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William John Monson
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Ann. Monson
1837.

THE PILGRIM,
MEMORY,
&c.



THE PILGRIM,

MEMORY,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

To climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first.

SHAKSPEARE.

LONDON :
T. HURST, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

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P R E F A C E.

THE following poems were written during the little leisure afforded by education, at a public school, and under the age of sixteen; they are *not* now published in consequence of the wishes of partial friends, but several of the smaller productions having been favourably received in a periodical work, the whole have been drawn from the desk, where they were deposited, and given to the world.

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865871

In doing this, no spark of presumptuous hope whispers that fame will be acquired ;—the poet of sixteen can only expect that the critic will kindly point out his defects, and, if merit exist, give encouragement for future efforts.

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THE PILGRIM.



THE PILGRIM,

CANTO I.

I.

On thou who wand'rest in the midnight shade,

Where the tall pine and mournful cypress grow,

Muse of the haunted grot and lonely glade,

Awake—arise—and tune thy lyre to woe ;

O'er fallen state and majesty decayed,

Raise the sad dirge, and while the numbers flow

In liquid cadence down her hallowed shore,

Mourn Judah's pride o'erthrown, her pow'r no more.

II.

Day brightly dawned upon the awakening world,
And o'er the eastern sky its lustre threw,
While Night her sable banner slowly furled,
And from the smiling earth her shades withdrew ;
Each fragrant flower its dewy leaves uncurled,
And grove and glen assumed a lighter hue,
As o'er the hills the orb of day arose,
And roused mankind from slumber and repose.

III.

Far in the south the gentle breezes sighed,
No ripple broke the ocean's glassy breast,
The morning beams across its surface wide
In highest splendour shone ; composed to rest,
The treacherous wave rolled on in slumbering pride,
Reflecting clear gray Carmel's withered crest,*
The yawning caves, the black'ning rocks around,
The distant hills with waving forests crowned.

* "The top of Carmel shall wither."—Amos, ch. i. ver. 2.

IV.

Morn rose on far-famed Acre's hoary towers,
Frowning majestic o'er th' unfathomed deep :
Acre! where once thronged chieftains with their powers—
Deserted now, the rude gusts loudly sweep
Through its wide courts and desolated bowers,
By ages worn—its massy fragments heap
The loaded ground, and sternly seem to cry,
“ How quick the dreams of earthly grandeur fly !”

V.

Bound for its port, with snowy sail, advanced
A single bark across the crystal bay ;
Upon the mast the redcross banner danced,
And glisten'd in the opening beams of day ;
Which on the broad deck of the vessel glanc'd,
As, gently steering through the parting spray,
It neared the coast, and in the yielding sand
The anchor cast close to the waveworn strand.

VI.

The wearied crew upon the crowded shore
Leap'd joyful—toil, fatigue, and danger past ;
Then rose the hum of men, like the low roar
Of distant ocean—one alone, in haste,
His dark robe drew around, nor linger'd move,
Bowed to the standard trembling on the mast ;
Then, leaning on his staff, he mov'd along,
With feeble steps, and left the noisy throng.

VII.

In midst of life he seem'd, but grief had worn
Upon his brow the furrows of old age :
In youth condemn'd to sorrow, left forlorn
E'en in its bloom, and by the bitter rage
Of fiery persecution made to mourn,
With nought on earth his anguish to assuage—
As those he loved, with unregarded zeal,
Fell by the nightly flame or headsman's steel.

VIII.

There is a melancholy, early woe
Will cast upon the mind, though days and years
Should intervene, and change our state below ;
Time may o'ercome the frenzy—dry the tears
Of sorrow—but the heart will cease to glow
With wonted animation—while it bears
Through sequent life, an inward weight of grief,
Too deeply rooted e'er to find relief :

IX.

Callous to consolation, it maintains
Itself in desolated loneliness ;
No respite brief from clime or country gains,
Unmoved by scenes around designed to bless—
Calm, but unsoften'd, to the last remains,
And all is gloomy, all is heaviness,
Till animation leaves th' enfeebled clay,
And Sorrow yields to Death his destin'd prey.

X.

Thus, o'er the pilgrim's mind, of former days
The dark remembrance shed a mournful gloom,
That deep and settled sadness, which arrays
Life in the sable colours of the tomb;
That mental heaviness which ne'er decays,
But deems that, by the irrevocable doom
Of Him, whom things in heaven and earth revere,
Sorrow is destined as its portion here.

XI.

Yet, as the mariner, when fiercely swells
The tempest round him, to the hard rock clings,
Whose flinty breast the boisterous sea repels—
The Christian, in the time of trial, brings
His troubles unto One whose mercy quells
The raging of the storm—the King of kings—
And safe beneath the guidance of his love,
He soars from cares below, to joys above.

XII.

He pass'd the gate, and enter'd on the plain,
Which spreads around the city's battled towers,
Along the road, full many a motley train
Of Mahmoud's vot'ries pressed towards the bowers
Of fair Jerusalem, and oft the strain
Of prayer and praise arose at stated hours,
While turbaned bands, who law and empire spurned,
Bent the proud knee, with eye to Mecca turned.

XIII.

Through smiling valleys lay the pilgrim's path,
Bounded by mountains, in the distance blue—
Of yore, the scene of hostile armies' wrath,
When in the cloudless sky the crescent flew,
Or firmly ranged th' embattled ranks of Gath,
Philistia's pride, the glittering sabre drew—
And like the thunder o'er the heaving seas,
The shouts of war rung loud upon the breeze.

XIV.

Pass'd are thy glories, Judah, overcome,
Enslaved, and ruined, of thy sons bereft :
Each plain, each rising mountain, is the tomb
Of slaughtered thousands, by invaders cleft.
Thy shield is broken ; and the righteous doom
Of an offended God, no power has left
To thee, and to thy children, far dispersed
Through earth's broad realms, by heaven's decree
accursed.

XV.

Yet though the sceptre from thy tribes has pass'd,
There is a beauty in thy sea-girt shore,
A loveliness which shall for ever last—
Thy deeds of valour in the days of yore,
E'er rushing forward, like the northern blast :
Rome's mighty legions dyed thy fields with gore,
Cast a dim halo round thy fallen land,
A dying lustre o'er thy wasted strand.

XVI.

Perhaps, as the dark tower, whose ruins grey,
Lone and deserted, crown the beetling steep,
Thou art more beautiful amid decay,
Than when thy rocks rang with the war-cry deep,
And shouts of triumph, at the close of day,
Were heard along the listening woods to sweep :
Each scene is sacred, and each well-known hill,
Though God no more is there, seems holy still !

XVII.

The solemn spot will consecration gain
Where rests the martyr or the saint divine ;
And thou to me dost seem a mighty fane,
Oh, Palestine ! and Calvary thy shrine ;
From which full sweetly sounds the welcome strain
Of love and mercy, while around me shine,
From Salem's towers to Acre's distant shore,
Memorials of thousands now no more !

XVIII.

The blood of those who for thy freedom died,
Has sanctified each mountain, hill, and dale—
Each azure streamlet, as its waters glide
With hollow murmur, in the moonbeams pale,
Each fort, which once the tyrant's hand defiled,
Seems big with tales of glory—and each gale
Bears on its balmy wings th' enraptured mind
To bygone days, with pleasure undefined.

XIX.

Now on the plain, before the pilgrim's eyes,
A broad shade deepening o'er the barren heath,
A few lone towers and minarets arise,
The sole remains of ancient Nazareth :
Soaring afar into the vaulted skies,
The circling hills frowned o'er the vale beneath—
Their craggy summits, reared in wildest form,
Made bare by Time, and shattered by the storm.

XX.

"Twas here *He* dwelt—within these crumbling walls
The infant days of Jesus glided by—
Where yonder cypress weeps, yon torrent falls,
Abode th' incarnate Son of the Most High :
Not in proud Sion's palaces and halls,
But lowly, abject, in obscurity,
That saving Branch arose, that Star divine,
The promised King, of David's royal line.

XXI.

The moon shone bright across the tideless sea
Of famed Tiberias, and all around
Hailed her their nightly ruler : calm and free
The waters rolled, as if 'twere holy ground,
Hallowed by Him, whose word and high decree
Their destined channel formed of old, and bound,
In limits measured by his sovereign hand,
Their realm gigantic with the circling strand.

XXII.

Close on the margin of the waters blue,

In ancient state, the ruined town appeared—

O'er its grey walls the mantling ivy grew,

And veiled its spires, in dim succession reared—

Its sculptured battlements, of sable hue—

Where once the voice of revelry was heard,

Where princes throng'd, nor deem'd their name and power

Would fade as swiftly as the festal hour !

XXIII.

That hour is fled—the minstrel harp has ceased

In Herod's halls its melody to pour—

Long from the chains of servitude released,

Tiberias' lordly domes are filled no more

With fettered kings, and nobles of the east,

Crowding to bend the Roman's throne before ;

And where of old was heard the blithesome strain,

The dance, the song, deep silence holds her reign !

XXIV.

The setting sun its dying glories shed
On Endor's citadel and Hermon's hill—
Far in the west a fading streak of red,
Last trace of parting daylight, lingered still
O'er Gilboa's mount, where Israel's monarch fled,
The seer's prediction fated to fulfil ;
Vain skill and power, every effort vain,
There Judah mourned her chosen ruler slain.

XXV.

Days roll their course—Samaria's walls are near—
Oh, welcome prospect to the wand'rer's sight !
But its high palaces no more appear,
And catch the golden sun's meridian light ;
Fall'n are its children, as the brown leaves scar
In autumn fall, and strew the wooded height :
Her splendour gone, her day of grandeur o'er,
Samaria frowns, but proudly frowns no more !

XXVI.

This is the autumn of sweet Palestine ;

It had its spring, when Jacob's sons first came
To till its fields, and raise Jehovah's shrine

O'er its broad plains, his goodness to proclaim,
When Ammon fell before the arm divine,

Adding new laurels to its victor's fame ;
And fixed the sun remained o'er Jordan's flood,
And Gibeon's valleys ran with hostile blood.

XXVII.

Its summer shone, when holy David reigned :

Now is its glory vanished far away ;
The Turks' proud legions Salem's towers have gained—

Israel has bowed, and owned a tyrant's sway ;
Their ruthless despots empire have maintained

With iron sceptre—terror and dismay
Pervade the realm, and cloud the mournful hour,
And Judah, though a fair, is but a fallen, flower !

XXVIII.

Oh yes—although some devastating hand
From the green stem should pluck the beauteous rose,
And reckless cast it on the sunburnt sand,
Its beauty still remains, still sweetness flows
From the fast withering leaves: and thus this land,
Though torn by discord and intestine foes,
Preserves its loveliness—still fair its vales
Appear, its forests waving in the gales.

XXIX.

