathing sphere,
 Lives there a sound more grateful to the ear
 Of Him who made all harmony,
 Than the bless'd sound of fetters breaking,
 And the first hymn that man, awaking
 From Slavery's slumber, breathes to Liberty

SPANISH CHORUS.

Hark ! from Spain, indignant Spain,
 Bursts the bold, enthusiast strain,
 Like morning's music on the air ,
 And seems, in every note, to swear

By Saragossa's ruin'd streets,
By brave Gerona's deathful story,
That, while *one* Spaniard's life-blood beats,
That blood shall stain the conq'ror's glory.

SPANISH AIR.—“YA DESPERTO.”

But ah! if vain the patriot's zeal,
If neither valor's force nor wisdom's light
Can break or melt that blood-cemented seal,
Which shuts so close the book of Europe's right—
What song shall then in sadness tell
Of broken pride, of prospects shaded,
Of buried hopes, remember'd well,
Of ardor quench'd, and honor faded?
What muse shall mourn the deathless brave,
In sweetest dirge at Memory's shrine?
What harp shall sigh o'er Freedom's grave?
Oh Erin, Thine!

SACRED SONGS.

TO

EDWARD TUTE DALTON, Esq.,

THIS FIRST NUMBER OF SACRED SONGS IS INSCRIBED

BY HIS

SINCERE AND AFFECTIONATE FRIEND,

THOMAS MOORE.

Mayfield Cottage, Ashbourne, May, 1816.

SACRED SONGS.



THOU ART, OH GOD.

(AIR.—UNKNOWN.*)

“The day is thine, the night also is thine : thou hast prepared the light and the sun.

“Thou hast set all the borders of the earth : thou hast made summer and winter.”—*Psalm lxxiv.* 16, 17.

THOU art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see ;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine !

When Day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the op'ning clouds of Even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into Heaven—
Those hues that make the Sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, LORD ! are Thine.

* I have heard that this air is by the late Mrs. Sheridan. It is sung to the beautiful old words, “I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair.”

When Night, with wings of starry gloom,
 O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
 Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
 Is sparkling with unnumber'd eyes—
 That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
 So grand, so countless, LORD! are Thine.

When youthful Spring around us breathes,
 Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
 And every flower the Summer wreaths
 Is born beneath that kindling eye.
 Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are Thine!

THE BIRD, LET LOOSE.

(AIR.—BEETHOVEN.)

THE bird, let loose in eastern skies,*
 When hast'ning fondly home,
 Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
 Where idle warblers roam.
 But high she shoots through air and light,
 Above all low delay,
 Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
 Nor shadow dims her way.

* The carrier-pigeon, it is well known, flies at an elevated pitch, in order to surmount every obstacle between her and the place to which she is destined.

So grant me, God, from every care
 And stain of passion free,
 Aloft, through Virtue's purer air,
 To hold my course to Thee !
 No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
 My Soul, as home she springs ;—
 Thy Sunshine on her joyful way,
 Thy Freedom in her wings !

FALLEN IS THY THRONE.

(AIR.—MARTINI.)

FALL'N is thy Throne, oh Israel !
 Silence is o'er thy plains ;
 Thy dwellings all lie desolate,
 Thy children weep in chains.
 Where are the dews that fed thee
 On Etham's barren shore ?
 That fire from Heaven which led thee,
 Now lights thy path no more.

LORD ! thou didst love Jerusalem—
 Once she was all thy own ;
 Her love thy fairest heritage,*
 Her power thy glory's throne.†

* "I have left mine heritage ; I have given the dearly beloved of my soul into the hands of her enemies."—*Jeremiah*, xii. 7.

† "Do not disgrace the throne of thy glory."—*Ib.* xiv. 21.

Till evil came, and blighted
 Thy long-loved olive tree;—*
 And Salem's shrines were lighted
 For other gods than Thee.

Then sunk the star of Solyma—
 Then pass'd her glory's day,
 Like heath that, in the wilderness, †
 The wild wind whirls away.
 Silent and waste her bowers,
 Where once the mighty trod,
 And sunk those guilty towers,
 While Baal reign'd as God.

“Go”—said the LORD—“Ye Conquerors,
 “Steep in her blood your swords,
 “And raze to earth her battlements, ‡
 “For they are not the LORD's.
 “Till Zion's mournful daughter
 “O'er kindred bones shall tread,
 “And Hinnom's vale of slaughter §
 “Shall hide but half her dead!”

* “The Lord called thy name a green olive-tree; fair, and of goodly fruit,” &c.—*Jeremiah*, xi. 16.

† “For he shall be like the heath in the desert.”—*Ib.* xvii. 6.

‡ “Take away her battlements; for they are not the Lord's.”—*Ib.* v. 10.

§ “Therefore, behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that it shall no more be called Tophet, nor the Valley of the Son of Hinnom, but the Valley of Slaughter; for they shall bury in Tophet till there be no place.”—*Ib.* vii. 32.

WHO IS THE MAID?

ST. JEROME'S LOVE.*

(AIR.—BEETHOVEN.)

Who is the Maid my spirit seeks,
 Through cold reproof and slander's blight?
 Has *she* Love's roses on her cheeks?
 Is *hers* an eye of this world's light?
 No—wan and sunk with midnight prayer
 Are the pale looks of her I love;
 Or if, at times, a light be there,
 Its beam is kindled from above.

I chose not her, my heart's elect,
 From those who seek their Maker's shrine
 In gems and garlands proudly deck'd,
 As if themselves were things divine.
 No—Heaven but faintly warms the breast
 That beats beneath a broider'd veil;
 And she who comes in glitt'ring vest
 To mourn her frailty, still is frail.†

* These lines were suggested by a passage in one of St. Jerome's Letters, replying to some calumnious remarks that had been circulated respecting his intimacy with the matron Paula:—"Numquid me vestes sericæ, nitentes gemmæ, picta facies, aut auri rapuit ambitio? Nulla fuit alia Romæ matronarum, quæ meam possit edomare mentem, nisi lugens atque jejunans, fletu pene cæcata."—*Epist.* "Si tibi putem."