'Twas eve: the sultry heat of noon was gone,
And a soft breeze stole through the murmuring woods;
The moon was rising in her lofty throne,
Undimmed by vapour, unobscured by clouds;
And many a fountain, in its grot of stone,
Poured on the thirsty ground its cooling floods,
Or brightly sparkling in the rocky cell,
With ceaseless splash in crystal basin fell.

XXX.

Sweet was the gale, and sweet the scene around,
Amid each misty dell and palmy grove
There was a general calm—and not a sound
Was heard—as if the peace that reigned above
Had shed its influence there: upon the ground
The nightly dews were rising—in th' alcove
Formed by the spreading branches, no alarm
Of distant footsteps broke the magic charm.

XXXI.

But hark! what notes swell on the stilly air,
So faint, their tones can scarce the echo wake—
'Tis not the Moslem's cry, "To prayer, to prayer,"
But a low measured wailing—o'er the lake
Thus sounds the wild blast when the storm is near:
It was the cry of Judah's sons, which brake
The deep, deep silence: list the sad lament,
Each mingled voice in solemn chorus blent:—

I.

“ 'Tis pass'd, 'tis pass'd, and Zion's glory
Is buried on th' ensanguined plain ;
There her banners, rent and gory,
Memorials of her fall, remain.
Weep, daughter of Judea, weep,
Thy lovers all are gone :
Beneath the grass in silence sleep
The pride of David's throne !

II.

“ Weep ! thy fathers falling round thee—
Thy power gone, thy beauty fled ;
See the fetters which surround thee—
Thy chiefs o'ercome, thy nobles dead.
The shrilling trumpet wakes no more
Salem's towers with war's alarms ;
Nor princes on her hallowed shore
Call forth her tribes to arms.

III.

“ Judah ! weep thy sons o’ertaken—

Broken thy imperial sway ;

Israel, by her God forsaken,

Mourns her glory pass’d away.

Weep ! daughter of Judea, weep,

Thy proudest overthrown ;

Low in the dust thy bravest sleep,

Beneath the cold tombstone !”

XXXII.

With weary step, the musing pilgrim sped,

Where frowning over Leban’s dell arose,

A convent’s holy walls, as night o’erspread

The earth, and brought the season of repose.

The pallid moonbeams, o’er the valley shed,

Served its gray spires and turrets to disclose ;

And darkly hovering through the starlit sky,

The bird of night poured forth its omened cry.

CANTO II.

THE PILGRIM,

CANTO II.

I.

ITALIA! on thy plains the Roman stood;

On thine, fair Greece! Leonidas arrayed

His patriot band, and dyed with Persian blood

The desert strait: but He whose fiat made
Earth's vasty globe and ocean's stormy flood,

Has trod thy valleys, Judah, and displayed
On thy bless'd hills that Godlike power, which hurled
Apostate angels to a woe-fraught world.

II.

Oh, it is sweet, amid this vale of tears,
To traverse earth's dull scenes with those we love—
Whom mutual joy with pious hope endears,
In this brief pilgrimage to homes above.
To them confide our cares, our griefs, and fears,
And when from hence the shafts of death remove
Them far away, 'tis doubly sweet to know
A crown above succeeds the cross below.

III.

There is a mystic power in the ties
Which friendship throws around the human heart—
Though sorrow oft may bid the tear arise,
The sanguine mind from cold despair will start,
And as the hunted hart to covert flies,
Rush to the arms of those who will impart
Soft consolation to the pitying breast
Of those it loves, and there will calmly rest.

IV.

And, oh! far sweeter in the realms of light,
In Him we worship to possess a guide—
A Friend, who guards us in the gloom of night ;
And when all others fail, doth still abide ;
Who, when Creation's wonders fade from sight,
Will still defend ; Who, scorned and oft denied,
Directs and shields His thankless flock with care,
And hears from heaven the contrite sinner's prayer.

V.

But Israel, thou hast cast away thy God—
His precepts broken, and His name reviled :
O'er thee still hangs on high His threat'ning rod—
Rebellious—alien—and unreconciled.
The gentile treads on Ebal's hallowed sod—
The infidel thy temple has defiled—
Disowned by heaven, oh how could Sion stand,
Or how exist 'neath God's avenging hand.

VI.

Thus mused the pilgrim, as through Sichem's dell

He slowly wandered; 'mid the sad remains

Of past magnificence, which as a spell

Enchained him to Judea's barren plains :

Here, pausing by the patriarch's ancient well,

Which, mid the wreck of palaces and fanes,

Was sparkling in the sun, he stooped to lave

His furrowed forehead in the limpid wave.

VII.

Oh, what a train of stifling thoughts surprise,

When roaming through the scenes of classic lore !

Go to the walls of Rome—survey the skies

Of ever-blooming Italy—the shore

Of Tiber—and behold what visions rise,

Of consuls, emperors, whom earth no more

Knows as her children ; yet they seem to live,

And as we view their favoured haunts, revive.

VIII.

Short time the trav'ler paused, his anxious eye
Discerned the city he had sought from far :
Though overcome, in abject slavery,
Ruined by tyranny and recent war—
Fairly it shone ; and Moriah's mountain nigh
Piercing the clouds appeared, as the bright star
At midnight's dismal hour is hailed by them
Who wander—he beheld Jerusalem.

IX.

Thus, when the bands of Godfrey from the hill
First viewed the walls of Salem pierce the sky,
Each tongue was mute, each ardent troop was still :
Oppressed with awe, they marked her bulwarks high ;
The trumpet ceased the chieftain's heart to thrill—
And, lo ! no more the blazoned banners fly—
No standards wave the spreading ranks among—
The cross alone is seen amid the throng !

X.

On to the fight ! your blood-red ensigns rear,
 Crusaders ! Now redeem your solemn vow.
The shrine is won—the wished-for tomb is near—
 See in the air the mosque's gay turrets glow !
Oh, shall the False One's temples glitter here !
 “ God wills it ”—on—your former valour show ;
“ God wills it ”—on—let every street resound,
Your war-cry loud each caverned roof rebound.

XI.

The pilgrim's steps now seek that valley deep,
 Shadowed by verdant palms and cedars tall,
Where Judah's ancient kings and princes sleep,
 Waiting the great Archangel's awful call ;
Lightly the tendrils of the rich vine creep,
 Woven together, round each marble wall,
Forming a lovely chaplet, nature's wreath,
Her sole adornment of the house of death !

XII.

Here rest those kings, in sacred lore renowned,
For wealth, for glory, who the sceptre swayed
Of Judah, whom a willing nation crowned ;
Here those who crime and cruelty obeyed,
Mingling in dust together, sleep profound ;
Nor reck their former empire now decayed—
Not Turkey's deeds of blood, not Judah's groans,
Can pierce through yonder monumental stones.

XIII.

Here lies the minstrel king, whose harp t' inspire
An angel loved, and pure devotion sweet
Excited, as he struck his lofty lyre,
To sing of Zion's fame—her foes' defeat :
Here he, who first allied to wealthy Tyre,
On the high mountain raised Jehovah's seat,
Round whose exalted throne, in long array,
The chosen people thronged on festal day.

XIV.

Oh, is that majesty for ever passed,
Shall he for ever sleep forgotten here—
Has that full lyre sublime poured forth the last
Of its celestial strains? Shall Joab rear
No more his laurelled standard in the blast?
Relentless death! the leaf grows red and sear—
But it will bud again: and oh, wilt thou
Ne'er take thy cold hand from thy victim's brow?

XV.

It must be so: the chieftain leaves his state
Behind, nor takes away aught but his shroud:
He in whose halls a thousand nobles wait,
Falls like the rest, although in station proud;
He cannot overcome, or fight with fate,
But yields and follows in the common crowd—
The power, the wealth, which once he held so strong,
Shall be another's—nor another's long.

XVI.

Age follows youth, strength quickly flies away,
All, all are hastening to that silent shore,
Borne nearer to it each succeeding day,
Where all is dark, and hope for ever o'er!
Where suns ne'er shine with renovating ray;
"A few short years, and life shall be no more:"
So swiftly fades existence' fleeting light,
And man's short day goes down in endless night.

XVII.

E'en as the light'ning flashes from the sky,
A moment casts a dazzling light around,
Then sudden disappears from mortal eye,
No trace, no token, of its stay is found;
It fades, and all is black again on high:
So gleams man's life; and then, without a sound—
As day's last beam in night's descending shades—
Sinks in the tomb, in thickest darkness fades!

XVIII.

Farewell, thou dismal vale—once more, farewell ;

Shrine of the fallen great ! The waving wood
Shall with its timeworn branches shade the dell

Where Zion's chiefs repose in solitude :

When columns fall, and naught remains to tell

Their pristine fame when Salem's empire stood—
Still shall the son of Jacob wander here,
And pay the mournful tribute of a tear !

XIX.

'Twas noon, when issuing from the sad retreat,

The pilgrim first approached the holy gate
Of childless Solyma—his weary feet

Received new vigour, as in ancient state
The mould'ring arch appeared, and o'er the street

Cast its dim shade—the doors of pond'rous weight
Wide on their hinges flung, the town disclosed,
And lowly hut and tower to view exposed ;

XX.

“ Hail, Sion, hail, once loved of Isaac’s Lord,
Lady of kingdoms, in thine hour of woe !
Trembling beneath the unbeliever’s sword,
I mark thy bulwarks, and with ardent glow
Survey thy sacred groves, though unrestored,
Thy walls, though guarded by a Paynim foe,
Bless’d city ! from whose oracles of old
Jehovah’s seers the events of time foretold.”

XXI.

He crossed the portal, and with silent awe
Beheld the scenes to memory so endeared,
Where rose the Gospel, and where reigned the law :
Fixed on the ground—the ground itself revered—
The pilgrim’s eye nor Turk nor Christian saw ;
The gazing crowd no burst of rapture heard,
But, oft repeated in unaltered tone,
“ Jerusalem ” escaped his lips alone.

XXII.

Sad Salem, now thy grandeur is no more—

There are no armies mustering in thy courts—

Thy streets are sullied with thy people's gore—

'Thy shrines are ruined, Israel's old resorts—

The Moslem bands encamp thy walls before—

Rule in thy palaces—and in thy ports

Their cries resound, as morn and eve they pray,

And to the seer of Mecca homage pay.

XXIII.

Thy children outcast, scattered, from thy walls,

Though glittering pinnacles adorn thy towers,

And shouts of mirth re-echo in thy halls,

What tell they, but of Turkey's conquering powers?

Loud ring the cymbals and shrill atabals—

Bright gleam the soldan's minarets and bowers—

Where once the Eternal's glorious temple shone,

When he on Sion's mountain fixed his throne.

XXIV.

Thy splendour is but as the rich-wrought shroud,
 Wrapped round the corpse, of all true beauty reft,
The varied hues which fringe the thunder-cloud,
 Life to the son of sorrow oft is left—
The voice is stopped—but echo answers loud—
 The oak still totters, though the root be cleft—
And Thou still lookest o'er those smiling plains,
Though naught of strength or purity remains.

XXV.

Such splendour serveth but to mock thy woe,
 The gilded trappings of thy misery ;
Fair to the eye—ay, passing fair—they show,
 As Sodom's apples in the desert nigh—
But sorrow lurks that loveliness below,
 For majesty, and pomp, and station high,
A troubled soul and aching heart will hide—
And oft is ruin veiled by outward pride.

XXVI.

Sad is the last tone of the falling bell—

But, oh ! far sweeter than the mingled peal,
Oft as its notes the wafting breezes swell,

Emotions kind, though sorrowful, we feel—
And call to mind the days of youth, which fell

As shadows from us—th' energetic zeal,
The unchecked hope that reigned, of bliss below,
Undimmed by dark presentiments of woe.

XXVII.

So, in thy dying state we look on thee,

Jerusalem, and all thy grief behold,
And think on times which long have ceased to be—

Thy power, thy beauty, in the days of old,
When the Eternal caused thy foes to flee ;

Long years their mingled prospects all unfold
Before us, fled like phantoms of a dream—
Yet art thou fairer now than when supreme.

XXVIII.

But how long desolate wilt thou thus stand ?

Bending beneath a foreign despot's yoke—

How long obey the Turcoman's command ?

And fear the despot's anger to provoke ?

God will revisit yet his chosen land—

Thy glory shall return—thy bonds be broke—

As nature's works anew in summer bloom,

Shall Zion rise again—her crown resume !

XXIX.

But now thou art all withered, though not dead,—

Thy robes stripped off—thy nakedness disclosed—

Thy chieftains have forsaken thee, and fled,

And thou art left to rav'nous wolves exposed ;

Thy fate rests on another—those who bled

In bygone days—the earth long since has closed

On them—and none, alas ! remain to free

Thy towers from ruin and captivity.

XXX.

Adorned, thy victor's glory to display,

Thou wear'st the gems thy conquerors bestow ;
They with a word can snatch them all away,

And in the dust the fanes they built o'erthrow :
Then on the waste, forlorn, in sad decay,

The widowed queen appears in weeds of woe—
Her ornaments torn off—her walls cast down—
Ruined—despised—deserted—overthrown.

XXXI.

Yet grieve not, Salem, as bereft of hope—

Deem not thy joy for ever fled away—
There is a time within creation's scope,

When thou again shalt see the world obey.
Once more with every adversary cope—

Lo ! Heaven bestows on thee a brighter day,
Recalls thy scattered tribes from distant lands,
And reunites them upon Judah's strands.

XXXII.

The God of Abraham looks on thee now—

Beholds thee outeast, wretched, and forlorn ;

Dark is his frown—dark as the sacred brow

Of Sinai wreathed in clouds, upon that morn

When He his laws gave to the world below :

Yet will He not desert thee—He hath sworn

To Isaac and his sire, that thou shalt rise,

And glory settle on thee from the skies !

XXXIII.

Thus mourning o'er the wrecks of fallen pride,

The eremite pursued his lonely way

To Calvary's hill ; and up the rugged side

Toiled onward, fainting in the burning ray ;

Afar beneath his feet, extended wide,

Judea's boast, the holy city, lay—

Above, the vaulted sky, of cloudless hue,

Cast o'er the silent town its arch of blue.

XXXIV.

Mountain of horrors ! on thy blasted brow

A world was saved : yon heavens beheld the scene—

Yon rocks were rent—yon sun refused to glow,

And o'er the earth to throw its wonted sheen—

While man disdained the stubborn knee to bow,

And Israel, hardened as it e'er had been,

Turned from the fatal spot, to watch again

For Him, the Christ their impious rage had slain.

XXXV.

But why pursue a theme too high for man,

Too lofty far, for aught but seraph's lyre ?

Of boundless love that with the world began,

Of which to sing scarce cherubim aspire ?

Too weak its length and heighth and depth to scan,

Beyond the range of that celestial choir,

Which here, while angels, struck with wonder, gazed—

A sinful world to pristine favour raised

XXXVI.

No : let me rather pause, and once again
 Essay to lead the wand'rer to his rest :
My task is well-nigh done—the lengthened strain
 Which wept o'er Judah, will full soon have ceased.
Oh, that some abler hand the harp had ta'en !
 And roused the drooping children of the east—
Oh, that the voice of unbelief were quelled—
From each benighted mind the shades dispelled !

XXXVII.

The lamps shone bright beneath the sacred dome,
 Where prisoned lay the Lord of life and light—
A red glare shedding o'er the rock-hewn tomb,
 Where shrouded slept the crucified :—'Twas night,
The eve of that great day of death and gloom,
 When the Atoning Lamb on Calv'ry's height
Paid the full ransom, sheathed the vengeful sword
Of angry Deity, and man restored.

XXXVIII.

Around the altar knelt a hooded throng
Of white-robed friars; cross and host were there ;
Adown the chapel rung the vesper song,
Through columned aisles and pillared cloisters fair.
A mingled band of devotees among,
The weary pilgrim knelt, in mental prayer,—
His staff resigned, the glowing shrine before,
Announced his task achieved—his labours o'er.

END OF CANTO II.

MEMORY.



MEMORY.

COME, gentle Spirit! that dost still pervade
Th' Idalian groves, and soft Pierian shade—
There, though the muse delights to dwell no more,
Nor graces haunt, as once in days of yore—
Though there no more is heard the golden lyre,
Nor songs unearthly, from a viewless choir—
Some mournful spirit keeps its vigils still
In yonder grove, and yon romantic hill,
Still as of old, on dark Parnassus gleams,
And softly murmurs in the silver streams.

Say, whence the charm that those sweet scenes impart,
To raise at once, and to subdue, the heart—
To paint sweet fiction in the hues of light,
And lead the mind through ages wrapped in night?
Whence the soft power that speaks alike to all,
And binds the sternest in her thrilling thrall?
'Tis thine, dear Memory, thus to fill the soul—
Thus o'er the heart to exercise control—
To wrest from Time some portion of his prey,
Breathe life in dust, and animate decay!

From when man first full consciousness reveals,
Till its last pang expiring nature feels,
What numerous clouds through life's eventful day
Upon its skies in dark succession stray!
Now o'er domestic trouble broods the heart,
And Disappointment casts her poisoned dart;
Hope, oft defeated, seems no longer fair,
Her lovely course arrested by despair—

And all the scenes her flattering pencil shows,
Fade in the mist Experience round them throws.
No joy we boast, but which the coming hour
May overwhelm in sorrow, or with pain o'erpower.
Still former scenes sweet recollection claims—
Still burn the embers of our former flames—
Still every cloud fond Memory tints with light,
And gilds with stars the mind's obscurest night;
O'er life's rude storms a rainbow hue she casts,—
Her's is the beam that every cloud outlasts.

Thus, when the traveller quits his native shore,
The scenes he leaves seemed ne'er so dear before;
As less and less its fading traces grow,
His heart is grieved with unavailing woe—
His anxious eye he strains across the main,
To view those native, long-loved scenes again:
So by thy light, sweet Memory, we survey
Youth's hours of bliss, and childhood's happier day—

So once again, while tears the eyes bedew,
Reflected in thy glass those scenes we view.

Sweet childhood! still we mourn those halcyon hours
When guileless peace and innocence were ours—
When every change could only add to joy,
Which neither woe could blight, nor care destroy!
When life was sweet, and every sorrow feigned,
The elastic mind defied, and soul disdained;
When all was pure as Eden's lovely bowers,
And every smiling path was strewn with flowers.
Delightful days! alas, ye blushed to fade—
Your bloom 'neath sorrow's blighting breath decayed;
The flower which smiles amid the summer gales,
When autumn blows, its short-lived lustre fails:
The leaf that spring beholds so bright and green,
A few short months, and sad and sear 'tis seen:
The opening buds that brightly meet the morn,
Oft from their stem by evening blasts are torn:

So does keen anguish smite the woeworn brow,
And grief its empire is maintaining now.
And must the withered leaf alone be here ?
Must every smile be followed by a tear ?
No ! still that eye one kindling spark relumes—
Its wonted fires it once again resumes :
As the warm brilliance of the sunbeam shines,
And melts the snow that crowns the Apennines—
Thus lights the heart sweet Memory's genial ray,
Thus gilds its woes, and smiles its cares away.

Where yonder fane uprears its timeworn head,
Whose frowning walls enclose the mighty dead,
On every side is seen the sculptured tomb,
To tell where dust awaits the day of doom—
Say there what thrills with awe the gazer's mind,
Chains, not of terror, all emotions bind :
'Tis there that Memory sits sublimely great—
'Tis there, with Death, she claims divided state.

The wanderer there her thrilling impulse feels,
As round his heart unwonted sadness steals ;
He reads the scroll which tells the great one's fame,
And thinks on all the wonders of his name—
Religion's shrine remembrance consecrates,
And to Devotion's ear her glowing tale relates !
Thus, e'en in death the patriot's voice is heard,
And listening awe invests each fancied word :
Thus from the grave his great achievements rise,
And e'en his dust recalls his victories !

Ye sacred fanes ! where Britain's heroes sleep,
And softening Time bids base Detraction weep,
Where now his foes lament o'er Nelson's tomb—
Or bid round Pitt's unfading laurels bloom—
Where Glory mourns o'er Abercromby's grave,
And sighs a requiem for the great and brave !
Oh ! let the memory of your deeds inspire
Succeeding ages with celestial fire !

Oh ! let the glory which surrounds your fate,
Excite your country still to emulate !
Point to those shores, where still her flags unfurled,
Maintain dominion o'er a subject world !

See the lone exile on a foreign shore,
His hopeless state in sad remorse deplore :
No friend has he to cheer his lonely lot—
No pleasing thoughts attract him to the spot ;
Yet on his heart there breathes some softening
power,
To charm away the melancholy hour :
On all the frozen currents of the soul
Sweet Memory breathes, and, lo ! the waters roll.
Once more, as gazing o'er the dark blue sea,
His long-lost native land he seems to see,
The haunts of youth, the paths where once he
strayed,
The gentle streams, and ever-grateful shade—

All these, and more, th' enchanted soul surveys;
And heaves a sigh for those remembered days.
These soothe the hardships he laments in vain—
These in his soul still touch the tender strain—
These gild the twilight which surrounds the heart,
And a calm sunshine to the mind impart.

'Tis this that gives to home its magic charm,
To soothe each anxious fear, each fond alarm,
That when we hear its ne'er-forgotten name,
Such various thoughts our fond attention claim.
Though far as Asia's zone, or Greenland snows,
Sadly and slow, the weary wanderer goes,
Hark! as around him sighs the viewless wind,
Amid that stillness, say what sways his mind?—
Yes, as in days of old those sounds he knows,
And still his soul at their remembrance glows,
The whispering breeze, the distant ocean's foam,
Seem to his lonely ear to murmur "*home!*"

Home! as the magic word once more he hears,
It sounds like music to admiring ears;
Each fond emotion, dormant in the breast,
Aroused at once, abjures its former rest—
Again arise, where all was dark before,
Those thoughts, those scenes, which pleased in days of
yore.