† Ου γαρ κρουσφορειν την δακρυουσαν δει.—*Chrysost.* *Homil.* 8, *in Epist. ad Tim.*

Not so the faded form I prize
 And love, because its bloom is gone ;
 The glory in those sainted eyes
 Is all the grace *her* brow puts on.
 And ne'er was Beauty's dawn so bright,
 So touching as that form's decay,
 Which, like the altar's trembling light,
 In holy lustre wastes away.

THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEETING SHOW.

(AIR.—STEVENSON.)

THIS world is all a fleeting show,
 For man's illusion given ;
 The smiles of Joy, the tears of Wo,
 Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
 There's nothing true, but Heaven !

And false the light on Glory's plume,
 As fading hues of Even ;
 And Love and Hope, and Beauty's bloom,
 Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb—
 There's nothing bright, but Heaven !

Poor wand'ers of a stormy day !
 From wave to wave we're driven,
 And Fancy's flash, and Reason's ray,
 Serve but to light the troubled way—
 There's nothing calm, but Heaven !

OH, THOU! WHO DRY'ST THE MOURNER'S
TEAR.

(AIR.—HAYDN.)

“He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds.”—*Psalm cxlvii.* 3.

OH, Thou! who dry'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee!
The friends, who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.
But thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of wo.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimm'd and vanish'd too,
Oh, who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy Wing of Love
Come, brightly wafting through the gloom
Our Peace-branch from above?

Then sorrow, touch'd by Thee, grows bright
 With more than rapture's ray ;
 As darkness shows us worlds of light
 We never saw by day !

WEEP NOT FOR THOSE.

(AIR.—AVISON.)

WEEP not for those whom the veil of the tomb,
 In life's happy morning, hath hid from our
 eyes,
 Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirits young
 bloom,
 Or earth had profaned what was born for the
 skies.
 Death chill'd the fair fountain, ere sorrow had
 stain'd it ;
 'Twas frozen in all the pure light of its course,
 And but sleeps till the sunshine of Heaven has
 unchain'd it,
 To water that Eden where first was its source.
 Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb,
 In life's happy morning, hath hid from our
 eyes,
 Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young
 bloom,
 Or earth had profaned what was born for the
 skies.

Mourn not for her, the young Bride of the Vale,*
Our gayest and loveliest, lost to us now,
Ere life's early lustre had time to grow pale,
And the garland of Love was yet fresh on her
brow.

Oh, then was her moment, dear spirit, for flying
From this gloomy world, while its gloom was
unknown—

And the wild hymns she warbled so sweetly, in
dying,

Were echoed in Heaven by lips like her own.
Weep not for her—in her spring-time she flew
To that land where the wings of the soul are
unfurl'd;

And now, like a star beyond evening's cold dew,
Looks radiantly down on the tears of this world.

* This second verse, which I wrote long after the first, alludes to the fate of a very lovely and amiable girl, the daughter of the late Colonel Bainbridge, who was married in Ashbourne church, October 31, 1815, and died of a fever in a few weeks after: the sound of her marriage-bells seemed scarcely out of our ears when we heard of her death. During her last delirium she sung several hymns, in a voice even clearer and sweeter than usual, and among them were some from the present collection, (particularly, "There's Nothing Bright but Heaven,") which this very interesting girl had often heard me sing during the summer.

THE TURF SHALL BE MY FRAGRANT
SHRINE.

(AIR.—STEVENSON.)

THE turf shall be my fragrant shrine ;
My temple, LORD ! that Arch of thine ;
My censer's breath the mountain airs,
And silent thoughts my only prayers.*

My choir shall be the moonlight waves,
When murm'ring homeward to their caves,
Or when the stillness of the sea,
E'en more than music, breathes of Thee !

I'll seek, by day, some glade unknown,
All light and silence, like thy Throne ;
And the pale stars shall be, at night,
The only eyes that watch my rite.

Thy Heaven, on which 'tis bliss to look,
Shall be my pure and shining book,
Where I shall read, in words of flame,
The glories of thy wondrous name.

I'll read thy anger in the rack
That clouds awhile the day-beam's track ;
Thy mercy in the azure hue
Of sunny brightness, breaking through.

There's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow ;

* Pii orant tacitè.

But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of thy Deity.

There's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace thy Love,
And meekly wait that moment, when
Thy touch shall turn all bright again!

SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL.

MIRIAM'S SONG.

(AIR.—AVISON.*)

“And Miriam, the Prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances.”—*Exodus*, xv. 20.

SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
JEHOVAH has triumph'd—his people are free.
Sing—for the pride of the Tyrant is broken,
His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and
brave—
How vain was their boast, for the LORD hath but
spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the
wave.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea;
JEHOVAH has triumph'd—his people are free.

* I have so much altered the character of this air, which is from the beginning of one of Avison's old-fashioned concertos, that, without this acknowledgment, it could hardly, I think, be recognized.

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the LORD!
 His word was our arrow, his breath was our
 sword—

Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
 Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
 For the LORD hath look'd out from his pillar of
 glory,*

And all her brave thousands are dash'd in the
 tide.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea;
 JEHOVAH has triumph'd—his people are free!

GO, LET ME WEEP.

(AIR.—STEVENSON.)

Go, let me weep—there's bliss in tears,
 When he who sheds them inly feels
 Some ling'ring stain of early years
 Effaced by every drop that steals.

The fruitless showers of worldly wo
 Fall dark to earth and never rise;

While tears that from repentance flow,
 In bright exhalation reach the skies.

Go, let me weep.