Again, by Memory's light, he loves to trace
Each well-known scene, and long-familiar face.
Home! at thy name e'en Grief shall dry her tears,
And Superstition half forget her fears—
Hope, oft defeated, once again revives,
And all the past in Memory's rainbow lives!

Ye who with pity man's proud works survey,
And, mid his greatness, only seek decay;
Who with contemptuous eye, and haughty sneer,
Gaze on the temples others must revere—

Who, in the darksome grove and lonely wood,
Remote from cities, bow to solitude :—
Say, though ambition can no charms display,
Nor sorrow moves, nor various passions sway—
Are there not times when Memory's potent beam
Sheds on your hearts a transitory gleam ?
And as on Hecla's ever-frozen crest,
The brightest sunbeams, undissolving, rest,—
Hers may from each cold breast dispel the gloom,
And if they cannot melt, at least illumine !

The cold recluse that bids the world farewell,
And bows before religion's quickening spell,
In the long hours which she consumes away,
'Mid dismal cloistered shades which spurn the day,—
Say, does she not one glance behind her cast ?
Do not some thoughts still linger on the past ?
Do not the scenes resigned for holier hours
At times, though rarely, keep their wonted powers ?

E'en here, while none to gaze or mark remain,
Those thoughts intrude upon the mind again ;
E'en here, while round sepulchral horrors frown,
They cannot bring the lovely vision down,
Though oft stern Solitude the mind dismays,
Still grateful Memory keeps her former place ;
By time unchanged, by distance unconfined,
No ills restrain her, and no art can bind ;
New objects rise, and oceans roll between,—
Rocks rudely frown, and deserts intervene—
Yet as in days of yore each scene appears,
With every spot that Memory endears.
What, though some pangs must on remembrance
wait—

Though sorrow darken pleasure's transient date—
Though sad the thought, that we may taste no more
Those pleasures, doubly sweet when they are o'er—
What though the scene fond Memory paints so dear,
Dims with a sigh, or sparkles with a tear—

So soft that tear, so gentle that regret,
We scarcely would, e'en if we could, forget!

How soon Oblivion flies the restless heart,—
While Memory scorns the ready hand of art.
Man in disgust to some low cave retires,
And strives in vain to quench his former fires :
Here would I dwell, in this sequestered spot,
“ The world forgetting—by the world forgot ;”
No ills shall vex me now, no cares distress—
And every hour my lot the more shall bless.
Mistaken thought ! remembrance of the past
Shall never fail, as long as mind can last ;
And when he thinks 'tis easiest to forget,
A single moment wakes the fond regret—
A tree, a stream, though slight the trace may be,
Those hours recalls, whose memory we flee.
Not time can change, not chosen solitude
Those thoughts destroy—oft as erased, renewed.

Some secret vestige still through all remains,
Still consciousness the fickle heart retains.
Ay, let him fly from every haunt of man,
And scorn Affection's brightest talisman ;
Let him each rite abjure that love ordains,
And coldly gaze on friendship's glittering chains.
Yet something always, with unconscious spell,
Bursts the strong portal of Reflection's cell.
Avoid the crowd, and seek the lonely shore,
There Memory lingers in the ocean's roar !
Gaze on the sky—each star which glistens there,
Recalls a home as bright—a scene as fair.
Fly, then, where Alps uprear their heads of snow—
Or where th' eternal flames of Etna glow—
There, as the virgin's hymn at evening hour
Sounds from the distant convent's moss-grown
tower,
Each note, all eloquent, shall call to mind
Far distant scenes, and pleasures left behind—

Each tone shall plead, and thrill the wanderer's ear,
And Memory's altar claim a sacrificial tear !

Thus, from surrounding objects we derive
The fondest thoughts which former joys can give;
And thus does Faith her sacred treasures guard,
And former virtue meet its own reward.

And ye, departed to an early tomb,
Who in the skies survive in deathless bloom,
Ye soar in peace, and strike your lyres above ;
Oh, blest reward ! to sing a Saviour's love—
The paths ye tread are newly sanctified ;
We love them now, with former joys allied.
Still can we say, as down the long alcoves
We move, and see the well-remembered groves,
The scenes we oft with joy together viewed,
By pensive Memory's aid once more renewed—
Still can we say, 'twas here ye loved to stray ;
Here oft, in happier times, ye took your way—

For us, repeopled with your spirits, are
Those haunts, where Memory gleams—a lonely star !
On every dream your dear remembrance dwells,
And Memory every thought but yours repels,
Till the full soul, o'ercharging to the eyes,
Bids all the impulse, given by nature, rise ;
And tears, scarce tears of woe, can tell alone
Ye hold with us an undivided throne.

Thou, Memory, thou, when pleasure 'gins to tire,
And joys which once we loved no more inspire—
When the hoar brow, with grief's deep furrows ploughed,
Now fires no more—to Time's dominion bowed ;
When the cold heart Affection cannot cheer,
Nor pleasure raise, nor pity claim a tear,
And deep, dark, settled melancholy shades
The brow, and Love, once grateful, now degrades—
Thou, only thou, can'st cast a single beam
To point the spot where flows a hidden stream ;

Thou, only thou, can'st light the wand'rer's path,
Through broken hopes, and blighted passion's wrath—
Thou, like an angel to the mind, can'st shed
Peace to its woes, and balm where it has bled!

Where yonder shattered ruins load the ground,
In former years did lordly pomp abound ;
Those towers dismantled, those deserted courts,
Were once of happy crowds the gay resorts ;
Those damp green walls, where Ruin sadly dwells,
Those lonely vaults, and fragmentary cells,
Those halls, to dim Tradition only known,
Where Desolation rears her iron throne—
Ah ! there, the mail-clad chiefs, with blood distained,
In pride of feudal power securely reigned,
Thence to regain the consecrated shrine
They led their serfs to distant Palestine.
There once, to lordly feast and tourney gay,
From yonder towers rode forth the bright array ;

There, praised by all, triumphant Beauty smiled,
And urged the deeds, to which her charms beguiled ;
There dauntless valour spurred the foaming steed,
A smile the guerdon, and the risk to bleed !

Those days are gone ;—the echo's voice alone
Speaks to the pilgrim's heart—those days are gone !
Now oft the brooding hind and careless steer
Wander, unchecked, and unmolested here ;
Cold blows the wintry gale those walls among ;
Rages the storm the corridors along.

Those days are gone — but still their memory
lives,
And in the ruins Time has made, survives ;
Still to the heart her lovely picture shows,
And, as of yore, again with life it glows :
E'en as upon some long deserted wall,
That totters now, and hourly threats to fall—

A little flower may unregarded bloom,
And o'er those fragments shed its waste perfume,
There, nursed by heaven, fair Nature's simplest child,
In man's last ruins grows securely wild.
The lightnings glance around its mouldering bed,
The storm rolls harmless o'er its lovely head,
Nor till the winter brings its rayless night,
And the Spring's promise bows beneath its blight,
That flower decays—and none lament its fall,
Itself its mourner was—itsself its all.

Thus on the mind by passion overthrown,
Shatter'd by wrongs, its earliest pleasures flown,
When all the joys which Fancy's dreams surround,
Experience coldly dashes to the ground—
One only flower survives the general doom,
And brightest shines when none beside it bloom :
While reason still remains, it cannot die,
And still to all is known as Memory.

Sweet name ! What countless, various thoughts
arise,

Crowd from the heart, and glisten in the eyes !
What beautiful colours live in every scene,
What heavenly illusions intervene !
Bright morning star of life's oft varied day,
Undimm'd through every storm thy constant ray !
Whether it glances on the silver streams,
Or o'er the foaming surges sheds its beams,
Though the heart's earliest hopes be overthrown,
And sorrow's blight prevail where joy once shone,
Though every promised pleasure melts away,
Like early dew before the morning ray,
Through all that star pours down its golden beams,
And sheds on all alike its hallowed gleams ;
Life's twilight hours their pleasures thus can bring,
And trace in Autumn the remains of Spring ;
When youthful passions to a calm subside,
O'er the reft heart their former shadows glide :

Rekindled now by memory's quickening power,
Once more they seek the soul's benighted bower ;
Reanimated, all appears serene,
And lasting sunshine brightens all the scene !
These, memory, these, thy soft enchantments are,
Though pleasure palls, and hope begets despair.
Thou—only thou, can'st gild our hours of woe,
And rapture bid from sorrow's waste to flow ;
Thy touch, the brow by care distorted, clears,
And smooths our passage down this vale of tears—
This vale of tears ;—and is thy power resigned,
When tears no more shall damp the immortal
mind?

No—through the glass of ages yet to come
I view thy promised, thy eternal home.

Lo ! Earth itself dissolves in liquid flame,
As the dread trumpet shakes this mortal frame.

In middle heaven the Great White Throne appears,
Th' Almighty Judge, Defiance now reveres ;
Pride sinks abash'd, and long-endur'd Disdain
Now quails before the archangelic train !
O, say, shall naught survive the general doom ?
Must all thy lovely work, Great God, consume ?
Must all the emotions which we loved on earth
Fade with the glorious orb that gave them birth ?
Can naught remain that may to heaven arise,
That bloomed on earth, to flourish in the skies ?
Is all too base ? Can angels never share
What man enjoyed, and Time refused to spare ?
Yes, one remains, to spirits ever dear—
Rise, Memory, rise, and live for ever here !
The greatest joy redeemed souls possess,
Is here, His pangs to count, His deeds to bless ;
The saints above remembrance still prolong
Of Calvary's hill, the theme of Seraph's song,

When the rapt soul its promised Zoar gains,
Its perils o'er, and past its former pains,
When earth dissolves, and heavenly bowers arise,
In welcome prospect, to the pilgrim's eyes—
While on his opening ears th' angelic choirs
Sing the glad strains Jehovah's name inspires—
Who shall forget, e'en in those realms of bliss,
The costly sacrifice that made them his ?
For ever bright, for ever glorious there,
Who shall forget the woes their Saviour bare ?
Still shall they see what Godhead cannot hide,
The pierced hands that once were crucified !
Still shall they see, while glory shines around,
The wounded side, and seeing, bless the wound.
Let glory due, in clouds of incense, rise,
And hallelujahs fill the vaulted skies,
Still in the crown the lowly cross behold,
In Him—the Shepherd dying for his fold.

There, Memory, reign—nor chance nor change oppress ;
Reign thou with saints in never-dying bliss—
Nor gloom nor sorrows vex that heavenly sphere,
Nor care distracts, nor anguish claims a tear ;
Hatred in those bless'd realms shall never dwell,
And godlike Love shall every fear dispel ;
Mercy her flowing locks with roses twines,
And faithful Truth with lasting Peace combines :
There Memory bloom, 'neath His undying sway,
In yon bless'd realms of everlasting day !



P O E M S.

P O E M S.

THE SIROCCO.

I.

FAR o'er Italia's fertile land,
From grotto, cave, and rock,
Sweeping o'er Afric's sunny sand,
Blows swift the dire Siroc.

II.

The peasant ploughing in the glade,
Flies from the deadly wind ;
The huntsman seeks the nearest shade.
And leaves the chase behind.

III.

E'en in that sweet romantic land,
Where perfect beauty reigns,
The burning blasts, from Afric's strand,
Rage o'er the smiling plains.

IV.

All men some miseries possess—
The noblest and the best ;
There is not perfect happiness
On earth, or perfect rest.

LACEDÆMON.



I.

THE shadows of even spread dark o'er the mountain—

The sun hath gone down on the deep western main—

Naught is heard, save the murmur of yon distant
fountain,

Or the cry of the night-bird that sweeps o'er the
plain!

And far in the west, where the bright sun reposes.

The valley beneath is illumined with red:

Such now is the scene Lacedæmon discloses,

The spot where her heroes for liberty bled!

II.

Ah! how changed is the scene it presents, since that
hour

When Xerxes the tyrant his forces displayed,
And Sparta bowed low to invincible power,
Though the blood of her foes a bright sepulchre made!
Still remains the defile, where her brave sons, in dying,
Bade their memory flourish for aye with their fame,
As with their last breath the stern despot defying;
For them death was glory—defeat had no shame!

III.

Lacedæmon! arouse thee, and break thy long slumbers!

Oh, say, was the blood of thy sons shed in vain?—
Though bards sing thy glory in high flowing numbers,
Oh, say, wilt thou never incline to their strain?
I call on thy name—let thy mountains, resounding,
Respond (though 'tis all that remains now thine own),
“ Arise!” o'er thy valleys the glad call rebounding—
Alas! 'tis the name they re-echo alone.

IV.

Shades of the mighty, around me reclining !

Ye who to rescue your country have died—

No more in this valley your bright arms are shining—

The place of your glory, your fall, and your pride :

Say, do not your spirits still stray on the mountain ?

Beam they not still in the depths of the vale ?

Sparkle they not in yon blue crystal fountain ?

Does not each forest resound with your tale ?

V.

Sparta, farewell, and we leave thee with sorrow ;

Soon may the dawn of thy fortune be near ;

May thy sun soon arise upon glory's bright morrow ;

Yet we wish it in grief, and we hope it in fear :

Like the beam on the waters, which fades while they're
flowing—

Like the sad drooping flower, when summer is o'er—

As the sun is eclipsed, when most brightly 'tis glowing—

Thy freedom is past, and returneth no more !

THE DESTRUCTION OF SODOM.

I.

FAR o'er the shining hills, the golden sun
Was slowly sinking in the glowing west,
Ere the dread work of vengeance had begun ;
And the bright orb, though fading, still possess'd
His empire o'er the earth his beams had bless'd.
Peace reigned o'er all—that stillness which precedes
The thunder-storm—and nature seemed at rest :
'Tis eve—yet there behold no victim bleeds,
No favoured prophet now for Sodom intercedes.

II.

The heavens were calm ; and still in sweetest form,
Creation shone beneath the setting ray :
No sound was heard—naught told the coming storm,
Which menaced Sodom's too aspiring sway.
E'en to the last, upon that dreadful day,
Were all the vain pursuits of earth discussed ;
Until she fell, in terror and dismay,
And He, the God whom she refused to trust,
Her lofty towers o'erthrew, and laid her in the dust.

III.

No warning voice foretold her ruin nigh—
No seer declared that beauteous day her last :
Her bulwarks, proudly pointed to the sky,
Defied the storm, nor trembled at the blast.
Yet must she fall—the stern decree has passed—
Vengeance and Justice for her ruin call :
Soon from her high estate and glory cast,
Nor crumbling battlement, nor mouldering wall,
Shall bid the sons of earth mourn her untimely fall !

IV.

Firm in appearance to the last she stood,
As the frail willow by the smiling shore,
Full gently waving by the dark blue flood—
Till from the neighbouring hills, with deafening roar,
Th' impetuous torrent's mighty waters pour :
Sudden it falls, and leaves no trace behind—
No mark betokens where it stood before :
The flood subsides, unruffled by the wind—
The stream's calm waves again their pristine channel
find.

STANZAS.

I.

Oh, speak no more of the vaunted joys of life's oft-
varying day,

While each is tinged with the dismal hue which marks
its quick decay.

Oh, speak no more of the joyful hours of innocence and
youth—

The thundercloud of guilt and shame obscures the sun
of truth.

II.

As when the autumn wind across the blooming land-
scape blows,
The flower droops wan and withering, where once its
pride arose—
The bright green leaf is sear and red, and faintly fades
away :
And so Affliction darkens o'er life's brightest summer
day !

III.

Oh, to a mind benighted thus, its purest rays
o'ercast,
What power a pleasing hope can bring, what bid it bless
the past ?
It cannot mourn o'er times long gone, no tears it has to
weep—
And all it dares to hope for now, is an eternal sleep.

IV.

Oh, not a single tear it sheds, on mis-spent hours
gone by—

The fountains of such sweet relief are wasted all, and
dry;

And weary on life's pilgrim goes, faint, spiritless, and
riven,

With thoughts which, though they turn from earth, scarce
dare to soar to heaven.

GREECE.



I.

FROM the dark brow of Phyle, from Hellèspont's stream,
From Tempe's sweet valley, to Marathon's plain—
Thy glory, O Greece, sheds no longer its beam,
And the star of thy fame is inconstant and vain.

II.

Oh, still we remember thy heroes of yore!
Their deeds are immortal, and deathless their name;
They are happy in death! they expired before
Their country submitted to bondage and shame!

III.

Could ye not, from their ashes, rekindle the fires

Which led them to face and defeat ev'ry foe?

Unworthy the sons of the fame of their sires,

Their chains to endure, unavenged by a blow!

IV.

Greece answers not now—she is silent and still;

The slaves of the tyrant to check her combine;

Quenched, quenched is that spirit, worlds once could

not quell,

And Liberty mourns o'er her desolate shrine.

V.

Though, as in the days when Leonidas bled,

Sweet nature, as ever, is lovely and free—

Like the flower laid on the cold breast of the dead,

Its fragrance, O Greece, is unheeded by thee!

VI.

Though Glory her dearest abode may regret,
The laurel yet blooms where her last heroes sleep ;
Though Freedom may mourn for the stars which are set,
Fond Memory still o'er their ashes shall weep !

STANZAS.

I.

COULD we spread the vapoury sail
Of pleasure, on life's troubled stream,
Fann'd by Joy's oft flickering gale,
And lighten'd by Affection's beam—
Where no wintry winds prevail,
Nor storms arise, nor light'nings gleam—
How calm and lovely then would be
The surface of life's summer sea!

II.

But dissension's storms arise,
And the blighting breath of woe
Frowns upon the paradise
Man would make himself below ;
Broken on Time's ocean, lies
His bark, o'er which the waters flow ;
Or hath it sunk, to rise no more,
Upon Oblivion's dismal shore ?

III.

But despair not, still a light
From these ashes shall be seen—
A beam as holy and as bright
As yonder heaven's unclouded sheen !
And, amid death's darkest night,
Thou shalt shine pure, fair, serene,
With all thy hopes fulfilled above,
In regions of eternal love.

IV.

And, though wrecked upon the strand,
 Thy earthly hopes are all o'erthrown—
There is still a happier land,
 Which thou yet may'st make thine own!
No cares shall vex, no sorrows rend;
 There peace and love shall reign alone—
There still shall dwell th' enraptured soul,
 When Time's rude billows cease to roll!

LINES.



I.

THERE stood beside a lovely stream
An ancient tree, which long
Had flourished in the summer beam,
The flow'ring shrubs among.

II.

There oft I loved in youth to play,
When day began to fade—
There in maturer years to stray,
And wander in its shade.

III.

I left it—and returned again
 When years had rolled away ;
I sought it on the wooded plain,
 As in an earlier day—

IV.

But, like the friends whom then I knew,
 It fell—like them it died—
And other saplings stronger grew,
 And budded by its side.

STANZAS.



I.

I HAVE sighed o'er the links of life's oft-broken chain—

That chain, which at first it was pleasure to wear ;

But once disunited—oh, never again

Can those links be rejoined, which once glittered so
fair !

As we gaze on those pleasures which moved us of yore,

And coldly we view the bless'd haunts which we
loved,

It but makes us regret what it ne'er can restore—

For we feel that from them we're for ever removed.

II.

'Tis broken, 'tis broken—though yet it may shine,
No art can recover what time has destroyed ;
When years with afflictions and troubles combine,
Oh, what in our hearts can replenish the void ?
Though a spark of that flame which burned brightly
before,
Perchance may illumine, too soon it is past ;
As in the fresh embers, where life seemed no more,
A flame may rekindle—the brightest—the last !

WATERLOO.



DARK roll the troubled clouds on high—
The gathering mists obscure the sky;
Far in the west the sun has set—
The trembling leaves with dew are wet—
And yellow harvests thickly wave
O'er many a hero's lowly grave,
Where late the Gallic eagle flew
On thee, immortal Waterloo!

Field of stern slaughter! o'er thee now
The balmy gales of even blow;

And all is peaceful—all is still
On Mont St. Jean's deserted hill :
Yet as I wander through the plain,
Now glowing with the fruitful grain,
By Memory recalled to life
The actors in that fatal strife,
Pass o'er the mind in sad review,
And fancy paints their acts anew :
The broken casque, the ruined tower,
Fell tokens of that dreadful hour—
The shattered wood, the blackened wall,
Fallen, yet immortal in its fall,
Still mark the spot where lately shone
The sun of proud Napoleon—
Where, whelmed in mist, its glory o'er,
It darkly set, to rise no more.

JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER.



I.

SOFT be thy slumber 'neath yon grassy grave—

Thy dirge shall be sung by the calm spicy breeze ;
O'er thee the fairest of flowers shall wave,

And fragrance shall breathe from the sweet almond
trees!

II.

Soft be thy slumbers—the virgins may weep,

That thy cheek has been robbed of its loveliest bloom ;
But thou, all unheeding, wilt placidly sleep,
For the smile and the tear are alike in the tomb !

III.

Soft be thy slumber—though short was the time
Thou didst share upon earth both our friendship and
love,
Too perfect a flower for this lowly clime,
Removed from our sphere, and transplanted above.

IV.

Soft be thy slumber—thy memory still,
Embalmed in our hearts, shall for ever remain—
When thou in the Holy of Holies shalt dwell,
To the praise of thy Maker, exalting thy strain.

V.

And o'er thee the earliest roses we'll strew,
Culled from the paths thou so often hast trod;
And when thy lone grave in the valley we view,
Remember the maiden devoted to God!

ROME.



I.