* “And it came to pass, that, in the morning watch the Lord looked unto the host of the Egyptians, through the pillar of fire and of the cloud, and troubled the host of the Egyptians.”—*Exodus*, xiv. 24.

Leave me to sigh o'er hours that flew
 More idly than the summer's wind,
 And, while they pass'd, a fragrance threw,
 But left no trace of sweets behind.—
 The warmest sigh that pleasure heaves
 Is cold, is faint to those that swell
 The heart, where pure repentance grieves
 O'er hours of pleasure, loved too well.
 Leave me to sigh.

COME NOT, OH LORD.

(AIR.—HAYDN.)

COME not, oh LORD, in the dread robe of splendor
 Thou wor'st on the Mount, in the day of thine
 ire;
 Come veil'd in those shadows, deep, awful, but
 tender,
 Which Mercy flings over thy features of fire!

LORD, thou rememb'rest the night, when thy Na-
 tion*

Stood fronting her foe by the red-rolling stream;
 O'er Egypt thy pillar shed dark desolation,
 While Israel bask'd all the night in its beam.

* "And it came between the camp of the Egyptians and the camp of Israel; and it was a cloud and darkness to them, but it gave light by night to these."—*Exodus*, xiv. 20.

So, when the dread clouds of anger enfold Thee,
 From us, in the mercy, the dark side remove;
 While shrouded in terrors the guilty behold Thee,
 Oh, turn upon us the mild light of thy Love!

WERE NOT THE SINFUL MARY'S TEARS?

(AIR.—STEVENSON.)

WERE not the sinful Mary's tears
 An offering worthy Heaven,
 When, o'er the faults of former years,
 She wept—and was forgiven?

When, bringing every balmy sweet
 Her day of luxury stored,
 She o'er her Saviour's hallow'd feet
 The precious odors pour'd;—

And wiped them with that golden hair,
 Where once the diamond shone;
 Though now those gems of grief were there
 Which shine for God alone!

Were not those sweets, so humbly shed—
 That hair—those weeping eyes—
 And the sunk heart, that inly bled—
 Heaven's noblest sacrifice?

Thou, that hast slept in error's sleep,
 Oh, wouldst thou wake in Heaven,
 Like Mary kneel, like Mary weep,
 "Love much" * and be forgiven!

AS DOWN IN THE SUNLESS RETREATS.

(AIR.—HAYDN.)

As down in the sunless retreats of the Ocean,
 Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can see,
 So, deep in my soul the still prayer of devotion,
 Unheard by the world, rises silent to Thee,
 My God! silent, to Thee,
 Pure, warm, silent, to Thee.

As still to the star of its worship, though clouded,
 The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea,
 So, dark as I roam, in this wintry world shrouded,
 The hope of my spirit turns trembling to Thee,
 My God! trembling to Thee—
 True, fond, trembling, to Thee.

BUT WHO SHALL SEE.

(AIR.—STEVENSON.)

BUT who shall see the glorious day
 When, throned on Zion's brow,

* "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven: for she loved much."—*Luke*, vii. 47.

The LORD shall rend that veil away
 Which hides the nations now? *
 When earth no more beneath the fear
 Of his rebuke shall lie; †
 When pain shall cease, and every tear,
 Be wiped from ev'ry eye. ‡

Then, Judah, thou no more shalt mourn
 Beneath the heathen's chain;
 Thy days of splendor shall return,
 And all be new again. §
 The Fount of Life shall then be quaff'd
 In peace, by all who come;
 And every wind that blows shall waft
 Some long-lost exile home.

* "And he will destroy, in this mountain, the face of the covering cast over all people, and the veil that is spread over all nations."—*Isaiah*, xxv. 7

† "The rebuke of his people shall he take away from off all the earth."—*Ib.* xxv. 8.

‡ "And GOD shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; . . . neither shall there be any more pain."—*Revelation*, xxi. 4.

§ "And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new."—*Ib.* xxi. 5.

|| "And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."—*Ib.* xxii. 17.

ALMIGHTY GOD!

CHORUS OF PRIESTS

(AIR.—MÖZART.)

ALMIGHTY GOD! when round thy shrine
 The Palm-tree's heavenly branch we twine,*
 (Emblem of Life's eternal ray,
 And Love that "fadeth not away,")
 We bless the flowers, expanded all, †
 We bless the leaves that never fall,
 And trembling say,—“In Eden thus
 “The Tree of Life may flower for us!”

When round thy Cherubs—smiling calm,
 Without their flames ‡—we wreath the Palm,

“The Scriptures having declared that the Temple of Jerusalem was a type of the Messiah, it is natural to conclude that the *Palms*, which made so conspicuous a figure in that structure, represented that *Life and Immortality* which were brought to light by the Gospel.”—*Observations on the Palm, as a Sacred Emblem*, by W. Tighe.

† “And he carved all the walls of the house round about with carved figures of cherubims, and palm-trees, and *open flowers*.”—1 *Kings*, vi. 29.

‡ “When the passover of the tabernacles was revealed to the great lawgiver in the mount, then the cherubic images which appeared in that structure were no longer surrounded by flames: for the tabernacle was a type of the dispensation of mercy, by which JEHOVAH confirmed his gracious covenant to redeem mankind.”—*Observations on the Palm*.

Oh God! we feel the emblem true—
 Thy Mercy is eternal too.
 Those Cherubs, with their smiling eyes,
 That crown of Palm which never dies,
 Are but the types of Thee above—
 Eternal Life, and Peace, and Love!

OH FAIR! OH PUREST!

SAINT AUGUSTINE TO HIS SISTER.*

(AIR.—MOORE.)