ROME, still the magic of thy deathless name
 And wondrous acts of yore, each bosom warms ;
Still we delight to grant thy meed of fame,
 To tell thy prowess and thy deeds of arms.
Though now no more the thrilling trump alarms,
 Though now no banded warriors fill thy plain,
Still have thy towers and falling ruins charms,
 Still do their old remembrances remain,
And memory preserves what envious time has ta'en.

II.

Spirit of freedom ! yet once more descend !

Say, is all buried in one mighty tomb ?

Has patriotic worth then found an end,

Doth not one vestige still remain to bloom,—

One which hath not yet shared the common doom ?

Cannot that flame, which led thy Scipio on,

Still add a lustre to the name of Rome ?

That sun of fame which once so nobly shone,

Is it for ever set—its course of glory run ?

III.

Awake once more, awake, and burst thy chains,

Rouse from thy lethargy and proudly stand ;

Be it thine to bear the palm which glory gains,

Snatch thy bright falchion and resistless brand !

Collect once more thy chiefs and warrior band,

Bid laurels still entwine the patriot's brow,

Who boldly strikes to free his native land !

Then shall their hearts with pristine ardour glow,

Nerved to the joyful task, to meet their country's foe !

IV.

Thou answerest not—but echo only wakes,
And coldly mocks the voice which calls on thee ;
Where Havock smiles upon the wreck it makes,
And Ruin frowns in wan solemnity.
Oh, fell, unpitying Time, and must it be,
That all must fall 'neath thy imperial might ?
Yes—Arts decay—but Nature still is free
As when from Chaos blushed the morning light,
And day beamed brightly forth from deep primeval
night.

LINES.

I.

Oh, what will earth give us? what pleasures afford?

Will she yield us wealth, honour, and power?

But a moment they gleam, but a moment they last,

Then fade like an evening flower :

II.

As the snow on the mountain which melts at our touch,

While we hold them, our pleasures decay;

The closer we clasp them, the quicker they fly,

And vanish, as shadows, away!

III.

Oh, how will they aid us? and how will they bless?

Will they drive away sorrow or woe?

Or the swift march of time, will they, can they, delay?

Or lengthen our sojourn below?

IV.

Oh, no : they are vain, they are fleeting and poor,

Though fair to our eyes they may seem ;

All baseless and futile, they brilliantly shine,

And glide from our sight as a dream.

ON A CORPSE.

I.

It is o'er—it is o'er—now no longer are beaming
Those eyes which were scarcely e'er wet with a tear ;
With hope or with joy now no more they are gleaming,
But reckless and sightless, unconscious and sear.
Those lips, which breathed rapture and pleasure around
him,
Are silent for ever in death's awful sleep ;
No longer the frowns of the world shall confound him,
Or the gay smile of gladness break slumber so deep !

II.

Oh, no longer for him are earth's sweetest affections—

No more the dear voice of the friends whom he loved
Shall soothe and console him through all his afflictions;

From earth's fondest prospects for ever removed—

O say, can it be this is all which is left,

This clay, which so soon will be laid 'neath the sod?

Yet still let us hope, though of him we're bereft,

His spirit has sought and found mercy with God!

III.

Yes—from Thee, gracious Saviour! who left us, when
dying,

A hope and a home, he shall pardon obtain;

On Thee, and thy promises, firmly relying,

Still centres our trust on the Lamb that was slain:

In the heart of the Christian thou keepst thy seat,

Who rejoiceth to think of the deeds thou hast done,

For Jehovah will never refuse to complete

The bond which was sealed with the blood of his Son!

LINES.



I.

OH, could we pierce the sable veil
Which hides futurity from view,
And looking down life's varied dale,
Believe the fleeting vision true ;

II.

What mingled scenes would meet the eye :
Now joys in quick succession flow—
Now sorrow clouds the ruffled sky
With mists of wretchedness and woe.

III.

The flattering hours of childhood fade—

The baseless hopes of youth decay—

And grief and anguish darkly shade

The eve of life's tumultuous day.

IV.

But no: a gloomy curtain falls,

A mist across the prospect steals—

Remembrance oft the past recalls—

But nought futurity reveals.

V.

Toiling through scenes with misery rife,

We look, e'er long each trial pass'd,

To cease this sad terrestrial strife,

And taste the cup of bliss at last.

VI.

Hope, ever soothing, ever kind,
Tells us of happier days in store—
And spreading o'er the dubious mind,
Bids it be calm, and sigh no more.

ST. BERNARD.

OH, who hath passed the works of nature by,
Surveyed its glories with unheeding eye ?
Who, wandering from the city's busy towers,
Where tumult and debate employ the hours,
Hath crossed the briny wave to other lands,
To foreign countires and far distant strands—
Beheld each rising hill and fertile vale,
The lofty mountain, and the lowly dale—
Nor felt a love of nature's beauties rise
Within him at her sacred mysteries,

Where, famed in many a poet's deathless song,
Dark Orinoco rolls its tide along ;
Or where Vesuvius frowns o'er all below,
And Ætna rises with its breast of snow ;
Where, bounded by the ocean, Hellas smiles
In sweetest beauty o'er Ladesto's isles :
Or turn to nobler scenes, where Nature reigns
In savage grandeur through her vast domains ;
And clad in mist, spreads far her ensign wide
O'er Pyrennean hills, or Atho's towery pride.
St. Bernard, from thy snow-encompassed brow,
What mingled scenes in richest splendour glow !
There, proudly soaring to the ambient sky,
The barren mountain rears its head on high ;
Crowned with eternal snow, the vasty mass
Lowers in sullen grandeur o'er the pass,
While the lone fir-tree casts a gloomy shade,
And the tall pines their time-worn branches spread.

High on a dizzy peak by age defaced,
A few gray towers look down upon the waste ;
How oft from thence, when day begins to wane,
And the moon rises with her starry train,
The vesper-bell sounds o'er the mountains drear,
And sweetly greets the weary traveller's ear ;
Far o'er the heights the gladdening signal sounds,
And each low cave the joyful note rebounds.
From yonder wall the friendly beacon gleams,
Shines on the cloud-capped hills with ruddy beams,—
There, where the lambent light'nings flash around,
And through the rocks the rattling thunders sound,
Yon gates expand, to every wanderer free,—
There may he rest, and there for shelter flee.
Where thy dark battlements, St. Bernard, rise,
And thy gray towers are seen to pierce the skies,
The peasant group, returning to their home
From foreign lands, to Pisa's gilded dome,

Cheered at the sight, with joy relax their speed,
And to the gate their weary cattle lead.

'Twas night; and moving from his lonely cell,
Each monk had slowly sought the high chapelle,
Before the shrine, the lamps their lustre shed
On sculptured tombs, memorials of the dead,
And echoing far adown the sacred fane,
Rings through the vaulted choir the holy strain.
Hark! a low knocking at the distant gate,
Full surely tells what wanderers await;
Haste, holy friar, haste—the door unbar,
Ere death the work of charity shall mar—
Swift to the portal rush the hooded band,
With trembling speed the massy gates expand,
And 'neath the ivied buttress standing, there,
The faithful dogs the senseless stranger bear;
The torches flash upon his pallid brow,
Which vies in whiteness with the falling snow—

They raise him up, and through the portal wide
Bear him in silence to the cell beside ;
There will they, day by day, with tenderest care
Sustain the spark of life, if lingering there ;
And thus befriending e'en when hope is gone,
Time wears away in acts of mercy done.
As glistening ore in barren wastes is found,
And silver lurks beneath the desert ground,
So here, where nature reigns in wildest form,
And night and day bring round th' incessant storm,
The flame of bless'd benevolence will burn
Brightest and best where all around is stern.

Oh, peaceful cells, and gloomy solitude,
E'en amid Alpine steeps, and mountains rude,
Though the storm rage without and tempests lower,
St. Bernard, round thy desolated tower,
Still in thy sacred walls doth quiet dwell—
Contentment throned within each narrow cell—

Surrounding nations yet pronounce thy name
With reverence, and celebrate thy fame.
And when in distant ages yet to come,
Naught shall remain of thy aspiring dome—
When thy tall ruins crumble on the height,
And fallen walls burst on the trav'ler's sight,—
When the wind moans thy broken aisles along,
And the owl hoots thy tottering towers among,
Still shall Tradition say, "In ages gone
Here dwelt the good, the upright—here, alone,
From all the world secure, they pass'd their days
In piety, benevolence, and praise!"

NIGHT.

—

I.

YE stars, ye lovely stars, whose rays illumine
The earth, and dark blue heaven through which ye
rove,
Dispersing darkness, and instead of gloom
Shed the calm holy light of realms of love—
Ye seem like friends departed to the tomb,
But whose dear spirits soar in peace above,
And look down softly from your high abode
On those they left on earth, and light the way to God!

II.

Ye stars—ye lovely stars—in ye we seem
To find a sympathy in life's short night,
And think that, when we break this feverish dream,
We still may reign with lustre scarce less bright ;
And as ye seem, when daylight's lingering beam
Appears, to mingle with the cheering light—
So we, when from terrestrial objects gone,
Still hope to soar with ye to yon celestial throne !

LINES.



I.

FAR from the vast and busy crowd,
Where treachery rules, ignobly vain,
Where dire misfortune's voice is loud,
And vice holds unmolested reign—

II.

Where man exults, by cautious wile,
To lure th' unwary innocent,
And hides, beneath the seeming smile,
A heart upon destruction bent.

III.

But where the mountain torrent flows,
Where spreads afar the desert wild—
Where the sweet mountain flow'ret blows—
And rocks on towering rocks are piled,—

IV.

There would I live—there love to dwell,
In undisturbed repose ;
That home I could not love too well—
'Twould cost me worlds to lose.

V.

And in that distant solitude,
Where naught but peace should be,
No human form should there intrude,
For nature were a world to me !

RELIGION.



I.

As when upon some dismal night
The wanderer wends his way,
Some star appears to guide aright,
And lead him on till day—
So is the hope, oh, God! that's given
By thee to man of future heaven;
Like that, it shines when all is drear,
And 'mid our darkness shows most clear.

II.

When on the foaming billow toss'd,
The mariner destruction fears,
Yet shall his vessel not be lost—
A lighthouse on the rock appears.
And thus, when near the rock, oh God—
The rock of sin, and guilt's abode—
Thy word, a lighthouse to the soul,
Shall warn us off the dangerous shoal.

III.

Or, if through lonely deserts straying,
Oppress'd with toil, fatigue, distress,
We see a distant fountain playing,
All once again is happiness.
So shall thy word, great Father, give
Thy children hope, and bid them live ;
A fountain springs on Calvary,
And they who drink shall never die !

IV.

Yes, ever there, till time shall end,
Thy promise ever lives—
Thrice happy we, if God befriend,
And every fault forgives !
And here, though earthly woes combine,
Thy word shall always brightly shine ;
And, God, be thou for ever thus,
A fountain, star, and light to us.

“LO, I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS.”

S. Matth. xxviii. 20.

I.

I AM with thee—though thy heart
 Be rent with anguish, grief, or fear,
 Or dire Misfortune's fatal dart—
 Christian, know thy God is near.