Oh fair! oh purest! be thou the dove
 That flies alone to some sunny grove,
 And lives unseen, and bathes her wing,
 All vestal white, in the limpid spring.
 There, if the hov'ring hawk be near,
 That limpid spring, in the mirror clear,

* In St. Augustine's Treatise upon the advantages of a solitary life, addressed to his sister, there is the following fanciful passage, from which, the reader will perceive, the thought of this song was taken:—"Te soror, nunquam nolo esse securam, sed timere semperque tuam fragilitatem habere suspectam, ad instar pavidæ columbæ frequentare rivos aquarum et quasi in speculo accipitris cernere supervolantis effigiem et cavere. Rivi aquarum sententiæ sunt scripturarum, quæ de limpidissimo sapientiæ fonte profluentes," &c., &c.—*De Vit. Eremit. ad Sororem.*

Reflects him, ere he reach his prey,
And warns the timorous bird away.

Be thou this dove;
Fairest, purest, be thou this dove.

The sacred pages of God's own book
Shall be the spring, the eternal brook
In whose holy mirror, night and day,
Thou'lt study Heaven's reflected ray;—
And should the foes of virtue dare,
With gloomy wing, to seek thee there,
Thou wilt see how dark their shadows lie
Between Heaven and thee, and trembling fly!

Be thou that dove;
Fairest, purest, be thou that dove.

ANGEL OF CHARITY.

(AIR.—HANDEL.)

ANGEL of Charity, who, from above,
Comest to dwell a pilgrim here,
Thy voice is music, thy smile is love,
And Pity's soul is in thy tear.
When on the shrine of God were laid
First-fruits of all most good and fair.
That ever bloom'd in Eden's shade,
Thine was the holiest offering there.

Hope and her sister, Faith, were given
 But as our guides to yonder sky ;
 Soon as they reach the verge of Heaven,
 There, lost in perfect bliss, they die.*
 But, long as Love, Almighty Love,
 Shall on his throne of thrones abide,
 Thou, Charity, shalt dwell above,
 Smiling forever by His side !

BEHOLD THE SUN.

(AIR.—LORD MORNINGTON.)

BEHOLD the Sun, how^o bright
 From yonder East he springs,
 As if the soul of life and light
 Were breathing from his wings.

So bright the Gospel broke
 Upon the souls of men ;
 So fresh the dreaming world awoke
 In Truth's full radiance then.

Before yon Sun arose,
 Stars cluster'd through the sky—
 But, oh, how dim ! how pale were those,
 To His one burning eye !

* "Then Faith shall fail, and holy Hope shall die,
 One lost in certainty, and one in joy."—*Prior*.

So Truth lent many a ray,
 To bless the Pagan's night—
 But, LORD, how weak, how cold were they
 To Thy One glorious Light!

LORD, WHO SHALL BEAR THAT DAY.

(AIR.—DR. BOYCE.)

LORD, who shall bear that day, so dread, so splendid,

When we shall see thy Angel, hov'ring o'er
 This sinful world, with hand to Heav'n extended,
 And hear him swear by Thee that Time's no
 more?*

When Earth shall feel thy fast consuming ray—
 Who, Mighty GOD, oh who shall bear that day?

When through the world thy awful call hath
 sounded—

“Wake, all ye Dead, to judgment wake, ye
 Dead!” †

And from the clouds, by seraph eyes surrounded,
 The Saviour shall put forth his radiant head; ‡

* “And the angel which I saw stand upon the sea and upon the earth, lifted up his hand to heaven, and sware by Him that liveth forever and ever. . . . that there should be time no longer.”—*Revelation*, x. 5, 6.

† “Awake, ye Dead, and come to judgment.”

‡ “They shall see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven—and all the angels with him.”—*Matthew*, xxiv. 30, and xxv. 31.

While Earth and Heav'n before Him pass away—*
Who, Mighty God, oh who shall bear that day?

When, with a glance, th' Eternal Judge shall sever
Earth's evil spirits from the pure and bright,
And say to *those*, "Depart from me forever!"

To *these*, "Come, dwell with me in endless
light!" †

When each and all in silence take their way—
Who, Mighty God, oh who shall bear that day?

OH, TEACH ME TO LOVE THEE.

(AIR.—HAYDN.)

OH, teach me to love Thee, to feel what Thou art,
Till, fill'd with the one sacred image, my heart
Shall all other passions disown;
Like some pure temple, that shines apart,
Reserved for Thy worship alone.

* "From whose face the earth and the heaven fled away."—*Revelation*, xx. 11.

† "And before Him shall be gathered all nations, and He shall separate them one from another. . . .

"Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you, &c.

"Then shall He say also unto them on his left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, &c.

"And these shall go away into everlasting punishment; but the righteous into life eternal."—*Matthew*, xxv. 32, *et seq.*

In joy and in sorrow, through praise and through
 blame,
 Thus still let me, living and dying the same,
 In *Thy* service bloom and decay—
 Like some lone altar, whose votive flame
 In holiness wasteth away.

Though born in this desert, and doom'd by my
 birth
 To pain and affliction, to darkness and dearth,
 On Thee let my spirit rely—
 Like some rude dial, that, fix'd on earth,
 Still looks for its light from the sky.

WEEP, CHILDREN OF ISRAEL.

(AIR.—STEVENSON.)

WEEP, weep for him, the Man of God—*
 In yonder vale he sunk to rest;
 But none of earth can point the sod †
 That flowers above his sacred breast.
 Weep, children of Israel, weep!

* "And the children of Israel wept for Moses in the plains of Moab."—*Deuteronomy*, xxxiv. 8.

† "And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab; . . . but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."—*Ib.* ver. 6.

His doctrine fell like Heaven's rain,*
 His words refresh'd like Heaven's dew—
 Oh, ne'er shall Israel see again
 A Chief, to God and her so true.
 Weep, children of Israel, weep!

Remember ye his parting gaze,
 His farewell song by Jordan's tide,
 When, full of glory and of days,
 He saw the promised land—and died.†
 Weep, children of Israel, weep!

Yet died he not as men who sink,
 Before our eyes, to soulless clay;
 But, changed to spirit, like a wink
 Of summer lightning, pass'd away.‡
 Weep, children of Israel, weep!

* "My doctrine shall drop as the rain, my speech shall distil as the dew."—*Moses' Song, Deuteronomy, xxxii. 2.*

† "I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not go over thither."—*Ib. xxxiv. 4.*

‡ "As he was going to embrace Eleazer and Joshua, and was still discoursing with them, a cloud stood over him on the sudden, and he disappeared in a certain valley, although he wrote in the Holy Books that he died, which was done out of fear, lest they should venture to say that, because of his extraordinary virtue, he went to God."—*Josephus, book iv., chap. viii.*

LIKE MORNING, WHEN HER EARLY
BREEZE.

(AIR.—BEETHOVEN.)

LIKE morning, when her early breeze
Breaks up the surface of the seas,
That, in those furrows, dark with night,
Her hand may sow the seeds of light—

Thy Grace can send its breathings o'er
The Spirit, dark and lost before,
And, fresh'ning all its depths, prepare
For Truth divine to enter there.

Till David touch'd his sacred lyre,
In silence lay th' unbreathing wire;
But when he swept the chords along,
Ev'n Angels stoop'd to hear that song.

So sleeps the soul, till Thou, oh LORD,
Shalt deign to touch its lifeless chord—
Till, waked by Thee, its breath shall rise
In music, worthy of the skies!

CÔME, YE DISCONSOLATE.

(AIR.—GERMAN.)

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er you languish,
Come, at God's altar fervently kneel;

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your
anguish—

Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

Joy of the desolate, Light of the straying,

Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name saying—

“Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot
cure.”

Go, ask the infidel, what boon he brings us,

What charm for aching hearts *he* can reveal,
Sweet as that heavenly promise Hope sings us—
“Earth has no sorrow that God cannot heal.”

AWAKE, ARISE, THY LIGHT IS COME.

(AIR.—STEVENSON.)

AWAKE, arise, thy light is come ;*

The nations, that before outshone thee,
Now at thy feet lie dark and dumb—
The glory of the LORD is on thee !

Arise—the Gentiles to thy ray,
From ev'ry nook of earth shall cluster ;

* “Arise, shine ; for thy light is come, and the glory of
the LORD is risen upon thee.”—*Isaiah*, ix.

And kings and princes haste to pay
Their homage to thy rising lustre.*

Lift up thine eyes around, and see,
O'er foreign fields, o'er farthest waters,
Thy exiled sons return to thee,
To thee return thy home-sick daughters.†

And camels rich, from Midian's tents,
Shall lay their treasures down before thee ;
And Saba bring her gold and scents,
To fill thy air and sparkle o'er thee.‡

See, who are these that, like a cloud,§
Are gathering from all earth's dominions,
Like doves, long absent, when allow'd
Homeward to shoot their trembling pinions.

Surely the isles shall wait for me, ||
The ships of Tarshish round will hover,

* "And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising."—*Isaiah*, lx.

† "Lift up thine eyes round about, and see ; all they gather themselves together, they come to thee : thy sons shall come from afar, and thy daughters shall be nursed at thy side."—*Ib.*

‡ "The multitude of camels shall cover thee ; the dromedaries of Midian and Ephah ; all they from Sheba shall come ; they shall bring gold and incense."—*Ib.*

§ "Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows?"—*Ib.*

|| "Surely the isles shall wait for me, and the ships of Tarshish first, to bring thy sons from far, their silver and their gold with them."—*Ib.*

To bring thy sons across the sea,
And waft their gold and silver over.

And Lebanon thy pomp shall grace—*
The fir, the pine, the palm victorious
Shall beautify our Holy Place,
And make the ground I tread on glorious.

No more shall Discord haunt thy ways, †
Nor Ruin waste thy cheerless nation ;
But thou shalt call thy portals, Praise,
And thou shalt name thy walls, Salvation.

The sun no more shall make thee bright, ‡
Nor moon shall lend her lustre to thee ;
But God, Himself, shall be thy Light,
And flash eternal glory through thee.

The sun shall never more go down ;
A ray, from Heav'n itself descended,

* "The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee ; the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of my sanctuary ; and I will make the place of my feet glorious."—*Isaiah*, lx.

† "Violence shall no more be heard in thy land, wasting nor destruction within thy borders ; but thou shalt call thy walls, Salvation, and thy gates, Praise"—*Ib.*

‡ "Thy sun shall be no more thy light by day ; neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee : but the LORD shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory."—*Ib.*

Shall light thy everlasting crown—

Thy days of mourning all are ended.*

My own, elect, and righteous Land!

The Branch, forever green and vernal,
Which I have planted with this hand—

Live thou shalt in Life Eternal,†

THERE IS A BLEAK DESERT.

(AIR.—CRESCENTINI.)

THERE is a bleak Desert, where daylight grows
weary

Of wasting its smile on a region so dreary—

What may that Desert be?

'Tis Life, cheerless Life, where the few joys that
come,

Are lost like that daylight, for 'tis not their home.

There is a lone Pilgrim, before whose faint eyes

The water he pants for but sparkles and flies—

Who may that Pilgrim be?

'Tis Man, hapless Man, through this life tempted
on

By fair, shining hopes, that in shining are gone.

* "Thy sun shall no more go down; . . . for the LORD shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended."—*Isaiah*, lx.

† "Thy people also shall be all righteous; they shall inherit the land forever, the branch of my planting, the work of my hands."—*Ib.*

There is a bright Fountain, through that Desert
stealing

To pure lips alone its refreshment revealing—

What may that Fountain be?

'Tis Truth, holy Truth, that, like springs under
ground,

By the gifted of Heaven alone can be found.*

There is a fair Spirit, whose wand hath the spell

To point where those waters in secrecy dwell—

Who may that Spirit be

'Tis Faith, humble Faith, who hath learn'd that,
where'er

Her wand bends to worship, the Truth must be
there!