II.

I am with thee—though around
 The dungeon's gloomy walls appear;
 Still let inward peace abound—
 God is present—God is near.

III.

I am with thee—though enclosed
 Within the trackless desert drear ;
Though the heart of man be closed
 Against thy sorrows, God is near.

IV.

I am with thee—to thy cry
 Jehovah bends his listening ear ;
Hearkens to the orphan's sigh—
 Ever present, ever near.

V.

I am with thee—though distressed,
 Grieving o'er the sable bier ;
To soothe the mourner's troubled breast,
 Israel's God will still be near.

VI.

I am with thee—when alone
He bows thy secret prayers to hear ;
Seated on the eternal throne,
Christian, know thy God is near.

VII.

I am with thee—when at length
The spirit seeks a better sphere ;
Thy joy, thy refuge, and thy strength—
God will be for ever near.

THE CYPRESS.



I.

DARK tree ! that lov'st to flourish where the tomb
Her noisome influence sheds, and all alone
Mournest the dead, 'midst solitude and gloom,
Above the dim and drear sepulchral stone,
Where men their prior dust once more resume,
And mix their ashes with long ages gone,
Out-living tears by fickle mortals shed—
Eternal mourner thou, above our many dead.

II.

Untouched by winter, and unscathed by time—
Unwrecked by storms—by autumn undismayed—
No change of season, no unfavouring clime,
Can hurt thee—and no pestilential shade
O'erpower—no wrongs afflict thee—and no crime
Affrighten—and no death, by art delayed,
Awaits thee : oh, could we but say the same,
Our fame were not all false—nor all our glory, shame.

III.

Surely, methinks, some spirit dwells in thee—
The spirit of our weeping, centering there,
Embodied in that melaucholy tree,
Bearing Grief's aspect, lone and calmly fair ;
Like the cold form that just has ceased to be,
While yet does death life's lingering beauty share—
So thou the very spirit seem'st of grief,
To which nor storm, nor sun, nor climate, bring relief.

STANZAS.

—

I.

OH ! why must the bright hours of life be o'erclouded
With thoughts of the woe which to-morrow may be ?
Or why in adversity's night must be shrouded
Those high gleams of hope we so seldom may see ?
Though few be the moments, and short their duration,
'Tis folly to lose them while yet they appear,—
The smiles of the world cannot yield consolation,
For the bliss of those moments, while still they are
here !

II.

The horizon of life may be clouded with sorrow,
Its sun may be darkened by anguish and woe,
But the storm of to-day may be sunshine to-morrow,
And brightest from darkness that sunshine will glow.
Though the head may be bowed to the gales of affliction,
And the cold breath of sorrow be blighting and sear,
We still have the pleasures of calm retrospection,
And these will the brow from despondency clear.

III.

The rainbow of gladness the heart still may brighten,
A tear from the gayest and wisest may flow,
A smile will the black scenes of trouble enlighten,
And the best on misfortune a sigh must bestow.
As the soft clouds of even, their lustre deriving
From the sun which is setting, more lovely are seen,
So life's sinking sun stays the voice of our grieving,
And gilds the light clouds which stray over the scene!

WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT.



O MELANCHOLY!—softening power,
 Bid my soul, to thee resigned,
Mark this still and silent hour—
 And thy chains around me bind.
Down this vale of tears,
 Man is borne by storms of fate—
Through the lapse of fitful years,
 Earthly power, and earthly state

Pass—pass—pass—away.

Hate, ambition, envy, love,

What, when past and gone, are they—

But shadows glancing through a grove?—

Like the damask rose that dies,

Like a stream that flows along,

Like a shattered enterprise,

Or the echoes of a song,—

Like the pale moon's lonely beam,

Chequered by the green-tree leaves,

Or a short voluptuous dream,

Whose remembrance only grieves.

Fitful storms of destiny

Oft obscure joy's transient sun—

Which may shine, though listlessly,

Ere our days on earth be done ;

Still, through darkness' dismal shades,

We a distant light descry,

Far beyond, in happier glades,

Hope is seen, and victory.

Yet one distant ray
Through the darkness breaks,
Like a happy gleam of day,
When the morning first awakes;—
Still we see thee, still for ever
Shall thy light beams be increased,
Sinking, faltering, fading never,—
Star, we hail thee, in the east!

THE EXILE.

I.

ALBION, farewell! o'er the loud roaring wave,
I wander to many a far distant land;
The woes which time heals not, must cease in the grave,
Though they fail to decay till its portals expand.

II.

And must I, then, leave thee, and never again
Behold thy blue mountains, thy wave-circled shore;
Thy forests shall bloom, and thy beauties remain,
But oh! they will smile for the exile no more.

III.

E'en now, as I quit thee for ever, each vale
Seems decked with new beauty and fresh loveliness ;
Each scene is more pleasing, and sweeter each gale,
Than e'er in the days when they smiled but to bless.

IV.

Though vain be my sorrow, and vain my regret,
When to climates more lovely and favoured I flee,
Wherever I wander—I ne'er will forget
The ties which must bind me for ever to thee !

A PRAYER.



I.

O THOU who dwell'st beyond the skies,
Eternal King of kings !
To thee let these frail offerings rise,
An erring sinner brings.

II.

To thee let our imperfect prayers
Ascend, and mercy find ;
And, oh ! may all our worldly cares
For once be left behind.

III.

Oh, how shall feeble, misled men

Approach thy justice-throne ?

Shall numerous sins find pardon, when

We stand condemned by one ?

IV.

Oh, yes—to us one name is given—

One name, that frees us all ;

That gives us hope of future heaven,

When breaks this earthly thrall.

V.

No incense smokes—no victims die

On shrines too long disgraced :

The One who bled on Calvary

Has every fault effaced.

VI.

By all the woes which Jesus bare,
Each pang that racked his brow—
By every sigh, by every prayer—
Jehovah, aid us now !

VII.

Thou to whom heaven is a throne,
And earth a footstool, deign
To hear the contrite sinner's groan,
Nor hear his prayer in vain.

VIII.

Oh, let those merits we adore,
For sinners intercede ;
The tortures He so meekly bore,
For us, in mercy, plead !

LINES.



I.

THERE is pleasure in viewing the homes of our youth,
In treading the scenes which we formerly loved,
When woe was unknown, and when virtue and truth
Illumined the path where we joyfully roved.

II.

When years have rolled on, and the quick lapse of time
Has furrowed our forehead, and silvered our hair—
When the crush of our hopes, by misfortune or crime,
Has withered the heart with the touch of despair.

III.

The wood and the lake where in childhood we strayed,
As the dim veil of eve spread afar o'er the sky—
Where we roamed as the lustre of daylight decayed,
When all was delightful and sweet to the eye :

IV.

When we see them again, and remembrance restores
The scenes which we acted, the stories we told,
Of contention and battle on far distant shores,
Which we earnestly wished, but ne'er thought to
behold.

V.

There is pleasure in wandering thus o'er the wild,
Though sadness may burden the pondering breast—
The breezes they murmur as soft and as mild,
But they seem not so gentle, so soothing, so bless'd.

VI.

In youth, life was spread as a landscape before us,
Where all appeared lovely—perpetual bloom;
But now the dark mantle of sorrow spreads o'er us,
And the future but shows us our last home—the
Tomb.

CINCINNATUS.

Go, take the plough, the heroic deed is done—
Rome by thy prowess has o'ercome—no more,
Trembling and fearful, does she offer wealth,
Or power, or lordly rank, as thy reward.
Say, does her senate bow to thy command—
Do all her nobles yield thee laurelled crowns?
Or with ungrateful, or neglectful mind,
Deprive thee of those honours now thy due?
Withhold from thee, who saved her from her foes,
The meed of praise, which for a smaller act
Warriors less justly famous have acquired?
No—she forgets not—she does naught refuse;
'Tis thou that play'st the god, and takest not

Honour from earth, though earth would gladly pour
Her choicest gifts upon thee—that no stain
May sully o'er the pureness of thy shield,
Th' unspotted glory that attends thy name.
She would bestow, but thou wilt not receive,
Bless'd with a mind above all earthly praise,
Above Ambition's call, or thirst for power—
Preferring the low peasant's humble cot,
To the rich palace or the marble hall;
Contented still to dwell among thine own,
With all thy country's love, and naught of hate—
Beyond its envy by thy very lowness.
Go, take the plough, and o'er thy happy fields
Urge the dull oxen—by thy labour gaining
Sufficiency for all thy little wants.
And when the cry to arms shall sound again,
Still, still be ready—grasp the spear and shield—
Rush to the war—and if occasion be,
Again thou'lt prove the saviour of thy Rome!

WRITTEN IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.



I.

BESIDE me sleeps the monarch his last sleep—
The mighty victor lies in silence here ;
No eye now marks their sad remains to weep,
And sympathy awakes no trickling tear :
Oh, here doth Death his lonely vigils keep,
In his own empire—by the gaudy bier
Adorned with costly art, and sculpture gay,
Where Parian marble weeps o'er worthless clay !

II.

Beside me sleeps the hero—and the bard

Who once could weave a sweet, a deathless strain,
Fame and the grave are his hard-won reward—

Oh, what a meed that we should strive to gain!
Yet is his laurel green: but could it guard

The brow it twines around from Death? In vain
Is all its pomp—and ill Fame's glittering wreath
Becomes the cold unconscious head of Death!

III.

Beside me sleeps the mighty conqueror—

He who erewhile upon the battle-field
Stayed or impelled the crimson tide of gore,

And bloody glory graved upon his shield;
He who the spoils from striving nations bore,

And thus the open wound of Discord healed—
Nerveless his arm—the transient scene is o'er—

Life's battle's passed—he groans, and is no more!

IV.

Oh, it is fearful thus to stand alone

With Death : we feel him, though we see him not—

We feel that here is his established throne,

His state, the tombed inmates of the spot.

No sound is heard save where the cold winds moan,

Or murmur like a dirge, on those forgot

By the vain busy world—in dust their fame—

The grave their glory—Death their only name !

STANZAS.



I.

THOUGH bitter his sorrows may be,

Oh, why should the Christian despair?

It is not on earth he is free,—

Though heavy, his cross he must bear.

Though his friends fall around in the grave,

Or desert him in hours of need,

He still consolation will have,

From the Lamb who for him deigned to bleed!

II.

Though earth's fondest hopes are destroyed,

In Him still another remains—

Though its sweets are by sorrows alloyed,

A friend in his Saviour he gains.

He sees in Despair's dismal night

A hope that earth cannot destroy—

In affliction he haileth a light,

Through sorrow he hastens to joy !

MUSIC.