SINCE FIRST THY WORD.

(AIR.—NICHOLAS FREEMAN.)

SINCE first Thy Word awaked my heart,

Like new life dawning o'er me,

Where'er I turn mine eyes, Thou art,

All light and love before me.

Naught else I feel, or hear or see—

All bonds of earth I sever—

Thee, O God, and only Thee,

I live for, now and ever.

* In singing, the following line had better be adopted :—

“Can but by the gifted of Heaven be found.”

Like him whose fetters dropp'd away
 When light shone o'er his prison,*
 My spirit, touch'd by Mercy's ray,
 Hath from her chains arisen.
 And shall a soul Thou bidd'st be free,
 Return to bondage?—never!
 Thee, O GOD, and only Thee,
 I live for, now and ever.

HARK! 'TIS THE BREEZE.

(AIR.—ROUSSEAU.)

HARK! 'tis the breeze of twilight calling
 Earth's weary children to repose;
 While, round the couch of Nature falling,
 Gently the night's soft curtains close.
 Soon o'er a world, in sleep reclining,
 Numberless stars, through yonder dark,
 Still look, like eyes of Cherubs shining
 From out the veils that hid the Ark.

Guard us, oh Thou, who never sleepest,
 Thou who, in silence throned above,
 Throughout all time, unwearied, keepest
 Thy watch of Glory, Pow'r, and Love.

* "And, behold, the angel of the LORD came upon him, and a light shined in the prison, . . . and his chains fell off from his hands."—*Acts*, xii. 7.

Grant that, beneath thine eye, securely,
 Our souls, awhile from life withdrawn,
 May, in their darkness, stilly, purely,
 Like "sealed fountains," rest till dawn.

WHERE IS YOUR DWELLING, YE SAINTED?

(AIR.—HASSE.)

WHERE is your dwelling, ye Sainted?
 Through what Elysium more bright
 Than fancy or hope ever painted,
 Walk ye in glory and light?
 Who the same kingdom inherits?
 Breathes there a soul that may dare
 Look to that world of Spirits,
 Or hope to dwell with you there?

Sages! who, ev'n in exploring
 Nature through all her bright ways,
 Went, like the Seraphs, adoring,
 And veil'd your eyes in the blaze—
 Martyrs! who left for our reaping
 Truth you had sown in your blood—
 Sinners! whom long years of weeping
 Chasten'd from evil to good—

Maidens! who, like the young Crescent,
 Turning away your pale brows
 From earth, and the light of the Present,
 Look'd to your Heavenly Spouse.

Say, through what region enchanted,
Walk ye, in Heaven's sweet air?
Say, to what spirits 'tis granted,
Bright souls, to dwell with you there?

HOW LIGHTLY MOUNTS THE MUSE'S WING.

(AIR.—ANONYMOUS.)

How lightly mounts the Muse's wing,
Whose theme is in the skies—
Like morning larks, that sweeter sing
The nearer Heav'n they rise.

Though Love his magic lyre may tune,
Yet, ah, the flow'rs he round it wreaths,
Were pluck'd beneath pale Passion's moon,
Whose madness in their odor breathes.

How purer far the sacred lute,
Round which Devotion ties
Sweet flow'rs that turn to heav'nly fruit,
And palm that never dies.

Though War's high-sounding harp may be
Most welcome to the hero's ears,
Alas, his chords of victory
Are wet, all o'er, with human tears.

How far more sweet their numbers run,
 Who hymn, like Saints above,
 No victor, but th' Eternal One,
 No trophies but of Love!

GO FORTH TO THE MOUNT.

(AIR.—STEVENSON.)

Go forth to the Mount—bring the olive-branch
 home,*
 And rejoice, for the day of our Freedom is come!
 From that time,† when the moon upon Ajalon's
 vale,
 Looking motionless down,‡ saw the kings of the
 earth,
 In the presence of God's mighty Champion, grow
 pale—
 Oh, never had Judah an hour of such mirth!

* “And that they should publish and proclaim in all their cities, and in Jerusalem, saying, Go forth unto the mount, and fetch olive-branches, &c., &c.—*Nehemiah*, viii. 15.

† “For since the days of Jeshua the son of Nun unto that day had not the children of Israel done so : and there was very great gladness.”—*Ib.* viii. 17.

‡ “Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon ; and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon.”—*Joshua*, x. 12.

Go forth to the Mount—bring the olive-branch
 home,
 And rejoice, for the day of our Freedom is come!

Bring myrtle and palm—bring the boughs of each
 tree

That's worthy to wave o'er the tents of the Free.*
 From that day, when the footsteps of Israel shone,
 With a light not their own, through the Jordan's
 deep tide,

Whose waters shrunk back as the Ark glided
 on—†

Oh, never had Judah an hour of such pride!
 Go forth to the Mount—bring the olive-branch,
 home,
 And rejoice, for the day of our Freedom is come!

IS IT NOT SWEET TO THINK, HEREAFTER?

(AIR.—HAYDN.)

Is it not sweet to think, hereafter,
 When the Spirit leaves this sphere,

* "Fetch olive-branches, and pine-branches, and myrtle-branches, and palm-branches, and branches of thick trees, to make booths."—*Nehemiah*, viii. 15.

† "And the priests that bare the ark of the covenant of the LORD stood firm on dry ground in the midst of Jordan, and all the Israelites passed over on dry ground."—*Joshua*, iii. 17.

Love, with deathless wing, shall waft her
To those she long hath mourn'd for here?

Hearts, from which 'twas death to sever,
Eyes, this world can ne'er restore,
There, as warm, as bright as ever,
Shall meet us and be lost no more.

When wearily we wander, asking
Of earth and heav'n where are they,
Beneath whose smile we once lay basking,
Bless'd, and thinking bliss would stay?

Hope still lifts her radiant finger,
Pointing to th' eternal Home,
Upon whose portal yet they linger,
Looking back for us to come.

Alas, alas—doth Hope deceive us?
Shall friendship—love—shall all those ties
That bind a moment, and then leave us,
Be found again where nothing dies?

Oh, if no other boon were given,
To keep our hearts from wrong and stain,
Who would not try to win a Heaven
Where all we love shall live again?

WAR AGAINST BABYLON.

(AIR.—NOVELLO.)

“WAR against Babylon!” shout we around,*
 Be our banners through earth unfurl’d;
 Rise up, ye nations, ye kings, at the sound—†
 “War against Babylon!” shout through the
 world!

Oh thou, that dwellest on many waters,‡
 Thy day of pride is ended now;
 And the dark curse of Israel’s daughters
 Breaks, like a thunder-cloud, over thy brow!
 War, war, war against Babylon!

Make bright the arrows, and gather the shields,§
 Set the standard of God on high;
 Swarm we, like locusts, o’er all her fields,
 “Zion” our watchword, and “vengeance” our
 cry!

* “Shout against her round about.”—*Jeremiah*, l. 15.

† “Set ye up a standard in the land, blow the trumpet among the nations, prepare the nations against her, call together against her the kingdoms,” &c., &c.—*Ib.* li. 27.

‡ “Oh thou that dwellest upon many waters, . . . thine end is come.”—*Ib.* li. 13.

§ “Make bright the arrows; gather the shields . . . set up the standard upon the walls of Babylon.”—*Ib.* li. 11, 12.

Wo! wo!—the time of thy visitation*
Is come, proud Land, thy doom is cast—
And the black surge of desolation
Sweeps o'er thy guilty head, at last!
War, war, war against Babylon!

* "Wo unto them! for their day is come, the time of their visitation!"—*Jeremiah*, l. 27.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BURNET

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES

THE SECOND VOLUME

CONTAINING

THE HISTORY OF THE

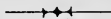
REIGN OF

CHARLES THE SECOND

BY

JOHN BURNET

MISCELLANEOUS.



LINES ON THE DEATH OF SHERIDAN.

Principibus placuisse viris!—HORAT.

YES, grief will have way—but the fast falling tear
Shall be mingled with deep execrations on those,
Who could bask in that Spirit's meridian career,
And yet leave it thus lonely and dark at its
close :—

Whose vanity flew round him only while fed
By the odor his fame in its summer-time gave ;—
Whose vanity now, with quick scent for the dead,
Like the Ghoul of the East, comes to feed at his
grave.

Oh ! it sickens the heart to see bosoms so hollow,
And spirits so mean in the great and high-born ;
To think what a long line of titles may follow
The relics of him who died—friendless and lorn !

How proud they can press to the fun ral array
Of one whom they shunn'd in his sickness and
sorrow :—

How bailiffs may seize his last blanket, to-day,
 Whose pall shall be held up by nobles to-mor-
 row!

And Thou, too, whose life, a sick epicure's dream,
 Incoherent and gross, even grosser had pass'd,
 Were it not for that cordial and soul-giving beam,
 Which his friendship and wit o'er thy nothing-
 ness cast :—

No, not for the wealth of the land, that supplies
 thee

With millions to heap upon Foppery's shrine ;—
 No, not for the riches of all who despise thee,
 Though this would make Europe's whole opu-
 lence mine ;—

Would I suffer what—ev'n in the heart that thou
 hast—

All mean as it is—must have consciously burn'd,
 When the pittance, which shame had rung from
 thee at last,

And which found all his wants at an end, was
 return'd ;*

“ Was *this* then the fate, ”—future ages will say,
 When *some* names shall live but in history's
 curse ;

* The sum was two hundred pounds—*offered* when Sher-
 idan could no longer take any sustenance, and declined,
 for him, by his friends.

When Truth will be heard, and these Lords of a
day

Be forgotten as fools, or remember'd as worse ;—

“Was this then the fate of that high-gifted man,
“The pride of the palace, the bow'r and the hall,
“The orator,—dramatist,—minstrel,—who ran
“Through each mode of the lyre, and was mas-
ter of all ;—

“Whose mind was an essence compounded with
art

“From the finest and best of all other men's
pow'rs :—

“Who ruled, like a wizard, the world of the heart,
“And could call up its sunshine, or bring down
its show'rs ;—

“Whose humor, as gay as the fire-fly's light,
“Play'd round every subject, and shone as it
play'd ;—

“Whose wit, in the combat, as gentle as bright,
“Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade ;—

“Whose eloquence—bright'ning whatever it tried,
“Whether reason or fancy, the gay or the
grave,—

“Was as rapid, as deep, and as brilliant a tide,
“As ever bore Freedom aloft on its wave !”

Yes—such was the man, and so wretched his fate ;
And thus, sooner or later, shall all have to grieve,

Who waste their morn's dew in the beams of the
Great,

And expect 'twill return to refresh them at eve.

In the woods of the North there are insects that
prey

On the brain of the elk till his very last sigh ; *

Oh, Genius ! thy patrons, more cruel than they,

First feed on thy brains, and then leave thee to
die !

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MR. PERCEVAL. †

In the dirge we sung o'er him no censure was
heard,

Unembitter'd and free did the tear-drop de-
scend ;

We forgot, in that hour, how the statesman had
err'd,

And wept for the husband, the father, and friend.

* Naturalists have observed that, upon dissecting an elk, there were found in its head some *large* flies, with its brain almost eaten away by them.—*History of Poland*.

† In the first years of George the Third's insanity, Mr. Spencer Perceval became Premier in the "No Popery Cabinet," (1807,) which also included Castlereagh and Canning. He remained in power after the Prince of Wales became Regent, and was pertinaciously venomous in his hostility to the rights of the Irish Catholics. He was assassinated by a lunatic, named Bellingham, in the lobby of the House of Commons, in 1812.