HAIL, thou who once by Delphos' shrine
Rung to Apollo's praise divine—
Who once, by high Parnassus' hill,
With murmurs sweet its caves would fill—
And still, though banished, exiled, now
Far from thy favourite mountain's brow,
A kindly influence dost maintain,
To assist the weary minstrel's strain ;
Still, when the shades of evening fall
O'er cloud-capp'd hill and battled wall—

When the dewy leaves are glistening,
And the world itself seems listening—
Then, when thy notes are heard afar,
Beneath the peaceful evening star,
The softened mind will wander back,
And tread again life's mazy track—
'True pictures of our childhood bring,
Lovely as in their first wild spring;—
Again we live its seasons o'er,
And feel as we have felt of yore!
Our miseries are all forgot,
The woes, the hardships of our lot :
Then, calmer of the troubled breast,
Thou who canst lull our griefs to rest,
Thou who canst banish sorrow's sigh,
I hail thee, heavenly "Melody!"

POMPEY'S TOMB.



I.

THERE is a lonely tomb afar,
By Hellespont's broad tide,
For there the arbiter of war
By the assassin died.

II.

There learn the end of earthly fame,
Frail child of clay and dust :
A page in history—a name—
A tombstone—and a bust.

MEMPHIS.

I.

As o'er the deep waters of "Egypt's dark sea,"
The night-wind sighs hoarsely, and whistles along,
That fane, which has bowed to Destruction's decree,
Re-echoes the sound its gray ruins among.

II.

Yes—Memphis dishonoured, thy temple no more
Is the Paynim's asylum, the infidel's home ;
Thy fragments disjointed, now crumble the shore,
Oft washed by the wave's ever-eddying foam.

III.

Pass'd, pass'd is the splendour by Egypt once owned—
The descendants of Pharoah no longer may reign
That race, on oppression and tyranny throned,
No effort can save, and no art can retain.

IV.

Unhallowed the rites in thy temple displayed—
Thy monarchs forsworn. and thy priesthood disgraced;
Till at length all thy faults were by ruin repaid—
Thy race all extinguished—thine empire debased.

STANZAS.



I.

How desolate now, as we gaze on the heart,

Is the cold arid desert which there meets the eye ;

How cheerless the feelings its thoughts can impart—

How sad the remembrance that dwells on its sigh !

II.

The garden, where once sweetest flowers would bloom

(Those flowers we deemed that no winter could blight)

Are wither'd 'neath Sorrow's o'erwhelming simoom,

And dark is the scene once so cloudlessly bright.

III.

Those scenes still remain—but their charm is no more ;

Those flowers still are there—but their beauty is
pass'd ;

They wake not the feelings excited before—

Oh, too sweet to remain, and too lovely to last !

IV.

The fountain that flowed from the heart's purest source—

The star that illumined and played on the stream—

The one has been choked by the weeds in its course,

The other eclipsed in its loveliest beam.

OBLIVION.

—

I.

OH, if it were true, as is feigned by the poet,

That there is a stream where oblivion is found—

If such power existed, oh, who would forego it?

What crowds would not always its waters surround!

II.

For how sweet it would be, when afflictions oppress us,

To forget them, and live just as free as before;

To fly to those streams which have power to bless us,

And cast in their depths all the burden we bore.

III.

Not then should we mourn over broken affections,
Nor grieve o'er the ties oft by death torn away ;
Not then should we weep upon sad retrospections—
Not then in the paths of remorse should we stray.

IV.

Oh, then it were sweet, that when once disunited
From those we loved best, to forget them, till when
Those prospects shall flourish, which seem to us
blighted,
And we meet in the bowers of bliss once again !

STANZAS.



I.

IF on the lovely summer morn
I gaze, when all is fresh and green,
When flowers the glowing fields adorn,
With tears of silver dew between—
And lilies fair, and violets blue,
Impart to all a lovelier hue—
Then turns the mind from man's abode,
And wanders up to thee, oh God!

II.

Or when the autumnal breezes play,
And falling leaves are light and sear,
When shorter is the solar day,
And ripe and sweet the yellow ear—
The fruits by summer fostered, now
Are yielded by the bending bough—
The soul with pristine ardour glows,
And in a loftier current flows.

III.

When winter storms obscure the sun,
And earth is white with fleecy snow—
When earlier the day is done,
And silver streams no longer flow—
The verdant bowers are green no more,
Their summer beauty now is o'er—
Dull desolation spreads the green,
And dims the brightness of the scene.

IV.

Yet through all these, oh God ! art thou
 Enthroned o'er all thy realms supreme,
Whether in winter's dreary snow,
 Or summer's bright and heavenly beam—
Or languid autumn—joyous spring—
 To Thee their grateful incense bring ;
Through every change of man's abode,
 For evermore the same, oh God !

YOUTH.



I.

As on the days that are no more,
We turn a sad and tearful eye,
Each feeling which we loved before
Now claims the tribute of a sigh ;
Emotions long deemed dead or cold,
At Youth's bless'd name revive again,
And Memory softens to behold
What Hope believed would aye remain.

II.

Sweet hours! e'en as a lovely dream
Your halcyon course to us appears,—
Too perfect and too pure ye seem
For this terrestrial vale of tears :
As, when the dark waves sink to rest,
The star reflects its own soft light—
So you, upon the troubled breast,
Your memory gleams, as cold, as bright.

III.

What though again we view the scene,
So lovely in the time gone by,
We cannot be what we have been,
Nor check the tear which dims the eye :
Though as in spring, a gentle breeze
Across the autumn's wreck may blow,
It cannot cheer the leafless trees,
Nor bid their blighted blossoms glow.

IV.

Yes—boisterous mirth may still delight,
And pleasure may this moment charm ;
But though each scene may shine as bright,
It cannot now the bosom warm.
The innocence of youth no more
Sheds on our path its radiant beams,
And where the bright sun shone before,
A cheerless star now only gleams.

V.

Oh, not again can life e'er know
The sunny freshness of those hours,
When e'en Elysium seemed to glow,
And every path was strewn with flowers !
The shades of former joys flit o'er
The wreck which blighted hopes have made,
And scarce their memory charms us more,
In such a tearful garb arrayed.

VI.

Oh, may we hope, when life's drear road
Is passed, we still may taste those joys—
To live, where 'neath the smile of God
Nor woe corrodes, nor care destroys ;
There may the brightness of the past
In yonder skies for ever bloom—
Where youth itself shall ever last,
Though suns decay, and worlds consume !

NAPOLEON.



I.

THE voice of the mighty is o'er—
The despot is still in the tomb—
The world which he deluged with gore,
Its calm once again may resume.

II.

The star of ambition has faded,
Its votary sunk in the grave;
By tyranny too long degraded,
Till nothing its victim could save.

III.

When alive, at the sound of his name,
Earth trembled, and shrunk from his eye ;
But the Phœnix expires in flame,
And the mightiest victor must die.

IV.

Desolation, that followed his path,
Now silently mourns o'er his fate ;
None quail at the threat of his wrath,
Or dread the revenge of his hate.

V.

Oh, had he but dared to expire
On the last of the fields of his fame,
Who then could refuse to admire
The deeds which are linked with his name ?

L I F E.



I.

'Tis morn : the sun is sweetly breaking,
And in its rays doth childhood play,
As, in its first bright beams awaking,
It haileth life's auspicious day !
No clouds obscure—no threaten'd sorrow
Darkens with a fearful shade—
Naught promises an evil morrow,
Or hope defeated—joy delayed.

II.

'Tis noon : the morning sun is clouded—
Childhood plays in its beams no more ;
But pensive Youth, in thought enshrouded,
Sports not as in days of yore ;
And Memory in his eye is gleaming,
And Retrospection sheds a tear.
But Hope is not so sweetly beaming,
In eyes that now look cold and sear.

III.

'Tis eve : upon the western billow
The golden sun sinks down to rest ;
And Manhood, 'neath the lonely willow,
Wins to sleep his weary breast.
Upon his brow remains the furrow,
That time and woe have graven there ;
And the blighting hand of sorrow
Doth his riven features share.

IV.

'Tis night: the sun at length is setting;

Tottering Age, with listless eye,

Gazes, all around forgetting,

Fixedly on vacancy.

'Tis set—'tis pass'd—and there, reclining,

Pale and cold, see the ashy face—

Decay with Death is there combining—

The sun is set—and run his race!

V.

So passes all—nor pride nor pleasure,

Nor joy, nor woe, nor hope remain:

He has drunk th' allotted measure

Of all life's pleasure—all life's pain.

On the cold tomb the stars are beaming,

The damp turf lies upon his head—

The moon's white light is calmly streaming

On the spot where lies the dead.

VI.

So passes all—the flower of morning
Droops, as the evening spreads her veil ;
The leaf, the tree no more adorning,
Dies when blows the autumn gale :
Thus, man, while youth is brightly blooming,
Recks not how it fades away ;
But flowers, though fair, are consuming,
And soonest brightest things decay.

CARTHAGE.

I.

No longer low'ring o'er the angry waves,
Carthage ! thy towers look down upon thy foes ;
No more the foaming surf thy rampart laves ;
Nor, when o'er earth the shades of evening close,
Now o'er the moonlit sea thy beacon glows,—
Thy mouldering ruins strew the mossy ground,
Thy fallen temples tell but of thy woes,
Proclaim the site where once, o'er all around,
The rival of proud Rome, the eternal city, frowned .

II.

And now alone the weary traveller loves

To ascend the hill, to view thy sad remains—

Thy marble palaces, and lonely groves,

Where, high enthroned amid thy shattered fanes,

Ruin, combined with desolation, reigns,

And dimly hovering round thy wasted shore,

Seems still to shout, o'er Afric's sunny plains,

With the same voice which rung from Rome of yore,

“The day of power is pass'd—Carthage shall rise
no more !”

LINES.



I.

As, o'er the evening landscape beaming,
Shine the sun's declining rays,
So the star of memory, gleaming,
Paints the hues of other days.

II.

See where first, in childhood straying,
All seems innocence and truth,
Then its lovely rays displaying
O'er the fairy homes of youth.

III.

Soon, ah ! soon, its beams are clouded—

Darker shades steal o'er the scene :

Guilt its beauteous rays has shrouded—

Crime and sorrow intervene.

IV.

Though the traces left by sorrow

Pour their stings upon the mind—

Though cold Age its constant furrow

Leaves so oft with us behind—

V.

Yet o'er each past scene we linger,

Mingling retrospection's tear,

Ere effaced by time's rude finger—

To our hearts they still are dear.

VI.

Every joy, in retrospection,
Now assumes a lovelier hue :
So the sinking sun's reflection
Tints the skies with deeper blue.

VII.

Thus, o'er each dear hour presiding,
Memory, we thine influence own—
See in long procession gliding
Scenes the heart enshrines alone.

VIII.

Lonely star ! thy beams ne'er perish,
Though oft hid thy pensive ray ;
Still thy glad return we cherish,
Sorrowing when it melts away.

IX.

Solace of life's fitful fever,
Breathing joy in smile or sigh ;
At thy power stern hearts will quiver—
Lovely, deathless Memory.

THE END.



ERRATUM.

Page 10, line 5, for *defled*, read *defied*.



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