Oh, proud was the meed his integrity won,
 And gen'rous indeed were the tears that we
 shed,
 When, in grief, we forgot all the ill he had done,
 And, though wrong'd by him, living, bewail'd
 him, when dead.

Even now, if one harsher emotion intrude,
 'Tis to wish he had chosen some lowlier state,
 Had known what he was—and, content to be *good*,
 Had ne'er, for our ruin, aspired to be *great*.

So, left through their own little orbit to move,
 His years might have roll'd inoffensive away ;
 His children might still have been bless'd with his
 love,
 And England would ne'er have been cursed with
 his sway.



FAREWELL—FAREWELL TO THEE, ARABY'S
 DAUGHTER.

FAREWELL—farewell to thee, ARABY'S daughter !
 (Thus warbled a PERI beneath the dark sea,)
 No pearl ever lay, under OMAN'S green water,
 More pure in its shell than thy Spirit in thee.

Oh ! fair as the sea-flower close to thee growing,
 How light was thy heart till Love's witchery
 came,

Like the wind of the south* o'er a summer lute
blowing,

And hush'd all its music, and wither'd its frame!

But long, upon ARABY'S green sunny highlands,
Shall maids and their lovers remember the doom
Of her, who lies sleeping among the Pearl Islands,
With naught but the sea-star† to light up her
tomb.

And still, when the merry date-season is burning.‡
And calls to the palm-groves the young and the
old,

The happiest there, from their pastime returning
At sunset, will weep when thy story is told.

The young village-maid, when with flow'rs she
dresses

Her dark flowing hair for some festival day,
Will think of thy fate till, neglecting her tresses,
She mournfully turns from the mirror away.

* This wind (the Samoor) so softens the strings of lutes,
that they can never be tuned while it lasts."—*Stephen's
Persia.*

† "One of the greatest curiosities found in the Persian
Gulf is a fish which the English call Star-fish. It is circular,
and at night very luminous, resembling the full moon
surrounded by rays."—*Mirza Abu Taleb.*

‡ For a description of the merriment of the date-time, of
their work, their dances, and their return home from the
palm-groves at the end of autumn with the fruits.—See
Kempfer Amœnitat. Exot.

Nor shall IRAN, beloved of her Hero! forget thee—
Though tyrants watch over her tears as they
start,
Close, close by the side of that Hero she'll set thee,
Embalm'd in the innermost shrine of her heart.

Farewell—be it ours to embellish thy pillow
With ev'ry thing beauteous that grows in the
deep;
Each flow'r of the rock and each gem of the billow
Shall sweeten thy bed and illumine thy sleep.

Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber
That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has wept;*
With many a shell, in whose hollow-wreath'd
chamber,
We, Peris of Ocean, by moonlight have slept.

We'll dive where the gardens of coral lie darkling,
And plant all the rosiest stems at thy head;
We'll seek where the sands of the Caspian † are
sparkling,
And gather their gold to strew over thy bed.

Farewell—farewell—until Pity's sweet fountain
Is lost in the hearts of the fair and the brave,

* Some naturalists have imagined that amber is a concretion of the tears of birds.—See *Trevoux, Chambers*.

† “The bay Kieselarke, which is otherwise called the Golden Bay, the sand whereof shines as fire.”—*Struy*.

They'll weep for the Chieftain who died on that
 mountain,
 They'll weep for the Maiden who sleeps in this
 wave.

—*Lalla Rookh.*

THE TRAITOR'S FATE.

OH, for a tongue to curse the slave,
 Whose treason, like a deadly blight,
 Comes o'er the councils of the brave,
 And blasts them in their hour of might!
 May Life's unblest cup for him
 Be drugg'd with treach'ries to the brim,—

* "They say that there are apple-trees upon the sides of this sea, which bear very lovely fruit, but within are all full of ashes."—*Thevenot*. The same is asserted of the oranges there.—*Vide Witman's Travels in Asiatic Turkey.*

"The Asphalt Lake, known by the name of the Dead Sea, is very remarkable on account of the considerable proportion of salt which it contains. In this respect it surpasses every other known water on the surface of the earth. This great proportion of bitter-tasted salts is the reason why neither animal nor plant can live in this water."—*Klaproth's Chemical Analysis of the Water of the Dead Sea, Annals of Philosophy, January, 1813. Hasselquist*, however, doubts the truth of this last assertion, as there are shell-fish to be found in the lake.

Lord Byron has a similar allusion to the fruits of the Dead Sea, in that wonderful display of genius, his third Canto of *Childe Harold*,—magnificent, beyond any thing, perhaps, that even *he* has ever written.

With hopes, that but allure to fly,
 With joys, that vanish while he sips,
 Like Dead Sea fruits, that tempt the eye,
 But turn to ashes on the lips! *

His country's curse, his children's shame,
 Outcast of virtue, peace, and fame,
 May he, at last, with lips of flame
 On the parch'd desert thirsting die,—
 While lakes, that shone in mockery nigh,*
 Are fading off, untouch'd, untasted,
 Like the once glorious hopes he blasted!
 And, when from earth his spirit flies,
 Just Prophet, let the damn'd-one dwell
 Full in the sight of Paradise,
 Beholding heav'n, and feeling hell!

—*Fire Worshippers.*

* “The Suhrab, or Water of the Desert, is said to be caused by the rarefaction of the atmosphere from extreme heat; and, which augments the delusion, it is most frequent in hollows, where water might be expected to lodge. I have seen bushes and trees reflected in it, with as much accuracy as though it had been the face of a clear and still lake.”—*Pottinger.*

“As to the unbelievers, their works are like a vapor in a plain, which the thirsty traveler thinketh to be water, until when he cometh thereto he findeth it to be nothing.”—*Koran*, chap. 24.

THE END.



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